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The terror of an elephant at a mouse is a familiar fact; many an intrepid soldier, who has faced THE BACTERIAL BUGABOO, shot and shell with unblenching cheek and fearless eye, has clambered into the dentist chair with a gone feeling in the region of his duodenum, and a wiggly-wiggly sensation about the patella; there are individuals not a few, otherwise bold, who have never throttled the deadly fear of being grabbed from behind as they go on window-closing missions in the dead o' night. These occasional phenomena, in what might be called the realm of terroromania, appear to have a general analogy in the hyste-

ric fear of the infinitesimal microbe which now besets millions of otherwise level-headed people.

Really it is fast becoming a serious matter, this popular dread of getting germs. Prudent folk no longer eat, drink, or walk abroad without apprehensions that some predatory bacterium may have invaded their system and will be their undoing. They are obsessed with the idea that they must be on the lookout for germs in everything from ham-and-eggs to ice-cream. They warn you against eating raw fruit "for some scientist has computed that every cherry bears three million microbes"! They look askance at Christmas turkey, and regard the cranberry with lack-lustre eye. And then, having dined, they go to guessing plaintively on how many germs they have swallowed. Is this exaggeration? Then consider the case of Ware, of Virginia, who has introduced a bill in the State legislature to outlaw kissing, unless the person who desires to osculate holds a health-certificate. Consider the article by Dr. J. M. Hirsch, of Chicago, in a recent number of *Popular Mechanics*, in which he advocates that handshaking as a salutation be abolished. These gentlemen, cranks though they are, undoubtedly impress many people with their foolish theories and pseudo-remedies. Of course, it is true that kisses do sometimes convey disease. There is a possibility of such result from shaking hands. But a trembling subservience to Tyrant Possibility leads the individual inevitably toward an existence about as exciting as a canal—quite as romantic as that of Stevenson's "eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly on tepid milk."

The danger from bacteria, microbes, germs, whatever you choose, lies, not in the number that enter the system, but in the conditions that they find there. The healthy body receives and disposes of millions; one weakened by lack of exercise, impure air, improper food, excessive use of liquor, exhaustive labor, may succumb to a comparative few. "Since bacteriology has become a recognized branch of medical science," says the *London Lancet*, "too much attention has been directed to the germs themselves, and not sufficient to the soil in which they grow." The distinguished surgeon, Lawson Tait, contended that it was "immaterial how many millions of germs entered a wound, provided no suitable soil were permitted for their germination." And the last number of the *Medical Record*, apropos of an excerpt from Dr. Hirsch's handshaking article, remarks: "The above has been quoted merely to show to what extreme lengths faddists will go in order to drive home their theories," and that "to so absurd an extent is this view of the matter carried, that in the most simple actions of every-day life deadly danger to health is seen."

Apropos of germs, the newspapers of the land have been extra busy during the past two weeks discovering a new one—with the help of one reluctant scientist—and incidentally have revealed an absolutely amazing quantity of editorial imbecility. From Maine to California, from the Gulf to Puget Sound, the news has gone forth that the "germ of laziness" has been discovered. The fact has had editorial treatment running the whole gamut—cynical, sarcastic, joyful, profoundly serious, and frankly humorous. Only a few of these weighty editorials are at hand, but all proclaim the discovery with like intellectual abandon. "Charles Wardell Stiles announces an epoch-making discovery," says the *New York World*, "being no less than the specific germ of laziness, spring fever, slack-twistedness, and similar complaints." The *Hartford Post* says that "Stiles claims to have found the germ of laziness." The *New York Mail and Express* also refers to Dr. Stiles's discovery as "a specific germ disease," while the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* sagely thinks the discovery "may

open up a new field for the professional germ hunter." Finally, the *Call*, with o'er-leaping imagination, opines that, according to "nature's rule of equilibrium," "if there be a microbe of laziness there must be one of industry," and says: "That is what we want, quick and in large quantities."

This is rather amusing, entirely misleading, and not half so interesting as the real facts. For, of course, Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, zoölogist to the bureau of animal industry in the Agricultural Department, made no such statement as that gratuitously attributed to him by the press. Sensation-hunting reporters, writers of misleading head-lines, and unwary newspaper editors have combined to send out about as big a batch of misleading information as one week's news will stand.

It so happens that we know something of Dr. Stiles. He is a specialist in the study of parasites of the order *Cestodea*, or *Taeniada*. Most of these are found in the lower vertebrates; several, like *Taenia solium*, and *Bothriocephalus latus* (the tapeworms) are found in man. Many have curious life-histories. One, in the cystic state, produces measles in pigs; another, found in its adult form in dogs, in the cyst form in sheep produces the gid or staggers. A certain variety is cystic in the mouse, adult in the cat; another has for successive hosts the mole and fox. Upon these little-known but enormously destructive parasites—causing in domestic animals alone losses running into millions annually—Dr. Stiles is perhaps the most eminent authority in the world. He has degrees from French, German, and Italian universities; he was our government's delegate to the International Zoölogical Congresses of 1895 and 1898; he is foreign correspondent of the *Société de Biologie*, France, of several other learned bodies, and member of dozens more.

One species of parasite which has long been known in Europe, and is also found in Asia, is called *Uncinaria duodenalis*. The males measure five-tenths centimetres in length (about a fifth of an inch). Upon gaining entrance to the body, these attach themselves to lining membranes and bore a small round hole, through which blood escapes. As they are enormously productive, it may be imagined that their unwilling host is greatly weakened through loss of blood. The symptoms are similar to those of acute anæmia, and if the parasitic ravages are unchecked, the person infested invariably dies.

What Dr. Stiles has discovered in his investigations, is a parasite closely resembling *Uncinaria duodenalis*, widely distributed through the South, apparently not so severe in its attacks as its European cousin. "Crackers," "clay-eaters," and other Southerners, of uncleanly habits, are principally affected. The symptoms include extreme languor and lassitude, hence—by the transmutations of the highly intelligent press—*Uncinaria duodenalis* is the "germ of laziness." Dr. Stiles believes that an eradication of the parasite, which is possible, would have a profound effect on the whole South.

This discovery is a rather important one; but it does not appear that there is anything so exceedingly complex or obscure about it. Yet the newspapers all assure us that this parasite—in reality closely related to the tapeworm—is a "germ." In other words, they confuse the bacterium, classed in the Vegetable Kingdom, with a pretty well organized member of the Animal Kingdom. Their beautifully simple system evidently knows only fish, flesh, fowl, "bugs," and "germs." If any wiggler is bigger than a pea, it's a "bug"; if smaller, a "germ." We commend this classification to the attention of Dr. Stiles.

But, seriously, what must be the opinion of careful workers in scientific fields of the intelligence of the American press? How must they regard such sensational and utterly misleading distortions of fact?

What must they think of editorials which, even facetiously, confuse organisms as different as the rhinoceros and calla lily? We shouldn't like to agree to print what Dr. Stiles thinks—unless, indeed, he can do his swearing in Volapuk.

Statehood for the Territories will be the centre of interest in Congress when that body reconvenes after the holiday recess. The omnibus bill, admitting all three, will be the unfinished business before the Senate. It will have the support of all the Democrats, because their party expects to gain by it politically, and it has the backing of Senators Quay, Elkins, Penrose, Platt, of New York, and Gallinger, ostensibly because to grant Statehood is a party pledge, and possibly because of personal and commercial reasons. The latter charges may be dismissed as not pertinent to the issue, the real question being whether the Territories are entitled to Statehood as a matter of precedent when their internal conditions are considered. Statehood means self-government, and that is part of the American policy. There are two main objections now urged by those who will oppose the admission of Arizona and New Mexico. One is that these Territories are too sparsely settled, and the other is that the populations are too preponderantly of Spanish origin and leanings to be fitted for the duties, and to be entrusted with the responsibilities, of American citizenship. To the first objection, it may be urged that New Mexico now outranks in population each of the four States of Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, and Wyoming; and Arizona exceeds the latter two. New Mexico now has a population of 195,310, and Arizona 122,931. California was admitted with a population of 92,597. In 1889 and 1890, the Republicans admitted Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming. At the time, Washington and South Dakota exceeded the present population of New Mexico, but North Dakota had only 182,700 inhabitants, Montana 132,159, Idaho 84,385, and Wyoming 60,705. If precedent in the matter of population is to count, both Territories are eligible. Both are above the average, and both are in a position to advance under Statehood as rapidly as most of those mentioned, and decidedly more rapidly than have Wyoming and Nevada.

As to the character of the population, California furnishes an excellent example of the influence of Statehood in overcoming alien sentiments. This State was admitted shortly after conquest from Mexico, when Spaniards were abundant and Spanish thought was in the ascendant. Statehood brought American capital and American residents. It was sufficient even to overwhelm the bitterness of the recent war. Spaniards and Mexicans quickly became Americans, until soon the evidences of Spanish occupation became the relics and curios of the early history of the State and Territory. There is no good reason to expect different results from the admission of New Mexico and Arizona.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, has been telling with considerable glee that it was through her influence that the Danish Islands treaty was defeated and the United States saved from having more unprofitable tropic islands on its hands. Her narrative concludes with this somewhat self-laudatory sentence: "For a woman who knows nothing about politics and never mixed in political affairs, I did not do so badly, did I?"

Whether she did badly, or what she did, seems to be open to some question. According to her story she became possessed of the secret that the promoter who was making the sale was a scoundrel out for the long green, and though a woman, she kept the secret in her own breast until the time was ripe to let it out and defeat the ratification of the treaty in the Danish parliament. Officials of the State Department are not gallant enough to give her the credit. They say they don't believe she had much to do with it. At the same time, the *Chicago Tribune* takes pains to point out that if she did do what she claims, she is amenable to the statutes of the United States, which define treason and provide a punishment of fine and imprisonment. The statute cited covers "crimes against the existence of the government," and provides a punishment for any person who shall directly or indirectly carry on any verbal or other correspondence with a foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, with intent to influence the measures of the United States in dealing with such government. It would seem that Mrs. Atherton has avowedly laid herself open to prosecution. The United States being

really indifferent to the outcome of the negotiations, and being doubtful of the lady's egotistic claim, the matter will probably pass without serious notice. In that case Mrs. Atherton will not have come off "so badly" after all.

Marconi's feat in sending clear, complete messages across twenty-three hundred miles of windy waste from Nova Scotia to Cornwall, must be counted the greatest scientific event, so far, of the twentieth century. There is no reason to doubt the entire accuracy of the accounts of his success. Since a year ago, when three dots, representing the letter *s*, were transmitted from Cornwall to the Newfoundland station, and especially since the Italian ship *Carlos Alberto* last summer received messages from Poldhu, at a distance of nine hundred miles, and faint signals at a much greater distance, there has been no skepticism among well-informed persons, that intelligible, transatlantic messages would eventually be transmitted. And certainly Marconi deserves all the honor that is his. He has talked little, worked much. He has overcome stupendous difficulties, and has outstripped the scores of emulative experimenters who, mushroom-like, have sprung up of late in every country of the civilized world. And as for the recurrent suggestions that he took advantage of his fellow-countryman, the Marquis of Solari, and appropriated the latter's ideas, a sufficient answer is the fact that the Italian Government, with every opportunity to know the truth of the matter, has signally honored Marconi—even to furnishing him with a battleship for the purpose of experiment. Like every other inventor, Marconi owes much to other workers in the same field; that he has refused to acknowledge his indebtedness must be considered unproved. He is both a genius and a gentleman.

And now, what of the future? Is "wireless" to supersede the wire? or only to supplement it? Can continents, or only seas, be spanned by Marconi's genius? With fanfare of trumpets we have just celebrated the laying of a cable to Honolulu. Is the two and a half millions of dollars that it cost, good money sunk in the bottom of the sea? or will Marconi compete in vain with Mackay? It is dangerous to dogmatize. Marconi himself declares that "wireless development has just commenced," and says that he will be ready for commercial business from the new Cape Cod station within a few months, and that the charge per word will be ten cents for ordinary, and five cents for press, messages. His enthusiasm just now is natural; but whether he can compete with the cable is in considerable doubt. Lieutenant-Colonel Reber, a United States Signal Service expert, who has been conducting the government's wireless experiments for several years, in an address before the National Geographic Society lately, declared that "the proper sphere of wireless telegraphy is communication between shore and ships, and between ships at sea." Moreover, "neither the cable systems nor the land lines will be supplanted by wireless telegraphy."

This is a definite statement from an expert, made, it is true, before Marconi's late success, but in the full expectation, as the speaker stated, that he would succeed. Reasons for his opinions were (1) that secrecy, except by use of a code, is impossible: any station near by can "cut in"; (2) that, over land, even at short distances, atmospheric, local, and thermal conditions have thus far prevented uninterrupted communication essential to commercial success; and (3) as more wireless stations are established, mutual interference will become an increasingly perplexing problem, while competing companies might entirely destroy the service of each other by creating intense disturbances in ether through the dissipation of large quantities of energy.

As a partial remedy for the conditions suggested in the last objection, Colonel Reber suggested government supervision. "Germany and France have already taken steps to control wireless installations," he said, "and a movement is now on foot to present the entire subject to an international conference to establish a system of general regulation and control."

What possibilities are suggested in that sentence! Imagine a Barcelona electrical crook reaching out intangible talons into the middle of the North Atlantic and swiping from some worthy German an intangible message intended for Milwaukee, Wis. Or imagine him sending out a counter-wave, and smashing the loving message to smithereens. Imagine the legal difficulties of nabbing the Barcelona crook and punishing him for his North Atlantic thievery, or, shall we say, assault and battery. Even now the basis of our law, the Constitution, has hard work to keep up with the times—lags sadly behind the flag. But what will be the perplexities when governments, in the exercise of their functions, must safeguard the property rights of citizens in stock reports and news items flitting about in mid-air over the salt, salt seas!

The Cuban reciprocity matter has been cleared of some cobwebs since last spring. As the affair now stands, it is plain, simple, easily understood. Consider. We in the United States produce beet-sugar amounting to 1.4 per cent. of the world's supply. Europe produces beet-sugar amounting to 61.5 per cent. of the world's supply—forty times as much. We have rich soil, the proper climate, plenty of capital to build factories, plenty of skillful chemists to supervise them. Why are we laggard in producing our share of one of the world's great staple crops? Answer: We were so busy raising wheat and corn that Europe outstripped us. But now that wheat no longer pays so well—or not at all—the farmers of California, Minnesota, Michigan, and Nebraska have begun to grow the sugar beet. The industry is just beginning (1.4 per cent. of the world's crop). It has prodigious possibilities for the American farmer. Why should the United States import millions of tons of sugar? Why not grow it ourselves? If there ever was one, this is an "in-

fant industry." And it is an industrial infant that will become a giant—unless strangled in its cradle.

Just at this juncture, the Republic of Cuba enters into our calculations. She is now a free and independent nation. She is prosperous. She raises sugar—last year 800,000 tons—8 per cent. of the world's crop—five times as much as the beet-sugar growers of the United States. Her crop for 1902 is estimated by the British minister at Havana at 1,000,000 tons. Cuba's natural market for her sugar is the United States. But she does not like to pay the duty—she would like to have her sugar admitted into the United States free. In fact, rather than pay the duty she might send her sugar to England. And she might take in exchange for her sugar English manufactures. Ah, there's the rub. American manufacturers want Cuba's trade, badly. And the sugar trust wants Cuba's sugar to refine and profit by. To repeat: Cuba wants a low duty on sugar shipped into the United States so that sugar will be more profitable to her planters. American manufacturers want a low duty on their products shipped into Cuba so they can make more money and sell more goods. The American Sugar Refining Company wants a reduced duty on sugar to increase its profit. The reciprocity treaty before the Senate just fills the bill.

But what becomes of an industry that may supply our entire home consumption under favoring conditions? What becomes of that industrial infant of gigantic possibilities? It gets it in the neck. It looks out for itself. The beet-sugar farmers are not many. The farmer has no lobby at Washington. He is a sorry spectacle, bucking the glass trust, the copper trust, and all the rest that want to sell Cuba their stuff. He is an ungrateful wretch not to praise God that the treaty does not take all the duty off from sugar. Here is the list of goods on which Cuba reduces the import duty:

Pottery, salt fish, copper-made machinery, cast and wrought-iron and steel and articles manufactured from them, glass, cotton and some cotton goods, ships and boats, whisky and brandy, duty reduced 25 per cent.

Cutlery, shoes, plated ware, drawings, photographs, engravings, etc., materials for cigar bands and labels, common soaps, bottled beer, mineral waters, hemp-made articles, etc., musical instruments, writing and printing papers, duty reduced 30 per cent.

Watches, umbrellas, knit cottons, preserved fruits, perfumery, woollens and silk goods, duty reduced 40 per cent.

The main question which will shortly come before the Senate is simply this: Are the interests of the copper trust, the glass trust, the steel trust (God save the mark!), and all the rest of the manufacturers of the articles named above paramount to the interests of the sugar-beet industry in the United States? Is it just to enter into a reciprocity treaty for their profit at the farmers' expense? Is it fair to reduce protective duties on sugar and keep them up on products of American manufacture, which successfully compete with foreign goods in foreign markets? And as for the plea for "suffering Cuba"—there is no suffering Cuba.

The comparison of the winter temperature upon the Pacific Coast with that in other parts of the country has, perhaps, been somewhat over-worked, yet it is always interesting, at least to those who are enjoying the more favored climate.

The comparison is the more striking this year, because the intense cold of the East has been more severely felt on account of the coal famine. Christmas Day on the Pacific Coast was warm and pleasant. Perhaps some few thin-blooded Sacramento shivers with the thermometer at 50 degrees, but they had only to go south down to San Diego to find it ranging at 74 degrees, and at different points in California any intermediate temperature could have been found. If, on the other hand, they wanted a really cold atmosphere they would have had to cross the Rockies. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, for instance, the mercury dropped to 19 degrees below zero, in Sioux City it was 15 degrees below. In Nebraska and Kansas it was comparatively warm, for the temperature did not go below zero. In the Sunny South it was even milder. At Atlanta, Ga., it was 15 degrees above zero, at Louisville, Ky., it was 14 degrees, and in Tennessee they luxuriated with a temperature 16 degrees above zero. In the Far East they had weather similar to that of the central valley. For those who do not enjoy extremes of temperature, either in winter or summer, California is still the most attractive place of residence.

The remarks of Governor Cummins, of Iowa, in the National Reciprocity Convention, held in Detroit, must be regarded as something more than an individual opinion—as a statement of the attitude of a considerable group of Republicans

on the questions of reciprocity and tariff-revision, and for whom the governor was the spokesman. He asserts that the question lies between alteration of the schedules by means of specific treaties, and the reduction of duties in the schedules themselves wherever they are unnecessary and out of harmony with present conditions. He believes that the latter is the first step, and that the reciprocity plan contemplates mainly the acquisition of something for nothing, which is impossible, and might as well be abandoned. The tariff should be changed, when too high or too low, for the best of reasons, and with the same absence of political sentiment with which the reform of any other law would be made. He denied the proposition that revision meant a sweeping general change. The claim was made to shelter two wings of the opposition to any change—"those who want to perpetuate something which they know would be condemned under impartial investigation, and the timid souls who would rather not vote at all than vote right or wrong."

The protective policy itself is impregnable against the assaults of its enemies, but may, he said, be modified with advantage. Reciprocal treaties may properly be made when "the market opened up will take more of our products, measured by the labor which produced them, than the competition admitted will obliterate." Tariff schedules should be reduced, and can be reduced in a way that will still permit the American

MRS. ATHERTON
AND THE
DANISH TREATY.

THE
CHRISTMAS
WEATHER.

GOV. CUMMINS
ON TARIFF AND
RECIPROCITY.

THE MANUFACTURER
VERSUS
THE FARMER.

manufacturer to occupy the home market, pay the highest wages, and receive ample profit. "And these things should be done," said the speaker, "not years hence, but now."

In Venezuelan matters, there has been this week something of a lull. President Roosevelt decided last Saturday not to accept the position of arbitrator of matters at issue. It is expected, therefore, that the controverted points will be submitted to The Hague court. The matter of arranging details and preliminary agreements regarding the submission of the case are now in progress, and a Washington dispatch of the 31st ult. states that Castro has signified his willingness to submit the case to "the arbitration of fair and impartial authorities." The blockade still continues. Affairs in Venezuela appear to be in a chaotic condition. A late dispatch relates that executions of revolutionists take place continually, the jails are crowded, Castro "seems entirely irresponsible and is likely to yield to any mad impulse," and spends his days in revelry. If these reports are true, the questions naturally arise, Of how much worth are Castro's promises to arbitrate? What are the prospects of payment of the amounts that might be adjudged due by any arbitration court? Arbitration postulates responsibility of the parties thereto. Can there be satisfactory arbitration between the Powers and Venezuela? The creditor nations are plainly taking no chances of the whole arbitration matter falling through, and are continuing the blockade. The end of the affair appears to be as far off as ever, and that the United States will eventually be forced to assume some sort of responsibility for Venezuela's debts is a possibility, if not a probability.

Had General Sherman declared that war is an expensive luxury in place of his now famous phrase, "OUR INHERITANCE FROM THE CIVIL WAR," he would have found no fewer indorsers. Without discussion, the Senate, just before adjournment, passed the House pension bill, carrying an appropriation of \$139,000,000. The disbursements of the pension bureau from June 30, 1865, to June 30, 1902, amounted to \$2,804,408,857. The total number of enlistments during the Civil War is stated to be 2,850,000, so that if a pension had been given to each one of them he would have received a snug little sum. The facility with which the transition from the active army to the pension roll is made, is shown by the fact that \$3,275,184 has been paid in pensions for the Spanish war, though it was begun only four years ago. The disbursements on account of the Spanish war exceed those during the first three years of the Civil War, though the number of enlistments was infinitely smaller. In spite of the large amount paid for pensions, there is a large number of ex-soldiers who have never received a pension. Last year, the pension bureau received information of the deaths of 50,128 old soldiers, of whom only 27,043 were on the pension roll. Similarly, up to the close of the fiscal year 1901, there had been \$824,411 applications for pensions, of which 1,701,904 were granted. In recent years, one-fifth of the applications have been rejected.

WAKE UP, SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Hints on How to Develop the State—The City's Duty—Capital Needed to Promote Staple Industries—Great Possibilities in Sugar and Meat.

In a June number of the *Argonaut* the question was asked, apropos of the efforts of the State promotion committee to cause a rush of settlers to our glorious State, "What are these people going to do after getting here?" The writer doesn't venture any predictions, but he makes the bare assertion that California, north of the Tehachapi, will remain the slow, over-cautious, let-the-other-fellow-lead-the-way community in great financial matters of a legitimate boom nature, unless somebody keeps the alarm going. What's the good of increasing postal receipts in San Francisco if, simultaneously, country post-offices are threatened with abandonment? This city seems to think that there is some regal quality clinging to her, and that it will insure her commercial supremacy of the vast Pacific merely to remain mistress at the toll gate. Was it that spirit that brought the Argonauts here fifty years ago? Are California moneyed interests of two classes only; one, the old pioneer, whose early activity renders his present rest legitimate, and second, the younger men whose fathers blazed a rough trail in the hope that their sons would follow it up and develop one of the richest of God's countries into a State of imperial magnificence? What is being done to-day in Northern California with California money? Ask the banks of this State how heavily they are "stuck," to use the street term, in interior lands. Vitrally interested as they are, do they make any move to wake things up? No, indeed. It is so much easier to hope and wait for some outsider to come along and furnish the capital. Isn't it about time—over fifty years since gold was discovered—for the sons to be doing something?

DEVELOP THE VALLEYS.

Is the young Californian, whose father got here in early days somehow, even though it wasn't in a Pullman, a practical nonentity? Or is it so much pleasanter to spend merely the income from some low-interest bonds? Hasn't he any obligations to the community; does he carry his share of the load by simply clipping coupons? We shall never have the California our natural resources entitle us to unless we step in and do something. We must have people in the interior; more houses, more people. San Francisco will always remain a village of poor streets, and worse sewers, and inadequate wharves unless she is the metropolis of an active back country. We have two of the grandest valleys in the world in the Sacramento and San Joaquin, to say nothing of the dozens of smaller ones here and there in the Coast Range. But what

can they do? They can make San Francisco the New York of the Pacific Ocean, but that city must hold out a helping hand right at the start; must give the ball a push to start it rolling. Cut up those great ranches by the one sure, profitable method of introducing a crop that is a money-maker for the small farmer. There will be no trouble in getting settlers if we can show the crop. And it doesn't want to be a fancy one over in the next township; it wants to be an actual crop, one that John Smith grew and made some money on. So much, in fact, from their little piece of land, that John has written back to Podunk for James to come out. And James will come even if he is obliged to borrow the money; he knows John, knows he isn't the paid boom agent of a promotion association.

NO MONEY IN FANCY CROPS.

Colonists' tickets are very nice; they bring many people here; but how many of them stay and become Californians? Of the thousands here this fall, how many have become settlers? How many have gone right back into the interior, bought farms, built a fairly serviceable house, and started in already on next year's crop? We mustn't expect (although that seems to be the way the daily press and the promotion literature view it), that the Eastern man with a comfortable surplus is going to constitute the bulk of our new settlers; here and there the man from the East will be attracted to some good proposition already under way, and will buy it outright. An orchard here, another there, a chicken ranch some other place; but this State needs pioneers just now, and the usual pioneer is the man who leaves his old home, not with an overflowing purse, but with the bottom plainly in sight, too often long since passed. The man already doing well isn't hunting very hard for a new home; he is satisfied with present conditions, though if the railroads attract him by a low fare he takes the trip. But he buys a round-trip ticket, and it's a very low percentage of them that stay. It would be very nice if they all did, but new countries aren't settled up by that kind of people; they aren't hunting for a new home; they let well enough alone. Now and then some half-sick family will make the change, but it is with regret and because illness necessitated it. And we can't afford to wait till increasing sickness, love of climate, etc., slowly drive a few out here, a few there. No indeed! We want pioneers, men who are dissatisfied with existing conditions in the fairly well-settled East, and who would move out on to the frontier, as it were, where land of reasonably low price is holding out a crop of unusually good returns. Such a man doesn't bring capital with him, enabling him to buy a nice, prospective fruit ranch and wait three or five years for it to come into bearing; he wants reasonable value at once, most likely he is actually hunting for a place and a crop where the place, if well handled, will pay for itself. And this is no imaginary proposition; it is being done every day elsewhere—look at Utah. Those Mormons are a very quiet people, but it would pay the spirit back of this promotion movement to study a little into Utah's growth. Our pioneer must have a profitable crop right away, he can not wait for an orchard to mature; even if he could, where is the financial attraction?

"On shipments of 1,813 earloads of deciduous fruit, on which the record had been kept, the loss was \$168 a car. After the first few weeks of the season, fresh fruit was almost unsalable, at any price, for shipment East."—*Argonaut*, December 15, 1902.

Truths of that sort in journals of standing are read and believed. We do not want to rely on any false pretenses in this matter, and, so, how much encouragement is there to the prospective fruit-grower? It wasn't only fruit for Eastern shipment that was unsalable; there were great quantities of fine pears dumped in the hay from the Jackson Street wharf, the canners here not being able to use them, besides thousands of boxes in the up-river orchards that were never even picked, to say nothing of the waste surplus wherever there was a pear orchard. In October, the writer paid four pence (eight cents) for a single California pear in Australia; he wondered at the time to what extent the Sacramento River pear grower had lost in red-ink returns on that very fruit.

IMMIGRANTS MUST HAVE CHEAP LAND.

Real-estate methods aside, where is the attraction for our future settler? Is it over in Alameda County, for instance, where orchard after orchard is being rooted out and the bare lands being planted to sugar-beets, tomatoes, and cucumbers? No! The land is worth too much—two and three hundred dollars an acre; and it pays good interest on that valuation, too. Our new man can not even dream of settling down in such a community. He must be a pioneer; must go back into the interior—say, where wheat lands are barely paying taxes; get a small place at a reasonable price, and then find himself without a crop to grow; but he doesn't go that far; he stays right where he is, the other side of the Mississippi, even though coal is sometimes scarce enough to fight for and food high. All things considered, where is our settler coming from, our future citizen of San Francisco? For every new producer for the interior means a new man in town. How else is San Francisco to become a metropolis. Some of its most important manufacturing industries are to-day threatened most seriously because of a lessening labor supply. Take the fruit canneries, which for forty years now have been such a valuable enterprise; they are worrying because a diminishing labor supply is becoming more and more aggravated; and the class of the present labor is getting lower and lower every season. Does California canned fruit hold the high place in the world's markets it did ten years ago? No, indeed! Why are some of the most active men in that great business, so peculiarly Californian, vigorously dissatisfied and coolly considering the advisability of directing their efforts at the first suitable opportunity toward a line of canned goods over which this State has a monopoly? Why have county canneries, of late years, made deep inroads into the canned fruit trade, formerly held almost wholly by San Francisco? That city is asleep.

A LESSON FROM THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Where is all that pioneer activity? It is not present in the capitalist, the banker, who looks at the great tracts

of interior lands, with no future unless a new leaf is turned clear over, and says: "Yes, yes, that crop, indeed, would be a bonanza, but it would take so much money." What is capital for? The development of our two great valleys is, promotion-committee literature to the contrary notwithstanding, not an achievement for the fancy orchardist, with almost fabulous profits now and then; it is, rather, work for the steady farmer, who can grow a sure crop, thanks to irrigation; for a market practically assured in advance from its nature. Such a crop must be a staple article, not a merely pretty one, which hits an active demand occasionally, like our green fruits, but a product of common consumption. What made the Mississippi Valley? Was it some city-directed agricultural enterprise, like many of our California orchards, or was it a plain, every-day object of common need, not choice, but need? Didn't corn play some part in that interesting drama? Don't we read in our geographies, when we begin studying the valley States, something about corn and hogs and cattle? Didn't the packing of food products play quite an important part in the growth of Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago? Or did those cities depend wholly on their geographical position and remain satisfied with a high percentage of profit on a limited business rather than a good fair profit on a vast business? Isn't that just what this city is doing?

SUGAR AND MEAT.

Of course, we are making money, big money, but it isn't a progressive policy. We must wake up, realize that in our wonderful interior—those two magnificent valleys—we have the site for agricultural industry that will produce almost phenomenal quantities of necessary foods, sugar and meat. And there's going to be a vast demand some day not very far off for food products for such places as the Philippines, for instance. The tropics can grow sugar, but meat is not a success nowadays; and the cane countries are beginning to appreciate, too, that beet-sugar has come to stay; that a crop which now grows two-thirds of the world's supply, and at a steadily lessening cost, will ultimately give it all. So the cane people of the tropics are casting about for another specialty to take sugar's place. They say to themselves: "Let's grow coffee, or rice, or hemp, or cotton, or some specialty that the temperate zone can't produce." They observe that the United States has just started at beet-sugar; that their output is only 1.4 per cent. of the world's, and they ask: "If European enterprise has made such an industry from the beet, what will the American do with it?" The American farmer to grow the raw material, the American engineer and chemist to work it up, is a combination of unequalled industrial force. Note a few figures:

WORLD'S SUGAR CROP.

Porto Rico cane	0.95 per cent.
Louisiana cane	2.87 per cent.
Hawaii cane	2.87 per cent.
Philippines cane (export)	0.67 per cent.
UNITED STATES BEET	1.43 per cent.
Cuba cane	8.37 per cent.
Other American cane (exclusive of United States)	9.00 per cent.
Australia and Indies cane	8.91 per cent.
Other cane	3.37 per cent.
EUROPEAN BEET	61.56 per cent.
	100.00 per cent.

WHAT UTAH HAS OONE.

The cane-grower, too, has taken the cream from his lands by oft-repeated crops, in some countries for centuries back, whereas the American is starting in with a new crop on lands barely touched by comparison. The greatest business in some of the cane countries, aside from sugar, is that of artificial fertilizers, or is fast becoming so. Sugar experts have long since seen this great revolution, and American capital—not in California, however—is already at work. In a recent number of the *World's Work* is a most interesting article on Utah, and it calls special attention to that State's success with sugar. That journal says:

"Patronize home industries" was one of Brigham Young's favorite injunctions. Obedience was never more magnificently rewarded than in the sugar industry. The company has returned to the stockholders almost their original investment in the way of stock dividends, besides paying an annual twelve per cent. cash dividend for a series of years. The wonderful profits of the undertaking attracted the cupidity of the sugar trust, to appease which the stockholders parted with a half interest in their holdings. The sugar company has been a large dealer in irrigated lands. It owns at present over thirty thousand acres of land, and the finest irrigation canal in the State of Utah, taking water from the Bear River by means of a dam constructed in the Bear River Cañon. The sugar beet has in recent years done as beneficent work for the Mormon farmer as alfalfa did twenty years ago, the two products to-day forming the staple and profitable crops of the Utah 'ranch.'

Observe Colorado, also; one community at the present time is laying the foundation for three independent sugar factories. And along with nearly every factory is a cattle-feeding enterprise, a fact which should interest this lazy State with two great mountain ranges, magnificent cattle country, both enclosing a phenomenally rich interior. Wake up, Californian! Grow some new staples in exporting quantities; get ready to feed that vast Pacific; make new fortunes, not from gold this time, but from food products. WAKE UP!

The Congressional Library has thousands of volumes of newspapers which are destined to comparatively short lives, if the fears of librarians are realized. These are publications for which paper made of wood pulp is used. The old paper, made of linen rags, is practically indestructible. But with paper made of wood pulp the case is different. The files of newspapers at the library that are but fifteen or twenty years old show the effect of time in the condition of the paper. Readers who consult these newspapers are painfully aware how careful they have to be in order not to tear the pages as they turn them. Light and air are the destructive elements that are playing havoc with the wood-pulp sheets. It is believed by men who have made this matter a specialty, that within fifty years the newspaper files of the present day can not be accessible to the public without great restrictions on account of their fragile condition.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SAM.

How Civil War Scores Were Settled in the Philippines.

Memories linger long in lonely places. On the remoter plantations of the South, the stirring events of the Civil War were still fresh subject of conversation long after they were all but forgotten in the cities. But when, with the destruction of the *Maine*, came the possibility of war with the Spaniard, they were relegated to a place of minor importance by the suddenly arising question, What ought the South to do should the controversy really end in blows? It was a question that many of the younger men promptly answered by declaring their intention to volunteer the moment opportunity should be offered them; but of the older ones, those who had fought and lost in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, there were many irreconcilables who bitterly opposed any Southerner's taking part. "It aint ouah wah. Let th' Nawth do th' fightin'," they said.

Of the latter party, "Majah" Bullard was undoubtedly the leader in Marshall County. All day long he would sit in front of his office and argue the matter with any and all comers, invariably concluding with: "We agreed at Appomattox, suh, tuh lay down ouah ahms an' quit fightin', an' I'm tee-totally against takin' 'em up again, just 'cause th' Nawth needs us now." And upon one occasion he turned sharply to a silent listener, seated near his elbow, and added: "I'll bet a hoss 't you ah with me on that, aint you, Little Sam?"

Little Sam, an "infant," who stood six feet three in his stockings, blushed from the roots of his tow-colored hair down into his collar at being thus unexpectedly called upon by so great a man to express an opinion, and in his confusion stammered an answer that was only half articulate.

"Yes, suh, that's bound tuh be yo' way o' thinkin'," the major went on, bringing his cane down on the floor with a thump; "yo' daddy died in my ahms, suh; I caught him when he fell, up thah 'mong th' rocks an' Yankee guns at Gettysburg. He was as brave a soldier as evah lived, suh, an' a gentleman, an' so I know 't no son o' his can evah put on th' unifohm o' th' man 't killed him. Aint that right, suh?"

But Little Sam made no answer; he had quietly risen and was walking away, a look of trouble on his face. He had never seen his father, for his mother had been a widow three months when he was born, but at his home, hanging beneath a shot-torn battle-flag of the Confederacy, was the picture of a man in gray, a man with curling brown hair and fearless blue eyes, that told him what manner of man that father had been. And from his boyhood up, it had been the dream, the hope of his life, that some day the gray would again be matched against the blue, so that he might avenge his death. Growing up shy and imaginative as a girl, almost daily had he gazed at his father's face and pictured in his fancy long lines of gray-coated men of whom he would be one, stirring bugle calls, and the bands playing "Dixie," the wild "rebel" yell, and a fierce charge, before which wavering lines of blue would break, scatter, and disappear. Always it was Northerner against Southerner. Now, however, a foreigner had entered the lists, insolently throwing down the gauntlet to America, and he resented it as insult to himself, as insult to the South as well as to the North, and, his bosom swelling with pride at thought of the mighty power of the two sections united, a strange sensation of friendliness for his countrymen in the North found lodgment in his heart. And this feeling daily grew stronger, until he could no longer fancy himself aiming his rifle at Northern foemen; instead, he would fight shoulder to shoulder with them against a common enemy. But now Major Bullard's words had given a rude shock to this pretty picture; they brought it home to him that every soldier of the Union must wear the Union blue.

And could he bring himself to put on the uniform of the man who had killed his father, he asked himself as he walked away. Though a man in years and stature, he was, nevertheless, a boy in heart and mind, and so he pondered the matter for days and weeks without reaching an answer. Finally he took into his confidence "Big" Sam, a cousin somewhat smaller than himself, but whose ten years seniority caused him to be distinguished as the larger.

"Haw! haw! haw!" the latter laughed in good-natured ridicule; "so that's what's been makin' you look so hang-dog fuh a month past, is it? I thought it was all 'cause somebody cut you out o' yo' sweetheart, I'll be jumped up if I didn't. Now look a-heah, Budd," he went on, seriously, "if you want tuh go, don't you let any such stuff as that stand in yo' way. That ol' wah was fought out long time ago, an' it won't evah be fought again. Why? 'Cause the 's nothin' tuh fight about. We-all in th' South don't want th' niggahs slaves again, do we? Naw, wouldn't be bothered with 'em. An' th' Nawth 's not pesterin' us any, so we don't want tuh go out o' th' Union. An' don't you worry about wearin' th' uniform o' th' man 't killed Uncle Jim; 't was done in faiah fight, an' aftah Uncle Jim 'd left his mahk on more 'n one Yank, I'll bet. An' don't you pay attention tuh what these ol' fogies say: fine ol' men an' all that, but they stopped th' clock when Lee surrendahed. Th' Spaniards need a lickin' th' worst kin'd, an' I'm glad all ovah 't Uncle Sam's big enough 't give it tuh 'em."

Little Sam had always looked up, or rather down, to his cousin with a great deal of respect, and, thus engaged, he was one of the first to enlist when the

call for volunteers came and journeyed to the nearest city for the purpose.

Immediately afterward he was permitted to go home to arrange his affairs, and while there happened to meet Major Bullard. The veteran regarded him in stern, disapproving silence a few moments, and finally said, harshly: "So you've gone an' enlisted, have you?—gone back on yo' father an' his people? Well, suh, all I've got tuh say is, I hope you'll live tuh have th' son o' th' man 't killed yo' father make you black his boots. I do, suh; by Ned, I do." And with a savage flourish of his cane, he contemptuously turned his back and walked away.

This set Little Sam to troubling again. Then came the ordeal of putting on his uniform, but it was made far less trying by the news that Fitzhugh Lee, a general of the Confederacy, and nephew of "the well beloved" Robert E., had set him the example by accepting a commission as general in the army of the United States. And when he finally got it on and surveyed himself in a glass, the wonderful misfit the government had furnished him made him laugh outright, and it all came easier for him after that.

Among those who had enlisted from the city was Tom Owens, a man of about Sam's age and size; and being assigned to Sam's company, he was placed next to him in the ranks, and so the two quickly became friends. This, too, was fortunate for Sam, for Tom was his opposite in nearly every respect; well versed in the ways of the world, his mental powers sharpened by contact with other men, and ready to turn everything into a joke, he was just the one to keep Sam from thinking about himself.

Their regiment was one of those sent to the Philippines to enable Dewey to hold what he had taken, and, during the tiresome voyage across to the islands, Sam was necessarily thrown largely upon himself for mental occupation, and so Major Bullard's parting reproach came back to his mind to sting him again and again. He was the most miserable man aboard the transport when their destination was at last reached, and even the healthful exercise and excitement of fighting and chasing *insurrectos*, which began immediately, failed to drive from his mind the cloud of morbid gloom that had settled down over it. Hours and hours he spent, silently torturing his brain with regret for having enlisted, and then came unconsciously to thinking out loud.

"Oh, if I'd only listened tuh Majah Bullard," he groaned, "I wouldn't ha' done it."

Tom Owens, lying wrapped in his blankets on the ground at his side, raised his head. "Wouldn't ha' done what?" he asked.

Sam's face flushed hot. "Oh, I was just thinkin'," he stammered.

"But thinkin' what?" Tom persisted; "who's Major Bullard, anyhow? And what is it you wouldn't ha' done if you'd ha' listened to him?"

"Wouldn't have enlisted," Sam blurted out, no longer able to contain his trouble.

"Wouldn't have enlisted!" Tom ejaculated; "why, what in thunder's th' matter with you? Gettin' cold feet? Naw, I won't believe that. But what is it?"

"No, it's not cold feet," Sam said; "I—well, I oughtn't tuh be wearin' th' uniform—that's all."

"Why oughtn't you?" Tom returned, in surprise.

"Because—can you understand?—because my father was killed at Gettysburg by a man wearin' th' blue, an'—an' I feel like it's stranglin' me all th' time," poured brokenly from Sam's lips.

Tom threw back his blanket and sat up in amazement. "Why, old man, I didn't know anybody could feel that way about it—an American, I mean," he said, gently; "but then, my dad wore th' blue in that little scrimmage."

"What's that?" Sam asked, sharply; "aint you a Tennessean? What you doin' in a Tennessee regiment, then?"

"Oh, I just happened to be down South when th' call came, an' it didn't make any difference to me what regiment I went in," Tom answered.

"An' yo' father was at Gettysburg, an' in th' Yank—th' Nawthun ahmy?" Sam went on; "did he kill anybody that day, I wondah?"

"I've heard him say 't he did," Tom answered, thoughtlessly.

"Officer or private?" Sam demanded, in excited tones.

"Believe 't was an officer, a captain," Tom said, with hesitation; "he had to do it, you know, or th' other'd ha' killed him," he added, apologetically. "As 't was, a major shot him th' next minute an' put him out o' th' army for good."

Sam's teeth clicked together, and a chill swept over him. His father had met death in just such an encounter, Major Bullard catching him as he fell, and emptying his pistol at the artilleryman that fired the shot. And Tom was the son of that man! Forgetful of all else, with the blood pouring in a furious torrent to his brain, he sprang to his feet, rifle in hand, and the weapon's muzzle swept down in line with Tom's head. Then he recovered himself, and the rifle went clattering to the ground. He was trembling all over, and his face shone ghastly white in the moonlight.

"My God, I'm glad I didn't do it," he quavered, impulsively, holding his hand toward Tom, but as quickly withdrawing it. "I would n't ha' done it for th' world," he went on, piteously; "but I can't have anything mo' tuh do with you. I've got tuh weah th' unifohm, I reckon, but I can't be friends with you. I can keep my hands off, but that's all."

With quick movement he stooped and gathered up his rifle and blankets, and went walking somewhat uncertainly away.

"Well, I'll be—shot!" Tom ejaculated, staring blankly at his retreating form. Then he hurried to his feet, and went running after him. "Why, old man, it aint one chance in a thousand 't he did it," he cried, offering Sam his hand; "an' even if he did, it was war an' a fair fight. Don't let that come between us, Sammy; we can't help what they did."

But Sam would not take his hand, would not even answer him. Quickening his pace, he went striding away, and was lost to Tom's sight in the darkness. Meeting an officer he was peremptorily ordered to lie down and go to sleep. He obeyed the one, but not the other, injunction; sleep he could not. All the rest of the night he lay with wide open eyes, listening to the deep breathing of his comrades and the sounds coming occasionally from the Filipino camp, and thinking, thinking, thinking. From the present, his thoughts gradually drifted back to the past, to the old plantation and his mother long dead, and to the faces of his boyhood friends. Then still farther back he went, back beyond things of his own recollection, to his father in the flesh and the fierce battles of the Civil War. And, finally, just as the first flush of day was appearing in the east, he fell asleep to dream a dream of charging lines of men in gray, bands playing "Dixie," and himself firing shot after shot at the son of the man that killed his father.

The bugles of his regiment sounding reveille waked him, and a sob of disappointment escaped his lips as his dream vanished and men in blue instead of gray met his eyes; for a few moments he could hardly convince himself that it was a dream, so seemingly real, so vivid, so pleasing to his bleeding spirit had it been. But he was given no time in which to brood over his disappointment; breakfast was scarcely eaten when the Filipinos announced their presence in force by a storm of bullets that sent the men to cover behind a slight embankment, where they were joined by a sergeant.

"Reckon we-all are goin' tuh go up against it tuh-day, boys," he cried, throwing himself face downward on the muddy ground; "I heah 't th' Ol' Man's goin' tuh send us intuh them cane-brakes tuh roust out th' niggahs, pooty soon. I say, Little Sam," he ran on in the next breath, "I'd sholy hate tuh be as big as you; why, baby, you'll stop two bullets tuh my one, any day." And he pinched slyly at the ankle of a man lying in front of him.

But Sam silently drew his foot away. He was in no humor for jesting; his heart was heavy with disappointment and hate; disappointment that his glorious dream had proved unreal, and a queer hatred that vanished instantly whenever for a moment his thought was not concentrated upon it, but a hatred, nevertheless, that boded no good for the comrade lying almost at his side. Presently the bugles sounded "Attention!" and with a bound the regiment was on its feet. Just then a band back at headquarters struck up, and instantly every man began cheering wildly—all but Sam. He stood silent, quivering from head to foot, his head back, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended. It was "Dixie" that the band was playing.

With his mind, his every sense, intoxicated by the sweet notes of the air to which his father had marched to death, he was seeing a vision, living his dream of charging lines of gray. Deaf to all but the band, he did not hear the bugle calls and quick-following commands of his officers, but with the instinct of the soldier stepped out as the men at his sides moved forward. Looking to neither right nor left, he strode on; and then, as the regiment surged ahead at the run, "Whoop-ee," the rebel yell, came ringing from his lips, and running his best, he led the way to where the Filipino flag hung limply in the still hot air.

The greater number of the Filipinos bolted before the Americans came within striking distance, but some of them were from the far interior of the island, savage bolo-men, who had not yet tasted the mettle of their enemies, and these stood their ground. With a wild yell the Americans poured into the first trench, and on the instant Sam and those near him found themselves engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with the bolo-men. A long brown arm shot out at Sam, and a gleaming blade came whistling down at his head, but he deflected the blow with the barrel of his rifle, receiving a wound in the arm, and a quick lunge sent his bayonet into the other's breast. It was action quick and sharp. Close at hand an American was battling single-handed with a circle of foes, and he sprang to his assistance.

Thrusting, parrying, clubbing with the butt of his rifle, the other man turned his face just then, and Sam saw that it was the face of the son of the man that killed his father—the face of Tom Owens. With the thought that he had only to keep his hands off to see his father's death avenged darting into his brain, he stopped, but the next moment the sight of half a dozen bolos uplifted to strike, drove all the hatred from his heart, letting in instead the love and kindly feeling that had preceded it. His arms shot out, catching the descending blades on his rifle, and then, before another blow could be struck on either side, a volley at short range from a body of their comrades ended the fight.

Tom's rifle slipped from his bleeding fingers, and he turned to Sam. "Did you know it was me, old man?" he asked, with a catch in his voice.

For answer Sam held out his hand, and the blood streaming from it mingled with that from Tom's.

BOURDON WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1902.

TWO FINE PLAYS.

Mansfield in "Julius Cæsar" and Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala."

The two great theatrical stars, who have defied the Syndicate and continued to flourish greenly in the land, are just now giving New York two truly magnificent spectacular performances. It is hardly necessary for me to state that I refer to Richard Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske. They are playing within a block of one another; Mansfield to crowded houses. Mrs. Fiske to good ones, and they are enjoying the delicate delight of seeing their performances arouse controversies, than which nothing is more stimulating to the box-office receipts.

After the first night of Mansfield's "Julius Cæsar," the audience went home in a state of staring surprise. Mansfield is nothing if not original, and as Brutus he was so original that nobody knew what he was trying to portray. The general opinion was that his conception of Brutus was that of a man who had brooded so long and bitterly on the growing power of Cæsar and its menace to the freedom of the state, that his mind had become unhinged, and that, in the first three acts, we saw before us a monomaniac. As soon as everybody had contented themselves with this solution, Mr. Mansfield rose up from his eyrie on the Riverside Drive, and said he had intended nothing of the sort. Brutus was not only the noblest Roman of them all, but as sane a Roman as anybody. He did not announce that he had had any particularly novel idea in his portrayal, which was that of the same great, sad patriot that Booth played.

Whatever was intended, the earlier scenes of the tragedy were, as far as the star was concerned, distinctly disappointing. The impression given by Brutus was that of a restless, querulous, unhappy man, withdrawn into himself, and more peevishly worried by the political situation than poignantly disturbed. There was something curiously effeminate in the portrayal. The great Roman was like a nervous, distracted woman, an impression that was still further enhanced by the kind of clothes he wore, which were like a series of very handsome tea-gowns. I suppose an actor of Mr. Mansfield's cultured intelligence would not violate historic truth in order to garb himself more sumptuously than his fellows. But the effect created by his superior magnificence of apparel (his be-furred and brocaded robes being only second to Cæsar's) was not harmonious.

Reluctance toward the assassination was a point he wished to make clear. He was a soft Brutus—an almost shrinking and timid Brutus—delivering his blow to Cæsar with a sort of girlish horror. That strain of the morbid, the oddly abnormal, which so fascinates him, was plain in the performance. Look back over this gifted actor's choice of parts—the chilly horror of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the blood mania of Richard the Third, the fantastic expiation of Arthur Drinsdale, the homicidal lunacy of Rodion the student, the frenzied love of pleasure of the Baron de Cheverial. Even Beau Brummell is not a perfectly well-balanced, normal being. Mr. Mansfield may deny as much as he likes, in the earlier scenes his Brutus is a weak and fateful fanatic, influenced and overborne by the full-blooded, passionate envies, hates, and jealousies of his more commonplace and zealous companions.

It is in the two last acts that he rises to the great heights that are within his grasp. From the quarrel scene to the end, his performance was marked by a lofty nobility, impressive to a degree. Here, at least, he was the noble Roman, enduring toward his friend, yet not failing to charge him with his faults, patient under crushing affliction, stoical in defeat. He was the only Brutus I ever saw who made one understand that the great spirit had been broken, not alone by failure and discouragement, but by Portia's death. After he has told Cassius of this last and bitter blow, one comprehends his attitude throughout the earlier part of the scene, and the unlifting pall of gloom that broods over the rest of it. It lies in the three words, uttered by Mansfield with the solemn, bell-like cadences of a dirge: "Portia is dead!"

The last act and the suicide of Brutus is fatefully tragic. That suggestion of doom that the star knows so well how to create hangs over it. In the moment of defeat he sits down on a hillock under a fir-tree. In the distance stretches the plain of Philippi; the red streaks of sunset shining between the trunks of flat-topped cypress-trees. The dimness of early night shrouds the stage, and in this faint light the defeated Roman sits, motionless, his rich armor glittering faintly through the obscurity, his face white, immovable, stern as a death mask, staring out beneath his plumed helmet. His officers withdraw, fearful and overawed, and alone in the bluish twilight, the death mask never changing, he raises his sword, and under the shelter of his shield drives it slowly, with a series of jerks, into his heart. The shield falls, and he sits thus, dead, with stony-staring eyes, his brazen accoutrements gleaming, his sword and his shield by his side. Here the victorious troops of Octavius find him, a fearsome figure in the eerie gloom.

So much for Mansfield! As far as a spectacle goes, the production is superb. Realism is sometimes carried too far. In the quarrel scene, which, of course, did take place in a tent on a battle-field lit by a small Roman lamp, the light is so dim one can hardly see the faces of the actors at all. This is probably true to life, but it is annoying, as the star and Haworth, who acts Cassius, are exceedingly fine, both playing up to their best.

The act in the senate chamber is a glorious picture. Booth, I have heard, modeled this scene on the painting by Gérôme, even going so far as to leave the figure of a senator sitting huddled up in the benches, as those who know the picture may remember it. Mansfield's arrangement of the setting is more like an arena—the seats in tiers on either side. On the top of a flight of steps in the middle, Cæsar sits in a chair draped with crimson. The assassination is remarkably well done; the action is quick, concerted, and telling. Casca's long knife flashes through the air, and then appears to sink into Cæsar's back. He rises, and, set upon by the conspirators like a pack of savage dogs, snatches up the end of his mantle, and reeling backward down the steps, falls on the floor, dragging the crimson draperies with him. They stretch from the chair to the floor like a thick stream of blood, in the midst of which the murdered Cæsar lies in the encircling folds of crimson.

This article should really have started with Mrs. Fiske—*Place aux dames!* I don't know how it comes that she was left to finish up on, unless it may be that she did not impress me as so interesting. New York is divided about "Mary of Magdala." People are either madly enthusiastic over it, or disappointed by it. Everybody has gone or is going, as apart from the high position of the leading lady, a play which concerns itself with so well-known a personage as the Magdalen, and counts among its characters Judas Iscariot and Caiaphas, the high priest, is not an every-day performance.

From the scenic point of view, it is a wonderful production. There is a storm in the last act—that storm which passed over Jerusalem when the Man on the Cross gave up the ghost—which is the most remarkable stage storm I have seen. The theatre is perfectly dark, and at intervals peals of thunder reverberate through it, and flashes of lightning illuminate it, revealing a wild, rocky gorge, with a narrow passage through it, and a few skeleton trees etched against a sky rent with zigzags of fire. During one of these flashes the figure of Judas, a frenzied creature, with torn hair and bare extended arms, comes rushing down the passageway, fleeing from the horrors he has seen on Calvary.

The general opinion is that Judas—played by Tyrone Power, who used to act with the Frawley people in San Francisco—is the hit of the performance. He is certainly impressive, and his appearance alone is an artistic triumph. I saw, while in Paris, Tissot's illustrations of the Scriptures, and I am under the impression Mrs. Fiske costumed the play from them. Judas looks as if he had stepped straight out of the Holy Land that the talented Frenchman re-created for us. He is a wild and picturesque figure, enwrapped in colored swathings that hang in folds on his body and leave his lean, muscular arms bare. Many odd ornaments are worn round his throat. His hair, ragged and unkempt, straggles over his brow into his hollow and burning eyes. He has the sinister and majestic beauty of the Jew, untainted by mean ambitions. Paul Heyse's idea is that he was a lover of Mary Magdalen's, but left her when the Christ appeared, whom he believed would redeem the Jews from the Roman yoke. When he finds out that the Redeemer brings the olive branch and not the sword, and preaches the doctrine of meekness and submission, he turns against him, and, in the fury of his fanatical patriotism, delivers him to Caiaphas.

I am sorry to say that Mrs. Fiske was, to me at least, a great disappointment. The part, it is true, gives her few opportunities. It is the play of a novelist, not a dramatist, wherein, instead of action and movement, there are long stretches of dialogue, in which the strange teachings and the apprehended dangers of the Nazarene's power are discussed. Yet, oddly enough, though it is a piece offering no good part to anybody, and without dramatic action, it is never dull or tiresome. From start to finish your interest is held. I asked my companion if he could account for this, and he said he thought it arose from the deathless vitality and force of the Biblical story. Familiar scenes from the New Testament recur in it, thrilling one with their beauty. Mary, held in a trance of thought, since her first glimpse of the Master, crosses the stage to the house of Simeon, carrying her alabaster box of ointment. And those words which are the foundation stone of the Christian teachings come with a new impressiveness, when uttered to the savage crowd that surrounds the terrified woman—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

One of the things that appears to hamper Mrs. Fiske is that she has such quantities of clothes on. She is shrouded to the eyes in gorgeous mantles and veils and scarfs, the whole studded with jewels and topped off with a sort of crown, like a turban hat encrusted with gigantic turquoises. She is literally so swaddled in draperies that she can hardly move. This is in the days when she was the fairest and wickedest woman in Magdala. Her conversion puts her into simple and classic robes of sad colors, in which she looks very picturesque. But her acting throughout is indifferent, and struck me as careless. There were scenes where she simply appeared to recite her lines, as a woman might who did not feel well or thought the house was too poor to bother about. Neither of which hypotheses seems to be correct, as Mrs. Fiske looks fat and blooming, and the house was well filled to the doors.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1902.

The authorities at Paris have become convinced that the death of Mrs. Ellen Gore was accidental, and have decided to drop the case against M. de Rydzewski, the Russian singer.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A French translation of President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life," entitled "La Vie Intense," has attracted much interest in Paris. The translation is by Princesse Ferdinand de Lucinge-Faucigny and M. Jean Izoulet, who declare that their work has the authorization of Mr. Roosevelt.

Gonzalo de Quesada, the Cuban minister, is one of the youngest diplomats at Washington, D. C. His outspoken and constant advocacy of Cuban independence before the outbreak of the last revolution, forced him to leave his native land and seek refuge in the United States. With Estrada Palma, now president, Nestor Ponce de Leon, and other prominent Cubans, he formed the Cuban Junta in New York.

Mme. Charcot, the widow of France's greatest physician, is so reduced financially that she is compelled to rent rooms in her house in order to keep out of debt. Mme. Benjamin-Constant, the widow of the eminent artist, who painted portraits of Queen Victoria, the Pope, and of many wealthy New Yorkers, is also compelled to struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Necessity is compelling her to part with some of the art treasures of her husband. Zola's widow, too, it appears, possesses scarcely more than a living income.

Bellamy Storer, the new United States ambassador to Austria, says: "The mischievous reports sent out recently from Madrid concerning King Alfonso are absolutely false. The young monarch is a youth of great promise, and in health and appearance has changed very much for the better since he came to the throne, his physical progress being very marked. He is becoming extremely popular with all classes of people. I was amazed at the difference in his person and manner between June and now. In that time he has acquired a repose of manner and a *savoir faire* that make one think he has realized his position as sovereign of a nation and its responsibilities. Despite any stories to the contrary, he is absolutely devoted to his mother."

Queen Alexandra acted as godmother at the christening of the little son of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester the other day. The tiny Viscount Mandeville received the name of Alexander George Montague Drogo. The dukedom of Manchester, by the way, is perhaps at present the most confusing title in the English peerage. It is a remarkable fact that there are now living four ladies who have been duchesses of Manchester. Though the queen's godchild will, if he lives, be the tenth duke, the widows of the sixth, seventh, and eighth dukes, and of course the wife of the ninth, are still alive. One of these ladies, the present Lady Beresford, who was married to the sixth duke in 1850, has thrice been left a widow. Another is the present Duchess of Devonshire, and a third is Consuelo, mother of the present duke, who recently inherited the three-million-dollar estate of her brother, Ferdinand Yznaga. It is said that she has provided well for her son, who no longer is dependent on the liberality of his wealthy American father-in-law.

Count Louis de Ponteves, whose death is announced at the age of eighty-seven years, was almost the sole surviving representative of the generation of Paris *boulevardiers*, who considered that there was absolutely nothing worth seeing outside the four Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, and Montmartre, and possibly a few yards up the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. Born in the year of the Battle of Waterloo, he had been one of the prominent Parisians of the old and exclusive school for over half a century. He had been a member of the Jockey Club for the last fifty years. He never missed, throughout his life, going everywhere a Parisian ought to go. During half a century never a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday opera night in the season passed without his putting in an appearance in the Jockey Club's box on the ground floor of the house. He was the oldest of the *habitués* of the opera but one, M. Charles Bocher, who has had the same orchestra stall there throughout the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign, the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic, to the present time. Count de Ponteves, up to the last, had been an arbiter of elegance and a pattern of courtly gallantry.

The recent trouble in Venezuela has brought prominently to the front Herbert W. Bowen, United States minister to Venezuela. Mr. Bowen was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 29, 1856, and therefore, although he is forty-six years of age, he has only had eleven real birthdays. For twelve years he has continuously served the State Department in some foreign country. In 1890, President Harrison appointed him consul at Barcelona, Spain, and, in 1895, President Cleveland promoted him to be consul-general. He had hardly held this office a year when the agitation in Spain against the United States began to assume unpleasant proportions. From that time until the Spanish-American War, Mr. Bowen was considered by the Barcelona police to be in constant danger of assassination. During this period, nineteen mobs appeared before the consulate-general—the largest one numbering fifteen thousand persons. After the war was over, Mr. Bowen was just preparing to return to Barcelona when President McKinley appointed him minister resident and consul-general to Persia. Two years later Mr. Bowen was promoted again to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Persia, and in June, 1901, went to Venezuela as minister.

IN A RURAL GREEK ARCADIA.

George Hortoo's Ideal Summer in Poros—Superstitions of the Greeks—Their Fondness for Garlic and Horror of Colds—Innumerable Fast Days.

No heavy statistics, no technical descriptions of classic ruins or archaeological discoveries, and no wailings over the poverty of modern Greece are to be found in George Horton's daintily illustrated volume, "In Argolis." It is just a simple, graceful story of a summer spent by the author with his wife (Kyria) and little baby (Bahycoula) in Poros, a quaint town of rural Greece, where the peasants have not yet been contaminated by foreign influences, and still retain their classic superstitions and habit of living. Mr. Horton studied the simple folk closely, managed to gain their good graces from the start, and, despite the many household inconveniences which he had to endure, was happy and contented during his sojourn. "My soul has somehow fitted this place," he says; "I have had everything I wanted here—the beauty of the sea, the sublimity of the mountains, the processions of the stars, love of wife, and laughter of a babe. The mountains have closed around me in a loving circle, and my metropolis has been a little town of simple folk . . . the scene of the happiest summer of our lives."

Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the author should write with enthusiasm of Poros and the warm friends he made there. One of these was Papa-Yanne, a wonderfully handsome priest, with florid cheeks and heard like a lion's mane. He christened their child, and once, when Mrs. Horton said, "In America, when anything goes wrong with the children we call in the doctor," he replied: "You do very well, but you should call in the priest first. In nine cases out of ten the child has nothing but the evil eye, which a simple exorcism would cure immediately"; and Papa-Yanne really believed what he said, the writer adds, though he received a regular fee of five francs for his highly prized exorcism.

Mr. Horton says there is no other people on the globe who starve themselves for their souls' sake so persistently as do the Greeks:

Besides the long fast, they have fifty fast days before Christmas, fifteen in the month of August for the death of the Virgin, and about one or two in every week throughout the remainder of the year. A Greek may know nothing at all of the life of our Saviour, and less of the Sermon on the Mount; but there is no Greek living who has not a sufficient knowledge of the sayings and doings of an interminable line of saints and saintesses to make a liberal education, were the information of a more useful nature. The common people know Christ chiefly as the Virgin's son—an infant in arms. The Virgin is the all-powerful goddess, the worker of miracles, the answerer of prayer. As Athena was the tutelary goddess of ancient Athens, so Mary is the deity *par excellence* of modern Greece, uniting in her person all the attributes of the various heathen goddesses. In the litanies of the church and the services of the priests, God and Christ are invoked, and the number three controls all retentions, as symbolical of the Holy Trinity; but the only vital conception in the mind of the peasant is that of the Virgin Mary.

It is wonderful, too, Mr. Horton remarks, how Greeks who can not read keep track of the innumerable fast days, and the food which is permitted on each:

To-day they eat fish; to-morrow, the lower orders of marine life, such as clams, sea-urchins, octopods, mussels. One day it is food cooked in oil; another day no oil is permitted. And there is no apparent sense or reason in it all, because on the days when olive oil is not permitted, olives are freely eaten. Some days they can not eat fish, yet they are permitted to eat caviare, or fish eggs.

Perhaps one of the greatest annoyances connected with housekeeping in Greece is the fasting of the servants. Mr. Horton says:

You make provision for the day, and sufficient food, wholesome food goes down into the kitchen to feed all hands. A couple of hours after dinner the cook, or your wife's maid, or the door-keeper, asks to see the Kyria.

"Well, what is it?"

"What shall we eat? We can not work without food. Your honor has made no provision for us all day, and we are faint from hunger."

"Put, merciful heavens! Enough food went down into the kitchen to feed a regiment."

"Oh, yes, but no Christian eats anything of that kind to-day."

"What day is this?" asks Kyria, wearily.

"This is John the Baptist's day" (for example), and the information is always conveyed in a manner that makes one feel as though he was the most incorrigible heathen alive. The food sent down for the servants is ascetically scraped into the parhaze-box by the cook, and the master of the house must produce two or three drachmas more to buy a religious provender.

The burning of Judas Iscariot in front of a little church of the Virgin, is thus described:

From a pole erected before the door hung a crude, wretched, melancholy figure, stuffed with straw, and ridiculously suggesting the image of a man.

A throng armed with pistols and muskets filled the little square, and groups of laughing women crowded all the windows and balconies around.

Within the church, the priest was conducting the regular Sunday service. Every moment hored worshippers came out, or some impatient outsider went in to see how much longer the service would last.

At last the doors were thrown wide open, and the whole congregation gushed forth like water from a broken dam, and immediately thereafter every man and boy in the square was shooting away at the effigy. Poor Judas whirled about and danced in the air as the bullets peppered him, and suddenly he burst into flames—a proper thing for the betrayer of Christ to do, especially if his carcass has been stuffed with powder and Roman candles.

At the ignition of the scarecrow, the enthusiasm of the crowd reached an indescribable pitch. They swung their guns and pistols, loaded and cocked, about in each other's faces in the most reckless fashion, and kept up a continual volley at the blazing figure and into the air.

I believe that the burning of Judas Iscariot is not an official service of the Greek Church, but it is a *fête* very dear to the hearts of the people—principally, I presume, because it gives them an opportunity to shoot off guns.

Recreation day in Greece resembles the Fourth of July in the United States. Woundings and deaths are frequent; the only wonder is that they are not more so. There are

enough volleys fired every year at the scarecrow memory of Judas Iscariot to kill all the Turks in Constantinople.

Statistics show that phthisis is the prevailing fatal disease in Greece:

The houses are all made of stone, cemented together with immense quantities of mortar, and the walls are very thick. These walls become damp in winter, and the interior of a fireless Greek house in January or February is as dangerous a dwelling-place as the interior of a vault or a cellar. Any derangement of the human system, of whatever nature, is attributed by the Greeks to cold; and the sovereign remedy for all ills is a dose of castor-oil, followed by quinine. If you say to a Greek, "My head aches," he replies, "You have caught cold in your head." Or if you remark, "I have a severe pain in my stomach," he promptly rejoins, "Ah, you have caught cold in your stomach."

When I was a boy the good mothers of Michigan were crazy on the subject of the liver. Any physical complaint of whatsoever nature made by a member of the family was promptly met with, "Young man (or young lady, as the case might be), your liver is out of order. I'll bring you a dose of potapheen (podophyllin) immediately." I have passed through severe "fits of sickness" without betraying myself, to avoid this horrible drug and its effects. In a similar manner, the whole of Greece has a mania on the subject of colds, castor-oil, and quinine.

No genuine Greek house, Mr. Horton says, has a stove-pipe hole in it, and very few have any provision for fire:

There is some pretty cold weather in this country during the winter, and many very damp and disagreeable days; but the colder the weather out of doors, the greater dread the Greeks have of heated rooms. There is a theory, held by all classes, that it is extremely dangerous to go from the warm house into the cold air. This theory is one of those queer little national beliefs or prejudices that distinguish one people from another. A Greek will never draw up cheerfully by your stove or your fireplace. He will, on the contrary, move off to a distant corner, or will ask you to receive him in some other room; and he invariably entertains you with an excited homily on the dangers of having a fire in the house.

"You do very wrong, indeed you do. You are warm in here; then you go out of doors, and you catch a dreadful cold. You must pardon me, but I would not dare stay in a warm room. I should consider that I was risking my life."

The Greek people, we are told, are excessively fond of garlic. They eat it at all seasons of the year, and add it as a relish to every kind of food:

The farmers of different localities pride themselves on the excellence of their *skordo* (garlic), just as they did in ancient times. No doubt to their great fondness for garlic is attributable the fact that a foreigner finds it difficult to get anything he can eat in the small country towns of Greece. A man coming hungry and tired into a neat, prosperous-looking village, in the midst of a rich agricultural region, would expect to find fresh milk, butter, fruits, and, in fact, an abundance of good cheer. In the majority of cases it is impossible to get anything except sour cheese, garlic, bread, and bitter wine. Even the wild blackberries that grow in such profusion on the hushes are not picked, but are allowed to dry up and go to waste. But you say: "Eat eggs, boiled eggs. One can get along quite comfortably with plenty of them." The suggestion makes me smile, for I have tried the expedient, and found it futile. The hens eat the leavings from the tables, and the eggs contain concentrated essence of garlic.

During fasting-time the atmosphere of Greece is most heavily laden with the aroma of garlic, for then the inhabitants devour it with prodigious avidity, both cooked and raw. During Holy Week the houses reek with the smell. Yet garlic is a good thing, after all. Rubbed on a salad dish, it imparts a delicious flavor to the salad. There is a sure way, too, of becoming unconscious of its disagreeable odor; by eating plenty of it, one can surround himself with an impenetrable atmosphere of his own. Garlic is a phylactery against the evil eye—an important thing to know in a country where this evil is so prevalent. A kernel of it, worn on a ribbon tied about the neck of a child or a goat, is most efficacious.

Here is a pretty pen-picture of the fields and flowers of Greece in spring-time:

The poppies were blazing with their reddest flame, plashing the green wheat with frequent patches of blood-red. A tiny beetle buzzed in every poppy's heart. I say "every" because we looked and looked, without finding a single exception. These hugs were dusted thick with the yellow nollcn, and they huzzed fiercely in the satin cups, as though they had much to do, and but little time. This was doubtless the truth, for a day or two afterward we searched for them again, and they were all gone. While speaking of poppies, I must mention that their favorite assembling-place is, of course, among the grass or grain; and the greener the background, the more brilliant is the hue of these gorgeous flowers. In the early flush and triumph of Greek spring, the green of the wheat is so vivid, and the red of the poppies so fiery, that the peaceful hillsides seem to have arrayed themselves for the time in barbaric splendor. In March the poppies begin to bloom, and they are in full revel by the middle of April. Then you see them everywhere—in the fields and country lanes, and even atop of the mud fences, where they have gallantly leaped in their onward march. But I do not think one gains most pleasure in Greece from the poppies, splendid as they are. The anemones hold rival sway in that land. Whoever sowed the poppy seeds mixed therewith an equal quantity of delicately tinted wind-flowers. And of all places in Greece, or perhaps in the world, they grow thickest on the field of Marathon.

The products of Greece are rapidly coming to the front. Currants are the main crop, and Eden Alexander, late United States Minister to Greece, in his appreciative preface, calls attention to the excessive duty imposed on them by our latest tariff laws—about one hundred per cent. ad valorem—for the protection of the raisin-growers of California. Mr. Horton says that the Greeks have not yet learned to adulterate their wines, and there is less intoxication in that country than in prohibition Kansas. He adds:

There was a time when Greek vintages were famous throughout the hihhing world, as are those of France to-day; and that time is coming back again, for the same grapes are still warmed by the same sun, and their blood is just as delicious as it ever was. All the Greek wines need is proper exploitation; and that they are beginning to get at the hands of the Germans and of the natives of the country themselves. An Irishman, lately deceased, made a fortune out of vineyards in Kephallenia, and the "Oinoti Tool"—shade of John Keats!—are famous in Greece.

Mr. Horton's affectionate good-by to peaceful little Poros as he sails on his way to Athens is very touching, and makes the reader hope that, before long, his wish to make "a lot of money and come back here and stay as long as we please" will be realized.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.75 net.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.

Among some thirty or forty books of verse that poets and printing presses have produced for what is delicately referred to as "the fall trade," that of Edwin Arlington Robinson most strongly impresses us. It is not that this little volume, "Captain Craig: A Book of Poems" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00), contains so much that is fine and bold, as it is that it inevitably impels to a faith in its author's ability to do something finer, something bolder. He has absolute originality. He gives to the most commonplace a flavor of rare, quaint humor, mingled with a constant perception of the pathos of things. Of modern poets, in methods he most nearly approaches Browning; yet there is no hint of imitation. He differs from the great mass of our minor poets in that his verse is dramatic in tendency, rather than lyric. These things set him off from the crowd. True, he is obscure, but the conviction that Mr. Robinson's kernels of thought are worth earnest endeavor to find, is strong. Unfortunately for quotation, but in no other sense, the poems in this book are mostly long. "Captain Craig" runs to eighty pages, and "Isaac and Archibald" to over twenty. Therefore we are obliged to give here a sonnet which has only a hint of the author's quality:

ERASMUS.

When he protested, not too solemnly,
That for a world's achieving maintenance
The crust of overdone divinity
Lacked alimnt, they called it recceance;
And when he chose through his own glass to scan
Sick Europe, and reduced, unyieldingly,
Th monk within the cassock to the man
Within the monk, they called it heresy.

And when he made so perilously hold
As to be scattered forth in black and white,
Good fathers looked askance at him and rolled
Their inward eyes in anguish and affright:
There were some of them did shake at what was told,
And they shook hest who knew that he was right.

As Edwin Markham has so gracefully set forth in a word of introduction to "Moods and Outdoor Verses" (Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.00), its author, Richard Askham, is a young Englishman who, some five years ago, "came wandering over America, making a long stay in California." Now from his English home—"after the manner of a courteous guest who sends back to his host some word of remembrance"—Mr. Askham sends this little book, recording in melodious verse some of his impressions of Californian fields and skies. Though by no means possessing extraordinary qualities, the verses in this volume, none of them, lack a certain distinction and charm. We quote the first—and best:

DEEMING DALE.

Who is it knocks at my window? Ho! who is it rides the gale?

"Yonder the Pitiless Ladies go adown the Deeming Dale;

"The cold of a cloud is over them, open the pane and see;
All the women of perilous dream go drifting drearily.

"One by one on the bitter wind companionless and gray,
With the empty sound of a host behind to bring them on their way.

"But yonder, yonder comes the Moon, and yonder see them turn;
Jeweled and fierce their hunting shoon fly flashing through the fern."

Now whither do they ride so fast upon the whirling wind?
"Fasten the pane against the blast! hasten and draw the blind."

Who is it knocks at my window? Ho! who is it rides the gale?

"And who would join the hosts that go down the Deeming Dale?"

The "other poems" in Owen Innsly's "Love Songs and Other Poems" (The Grafton Press, New York), are comparatively few. The body of the book is devoted to love lyrics of perfect form, and of not a little felicity of diction. Mr. Innsley not only rhymes well in English, but tries his hand in this collection at sonnets in the Italian, French, and Spanish. The volume contains nothing else quite so fine as the dedication, which we quote:

DEDICATION.

Mov'st thou, perchance, in strange and starry spheres
Afar, beyond the impenetrable night
That shrouds the tomb, smiling at the old fears
Of death, encircled by all-conquering light?
Or dost thou sleep where thy last bed was made,
Beneath the violets and the scented grass,
Careless alike of sunshine and of shade,
Of morns that linger and of eves that pass?

Ah! who shall say? No eye can pierce the dark,
No strained ear tidings catch of weal or woe
Out of the silence; and no single spark
Illumes that portal through which all must go.
Yet this we know: Death is a kind of birth,
And hings one sacred immortality;
Thou livest in thy traces left on earth;
Thou livest in thy children's memory.

And one of these, hindling the varied flowers,
With tinted petals, and with shining leaves,
Fall'n on his path in sad and happy hours,
As one might hind the ripened corn in sheaves,
Dear blossoms of the heart and brain,—such sprays
And hooms as wither not, hut nod and wave
Forever—the completed garland lays
With loving hands upon thy quiet grave.

A Manila paper recently contained an account of the receipt by the authorities of a new steam-tender, fourteen feet long, with a beam of five feet, and as complete as a thousand-ton steamer. It was built in Hong Kong by Knowng Hep Loong & Co. to the order of the Manila custom-house, and when placed in commission will be used on board the *Sula*, the flagship of the customs service, as a tender. This is one of a number of boats for interisland and coast service, contracts for whose construction were taken by Hong Kong builders.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Scotch-American Novel.

"Hands Across the Sea" is the motto of John A. Steuart, author of "A Son of Gad." Mr. Steuart is evidently a Scot by birth, and almost, but not quite, an American by adoption. He seems, however, to be pretty thoroughly saturated with the modern American spirit, although there is about his Yankee hustlers a suspicion of bearing a resemblance to the Uncle Sam of the British stage. But the author's earliest, warmest, and deepest feelings are centred in his pride and love for the Scottish Highlands. In describing them and the canny Scots whose hardy virtues are nourished among their pathless bogs and craggy hilltops, he is at his best. In the fiery old laird, and Ian Veg, his loyal, if crusty, servitor, Mr. Steuart has exhibited types that are as native to the soil as the purple heather that fringes its streams.

There are a number of well-written bits illustrating phases of life of the Highlands that will be hugely relished, not alone through the reminiscent pleasure they may afford a son of the soil, but through the enjoyment of the alien in reading of types that are, in their Old World vigor and simplicity, so thoroughly and essentially in contrast to the time-server and money-worshippers of our enterprising and intelligent community. There are several hard-headed specimens of the better class who serve to point a poignant contrast to the native types, and a dainty, little American heroine, whose warm heart and quick-witted head in themselves constitute a tribute to the American type of girlhood. The author, although devoting over-much time and space for the telling of his story, makes an effective contrast in his occasional shifting of the scenery from the Scottish Highlands to the financial fever of Wall Street, and succeeds in his aim, which, to quote from his prefatory note, would seem to be that of helping to bring about "the community of interest and sentiment which is fast Americanizing England and Anglicizing America."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Alfred Austin in Prose.

In a beautifully illustrated and handsomely printed little volume, entitled "Haunts of Ancient Peace," Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, discourses on various topics—poetic, sociological, social, and religious; but all severely intellectual. The book is couched in the same discursive strain as that already employed in "The Garden That I Love," as well as in the two successive volumes, which are practically continuations. Lamai, Veronica, and the Poet re-appear, as before, somewhat too prolix in their earnest moments, and too unwieldy in their levity, but all good, excellent people, irreproachable in their principles, and in spite of their innocent convictions to the contrary, absolutely conventional in their practice.

This quartet (which includes a humble worshiper of Lamia, writing in the first person) start off on a driving tour through rural England, in a kind of rambling search of "haunts of ancient peace"—places uncontaminated by the severely modern tubular bridge, the frantic motor-car, utilitarian, corrugated iron farm-shed, and the shrewish barbed-wire fence. The book with its sprinkling of lyrics, its numerous classic allusions and quotations, and its air of elegant leisureliness, gives something of an old-fashioned ante-modern effect which is not displeasing and which is increased by a series of illustrations in half-tone by Edmund H. New, showing churches, parks, castles, farmsteads, village streets, and old-fashioned inns which attracted the travelers by their adherence to the historic styles of the past. The book will please the poet's following, but is somewhat too heavy in style to attract the attention of readers whose tastes incline to the style of the day.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Shattering Popular Conceptions.

Having learned the story of the Revolution from history and biography, the average American citizen becomes profoundly impressed with the stalwart virtues of his forefathers, the justice of their cause, their zeal for freedom, the oppressions of England, and the ignominy of the Tory element.

It is with something like a shock with which such an one takes up "The True History of the American Revolution," by Sydney George Fisher. It seems like a ruthless tearing down of cherished shrines to be told that John Hancock was a smuggler, and Samuel Adams was a "vulgar fellow"; that the active patriots were essentially rebellious agitators

toward whom the British were too tender; that the Americans would have been suppressed a half-dozen different times if General Howe had been a Tory at home instead of a Whig; that the Boston tea party was a criminal riot; and that the patriot army was a ragged mob, and never wore the fine old continental uniform of blue and buff which appears in pictures of the time.

But Mr. Fisher has burrowed in the dust of old pamphlets, newspapers, letters, memoirs, documents, and debates of Parliament, and these are some of the facts which he claims to have brought to light. The view he gives, though painful, may be the true one. Human nature is much the same in all ages. His portrait of the patriot character would be recognized in any unsuccessful revolution, and may as faithfully depict the successful forefathers. The same types would also doubtless be found among the followers of Bolivar, or the men who wrested English liberty from King John. Whether it will be accepted is another thing. The popular mind will not willingly uproot the ideal Revolution, so pleasing to contemplate, and replace it with a story so unflattering to the memory of our ancestors. At the same time, Mr. Fisher, it must be said, has produced a very readable and interesting book, graphic in description, and almost convincing in argument. The student of history who takes it up will not cast it aside unread. The illustrations are plentiful and of a character not found in popular histories. They are a distinct addition to the make-up of a book which promises to be much discussed.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00 net.

New Publications.

"Resist Not Evil," a weak decoction of Tolstoyan doctrines, by Clarence S. Darrow, is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

"The Second Froggy Fairy Book," rewritten and enlarged by the author, Anthony F. Drexel Biddle, with illustrations by Anne Pennock and Gustave Verbeck, is published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

"Master Adam the Calabrian" is a translation, by Harry A. Spurr, of one of the works doubtfully attributed to the pen of Alexander Dumas. Whatever the genuineness, the translation is cheaply bound and ill printed. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The boy without a playground is father to the man without a job, and the boy with a bad playground is apt to be father to a man with a job that had better have been left undone." That is the *credo* of Joseph Lee, author of a little book called "Constructive and Preventive Philanthropy." Jacob A. Riis writes a eulogistic introduction for it, and the work appears to be a really thorough, sane study of municipal problems in relation to tenements, baths, gymnasiums, playgrounds, etc. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

Mrs. Nettie Seeley Murphy, the author of a little book of epigrammatic sayings—rather good they are, too—is so afraid that the acidity of some of them will lead her readers to think that she is a bad, bold, soured, sharp-nosed vixen, that she assures them in the foreword that "no happier wife, no prouder mother, no more contented and serenely satisfied woman lives than is the author." That speaks well for Mr. Murphy. But listen to this saying from page 48 of "Isn't It So?": "A man is viceroy and vanguard to his sweetheart. He is the savage the Lord made him to his wife." Those sound like irreconcilable propositions. Let us, however, give Mr. Murphy the benefit of the doubt. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The American Merchant Marine, its History and Romance from 1620 to 1902," is the suggestive title of a volume which has been written by Winthrop L. Marvin, and which is dedicated to President Roosevelt. It is an elaborate and satisfactory study of an interesting subject, and is written in easy, narrative style. Mr. Marvin's conclusion regarding the future of the American shipping is optimistic. "The American Merchant Marine, in foreign commerce, will revive," says Mr. Marvin, "when the American people demand it. Economic conditions are quietly shaping themselves now to make this revival easy and certain." The work is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Far, far away, beyond where eye can see, east of the Sun, and west of the Moon, is the castle where the Wind and his grandmother live—that is, according to Katherine

Pyle, the author of "Where the Wind Blows." According to her, also, the Wind is a great story-teller, and the grandmother a good listener. Indeed, one can not doubt it, for in this book are to be found ten of the stories about ten countries of the green earth where the Wind wandered and whence he returned with tales to tell. The volume is a beautiful one, with ten full-page colored drawings by Bertha Corson Day, and spirited head-pieces to each chapter. It is a superior book for children and will, we think, please most those between eight and eleven. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

Roger Wolcott, for several years governor of Massachusetts, and a true type of sterling New England character, is the subject of a brief biography by William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts. Though the book will be more interesting to New Englanders, the story of such a life should everywhere be an incentive to better citizenship. One of Wolcott's memorable sayings is especially noteworthy just now. "The rills of immigration," he said, "which, properly distributed, serve to irrigate and fructify our broad territory, must not be permitted to become a flood that shall swamp the land or sweep it bare of the accumulated soil of centuries." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Kipling on the Anglo-German Alliance.

The London *Times* last week printed the following poem by Rudyard Kipling, under the title of "The Rowers," in which the public sentiment against the alliance with Germany in dealing with Venezuela is expressed:

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground;
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whaleback smoke
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave,
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang: "What reckoning do ye keep,
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deed
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?"

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe:

"That we must lie off a lightless coast
And baul and back and veer
At the will of the breed that have wronged us
most
For a year and a year and a year.

"There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door:
And ye say we must take the Winter sea,
And sail with them once more.

"Look south. The gale is scarce o'er past
That stripped and lay us down
When we stood forth. But they stood fast,
And prayed to see us drown.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt.

"Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find,
That ye strike hands with these?"

"Of evil times that men could choose
On evil fate to fall,
What brooding judgment let ye loose
To pick the worst of all?"

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas,
O'er half the world to run
With a cheated crew to league anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun?"

—Rudyard Kipling.

The second edition of Jacob Riis's new book, "The Battle With the Slum," is in the press of the Macmillan Company, bearing a dedication to President Roosevelt. This dedication did not appear in the first edition, and thereby hangs a tale illustrative of unusual consideration. The edition was written, but Mr. Riis decided not to add to the overflowing business of the President by even giving him the trouble of writing a letter with the customary permission to dedicate. Mr. Roosevelt, hearing of this after the appearance of the book, expressed the wish that Mr. Riis had carried out his original intention, business notwithstanding. So the dedication appears in the second edition.

The Publishers' Circular tells the following anecdote about the late G. A. Henty: "With reference to his boys' books he said, in answer to a question put to him by an interviewer: 'No, I never touch on the love interest. Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister.'"

MUSICAL NOTES.

Edward MacDowell's Recitals.

The sale of seats for the concerts by Edward MacDowell, of Columbia University, will begin next Wednesday morning, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, at 9 A. M. The prices are 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. The programme for the first concert on Saturday afternoon, January 10th, will include "Sarabande," "Les Trois Mains," "Rameau," "Tempo di Menuette," "Grazioli," "fantasie in D, Mozart; minuet, impromptu, Schubert; "Nocturno," op. 54, No. 5, Greig; "Rustic Wedding March," op. 6 No. 5, Templeton Strong; and MacDowell's own compositions—fourth sonata (Keltic), op. 49; "Largo Maestoso," from "Sonata Tragica"; "Wild Rose," "Water Lily," "Scotch Poem," and concert study. At the Monday night concert, the programme will be entirely changed, and Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will sing groups of MacDowell songs with the composer at the piano. Great interest is being manifested by San Francisco music-lovers in Mr. MacDowell's engagement, as it is a rare occurrence to have a great composer interpret his own works here.

Bohemian Club Concerts.

The High Jinks Committee of the Bohemian Club has arranged with Professor Ferdinand Stark and his orchestra, for a second series of concerts to be held in the club every Saturday afternoon, during the months of January and February. The dates and hours will be as follows: Saturday, January 3d, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, January 10th, Jinks Room (luncheon), 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; Saturday, January 17th, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, January 24th, Jinks Room (luncheon), 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; Saturday, January 31st, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, February 7th, Jinks Room (luncheon), 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; Saturday, February 14th, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, February 21st, Jinks Room (luncheon), 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; and Saturday, February 28th, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.

The sale of reserved seats for Paul Steindorff's first novelty concert at the Tivoli, on Thursday, January 8th, commences to-day (Saturday), at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store. The director intends having a soloist of distinction, either vocal or instrumental, to assist at each concert, and for the first announces Dr. Edward MacDowell, America's foremost composer. The celebrated visitor will play his second concerto for piano, with orchestral accompaniment, and the programme will include MacDowell's second suite, "Indian," rendered by the orchestra of fifty.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band will give a benefit at the Pavilion this (Saturday) evening, in aid of the home and hospital in connection with the order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West. A splendid programme has been prepared, and it is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance present. The committee in charge of the hospital has tickets for sale, and many boxes and seats for "band" parties already have been reserved.

A musicale was given by Mrs. H. H. Bancroft at the Hotel d'Éléa, Paris, on the fifth of December, for Kate Bancroft Richards, who is finding many appreciative friends at the French capital. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Younger, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Admiral and Mrs. Kurtz, Ambassador and Mrs. Porter, Professor and Mrs. Koenig, and some thirty or forty others.

Improvements of the Southern Pacific.

Julius Kruttschnitt announces that the Southern Pacific has contracted for a long list of new equipment for the ensuing year. It has ordered and will put in place 100,000 tons of eighty-pound rails. When these rails are laid, every foot of the track between New Orleans and San Francisco will be equipped with either seventy-five or eighty-pound rails, and much better service will thus be assured. The amount of rails ordered will equip 800 miles of road. A great deal of rock ballasting will also be done during the year. The company has also let contracts for one hundred chair cars and twenty-five passenger coaches. The chair cars and coaches are of the sixty-foot type, steel platforms, steel vestibuled, and steel wheeled. The company has ordered 625 new oil tanks and contracted for 3,100 new forty-ton freight cars, and 106 locomotives. Rapid progress is being made in changing the engines of the company to burn oil. Of the 1,400 engines which the Southern Pacific now has in service, 505 are already equipped to burn oil. The Southern Pacific will also use 40,000,000 tons of steel in the building of bridges.

The December number of the *Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art*, which has just been issued by the curator, Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, contains some very entertaining matter. An excellent article on "Out-Door Art in San Francisco," is illustrated by photographs and etchings quite out of the ordinary. Comments on exhibitions at the Institute throughout the past few months are given with illustrations, and there are also interesting studio notes about California artists here and elsewhere, and a directory of artists. Perhaps the most notable illustrations are the reproductions in three-color half-tone of Charles Rollo Peters's painting, "Refuge the Gringo Came," and a portrait sketch by John A. Stanton.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Henchman."

The strenuousness of American life is being more and more faithfully reflected in American fiction. Politics and business are frequently the leading theme, with affairs of the heart treated as an issue of secondary importance. In "The Henchman," a story whose action is located in the State of New York, Mark Lee Luther has employed politics as a lever for showing up, with shrewd comprehension, the character, motives, and actions of the American politician who rises from humble county beginnings to gubernatorial honors.

The subject has already been very ably treated in Ellen Glasgow's "Voice of the People," and in Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread." Mr. Luther is a writer who has yet to win his spurs, but he lags not so very far behind Miss Glasgow in his delineation of the shifts and schemes of political expediency, while he shows a promising, though as yet undeveloped, talent for painting diverse types of American womanhood. For this reason the book is very interesting, and to a considerable degree life-like.

Mr. Luther has been especially successful in his portrait of Shelby, the politician—the man of incipient vices and sterling virtues; ready, resourceful, strong, yet erring—the sort of man who needs a noble mate for a moral balance-wheel.

Of the two leading female characters, Cora Hilliards is the most successful delineation. Hers is the kind of wifehood that spells disaster for the man who has chosen her. This type, with its showiness, its superficiality, and its selfishness is very common, but the author has plentifully endowed the character with vitality, and by allying the destiny of the women to that of Shelby, has infused a stronger and more dramatic element into his tale. In comparison with the sketch of Cora Hilliards, that of Ruth Graves, the woman of noble character, although pleasing, has comparatively faint outlines. The brief political career of Bernard Graves, scholar and poet, and his ending as a lecturer before women's clubs, shows the same shrewd, clear outlook on the author's part as his sidelights on political life. The book, although as yet lacking the self-poise and masterly qualities which characterize the style of Harold Frederic, yet reminds the reader, in some degree, of that novelist's remarkably able, interesting, and realistic stories of village life in New York.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Beautiful" Boston.

The facts regarding notable persons and important literary and artistic movements, which Lilian Whiting has gathered together in her book, "Boston Days," are in themselves highly interesting. But the tone of the book is detestable. Boston may be a decent sort of a city, but it is not the New Jerusalem. The megalomaniacal hipeds who inhabit it are not God's chosen and peculiar people. The people of the United States do not each morning squat upon their haunches, turn their faces to the east, and cry aloud, "O Boston, let thy effulgence shine upon us that we may love Ihsen and Maeterlinck better than breakfast." No, indeed. But that is what any one would think who should absorb the volume. Fancy, the author heads one of her chapters, "The City of Beautiful Ideals"! and then she says: "Boston was planted in prayers, and nurtured by spiritual uplifting." And again: "Reverently may it be said that it doth not yet appear what greatness may await the Boston of the future." True, very true. But why "reverently" and why "doth"? Despite the super-spiritual, hyper-beautiful air that the volume has, it is only just to say that the illustrations and facsimiles are many and interesting. And for those who like this sort of thing it's just the sort of thing they'll like.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Besant's Posthumous Novel.

Sir Walter Besant, obeying to the last that impulse which urges the fecund novelist to pour forth his powers of improvisation on paper, completed his latest hook, "No Other Way," but a short time before his death. The hook has all the easy fluency and ready interest which attaches to the works of this popular novelist. And with these qualities go, as the natural concomitant of the prolific writer, an occasional careless redundancy of speech, a too ample and prolonged dwelling on minor points. But, in the main, the story is full of interest.

The author has revived, for the pivotal incident of his plot, the old tradition of the delectable, debt-burdened women marrying

condemned criminals in order to shift the burden of their debts to other shoulders. But that he might better secure the full sympathy of the reader toward the heroine in her financial shifts and straits, the author has created a woman of so much beauty, sensibility, conscientiousness, and clear-headedness as to make her extravagance in money matters, as well as her resort to such questionable methods, highly improbable.

In spite of this defect in the probabilities, however, the tale gains, rather than loses, in interest, through the attractiveness of its chief figure. The style has an agreeable touch of the old-fashioned formalism of the times, and the dialogue is entirely unmodern in effect.

The author has afforded glimpses of the crowded debtor's prison, known as King's Bench, and of the crime-haunted purlieus of Newgate which, although pictures of conditions as they existed in the past, are marked by the life-likeness of effect which Sir Walter Besant has always been so successful in bestowing upon his delineations of the life of past epochs.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's story "Lady Rose's Daughter," which has been running as a serial, is to be brought out in book-form toward the end of February. Arrangements have recently been concluded for the appearance of the story in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The translation will be the work of Mme. Blanc (Théodore Bentzon), whose renderings of Kipling and other writers are well known.

Laurence Housman's "Bethlehem," a play founded upon the story of the Nativity, has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The play has been produced with music in London, and has awakened considerable interest.

A. H. Savage Lander's new hook, "Across Coveted Lands," has just been published in two large volumes, fully illustrated, enclosed in a cover designed by the author. It is said to contain much new information about Persia and her neighbors, and a variety of interesting matter touching Russia's long-planned designs to reach the Indian Ocean.

Ellen Glasgow, who is spending the winter in New York, is at work upon another novel, which will deal with Virginia life, but will be in no respect historical.

Lucas Malet—otherwise Mrs. Harrison—is writing a new novel, which will appear under the title of "The Paradise of Dominic Iglesias."

Anthony Hope's new novel is to be called "Double Harness."

Mrs. Ingalls, of Atchison, Kan., widow of the late John James Ingalls, has collected the most important and characteristic examples of her husband's eloquence and literary genius, and has published them in a volume which will be issued this week.

Robert Barr has written a new novel which he will call "Over the Border." It is to appear serially in a large number of important American newspapers during the spring of 1903, and subsequently in book-form.

Charles Scribner's Sons are preparing an edition de luxe of Henry Van Dyke's "The Blue Flower." Five hundred copies will be printed, having the author's autograph, his portrait, and a picture of his house.

"The Adventurer in Spain" is the general title of a series of connected stories projected by S. R. Crockett, who has been traveling in the land of Don Quixote.

Alice Caldwell Hegan, whose "Mrs. Wiggs" has been the best-selling hook in the Christmas trade, has just been married, and her new story, "Lovey Mary," will be published over the name of Alice Caldwell Rice.

A. E. W. Mason, the author of that delightful novel, "The Four Feathers," is writing a love story of English society of to-day.

The publishers of Frank Norris's posthumous novel, "The Pit," will adopt the fashion of printing a list of characters usual in plays. To turn the title and copyright pages of a novel and come upon a list of *dramatis personae*, with little descriptive phrases appended, is rather a new experience.

Elizabeth Higgins, author of "Out of the West," who is spending the winter in California, is completing a new story of Western life, which is soon to follow her first hook.

Sidney Whitman, whose "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," is to be published this month, is probably the only

living Englishman who was in any sense intimate with the Iron Chancellor, and his volume should be especially interesting. During the last seven years of Bismarck's life, Mr. Whitman visited him at least ten times, and arrived for his last visit a few hours after Bismarck's death. Of the dozen persons outside the family who were permitted to gaze on the dead statesman, Whitman was one.

Beerhohn Tree has accepted for performance at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, a drama in blank verse entitled "Flodden Field," by Alfred Austin, the poet-laureate.

INTAGLIOS.

Motherhood.

So little a soul! Scarce a cry
Or a name!
Hedge it in lest it fly
To the Heaven whence it came,
For the soul knows its wing
And earth's night
So hewild'ring
May fright the small thing!

So little a soul, scarce a breath!
Lost its way, drifted far,
Like a rose petal whirled
To the world
From a star.

On the crest of a wave balancing
Between life and death, night and dawn,
(Heaven lingers so near)
Lest it tremble with fear,
Lest it open its wings
And he gone!

—Nellie H. Wordworth in *Boston Journal*.

The Cry of the Age.

What shall I do to be just?
What shall I do for the gain
Of the world—for its sadness?
Teach me, O Seers that I trust!
Chart me the difficult main
Leading out of my sorrow and madness
Preach me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring
To cast to the tramp at my door?
Shall I tear off each luminous thing
To drop in the palm of the poor?
What shall I do to be just?
Teach me, O Ye in the light,
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust:
My heart is aflame to be right.

—Hamlin Garland in *The Outlook*.

Loneliness.

Remote and solemn, with enduring snow
Forever hooded, yonder mountain-peak
Climbs to the shining stars, alone and bleak.
And here forever sighs, with ebb and flow,
The moving ocean, to whose depths no glow
Of summer sunshine may an entrance seek.
And in their isolation lie and seek
The deserts alkaline where no foot can go.
Lonely are these! But lonelier still than they—
Summing their loneliness into one whole
Involute and terrible as fire—
There passes, on its solitary way,
Untouched, unheard, unknown, each human soul—
Alone, for all its loving and desire.
—Hildegard Hawthorne in *January Century Magazine*.

A Husband to a Wife.

Tell me, my dearest, that thy love for me
Is dead, then turn and look into my eyes:
Thou still shalt find a share of Paradise
Has lingered there—my boundless love for thee.
So thou shalt hear nor pleadings, dear, nor sighs,
But I shall coldly stand and quietly,
Nor touch thy hand, nor smooth thy hair, nor he
Thy lover, for my love will make me wise
And strong to be thy helper, that we hide
Together—though apart. Not hand in hand
Into the mornings, as true lovers might,
But still together, ever side by side—
Because we share one grief and understand—
Let us walk bravely forth into the night.
—Mory Sintan Lewis in *January Harper's Magazine*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

All Kinds of Kisses.

A serious hook, on a frivolous subject, by an eminent scholar—such is "The Kiss and Its History." It has been translated into English from the Danish of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, professor of romance philology in the University of Copenhagen, by William Frederick Harvey, of Oxford, and, according to the preface, has also been translated into German, Swedish, and Russian, and has gone through two editions in Denmark. Verily, the history of the kiss is a matter of universal interest. Dr. Nyrop presents in the volume but little personal opinion; rather he contents himself with weaving together proverbs of all peoples of all times on the subject of kissing, and gives, in addition, quotations from the poets who have rhymed of kisses—and they are no small number! For his quotations he has hunted in out-of-the-way places, and has sought them among the masses as well as the classes. For instance, the ladies of Germany have the poetical saying that "a kiss without a beard is like Vespers without the Magnificat," but the milk-maids of Jutland express a like idea by the rough-hewn proverb that "kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall." That kisses are naughty the Italians deny, saying "that a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed," while the French proverb runs: "Bah! two kisses. What of that? They are exchanged like bullets that miss the mark, and honor is satisfied," and even cooler-hooded races agree to that, saying "a kiss can be washed off," though to this proverb there is a corollary which runs: "A kiss may indeed be washed away, but the fire in the heart can not be quenched." Of stolen kisses there are many proverbs. "One returns a stolen kiss," say the honest Germans, and the Spanish have the same idea: "Dost thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss, and hid her hold her tongue." The learned author casts a glance at the proper number of kisses that ought to be bestowed at one time, and a page or two lightly touches the doubtful subject of "the topography of the kiss." Again, the various kinds of kisses—those cool and tender, or ones like those of Hafiz, whose mistress was afraid that "his too hot kisses would char her delicate lips," or those which leave marks behind, against which Arethusa warned Lycas in a letter—"Oh, suffer no young girl to print the mark of her teeth on your neck"—these are all treated. Of such tenor is the book, exhaustive almost, it would seem, of the possibilities of the subject—on paper.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

A North-West Novel.

"The Conquest," which is an historical novel whose events are founded upon the opening up of the North-West Territory in the United States, and the consequent settlement of Oregon and Washington, is rather a tough-looking nut to crack, when regarded in the light of fictional diversion. The time, which starts from the Revolution, comes down to the present, and the pages hristle portentously with the names of men whose careers were identified with the growth and the development of the United States.

The author, Eva Emery Dye, has embarked upon her task in almost too vigorous a mood of thoroughness, and has permitted nothing hearing upon the historical side of her subject to be overlooked; consequently the general text hears a discouraging resemblance to that of a text-book in history. For the young, however, who seek matter rather than manner, and who are fond of having history and romance intertwined in their reading, the book may safely be recommended, more particularly as the author has consulted numerous living authorities, and has had access to the private correspondence of members of the Lewis and Clark families, as well as to the archives of a number of historical societies.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A Romance of Australia Gold Fields.

The same striking characteristics which have made famous the great "gold diggings" of America, re-appear in Rolf Boldrewood's Australian romance, "The Ghost Camp; or, the Avengers." It re-tells the story of '49, with the scenes laid in the vast metal fields of Australia. To those who delight in the rugged charm of wild mountain fastnesses, and the allurements of thrilling adventure, "The Ghost Camp" is a fecund tale. It fairly rings with the rifle shots of "hushangers," cattle and horse "duffers," and the strenuous life of lawless mining settlements. But the author also pictures the social and political life

of the prosperous centres, and describes graphically, the great sweep of the Australian colony, with its immeasurable productiveness and its marvelous climate. Valentine Blount, the Englishman, who goes over to see the country, taste of horder romance, and watch mining operations, is the exact counterpart of the investor or prospector "from the States," who came to California during the early mining days. Kate, the skillful horse-woman, unerring shot, and accomplice of cut-throat outlaws—one of whom is her brother—resembles her prototype of pioneer days; and the brilliantly handsome Imogen, a characteristic type of Australian womanhood, has her facsimile in the California maid endowed with beauty and health. Not so familiar, however, is the colonial Scotchman, who figures in the mounted police. He is the dreaded sergeant of the rangers about the ghost camp, and narrates before the blazing logs of far-away outposts the uncanny events of his round, well punctuated with terse Bible truths. The book is overfilled with unimportant scenes and characters. Apart from this, however, it is a vivid story of an interesting country.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Notable Ornithological Work.

Time was when Oliver Davis's "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds" and "Coues's Key" were desiderata of every ardent young ornithologist and oölogist. Those times are past. Better times have brought better hooks. Davis at least is antiquated. Even Coues is somewhat old-fashioned. Indeed, we are inclined to think that so far as the Western field is concerned, Florence Merriam Bailey's new "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States" stands without a peer. It is a volume that it is a genuine pleasure to handle. Fuertes, with that deft hand of his, has drawn for it thirty-three plates of birds. There are, besides, over six hundred text-illustrations. The publishers have risen to the occasion, and made the book typographically irreproachable, and certainly no fault can be found with the binding. Of the author's qualifications it is almost unnecessary to speak. She has not only spent many years in the study of bird-life, but as a *persona gratissima* with ornithologists of the whole West has been able to draw information from many sources. With this hook in hand, birds found west of the one hundredth meridian can readily be identified. We heartily commend the work. We should like to see it in the hands of every youth whom the birds interest.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.50.

New Publications.

"A Disciple of Plato," a sensational, poorly written novel by Alligood Beach, is published by the Roberts Publishing Company, New York.

"Lionel Ardon," an historical novel, with no pretense to historical accuracy, by Malcolm Dearborn, is published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive," with introduction and notes by J. W. Pearce, Ph. D., is published in the Pocket American and English Classics Series by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Little Bobby Bumpkin," written and illustrated by George Reiter Brill, contains really amusing verses, with obtrusive morals attached to each and every one. It is intended for children of, say, six or seven, and may very possibly have a beneficent influence upon their manners. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

Harry Castlemon, emulator of the late lamented Henty in the matter of prolific production of boy's books, is out with another called "The Haunted Mine." It is somewhat above mediocrity, and is not too dime-novelish in tone. "Jim and Joe" is another volume in about the same vein by Edward S. Ellis. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, each, 80 cents net.

The one man in the United States who is best fitted to write a book on animal photography has done so. A. Radclyffe Dugmore is perhaps the most eminent American photographer of live birds, animals, fish, and flowers. His volume, "Nature and the Camera," becomes at once all but final authority on the subject. There are numerous, and—needless to say—excellent, illustrations. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.35.

The sixth volume of Solomon Solis Cohen's authoritative, "System of Physiologic Ther-

apeutics," is devoted to "dietotherapy and food in health," by Dr. Nathan S. Davis, Jr., A. M., Ph. D., of Northwestern University. It is an eminently practical volume on dietetics that should prove serviceable in almost any household. Much of it is based on very recent and careful experiments with foods. It is a work that may be heartily commended. Published by P. Blakiston's Sons & Co., Philadelphia.

The architectural magnificence of the new memorial chapel at Stanford University is well shown by the group of fine photographs which have been made by J. F. Collier. Especially the stone-carving and other details have been very carefully reproduced, and afford a good idea of the exceeding richness of the ornamentation. This volume of pictures, measuring 10x12 inches, also contains photographs of other buildings. It is entitled "Glimpses of Leland Stanford, Jr. University," and is for sale by The Bookstore, Stanford University, California; price, paper, \$1.25 net.

If any one had told us that so poetical a poet as Richard Le Gallienne would be guilty of false rhymes and worse rhythms, we should not have believed it. In writing "Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon" for small folks, though, Le Gallienne seems to have thought any sort of rhymes good enough; and so we see "voice" and "mice" and (worse yet) "too" and "to." This will never do, even though his small readers do not protest. And besides, the rhymes do not strike us as particularly appealing either in thought or sentiment. We are obliged to conclude that the sumptuous binding and pretty pictures are the best things about the volume. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

The publishers are getting into a bad habit of sending out reprinted hooks for review, with no intimation, except the copyright date, that the work is not a perfectly new one. Unwary reviewers are liable to be caught by this device. Indeed, we note that such usually wary ones as those on the New York Sun staff recently reviewed a reprint of Charles Major's "The Bears of Blue River" as a new hook. This volume was originally noticed in the *Argonaut* for December 23, 1901. It is a story in no respect remarkable, but is well illustrated, and the subject, of course, is one dear to the heart of hoys. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

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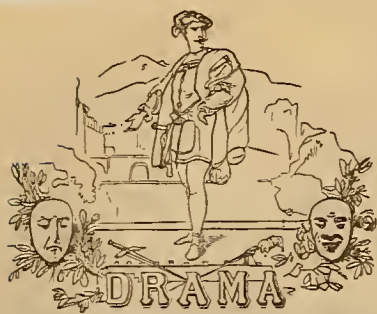
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"As usual, all Jerusalem is here," I heard a pretty girl murmur on Warfield's opening night at the Columbia. And I thought to myself, as I caught the words, "And if it were not, neither would you or I be." For what is it but the patronage of the prosperous Jewish youth of the city that enables San Francisco to support a first-class theatre? Week after week one may observe the same preponderance in the audience: jolly, rotund, complacent young Jews, with twinkling eyes, jovially up-curved lips, and diamond shirt-studs; ravishingly pretty, sumptuously gowned young Jewish maids, wives, and widows, with the abundant, crisp bronze hair that is so distinctive a mark of their race, he-curved, be-waved, he-puffed, be-combed, and he-jeweled; with their rounded, small-honed, well-corseted figures set off with the handsomest, most up-to-date gowns in San Francisco; with their plump white fingers sparkling with jewels by the dozen. They come rustling in, redolent of perfume and prosperity, affluent in creamy-fleshed beauty, some of them conscious to the tips of their fingers of good clothes, good money, and good looks, others with an irreproachable air of good taste, good style, and good breeding.

They really form the main part of the spectacle in front on his nights, with their luxurious prodigality of beauty and style. Cut out the Jewish element of the Columbia Theatre audience, and except in an occasional group here and there, the show of dress would consist of scatterings of the ever-useful and economical silk waist. Cut out the Jewish element of the Columbia Theatre audience at all times, and I verily believe that that house would have to close its doors.

The Jewish people are eminently pleasure-loving, and are liberal in their dispensation of money to secure the good things of life for themselves. The men like to have their womenkind do them credit. All young men do, for that matter. Note the restrained, but unmistakable, pride and satisfaction visible in the face of man when he enters the theatre in the wake of a tall, well-set-up young woman who goes swishing down the aisle, gowned in the latest and most approved mode, rustling in silk, wreathed in lace, radiant in chains, heads, jingling pendants, and all the civilized and uncivilized harness of fashion, and bewitching in the largest, creamiest, laciest, most tip-tilted hat that fashion can devise and money can buy. That moment is, to the male in tow, the biggest part of the evening's pleasure. Every turned head and eye of interest as his lovely prize goes by, means just so much tribute to his good taste.

He would not have the same sense of a familiar circle of faces in any other of the theatres. For regular habitués assemble first-nightly at the Columbia, survey each other, and each other's clothes and partners, with ever-fresh and undiminished interest, and regard the whole affair as a regular installment of a pleasant and well-established routine.

It is not only for the liberality of their patronage of our only first-class theatre that we are indebted to the Jewish people. Their womenkind are steady and enthusiastic, as well in their support of first-class musical attractions. You will have seen them in scores during the Grau seasons, and at all the high-priced concerts given by the great piano and violin virtuosos.

And so, fair lady of the pursed-up mouth, he glad that "all Jerusalem" has the same tastes as yourself, or perchance you would not have them gratified. And he glad, too, that the popular tradition that the Jew is a skinflint is more tradition than truth.

Even when it comes to posthumous generosity, the Jew is frequently more generous and broad-minded than his Gentile brethren. For, if we are to judge by the testamentary wishes of the latter, posthumous free-handedness comes just as hard as ante-mortem generosity. Our multi-millionaires among the Gentiles rarely concern themselves in their wills with benefactions either for friends or for the public benefit, but are given to disposing of their immense estates in such a manner as to leave their families literally buried with gold.

On the other hand, a number of wealthy Jews have, in their wills, showed broad-minded liberality in their public benefactions, as well as a tendency to extend the ever-welcome legacy to a very considerable number of friends and acquaintances.

But while we are thus handsomely doing justice to a despised race, we are getting far afield from theatres and theatre audiences. And thus conscience drags me at last from irrelevant generalizations to the subject I have been fighting off for some time—that of the Christmas spectacle. The Christmas spectacle turns up to confront the hapless critic as inevitably as death, taxes, and the telephone bill. The critic dodges, shuffles, evades, postpones, but he gets there just the same.

Now, therefore, this is what I saw, or should have seen with properly pleased and indulgent eye, at "Jack and the Beanstalk," the Tivoli spectacle: There was a wood—a shiny, shadowy, shivery, glittery, gloomy, tinselly, ribbony wood. There were fire-eyed owls sitting on curly tree-branches, who blinked, electric-wise. There was Oheron, a muscular-legged blonde, with a crown, who made himself disagreeable to Queen Titania, a ravishing creature, with a silver-fringed train, round, bare arms, and stage jewels in her hair. There were lots of tripping, pink fairies, with skirts of pleasing brevity and steps of pleasing grace.

And there came Jack himself, finally, a plump, soprano-voiced, self-assured little shrimp, in tights, whose most recent biographer had boldly promoted to the position of approved wooer to an ever-smiling princess. There was the queen, mother of the princess, a dame with a false, needle-like nose, and the uncertain temper that comedy demands under such circumstances. There was the father, a how-legged individual, who always wore his crown, and was as jumpy and cheerful as a fox-terrier. And, oh rapture! there was a giant—a really, truly giant, who was so tall that he made the princess look like a tiny fay, in spite of the fact that his features were curiously small and unterrifying, his nose curiously given to playing hide and seek with his hushy whiskers, and his gait curiously constrained. But he had a deep, giant-like Fee-Fi-fo-Fum voice and to the children, unobservant of the fact that his feet were bigger than his head, he was the genuine article. There was a cow, too, the famous cow whose sale brought Jack the fabulous heans. She was a rare creature—far more interesting than the genuine bovine—with her mottled pastehoard hide, her miraculously long red tongue that would insist upon taking an active share in the conversation, and feet that actually danced!

Then there was Happy Hooligan, who was skillfully pitchforked into Jack's social circle by the same hold imagination that made him the successful suitor of a princess. Happy Hooligan was a tactful creature, in spite of his wide, artless grin, for his jokes were aimed by turns at the child's and the adult's sense of humor, and, truth to tell, there was not much difference between the two.

There was a moonlight dance of fays—lovely creatures, who waved their cloudy draperies and won answering hues on their graceful undulations from the play of colored lights that fell from a mysterious height in front. There was a resolute little midget, who sang a vivacious song in an inaudible voice, but who elicited the invariable chorus of "Isn't she cute?" There was a boy dancer, an animated blue-satin skeleton of five or six, who gyrated on his tiny toes, and whirled around with such activity and abandon that when his frail little legs got mixed up with his sash-ends it was difficult to say which was which.

Then there was a grand transformation scene, in which roses the size of currant-hushes disputed the palm of beauty with the smiling nymphs that lurked in the shade of their opening petals. And, finally, when each gorgeous feature of the glittering, many-colored panorama was disclosed, there fell a shower of gold, wondrous and beautiful with its long, gleaming hands of yellow light,

which waved and undulated and scintillated, and won a treble chorus of bliss from the infantile part of the house. And then, slowly, sadly, pityingly, the curtain fell, reluctant to hide from enchanted eyes, an enchanted world, and the children gave a long, united sigh of sorrow to think that that rare feast of wit and beauty upon which they had just banqueted was over for a whole, long, interminable year. And the critic, feeling that duty was done, and the whole thing reviewed and judged from the right standpoint, gave an equally long sigh of relief at the thought that the Christmas spectacle was safely out of the way for an all too short and fleeting year.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Orpheum's New-Year Bill.

There will be two very clever sketches at the Orpheum next week. Will M. Cressy, the playwright, will appear with Blanche Dayne in his idyl of New England life, entitled "A Village Lawyer," and Tom Nawn, the amusing Irishman, who has just returned from Australia with his company, will present Edmund Day's laughable, mythical comedietta, "Pat and the Genii." The four Gargany's, grotesques, will appear for the first time in San Francisco, and Edith Helena, who has a remarkable range of voice, and, it is claimed, sings several tones higher than Ellen Beach Yaw, is expected to make a great success. Wood and Bates will present a novel musical act, and the marvelous Livingstons, "high-grade society acrobats," promise some remarkable feats. For their second and last week, McIntyre and Heath have reserved their latest satire, "Dr. Lorenzbreakahone." The new act is a take-off on the operations of Dr. Lorenz for patients with hip trouble, and is uproariously amusing.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" has been doing so well at the Tivoli Opera House that it will probably be a fortnight before it has exhausted its popularity. It will be followed by an elaborate revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's ever-popular opera, "The Mikado," which has not been produced here for several seasons.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 4th—Cressy and Dayne; Tom Nawn and Company; the Four Gargany's; Edith Helena; Wood and Bates; the Three Livingstons; the Biograph; and last week of McIntyre and Heath.
Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Course Tickets, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00, on Sale Monday, Jan. 5th. Single tickets, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c, Thursday, Jan. 8th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

David Belasco's Japanese Historical Play in Which Blanche Bates Has Scored Another Great Hit.

One of the greatest dramatic successes in New York at the present time is the Japanese tragedy, "The Darling of the Gods," in which Chester Bailey Fernald and David Belasco have provided an excellent vehicle for Blanche Bates. The clever California actress has more than duplicated the success she achieved as a Japanese maid in "Madame Butterfly," and is praised by all the critics. The plot of the play is said to be of a high order of romantic tragedy, and is as full of imagination as it is of stirring episodes. The assigned period is that of the repression of the Samurai, ten of whom, under the leadership of the Daimio, Kara, defy the power of the emperor and maintain themselves in the mountains as outlaws. Kara is under obligations to visit the Prince of Tosan, and the minister of war, Zakkuri, also a guest of the prince, sets an ambush for him.

From this he escapes, although badly wounded in the encounter, and he takes his place at the ceremonial feast, concealing his hurts. With Oriental impassivity and politeness, he listens to Zakkuri's smiling assurance that his life is forfeit to the emperor, and that he will surely be slain on his departure. In the face of the impending death he prepares to leave the friendly shelter, but in the moments of farewell he faints and falls, after recognizing in the daughter of his host, the Princess Yo-San, the lovely maiden whom he had met already in the recesses of the hills, and loved at first sight, not knowing that she reciprocated his passion. While the murderers lie in wait outside, the princess, a child of nature utterly ignorant of all evil, with the aid of a faithful mute, carries the stricken warrior into her own inviolable chambers, and there nurses him back to life and health, without a thought of wrong. When Zakkuri and his myrmidons trace the fugitive to his retreat, she saves him by swearing solemnly to the gods that she has never seen him, remarking gravely that it is better to lie a little than to suffer much. She lies also to Kara, concealing from him the fact that his comrades have been risking their lives to communicate with him while he has been lying at the point of death, and assuring him that he has been with her for two days only instead of forty.

When he learns the truth he upbraids her fiercely, and starts to go, but, softened by her protestations, finally consents to stay until the morrow. But in the meantime his retreat has been discovered, and the lovers are surprised by Yo-San's father, who is barely dissuaded from killing her on the spot, but finally contents himself with proclaiming her an outcast. Kara, after a desperate resistance, falls into the hands of Zakkuri, and in the next scene, one of the most powerful in the piece, Yo-San visits the latter at the war office, and intercedes for the life of her lover. The minister demands herself as the price, and when she comprehends his offer, she beats him furiously, but later, when she realizes that Kara's life is the forfeit, and when she sees him led to fiery torture, she concedes everything, even betraying the hiding-place of the ten Samurai, whom Zakkuri has to find under pain of execution in twenty-four hours.

The next scene is at the ruined shrine in the mountains, where Kara has rejoined his comrades. He relates his adventures, and is forgiven for having broken his vows in having any dealings with a woman, but when Yo-San herself appears to warn them, and it is plain that she has betrayed them into the hands of their enemies, she is proclaimed an outcast by them also, and thus becomes the sport of a pitiable fate. In a striking tableau the Samurai go forth to face the foe in one last hopeless charge, and in the ensuing scene the few survivors of the struggle commit harikari in the recesses of a bamboo forest. Kara last of all, dying upon the breast of Yo-San, whom he promises to meet and forgive in the First Celestial Heaven, after she has gone through the reincarnations of a thousand years.

It is at this point that the play proper ends, but the poetic value of it is immensely heightened by a sort of panoramic epilogue in two scenes without words. In the first is seen the River of Souls, flowing by the mountain that divides the heavens and the hells. Shadowy shapes of Yo-San and others float on in the fulfillment of their destiny, through shining mists between towering boundaries of forbidding crags, an imaginative vision which is represented on the stage with extraordinary impressiveness. In the second, on the summit of a mountain, the figure of Kara is revealed dimly outlined through the falling

mists, above which the form of Yo-San presently arises, and as the shades silently embrace, the curtain falls.

Commenting on the scenery, the New York Evening Post declares: "Nothing finer or more artistic has ever been seen, and it is doubtful whether some of the sets, for pure artistic quality have ever been equaled. The Prince of Tosan's Garden, with its wealth of blossom; the splendid state hall, with its gold and lacquer, and glittering crowds of servants; the lovely exterior of Yo-San's pavilion on the lake among the moon-flowers; the rich barbaric splendor of the old sword-room, were all marvels of stage carpentry and painting, while the mountain and mist effects in the concluding tableaux had all the delicacy of some dreamland fabric. Attempts to represent such unrealities upon the stage are generally ghastly failures, but in this case all difficulties were surmounted with a skill which will greatly increase the fame of Mr. Belasco as a stage manager. If the dialogue had always been as delicate and as inspired as some of the illustrations, "The Darling of the Gods" would have come near to being a masterpiece. As it stands, it is a beautiful and fascinating entertainment."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Frank Daniels in "Miss Simplicity."

David Warfield will come way on Monday night to the droll comedy, Frank Daniels, who will present his new operatic comedy, "Miss Simplicity," which is said to be clean, brisk, pretty, and genuinely funny. It is the work of R. A. Barnett, and like "1492" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," was first produced by the Boston Military Cadets. Mr. Daniels' new rôle is that of Blossoms, who was originally a trolley-car conductor. Suddenly he becomes the valet to a king, and has to run the royal automobile. The first thing that happens to him is a terrific explosion of this same "Gasoline Buggy," and, before he gets the roadside dust out of his mouth, he is ordered by his majesty temporarily to disguise himself as king and assume all the duties, worries, intrigues, amours, and troubles that are supposed to mark the life of the average monarch. Incidentally Mr. Daniels sings three new songs which have caught on tremendously wherever the company has appeared—"Don't Forget You're Talking to a Lady," "Babette," in which the comedian depicts the creepy results of being married to a medium, and "The Girl With the Baby Stare." Mr. Daniels still wins much laughter with his famous curtain speech as an *entr'acte divertissement*. It is a clever bit of burlesque, depicting the serene self-satisfaction that distinguishes the pompous after-dinner speaker, the evidence of the apprehension that sometimes overtakes even that complacent functionary, and finally the utter collapse of orator and oration. In his supporting company are Frank Turner, Dougie Flint, Grafton Baker, Mark Lane, Grace Orr Myers, Mai Lowery, Kate Uart, Florence Holbrook, and Isabelle D'Armonde.

Fischer's New Burlesque.

The holiday spectacle, "The Geezer," will be succeeded at Fischer's Theatre on Monday evening by "Barbara Fideity," a Weber & Field burlesque of Clyde Fitch's popular war drama, "Barbara Frietchie," in which the Neill Company has been seen here on several occasions. It is in three acts, and follows the action of the drama in an extravagant and humorous fashion. The authors, Edgar and Harry B. Smith, disclaim "any attempt at historical correctness," and have changed the development of the plot from the War of the Rebellion to an election at Fredericksburg. Among the musical interpolations are "A Private in the Ranks"; the great military finale, "The Blue and the Gray"; the "Moonlight Serenade"; a quartet and dance, "Strolling in the Cemetery"; a parody on "Dixie" by Kolb and Dill; and two catchy ensemble numbers and dances, "My Dixie Queen" and "Keep Away From Elinore." Maude Amher will sing Stromberg's greatest success, "Come Down My Evening Star," and with Winfield Blake, the latest New York success, "We Are Engaged." Four new peo-

ple have been added to the company. They are George Best, an eccentric dancer from Australia, Albert Verreck, Charles Bates, and Bernard Wynn.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan."

At the Alcazar next week Henry Arthur Jones's witty comedy, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," will be the bill. The plot revolves about Lady Susan, who, when she discovers that her husband, James Harabin, is flirting seriously with another woman, leaves him in spite of the opposition of her uncle, Sir Richard Kato, and her many friends. She journeys to Cairo, where she makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Lucian Edenson, who falls desperately in love with her, and in whom she finds herself beginning to take an interest. She returns to England where her eyes are opened by the news that her inconstant admirer has wedded another. Her uncle proves to her how sincere is the repentance of her husband, and she forgives him with the result that all ends happily. The cast will be as follows: Sir Richard Kato, Ernest Hastings; Admiral Darby, Henry Shumer; James Harabin, Clifford Dempsey; Lucian Edenson, Albert Morrison; Kirby, Walter Belasco; Mr. Jacob, William Warren; Footman, Henry Mosby; Hotel Waiter, Calvin Dix; Lady Susan, Juliet Crosby; Lady Darby, Marie Howe; Mrs. Quesnal, Adele Belgarde; and Elaine Shrimpton, Oza Waldrop.

Nance O'Neil as Nancy Sykes.

For the fifth week of her engagement at the Grand Opera House, Nance O'Neil will revive "Oliver Twist," the dramatization of Charles Dickens's famous novel, in which she has appeared here on several occasions. Miss O'Neil's Nancy Sykes is a strong piece of character-acting, and to those whose sensibilities are not easily shocked, her performance will prove very interesting. McKee Rankin will again be the Bill Sykes, and L. R. Stockwell is to have the part of Fagin. The remainder of the cast will be carefully selected from the stock company. It is safe to say that the horrible murder scene in the last act, as portrayed by Miss O'Neil and Mr. Rankin, will long live in the memory of every spectator who witnesses it.

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Total Assets..... 6,026,309.49

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,347,387.58
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits June 30, 1902..... 31,698,792.56

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Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 235,170
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Established March, 1897.

Paid-up capital, surplus, and undivided profits.....\$ 500,000.00
Deposits, July 1, 1902..... 3,875,378.90
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK..... President
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CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 3,183,073.70
October 1, 1902.

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Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00

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VANITY FAIR.

It is rather a strange coincidence that the death of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont should follow so closely on that of Mrs. Julia Dent Grant. Both of these women were brought prominently before the nation through the achievements of their famous husbands, and of late years have lived more or less in seclusion. It was largely through his marriage to the daughter of Senator Benton, of Missouri, that the ambitious Lieutenant John C. Fremont succeeded in getting the assignments for the exploration of the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific Coast, which gained him a reputation throughout the world as "the Pathfinder of the Western Wilderness." An old friend who knew Mrs. Fremont when she was a belle of Washington, says: "She was a 'chip of the old block.' In character, in intelligence, and in disposition, she was very much like her father—Tom Benton, as we called him—and they were both believers in the creed handed down by Davy Crockett, 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead.' It was the daughter's adherence to this axiom that brought about her marriage with Fremont. Her father was violently opposed to the union and threw every possible obstacle in the way, but his arguments, pleadings, and threats were alike useless. After her marriage, Mrs. Fremont often told the story of how her father, powerless, but not reconciled, went to the newspaper office and handed in a notice announcing the marriage of 'Jessie Benton to John C. Fremont,' and how, when his attention was called to the fact that he had reversed the usual form, he hanged his fist down and cried: 'Damn it, sir; it will go in that way or not at all. John C. Fremont did not marry my daughter; she married him.'"

A pretty story is also told of how Fremont informed his wife of the joyful news of his election as senator of California in 1850. The balloting of the delegates took place in San José, and Mrs. Fremont was at Monterey, and as a season of heavy rains was on, there was but little prospect that her keen desire to know the result would find immediate gratification. Before a blazing fire that night sat Fremont's wife, her fingers for the first time fashioning a dress for herself on the trust-worthy outlines of one that had been ripped up for the purpose. Her little daughter had been put to bed, and her companions for the evening were the Australian woman who had replaced her two Indian servants, and her baby, playing on the bear-skin rug near the fire. Besides the voice of the woman and an occasional chirrup from the baby, she heard nothing but the storm without, till the door opened and a man, dripping with rain, stood on the threshold and asked, in consideration of his sorry plight, if he might enter. It was Fremont. He had torn himself away from his idolizing followers and ridden out into the darkness and storm to tell his wife, seventy miles away, that he had been elected to the United States Senate. Though it was late in the night when he reached Monterey, he was in the saddle again before dawn and on his way back to San José, making in all a ride of one hundred and forty miles.

Many are the anecdotes which have been published since the death of Mrs. Grant. She was a most devoted wife, and made it her business, even in war time, to be with her husband in camp and field, whenever it was possible. Her watchfulness of Grant is illustrated by a story told by General Marcus J. Wright, an ex-Confederate officer. Some years before Grant's death, Wright was traveling in Arkansas for the War Department. On the train out of Memphis for Little Rock he fell in with the Grants, and was invited to a seat with General Grant, who was well aware of General Wright's official connection. They soon dropped into conversation about the war, and Grant was voluble and frank, as was his wont with friends and those he could trust. Mrs. Grant sat in the seat immediately behind the two. Pretty soon General Grant, dwelling upon some interesting event, disclosed important facts palpably of an official and confidential nature. Mrs. Grant quickly leaned forward, and putting her hand on the general's shoulder, smilingly, but firmly, said: "Look here, Ulysses, you oughtn't to be telling General Wright such things." At first General Grant went on with whatever the subject was, saying to his wife: "Oh, General Wright is all right, Julia; he understands this is just between us two." Put presently General Wright observed that the ex-President's manner was considerably toned down, and the conversation became more general. After a little while, however, Grant warmed up again, and again Mrs. Grant cautioned him. "Now, now, Ulysses, that will do; General Wright doesn't care to hear

such things." Thereupon Grant would modify his confidences, and his mentor would fall back. This was repeated four or five times, "Julia" interfering whenever the general became too free. It was all done in perfect good humor, but with a definite purpose on Mrs. Grant's part, which she made at least partially effective. She made no apologies to General Wright for her evident distrust of him as a stranger, nor did Grant show any petulance. General Grant yielded in a sort of whimsical way to his wife's domination. The "family" ran the household affairs as it best pleased them, without much reference to General Grant's predilections. Once at the railway station in Galena, Ill., he called the attention of a friend to a truckload of trunks ready for shipment East. "Do you see that pile? That is the Grant baggage. Do you see that little black valise away up on top? That's mine."

Another curious illustration of Mrs. Grant's influence is found in the relative treatment of the two families of Grants and Dents after Grant entered the White House. For some reason, says a writer in the New York Sun, Grant's old mother never came on to the capital and none of his brothers or sisters ever shone at the Executive Mansion. His father, Jesse Grant, and his sister, Jennie, were present at the first inauguration. Biographers say, with how much truth is not known, that they were not encouraged at the White House. Mrs. Grant's entire family surrounded her. Unreconstructed old Colonel Dent abandoned St. Louis and removed to Washington, bag and baggage. Mrs. Grant's two sisters, Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Casey, were long conspicuous members of the White House social coterie. Grant was accused by the opposition press of appointing all his brothers-in-law to office. General Grant personally bothered himself very little about this. When Mrs. Grant spoke up for Casey and Sharpe, he acquiesced in whatever was demanded. But he thought none the less of his own father's family. And the faithful wife, who had braced him to the struggle in the black days of adversity when he thought himself a defeated man, believed to the day of her death that her credit at that bank was unlimited—that the nation's debt to her Ulysses was still due and unpaid.

Visitors to Cairo will be interested in the following circular which was recently published in the popular Egyptian winter resort: "Attention! Attention! We inform that tomorrow, that is to say, Saturday, the 15th inst., will be open precisely to Ezhekiah street opposite Royal Hotel a men eating house named the Restaurant of London which resplended of purity joined in a good contenty and purity of products. We invite the wine-tasters that we don't mistake that they will be assure of our speechs truthfulness convinced by the estimation of every our who shall visit our establishment. For much assure the Public we offer 100 soverings to every one who shall settle that our products are adulterate, and that our kitchen's materials are dirty. To auspices like this we proceed courageously to the open calling to the production of good wine-tasters."

A divorce case in English high society has reached a somewhat comical ending. Sir Charles Hartopp sued for a separation, and Lady Hartopp sued likewise. Each named other individuals in high society as co-respondents, and drove trains of servants into court to prove the infidelity and moral rottenness of the other. Enough was revealed to convince the public that the social circle of the Hartopps was a nasty place that needy a moral fumigation, notwithstanding its high elevation in the social scale. Yet the jury refused to each party the divorce that was sought, and condemned each side to pay the costs of all the litigation it had incurred. Everybody was legally acquitted, but publicly condemned. Perhaps (remarks the Springfield Republican) that is the best method of dealing with such couples, after all.

Miss Clarette Simpson, president of the Washington Matrimonial Club, formed by the working girls in Troy, N. Y., has sent Postmaster Cromwell, of Tacoma, Wash., a photograph of the first six girls which the club has elected to marry, providing suitable husbands can be found on the Pacific Coast. She requires that all correspondence shall be conducted through her, because the girls do not wish to have their family names made public. The photographs are accordingly labeled with their given names. The age and characteristics of each maiden are also furnished that the correspondence with the prospective husbands may be opened as speedily as possible. Postmaster Cromwell is unable to answer all

the letters he is now receiving. There is some doubt about the propriety of turning his office into a wholesale matrimonial bureau, even though the matter was originally started by some joker, and he will probably ask the department for instructions. Todd C. Gillway, a widower, aged 42, of Yamhill, Ore., wants one of the Troy girls, and promises to treat her as well as his first wife. He let her visit town twice each year and bought her a new dress every Christmas. His first wife milked cows, kept the garden, and ran the place generally.

The waltz is commonly supposed to be of Austrian origin. The Paris *La Journée* declares, however, that it is of French origin, that it was danced in Paris for the first time on November 9, 1178, and that it was known in Provence before that date as "volta."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, December 30, 1902, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Contra C. Water 5%.....	10,000	@ 109			
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 101 1/2-101 3/4	101 3/4	101 1/2	
Oakland Gas 5%.....	2,000	@ 113		112 3/4	
Oakland Transit 5%.....	10,000	@ 115 1/2		115	
Sac Elect Gas & Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2			102 3/4
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909.....	25,000	@ 113 1/2		113 3/4	113 1/2
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....	19,000	@ 114 1/2		114 1/4	114 1/2
S. P. of Arizona 5%.....	37,000	@ 100 1/2		100	100 3/4
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 109 3/4		109 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	5,000	@ 102 1/2		102 1/4	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	25,000	@ 102 1/2		102 1/4	
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	30	@ 68		67 1/2	68
Spring Valley.....	348	@ 84 1/2-85 1/2		84 1/2	84 3/4
		BANKS.			
Anglo Cal.....	100	@ 90-90 1/2		90 1/2	92 1/2
		POWERS.			
Giant Con.....	30	@ 74		73	75
		SUGARS.			
Hana P. Co.....	400	@ 4-4 1/4		4 1/4	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	295	@ 48 1/2-49		47	49
Honokaa S. Co.....	135	@ 14 1/2-15 1/2		14 1/2	15
Hutchinson.....	275	@ 16 1/2-16 3/4		16 1/2	16 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	155	@ 29 1/2-30 1/2		29 1/2	30 1/2
Pauahau S. Co.....	285	@ 17-17 1/2		17	17 1/2
		Gas & Electric.			
Equitable Gas.....	50	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4
Pacific Gas.....	34	@ 35-35 1/2		35 1/2	
Pacific Lighting Co.	20	@ 53		52 1/2	53 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	60	@ 41 1/2-42		41 1/2	41 3/4
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	45	@ 159 1/2-160		159 1/2	160
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	33	@ 93 1/2		93 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	110	@ 100 1/2-101		100 1/2	101

The market shows the usual holiday quietness, with prices shaded off all along the line.

Sugars were traded in to the amount of 1,500 shares, with losses of from one-quarter to one and one-quarter points; the latter in Makaweli.

Spring Valley Water sold off one point to 84 1/2 on sales of 350 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fair demand, and sales of 60 shares were made at 41 1/2 to 42. Giant Powder, on small sales, sold off one point to 74.

INVESTMENTS.

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW-YEAR LEATHER GOODS. Now on sale. Wrist, Coronation, Chatelaine, and Silver fish scale bags, in walrus, mall seal, alligator, lizard, wild steer, and biopo grain leathers. Also music rolls, music folios, pocket books, card, cigar, and letter cases, booklets, and traveling rolls. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A solicitor for a charitable institution went to a woman's door recently and asked her for a contribution. "We have," he stated, earnestly, "hundreds of poor, ragged, and vicious children, like those at your gate, and our object is —" "Sir," interrupted the indignant woman, "those are my children!"

A minister who met a policeman on the street, the other day, said: "What a number of hurglers there are about. Why don't you officers arrest them?" The policeman regarded the minister solemnly. "Sir," he replied, "there are thousands of people going to hell every day. Why don't you ministers stop them?"

Mark Twain, since he advertised for editorial obituaries of himself, has received some very amusing contributions. A Baltimore admirer writes: "Some people think you are immortal, but if you really ever do intend to die it is certainly your duty to go to Hades. Funny men are needed there, but they are very small potatoes up in heaven. You have always preached philanthropy, and now you have the chance of your lifetime to demonstrate your consistency."

When Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth of England, went down to Portsmouth to inspect the naval establishment, the first person he met was his jolly old messmate and friend, Captain Jack Towers. The prince took him by the hand and laughingly said: "Why, Jack, my boy, they tell me you are the greatest blackguard in all Portsmouth!" "Oh," quoth Towers, "I hope your royal highness has not come down here to deprive me of my character?"

It is said that Balzac detested Dumas. Once he brought to the *Siècle* the manuscript of a novel, which was to follow the "Trois Mousquetaires," then being published. He asked to be paid two and a half francs a line. The director of the journal hesitated: "You see, M. Dumas is being paid only two francs a line." "If you are giving two francs to that negro, I shall get out," and Balzac stalked off. Dumas was not ignorant of Balzac's feelings toward him and did not spare him. In the foyer of the Odéon Theatre, Balzac was talking loudly in a group of literary men: "When I have written myself out as novelist, I shall go to playwriting." "You can begin right away," called out Dumas.

When speaking before the House, Reed avoided the customary tricks of the spread-eagle stump orator, and contented himself with saying what he had to say in his own characteristic drawl, without any oratorical flourishes. Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge came to Congress with the reputation of a "silver-tongued orator," and used in his speeches in the House all the expedients that Reed avoided. He could not speak for five minutes, even on ordinary subjects, without falling into a funeral tone that grated exceedingly on Reed's sensibilities. One day, when Colonel Breckenridge was holding forth in his usual mournful cadences, Reed's attention was caught by the colonel's melancholy tones. Turning to a friend, Reed asked in a drawing hut solemn voice: "Judge, were you acquainted with the deceased?"

Many stories are told of the elder Sothorn's original methods of entertaining his friends at dinner, and possibly the most amusing (says Lucy Derber Fuller in the *Century Magazine*), is that of the helated guest. When late in the dinner this friend was announced, Mr. Sothorn exclaimed: "Let us all hide under the table!" and down they all went save Mr. Sothorn himself, who remained seated. When the tardy guest entered, Mr. Sothorn rose and received him with exquisite courtesy, saying: "When your name was announced, my guests, for some unaccountable reason, all hid under the table." After a few moments of discomfort one by one they crept out and back to their seats. At another dinner given by Sothorn to ten friends, a pompous waiter placed large square pieces of bread, with mathematical precision, at each plate, and then left the room to bring the wine. Mr. Sothorn saw his opportunity, and calling his dog, cried: "Tiger, the bread — quick, tiger!" And the nimble little greyhound bounded lightly upon the table again and again, as he heard his master's imperative, "Fetch the bread!" until each piece had been removed to a dark corner near the fire. Upon the waiter's return all was silence. The

expectant look upon Mr. Sothorn's face showed only that dinner was awaited. Standing for a moment bewildered, the waiter, seeing no bread upon the table, hesitatingly turned to the door, then retraced his steps to the table, examined it carefully, and hurriedly left the room. He soon re-appeared with a fresh plate of bread, and again at each plate a piece was carefully placed, and he retired with the empty plate. "Quick, Tiger, fetch it again!" "More bread!" "More bread!" And once more each piece was removed before the grave waiter re-appeared, and all were again silent. One look at the table and one at the guests, and there remained no doubt. Those poor hungry actors had eaten it! With a look of contempt he announced dinner, and after all were safely seated at the table, he brought a third plate of bread, and with a fork placed it, with a gesture of scorn, piece by piece, for each person and for the host. The merry scene soon disarmed his hostility, and before the evening was over the bread in the corner was revealed.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Diplomatic Trust in Venezuela.

The minister of Britain
He spoke to Bowen thus:

"I'm leaving in a hurry,
I wish to have no fuss,
So kindly run my office
While I keep out of sight—
Now, do—I say—aw, really—
And Bowen said: "All right!"

Then came the noble German
And called on Bowen, too,
He said: "I have a somings
To speak about mit you!
I'm leaving in confusion,
Dere's going to be a fight—
Just tend the counter for me!"
And Bowen said: "All right!"

The gentleman from Holland
He also spoke as such;
He's having his vacation
While Bowen runs the Dutch;
And lo! the proud Italian
Has now remarked: "To fight!
You sella de bananasi!"
And Bowen says: "All right!"
—New York Sun.

Man's Inconsistency.

He can't sit in a draught, and when
He's caught out in the rain
His muscles get all tangled and
His legs are full of pain.

But he can hunt the wary duck
And slosh around all day
In water reaching to his belt
And keep his spirits gay.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Omar for Ladies.

One for her Cluh and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her Good Nights,
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo
The wages of a month," she says, "I blow
In to a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundreds' gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appals,
How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded
out

To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season chic—Department
stores

Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.
—Josephine Dodge Daskam in *January Harper's Magazine*.

The Kind of Seeds that Yield.

Like everything else there are good seeds and bad seeds. Seeds that grow and seeds that don't grow; seeds that yield and seeds that don't yield. If you would secure the kind that always yield, select the world-famed Ferry's Seeds. For nearly half a century Ferry's Seeds have been known and sown wherever good crops are grown, until farmer and gardener alike have learned to depend upon their wonderful reliable growing and yielding qualities, year after year, to the exclusion of all others. Unfortunately, many unscrupulous people aim to blind the unwary to quality, through littleness of price and hoastful claims. It is better to pay a little more for the seed and be assured of a great deal more at the harvest by sowing Ferry's Seeds. The 1903 Seed Annual sent free, postpaid, will be found unusually interesting and instructive. Write for it to-day. Address, D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

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PHILADELPHIA	1876	BUFFALO	1901
VIENNA	1873		1867
CHICAGO	1893	PARIS	1878
			1900

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

From New York Feb. 4, 1903

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SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin-Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the MEDITERRANEAN From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages. NEW ENGLAND, Jan. 17th; Feb. 28th. COMMONWEALTH, Jan. 3d; Feb. 14th; March 28th. VANCOUVER, Jan. 10th; Feb. 21st. CAMBROMAN, Jan. 31st; March 14th. Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool. Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

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AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York.
St. Paul.....January 7 | Friesland.....January 28
Philadelphia.....January 21 | St. Paul.....February 4

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York.
Kroeland.....January 3 | Finland.....January 17
Zeeland.....January 10 | Vaderland.....January 24
Piers 14 and 15, N. R. Office, 73 Broadway, New York.
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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic.....Saturday, Jan. 3
Gaelic (Calling at Manila).....Wednesday, Jan. 28
Doric.....Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic.....Thursday, March 19
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.
America Maru.....Saturday, Jan. 10
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Feb. 5
Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, March 3
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
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Sierra, 6300 Tons
Sonoma, 6200 Tons
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S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, January 8, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, January 11, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, January 17, 1903, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change at Seattle to this comp. ny's steamers for Albatross and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Pomona 1:30 P. M., Jan. 4, 10, 16, 22, 27, Feb. 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Jan. 2, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31, Feb. 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara:
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M., State of California, 9 A. M., Jan. 2, and every Thursday thereafter.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Huenueme and *Newport (*Ramona only).
Ramon 9 A. M., Jan. 1, 9, 17, 25, Feb. 2.
Coos Bay 9 A. M., Jan. 5, 13, 21, 29, Feb. 6.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Fanny Loughborough, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, and Mr. Allan Wallace, of New York, will take place at the home of the bride's mother, corner of Franklin and O'Farrell Streets, on Tuesday evening. The ceremony will be performed by Archbishop Riordan. Mr. Alexander D. Keyes will give the bride into the groom's keeping. Miss Josephine Loughborough will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Emil Bruguiere will act as best man.

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia Eppinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eppinger, and Mr. Herbert W. Fox, of La Porte, Ind.

The marriage of Miss Eva Moody, daughter of Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, and Mr. Raymond Sherman, took place on Thursday at the residence of the bride's mother, 3532 Clay Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, assisted by Rev. F. W. Clappett, pastor of Trinity Church. Miss Annie Buckhee was the bridesmaid, and Mr. Otto Wettemeyer acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, after a brief wedding journey, will sail for the Orient on January 20th, to be absent two years. Prior to her departure Mrs. Sherman will have two days at home—the second and third Fridays in January—at her mother's residence.

The wedding of Miss Nella McCormick, daughter of Mr. William McCormick, and Mr. Bruce Adams, took place on Thursday evening in St. Stephen's Church. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. E. J. Lion. Miss Mattie McCormick was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Frank Runyon was the best man.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Stow, daughter of Mrs. Sherman P. Stow, and Mr. Charles Ealand, took place at "La Patera," the home of the bride's mother in Santa Barbara, on Monday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at half after three o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, of St. John's Episcopal Church. The bridesmaids were Miss Ida Ealand, Miss Mahel Ealand, Miss Louise Cooper, Miss Besie Cooper, Miss Ethel Jack, of San Luis Obispo, Miss Anna Howard, Miss Ocasia Orena, Miss Sally Taylor, Miss Miriam More, Miss Rose More, Miss Marie Beale, and Miss Jacqueline Moore. Miss Margaret Stow was the maid of honor, and Mr. Reginald Fernald acted as best man. Mr. Ealand and his bride have departed for the City of Mexico on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Eva Corinne Coryell, daughter of Mrs. Zoe Christine Belleau Coryell, and Lieutenant John Adams Wagner, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams Wagner, of Asheville, N. C., took place on Wednesday evening, at the Hotel Baltimore. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Father Prendergast. Miss Maud A. Mitchell, of Livermore, was the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, of the Artillery Corps, served as best man.

The wedding of Miss Ida Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Preston Robinson, and Mr. Frederick C. Innes took place on Tuesday of last week, at the residence of the bride's parents on Jones Street. The Rev. Joseph Worcester officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Innes have departed for Santa Barbara, where they will reside.

Mrs. James W. Keeney will give a eucharist party at her residence on Clay Street on Thursday, January 8th, in honor of Mrs. Joseph B. Coghlan.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin will be "at home" on the second and third Thursdays in January at the Scott residence, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets.

Mrs. Frederick S. Knight and Mrs. George A. Knight will give a tea on Friday, January 9th, at the residence of Mrs. Frederick Knight, 2022 Green Street.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will be "at home" on the first and second Fridays in January, at 2029 California Street.

Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills gave a reception on New Year's Day at their residence on Jackson Street. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. James A. Black, Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Ducat, Miss Ada Howell, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, Miss Beatrice Wigmore, Miss Marie Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Lucie King, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Virginia Rodgers Nokes, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Minnie Rodgers, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Louise Hoffacker, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Helen Dean, Miss

Ethel Cooper, Miss Booth, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Elizabeth Allen, and Miss Florence Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Frank M. Hatch, of Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker also gave a dinner Friday evening complimentary to Mrs. Hatch.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry will give a tea on Wednesday, January 7th, at her residence, 2912 Pacific Avenue, in honor of her daughter, Miss Frances McKinstry, who will make her formal debut. The hours are from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mahel Toy will be "at home" on Mondays in February at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor and the Misses Taylor will be "at home" on Wednesday afternoon at their residence, 1911 Pine Street.

The second dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club took place at Cotillion Hall on last Friday evening, and was well attended. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. George E. Bates, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. L. L. Baker, and Mrs. Horace Davis. Dr. Greenleaf, U. S. A., led the cotillion, and those in the first set were Miss Florence Cole, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Scott, Miss McCalla, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Redmond, Miss Elena Robinson, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes.

A reception in honor of Governor-elect George C. Pardee was given on Monday night by the Union League Club in their rooms at the Palace Hotel. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered, the singing being by the Union League Quartet. Samuel Samuels gave cello selections, and an orchestra was also in attendance. Dancing in the Maple Room followed, and refreshments were served in the club's billiard-room.

The De Young Vaudeville Entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained over a hundred guests at their California Street residence on New Year's Eve with a unique vaudeville performance. The programme included two clever hurlesques. The first, "The Babes in the Woodpile," by Wallace Irwin, was cast as follows: Gentle Willie, one of the babes, Oliver Dibble; Little Lizzie, the other, Addison Mizner; Fifi, a nursemaid, Miss Ada Howell; Zaza, also a nursemaid, Miss Constance de Young; Police Captain of the S. F. finest, Roy M. Pike; policeman, also on the force, Charles de Young; Strangleton, of the Assassin's Union, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels; Gagster, his partner, Joseph Roshoroh; Squeezem, a doing uncle, John Housman; Chirrup, one of a pair of birds, Emery T. Smith; Cheerrup, the other one, Charles S. Tripler.

The second hurlesque was "Mother Goose," by Miss Alice Duffy, with music by H. J. Stewart. The cast included: Mother Goose, Miss Adelaide Dibble; Mistress Mary, Miss Elizabeth Mills; Boy Blue, Joseph Roshoroh; Little Bo-Peep, Miss Viola Piercy; The Sheep, C. D. Tripler; Simple Simon, W. Hank Smith, Jr.; Miss Muffitt, Miss Alicia Duffy; Ride-a-Cock-Horse, Charles de Young and Emery T. Smith; King Cole, Oliver Dibble. In the chorus were Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Elizabeth Duffy, Miss Louise Howland, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Phyllis de Young, and Messrs. Wurtzburgh, Howell, Jones and N. T. Messer.

Dancing began after the vaudeville programme concluded, and shortly before midnight supper was served.

The Burton Holmes Lectures.

Burton Holmes, the well-known traveler, author, and lecturer, will make his first visit to San Francisco this season, although a series of his lectures was given here under the auspices of Henry Miller at the Columbia Theatre two years ago by Louis Francis Brown, his fellow-traveler and business manager. The lectures this season will deal with the Grand Canon of Arizona, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. They will be given at Steinway Hall on Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 13th, 15th, 20th, and 22d, and on Saturday matinees, January 17th and 24th. These lectures are beautifully illustrated by colored stereopticon views and moving pictures, and are as enjoyable as any theatrical performance. Mr. Holmes is the successor of the late John L. Stoddard, who delivered this class of lectures for nineteen years with the greatest success. Modern photography, however, has made them far more interesting and entertaining. The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum.

Giuseppe Puccini is the operatic idol of his own people to-day, and in nearly every Italian city "Tosca" and "La Bohème" are as popular as they were when they were first sung. Persons who have heard the music of "Mme. Butterfly" declare it will greatly enhance the composer's reputation. Already there is a demand for the rights to this opera. Mme. Sembrich has practically secured them in Italian for this country and Germany, where she intends to give the opera, with an Italian company, at the new Royal Opera House in Berlin in October next.

The regular quarterly meeting of members of the Bohemian Club will be held in the Green Room on Tuesday, January 8th, at 1 o'clock P. M. At this meeting the committee of five to nominate officers and directors to serve for the ensuing year will be elected.

Decorative Designing and Wood Carving.

It has long been the intention of the board of directors of the San Francisco Art Association to broaden the scope of the school to include a department of designing for industrial purposes. It was the rapid growth of the classes in other departments alone that postponed the execution of this plan, the room required for their development rendering it difficult to accommodate a new class. The increasing number of applicants for instruction in the industrial arts has in the last few months been so large that the school committee has made provision for a class, which will begin on January 5th, the opening of the new term. The decorative designing will include drawing from casts, planning of patterns, modeling in clay, wood-carving, and furniture construction. It is the intention to maintain a high standard, the work to be of an advanced character, requiring primarily proficiency in drawing.

The department will be placed in charge of Frederic H. Meyer, who has had extensive experience in this field, having studied in the Cincinnati Technical School, the Pennsylvania Industrial Art Institute, and the Royal Art Institute of Berlin. Mr. Meyer is at present connected with the department of drawing in the State University, prior to which he was superintendent of drawing and designing in the public schools of Stockton for four years.

Final Tyndall Performances.

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, the thought-reader, began the last of his series of public demonstrations, to be given here, on Thursday at Steinway Hall. There was a New Year's matinee and an evening entertainment, both of which were largely attended. The series will continue through Tuesday night, January 6th, and will include a souvenir matinee on Saturday. The latest developments in wireless telegraphy make the experiments of McIvor-Tyndall particularly interesting at this time. Professor Thomas Tommasina, a scientist of Geneva, stated recently that his researches have convinced him that the human body can be used both as a sending and receiving station in wireless telegraphy.

The winter races of the California Jockey Club at Ingleside closed to-day (Saturday) with six races, and next week the racing scene will change to Emeryville. The notable events of this afternoon's programme are two handicaps, one for three-year-olds and upward for a purse of \$500, distance six furlongs, and another for three-year-olds and upward for a purse of \$500, distance one mile and a sixteenth.

Miss Mary Barber, who visited San Francisco with her uncle, President McKinley, was married to Major Ralph Hatzell, an attorney of Denver, at Canton, O., on Wednesday.

W. W. Van Arsdale has purchased the residence of Mrs. Albert Gallatin, on the northeast corner of Scott and Jackson Streets, for a sum between \$125,000 and \$150,000.

William Faversham and Julie Opp, the actress, were married at Greenwich, Conn., last week. Both have recently secured divorces from their first matrimonial partners.

The Christmas dinner of the Bohemian Club will be given this (Saturday) evening at half after six o'clock.

—THE "VIRGINIAN" BY OWEN WISTER, STILL remains the most popular book of the year; \$1.20 at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

—USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS—ORDER CARDS for hats, suit cases, canes and umbrellas. Korn the Hatter, Knox agency, 726 Market St.

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The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

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We have an interesting little booklet, entitled "How to Gain and Preserve Your Health," which will be sent on application.

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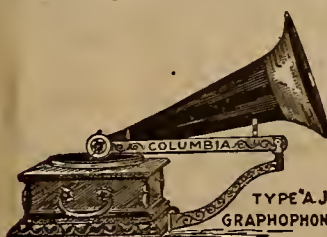
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are in Paris, making a stay of some months.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Ruth Allen have arrived in New York. They expect to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley have taken the Weed place, on Sacramento Street, for the winter.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from her visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Hopkins were in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and family, including Mr. and Mrs. Bovet, came up from their San Mateo villa for the holidays, and are occupying their city residence, 1830 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Silas Casey and Miss Casey have gone from Santa Barbara to Coronado, where they will remain with Rear-Admiral Casey until the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt have joined Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, of San Anselmo, has been the guest of Mrs. George C. Boardman for a fortnight.

Mrs. William Stuart Beede, of Stockton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Louis Aldrich, at her residence on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour were in New York during the week.

Miss Marie Voorhies leaves this week for Washington, D. C., where she will visit her sister, Mrs. James Malcolm Henry.

Mr. Allan Wallace, whose marriage to Miss Fanny Loughborough takes place on Tuesday, has arrived from the East.

Mrs. John de Ruyter has returned from Europe and is occupying her new house on the corner of Fillmore and Vallejo Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Speiker and Miss Georgie Speiker sailed for Japan on the Occidental and Oriental steamship City of Peking on Saturday last. They expect to make an extended tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Townsend, who have been traveling in Asiatic countries for the last two years, will spend the holidays in Japan. They have recently been visiting Java and Siam.

Miss Kate Clark and Miss Elsie Clark are the guests of Miss Elita Redding at Menlo Park.

Miss Eleanor Bohen is spending the winter in New York as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Case Edwards, of "Riverside Drive."

Mrs. Philip Caduc, who has returned from Southern California, is a guest at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mrs. S. L. Bee, who has been spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Bee, in their new residence at Cupertino, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Miss Gale, and Mr. Lowell Otus Reese were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter has given up her house on California Street, and is residing with her daughter, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have been visiting friends in Philadelphia during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates were in Sacramento for the holidays.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George McNear, in Oakland.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Miss Maud Dowling, and Mr. R. L. Harter, of Marysville, Mr. L. Hachroff, Mr. L. White, and Mr. H. A. Burnside, of Berkeley, Mrs. A. B. Burgess, Miss J. Roseburg, Miss F. Julia, Miss Ida Carson, Mr. F. Molloy, Mr. E. F. Slavin, Mr. P. J. Kapker, Mr. L. A. Lewis, and Mr. L. M. Hancock.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fowler, of Valparaiso, Chile, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ross, of Hakalan, H. I., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill, of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. James Stute, of Portland, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Miss Wheeler, and Mr. Benjamin W. Wheeler, of Berkeley, Mr. S. Parkhurst, of Butte, Mr. Milton D. Grost, of Salt Lake City, Mr. W. E. Hawley, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. D. Grubb, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, Miss Johnson, and Mrs. Mary H. Smyth.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., is at Coronado with the flagship *New York*, where the Pacific fleet maneuvers are to be held. Rear-Admiral Casey is soon to be placed on waiting orders, and will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., as head of the Pacific squadron.

Major Edward E. Hardin, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., who has been East on a leave of absence, has been detailed on the board of officers, which is to meet at Governor's Island, New York, on the fifth of January, to examine candidates from civil life for commissions as second lieutenants.

Captain Uriel Sebec, U. S. N., commandant of the United States naval station at Pago-Pago, Samoa, arrived here on Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* on a month's leave of absence. He expects to make a brief trip East before returning to Samoa. Lieutenant-Commander Henry Minett, U. S. N., is temporarily in command of the station at Pago-Pago.

Mrs. Browne, widow of Surgeon-General J. M. Browne, U. S. N., who resides in Washington, D. C., is coming to spend the remainder of the winter and early spring with relatives in California.

Colonel John E. Greer, U. S. A., is the new commanding officer at the arsenal in Benicia. Colonel and Mrs. Greer and their two daughters will be welcome additions to that post.

Major James S. Pettit, U. S. A., who has been passing his leave of absence in San

Francisco, where he was formerly on duty for several years, has been ordered to San Antonio as inspector-general of the Department of Texas.

Captain Evan M. Johnson, U. S. A., has assumed his duties as quartermaster of the Nineteenth Infantry.

Lieutenant Eldred Dudley Warfield, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived in town en route to the Philippines, after a visit to his home in Maryland.

The officers of the monitor *Wyoming*, which went into commission recently at the Mare Island Navy Yard, are Commander Vincendon L. Cottman, commanding; Lieutenant-Commander Thomas D. Griffin, executive officer; Lieutenant William G. Miller, navigator; Lieutenant William W. Bush, chief engineer; Passed Assistant Surgeon Arthur W. Dunbar, Assistant Paymaster H. F. de Moll, Gunner George G. Neuman, Carpenter William Boone.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Isaiah W. Lees has been filed for probate. The document, which was made December 9, 1902, a few days prior to the death of the veteran police officer, provides that an estate worth \$11,692 be divided equally between his two children, F. W. Lees and Ella M. Leigh, who are named as executors, to serve without bonds. Captain Lees disposed of most of his estate by deed on the day that he made his will, the properties involved being the Lees residence near the corner of Jones and Pine Streets, property on City Hall Avenue, Howard, and Main Streets, Webster and Filbert Streets, Hayes and Scott Streets, and at Central Avenue and Grove Street. In addition to these there are seven lots in block 29 of the Fairmount tract and thirty lots, Gift Maps Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The greater portion of the estate is improved, and is valued at between \$250,000 and \$300,000.

The will of the late George W. Prescott, dated May 24, 1900, has been filed for probate. The entire estate, valued at nearly \$1,000,000, is left to Mrs. Nellie Prescott, his widow, with the exception of \$30,000 in small legacies. To his nephew, Howard Prescott, the deceased left \$5,000; to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Prescott, he left \$5,000; and to Mrs. Hattie Marthew he left \$20,000. Mrs. Prescott is named as executrix without bonds, but in case of her death George Fredericks and Reuben Lloyd are asked to serve.

The will of the late Philip Caduc, who died on December 21st, has been filed for probate. Mr. Caduc was once wealthy, and at his death it was supposed that he still had considerable property, but the petition states that his entire estate is personal and valued at but \$4,000. Mrs. Mary Caduc inherits the whole amount in trust.

On a visit to Mount Tamalpais, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, wrote the following: "There is no place that I know of in the world which offers, with like convenience, so much of delight to the tourist and wanderer as this mountain top, with its easy approach, its excellent inn, and its superb soul-inspiring outlook over the works and opportunities of man and the glories of nature."

Admiral Cervera, who was commander-in-chief of the Spanish navy during the late war between Spain and the United States, and was in command of the fleet bottled up in Santiago harbor, and taken prisoner as a result of the famous engagement off that port in July, 1898, seems to be in royal favor again. He is just been appointed to the post of chief of staff of the Spanish navy.

Clarence Otis Kelton, son of Mrs. Josephine Harvey, and the late John H. Kelton, and stepson of the late Luther R. Harvey, U. S. N., died in this city on December 26, 1902, at the age of thirty-four.

Japanese Silverware.

A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street, shows most exquisitely carved Silver Tea Sets, Trays, Jewel Boxes, etc.

— "KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS. NEW FALL styles—derbys, softs, and silks—just arrived. Sole agent; Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market St.

— IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT "ALL WHISKY IS good." But "Jesse Moore" is better than others. Found at all first-class places.

The FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE Moët & Chandon "WHITE SEAL" DRY, DELICATE, DELICIOUS.

Used by the President of the United States at the banquet to H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia.
Used by His Majesty King Edward VII of England at the coronation banquet.
Used by His Majesty the Emperor of Germany on his yacht, the "Hohen-zollern," at the banquet given to the President of the United States.
Used by the President of France at the dinner given in honor of the unveiling of the Rochambeau Statue.

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NEW CLASS

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Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

TO LET.

A completely furnished modern upper flat, on Steiner near California Street, of six rooms and bath. Sun all day. Good library and Aolian Grand Organ, with music. Comp. tent girl. Will lease for six or eight months to a responsible couple only. Rent \$50. Gas extra. Inquire of Geo. H. Kahn, Optician, 201 Kearny Street, corner Sutter.

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216 California St. Phone Main 1032

Dividend Notices.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONTGOMERY STREET, Mills Building.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1902, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1903. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, Dec. 29, 1902. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1-8) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1902, free from all taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1903. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner of Webb.—For the half-year ending with the thirty-first of December, 1902, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1903. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 326 California Street.—For the half-year ending with December 31, 1902, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1-8) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1903. GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1902, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after January 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1902, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1903. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco,

Has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1902, a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum on monthly payment stock, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 5 per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes.
HON. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 21, 1902.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Bend, Suisun, Elmhurst and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Marysville	7:55 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Orland, Colusa	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 A.
8:00 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25 P.
8:00 A.	Niles, Stockton, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:45 P.
8:30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55 P.
8:30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Yuba, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo	12:25 P.
9:00 A.	Crescent City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans	11:35 A.
9:30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	8:55 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25 P.
11:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamer	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Bend, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, Colusa, Corning, Tehama	10:55 A.
3:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Los Angeles	4:25 P.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55 A.
4:30 P.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanger for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles. (Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train)	8:55 A.
6:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno	10:25 A.
6:00 P.	Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno	12:25 P.
6:30 P.	Niles, San Jose Local	10:55 A.
6:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10:55 A.
6:30 P.	Vallejo	11:25 A.
6:00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago	4:25 P.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez—Westbound	8:25 A.
7:00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	7:55 P.
8:05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55 A.
19:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	11:55 A.

COAST LINE (Broadway)

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 21, 1902.	ARRIVE
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50 P.
12:16 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	8:50 A.
9:30 P.	Hunter's Train—Saturday only	10:50 A.
	Leaves Los Gatos 4:55 P. Sunday	7:20 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
17:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway
18:05 10:00 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broadway)

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 21, 1902.	ARRIVE
6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	3:35 P.
7:00 A.	New Almaden	7:35 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10:45 P.
8:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 P.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00 P.
2:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P.
3:00 P.	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and Principal Stations	12:15 P.
13:30 P.	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mountain View, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:35 A.
4:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:00 A.
16:00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	19:00 A.
15:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18:00 A.
16:15 P.	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:45 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:35 A.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited, Eastbound San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Delmon, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	8:25 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19:45 P.
11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	19:45 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

- × Saturday and Sunday only.
- × Stops at all stations on Sunday.
- 1 Sunday excepted. 1 Sunday only.
- 1 Saturday only.
- 1 Connects at Goshen Jc. with train for Hanford.
- 1 At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.
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- 1 Daily except Saturday.
- 1 Via San Joaquin Valley.

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Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tenant—"I came to inform you, sir, that my cellar is full of water." Landlord—"Well, what of it? You surely did not expect a cellar full of champagne for ten dollars a month, did you?"—Baltimore American.

"Dis is certainly fine, bracin' weather," remarked Weary Raggles to Tired Tatters. "Yes," replied Tatters; "I braced six men for a dime dis mornin' an' on'y got one refusal."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Old customs in new dress: Miss de Style—"She received a great many calls New Year's Day." Miss Gunbusta—"Very popular, I presume." Miss de Style—"Oh, no; she works a switch-board in a telephone office."—Ex.

Summed up: The widow—"I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding." Applicant—"You're looking for a husband, ma'am."—New York Life.

A natural question: "Have you any two-cent stamps?" inquired the victim, after paying his bill at the Bong Tong Hotel. "I think so," replied the clerk. "How many do you want?" "How much are they apiece?"—Philadelphia Press.

First explorer—"We are in terrible straits. The supply of champagne is reduced to thirteen cases, the cigars are nearly gone, and the mineralogist is half dead with gout." "Cheer up, old man, the third relief party is due this month."—Life.

Barnes—"Charley appeared to be willing to acknowledge that he was in the wrong. He said he was quite aware of his shortcomings." Shadd—"Isn't that just like Charley? Always bragging about what he knows!"—Boston Transcript.

She—"He didn't succeed in convincing her, after all his argument." He—"No; he merely made her mad." But his explanation was clear. "Yes; and that's where he made his mistake. He told her he was as plain as the nose on her face."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Eva—"So your youngest son is called 'Eggnog.' That's a funny name for a boy." Aunt Hannah—"Well, yo' see, missis, de cullud woman next doah named her twins 'Tom and Jerry,' an' I didn't want to be outdone."—Chicago Daily News.

A testimonial: MME. YALE: The other day I accidentally dropped a pickle into some of your famous face wash, and when I fished it out with a hair-pin much to my surprise I found the wrinkles and warts all eradicated. Yours, MISS VERA SYMPLE.—Ex.

Very unromantic: "They had one of the strangest marriages recorded for a long time." "In what respect?" "In every respect. Why, both parents on both sides were present, there was nothing sudden or secret about it, and their own clergyman performed the ceremony."—Judge.

The lesser evil: "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will never conceal it from me when you bet on a horse race." "Won't you be angry if I lose?" "Not as angry as I would be if you were to win and not let me know about it."—Washington Evening Star.

Convinced: "Do you read Dickens?" "No," said Mrs. Cumrox, rather loftily. "Perhaps you are one of those who do not regard him as representing the best literature?" "I am. I have seen his books offered for sale as cheap as twenty-five cents a copy."—Washington Star.

Wished to be prepared: "I'm hungry, sir," said the beggar; "won't you give me enough to get a meal?" "Here, my good man," said Mr. Pompus, "here's a penny for you." "Oh, thank you, sir. By the way, have you got a peepsin tablet about you? I always get dyspepsia when I over-eat myself."—Tit-Bits.

Selected names: First matinee girl—"That woman looks like an actress. Do you know what her name is?" Second matinee girl—"She was a Miss Ethel Johnson before she married George Billings, whose stage name is Alfred de Vere, but she is known professionally as Euphemia Frothingham."—Brooklyn Life.

Feminine progression: "First she wondered if any man was really worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which man was the most worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which of several worthy men she had refused would come back to her." "Yes." "And then she began to wonder what man she could get."—Tit-Bits.

"To prove that I love you," wrote a Georgia swain to his sweetheart, "I'm about to drink carbolio acid for you, an' carbolio acid is the most painfulllest of drinks!" To which the young woman replied briefly and with sympathy: "Ef you haint already done dranked it, an' your mind is made up, why don't you come up to the house an' let dad's mule kick you? It's more sudden, an' what's more, you'd never know it."—Atlanta Constitution.

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Tourist (in South America)—"You certainly do have a great many insurrections." Native—"Yes; our insurrections are as frequent as your strikes; but, fortunately, not so serious."—Puck.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

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An ideal train for those who seek the best

Trains Leave Market Street Ferry Depot

	Local Daily	Lim'd Daily	Local Daily	Overl'd Daily
Lv. San Francisco	8:00 a	9:30 a	4:20 p	8:00 p
Ar. Stockton	11:10 a	12:08 p	7:30 p	11:15 p
" Merced	7:45 p	1:40 p	1:28 a
" Fresno	3:20 p	3:00 p	3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	3:51 p	5:00 a
" Visalia	4:48 p	5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p	7:35 a
" Kansas City	2:31 a	8:02 a
" Chicago	2:15 p	8:47 p

a for morning. p for afternoon.

8:00 a m daily is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7:30 a m daily.

9:30 a m daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 p m daily.

4:20 p m is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

Offices—641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

California Northwestern Railway Co. LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a m; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 6:25 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 9:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p m; Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a m; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p m.

Leave San Francisco	In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days	Sun. days	Week Days
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Ignacio and Novato.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	10:40 a m 8:40 a m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m	6:05 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	10:40 a m 8:40 a m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m	6:05 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	5:00 p m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.
3:30 p m	8:00 a m	7:35 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	7:35 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Willits
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	7:35 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	7:35 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma
5:10 p m	5:00 p m	9:10 a m 8:40 a m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Glen Ellen.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	6:05 p m 6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sebastopol.
3:30 p m	5:00 p m	10:40 a m 8:40 a m

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Week Days	Sun. days	Week Days
9:30 A.	8:00 A.	12:15 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	1:15 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.
.....	11:30 A.	4:50 P.
.....	1:30 P.	5:50 P.
.....	2:30 P.	8:15 P.

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That Lord Curzon, the chief representative in India of Lord Curzon "a nation of shopkeepers," should seize upon so important an occasion as the Durbar to urge the native princes not to buy ugly British furniture, but to encourage their own native craftsmen, seems a curiously unselfish and unshopkeeperlike act. Nor was it any compliment to British artistic taste to hint that British factories produced articles not good enough for Britain's dusky Asian subjects. But however vehemently Tottenham Road furniture-makers may protest, however heatedly stiff-necked Britons may write letters to the *Times*, the rest of the world of unwrapping withers—at least that part of

it which cares something for art—will surely applaud Lord Curzon's sentiments with vigor.

Only a few paraphrased paragraphs of the viceroy's speech were cabled, but they suffice to prove it a remarkable one. After noting the decadence of India's ancient arts, and urging native craftsmen to study and seek inspiration from the splendid and venerable specimens of handiwork in the exhibition then opening, the viceroy went on to point out that manual industries throughout the world are succumbing to the machine. In England they are in utter eclipse, in China and Japan they are decaying. The modern world wants things cheap, he said, and does not mind their being ugly; it cares much for comfort, little for grace; it seeks the *bizarre*, not the beautiful. India's matchless arts can never be revived, so long as India's princes prefer flaming Brussels carpets, cheap British furniture, Italian mosaics, French oleographs, Austrian lustres, and German brocades.

Lord Curzon's dictum that the hand-made has been almost replaced by the product of the tireless machine can scarcely be gainsaid. Our furniture, each piece once the product of an artisan who designed it, built it, and carved it in a manner original and individual, is now the product of machines which turn out parts for a thousand pieces all ready to be stuck together, requiring for completion only a gluer, not a craftsman. Our rugs and carpets, once, like furniture, the product of numberless individual weavers, each with unlimited scope for expression of original ideas in design or method, are now produced by machines, plus a few designers, plus a large body of workers whose task is solely mechanical, automatic, and unprogressive. So with book-printing and book-binding. So in a degree with the ceramic arts. So with weaving of all kinds. So with iron, copper, and brass work, intended for household decoration and use. So with lace. So with leather work. The thing that requires for its production individual thought, slow and careful hand work, is dear. That which the machine produces in thousand lots is cheap. Therefore the modern world, caring little for beauty (as Lord Curzon declared), has chosen that which is cheap, common, probably ugly, rather than that which is dear, uncommon and individual, probably possessing elements of beauty.

That civilization is a gainer by the substitution of the machine-made for the hand-made in things susceptible of artistic treatment, is held to be doubtful. The man whose duties are to feed things into a hopper, or to pull them out at the other end, can have no pride in his work, no glow of satisfaction in achievement. No demand is made upon latent powers, either in mind or hand. The nearer he can approach to an absolutely automatic performance of his task the more efficient is he. Industrially he is upon the level of the beast in the treadmill. The sculptor who sees his thought taking imperishable form beneath his hand is not demanding an eight-hour day. The painter's ear is not attuned to the six-o'clock signal to stop work. And as with the artist, so with the artisan—the master craftsman. Fired by pride in work which is the product of hand, heart, and head, which is honest, as beautiful as he can make it, and individual, his chief concern is no longer shorter hours, or even the forcing of a higher wage. Indeed, the craftsman of olden time was his own employer, and had the public for patron. But he has disappeared. In the place of a thousand of his kind is the factory. And surely the factory-hand is a poor return to civilization for the loss of the artisan.

This line of thought and argument may be familiar to many, if not to most. For in the past three or four years there has developed in the United States a small but very vociferous artistic school, whose cry is "Back to handicraft!" They have promulgated their ideas with vigor. Little shops have sprung up in every city,

where men and women—the latter predominant—have endeavored to produce, in competition with the machine, most articles that are susceptible of artistic treatment. Here is one shop whose output is furniture, designed, constructed, carved, polished, by a single person; a second shop turns out pottery, each piece of different form, modeled with tools as a sculptor models, without the use even of the potter's wheel; a third artisan is a coppersmith, a fourth a leather worker, a fifth binds books, each after original designs. The native literature of the arts and crafts movement grows apace. *Handicraft*, the monthly organ of the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, seems to prosper, and includes among its editors so distinguished a name as that of Charles Eliot Norton. The *Craftsman*, "published in the interests of art and labor," and now a little over a year old, increases in size monthly, and now runs to sixty pages. There is another arts and crafts magazine, we believe, in Chicago, and then there is the *Philistine*.

Viewed in the light of achievement the handicraft revival is, of course, insignificant. Even so enthusiastic a partisan as Charles Barnard estimates the number of what might be called "class-conscious" independent artisans at only two hundred in the country. Nor has the product been above criticism. Some of it, indeed, has been very weird stuff. The "artistic" furniture-makers are obsessed by the idea that that which is mediæval is necessarily beautiful; that right angles are the *sine qua non* of beauty; that without "weathered" oak there can be no art. The sculptor-potters, in their search for novel and unusual shapes, have produced pitchers that will not pour, and vases that stand only with difficulty. The book-binders, likewise, following Morris's one-sided worship of English mediævalism have, some of them, gone far astray. But despite these things, the indications seem to be that the arts and crafts movement has by no means reached its height, either in the United States or abroad. Though insignificant now, this renaissance has large potential possibilities, and it may be that Lord Curzon's indictment of the modern world for its contentment with cheap and ugly things, will become untrue. Between the hand-made and the machine-made there is irrepressible conflict.

The public is again indebted to the Chicago *Tribune* for a timely list of general statistics gleaned from the happenings of 1902. Among them are crimes of violence, which embrace murders, suicides, and lynchings. The figures, being compiled from the daily press, are not official, and probably not complete, since a number of occurrences in each class may easily have been missed. Sufficient, however, has been gathered to make an examination of it interesting.

The number of murders during the twelvemonth indicates a recurrence of the wave of homicidal tendencies which was prominent in the statistics between 1894 and 1897, and which receded after the latter year. There were nearly 1,000 more murders in 1902 than in 1901, when the number recorded was 7,852.

Last year there were also 1,000 more suicides than in the previous year, when 7,245 were reported. The pistol and the poison routes were chosen by two-thirds of those who sought a path to self-destruction, and carbolic acid was the favorite poison. Despondency, based on disappointment in love or domestic unhappiness, was the cause generally assigned. Only 67 suicides were ascribed to failures in business. It has generally been conceded by statisticians that the proportion of suicides as to sex is about four males to one female. Last year the figures formed a strong contrast with previous records. Three times as many women committed suicide as in 1901. The figures given are 5,022 males,

3,099 females. Lynchings show some sign of decreasing in number. In the Southern States there were 17 more legal executions and 21 less lynchings than in 1901. It is to be presumed that many of the negroes lawfully executed last year would have been lynched a few years ago in preference. The whole number of executions in 1902 were 144 as against 118 in the previous year, showing that punishment is keeping up with the increase in murders. Of the whole number of men hanged 88 were negroes.

Colonel Arthur Lynch, a member of the British Parliament for Galway, was arrested six months ago when he was on his way to take his seat in the House of Commons, and has been confined in prison ever since. He has now been indicted for high treason by a special grand jury of Middlesex, and will be called upon to plead to the indictment this month. The charge against Colonel Lynch is that he actively assisted the sovereign's enemies by joining the army of the South African Republic during the late war, and commanded the so-called Irish Brigade, which was a part of the forces of the Boers. Trials for high treason have not been common in England for many years, and for that reason, among others, this one will excite unusual attention. The proceedings will be regulated by many old statutes. The defendant can not be bailed except by order of the secretary of state for the home department. The trial will take place in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Counsel will be assigned for him if he has none, and witnesses will be summoned for him as those for the crown are summoned. Unless Colonel Lynch confesses in open court, two witnesses to the same overt act will be necessary to convict him. If convicted, he may be hanged, beheaded, or punished in a lesser degree. Beheading is now most repugnant to English people, and is therefore not likely. The last who suffered death by the axe as traitors were beheaded in 1820. Since then, hanging has been made permissible.

In receiving the bill of indictment from the grand jury, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone alluded to the fact that it has been sixty-two years since a similar charge was considered by a grand jury. He referred to the case of John Frost, a magistrate of Monmouthshire, who "levied war" against Queen Victoria in 1839 during the Chartist excitement. Frost entered the town of Newhart at the head of nearly ten thousand Chartists, who attacked the hotel where the magistrates had assembled, and fired upon the officials, wounding several. A small detachment of soldiers fired upon the mob, killing twenty Chartists and wounding a number. Frost and some others were arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason. By the barbarous law of the Middle Ages, each prisoner was amenable to the punishment of being "drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck, but not until dead, then to be let down while still alive, and his bowels taken out before his eyes; his head then to be struck off and his body cut into four pieces." In short, to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered." This programme was not carried out. Instead, the convicts were sent to Australia for life, where they remained until 1856. Amnesty was granted them in that year, and those who had survived, including Frost, returned to England. Mr. Frost died in 1877, at the age of ninety-seven years.

Will prosperity continue? That is the question with which industry in the United States faces a new year after a twelvemonth of prosperity unparalleled—a twelvemonth in which practically every branch of business and manufacture showed an increase over any previous year; when business failures—in spite of thousands of new enterprises—amounted to only eight-tenths of one per cent.; when the railroads could not carry the products of farm and factory so great was its volume; when wages were increased as well as prices; when the home demand for materials was so "insatiable" (as *Bradstreet's* puts it) that the volume of exports for a time was checked, while producers labored to supply the unprecedented needs for domestic use and internal development.

Will prosperity continue? Cautious answers to the question have been given by the majority of the daily papers of the United States. In the January 1st issue many of them present the views of local business men of prominence. The *New York Evening Post* perhaps has collected the largest amount of such data. In a fifteen-page supplement it presents extended reviews of the situation from financial correspondents in Paris, London, Berlin, Thorold, Ont., Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Seattle, and gives besides answers to a series of questions sent to bankers, financiers, and professors of economics throughout the country. "We think," says the *Post* in its editorial summary, "that the reader of our financial reviews will rise from his survey of the situation with a feeling of optimism." The *Post*, however, points out that in these articles there is perceptible one "note of uncertainty"—"doubt over the manner in which American industry has been exploited by American capital." Still, it is held that in general our prosperity "rests upon realities," and while "the penalty which follows recklessness in the use of capital may not even yet have been fully visited upon that part of the community guilty of such excesses," yet "such an inevitable reckoning . . . will but develop in clear light the real resources of American industry and finance." The conclusions of the *Post* are confirmed on all sides. The *New York Times* thinks that "the conditions now existing and the forces now operative promise to carry us prosperously through the greater part of the year." The *Tribune*, speaking broadly of affairs industrial and social, says that "where men faced the first day of 1902 with anxiety and misgivings, or at best with feeble hope, they face the opening of 1903 with confidence and exultation." The *Herald*, taking a more sober view of speculation, declares that there has been "too much borrowing, and credit is so seriously inflated that a shock of any kind which would cause a sudden demand for the redemption of these credits might have unfortunate consequences." In general, however, the tone of comment the country over is such that an answer to the question, Will prosperity continue? if based upon it, would be in the affirmative.

Through circulars addressed to its stockholders and workmen, and signed by George W. Perkins, chairman, the United States Steel Corporation has announced a plan of profit-sharing with its employees. The objects are to interest the men in the work of the corporation; to gain their assistance in reducing expenses and the cost of manufacture; to induce them to remain permanently in the service; and to harmonize and systematize the workings of the subsidiary companies with the parent corporation. The plan is two-fold. It provides 25,000 shares of the preferred stock, which may be purchased by employees at \$2.50 per share, the present price being \$85. In this the lower grade of employees are most favored, those earning \$800 a year or less being allowed to purchase an amount each year equal to 20 per cent. of their salaries, while those of higher grade are permitted to obtain a lesser proportion. It also provides for an unreserved distribution of a proportion of the profits among employees of the subsidiary companies who occupy places of management. The amount set aside each year for this purpose is to be gauged by the annual earnings. If \$80,000,000 is earned this year, \$800,000 will be set aside, one-half to be distributed in cash quarterly, and the other half to be invested for the employees in preferred stock at the end of the year. Such stock will be delivered under certain provisions. If the employee remain continuously in service for five years, he will receive the stock absolutely. If he is disabled or dies, it will be delivered to him or to his estate. He may draw dividends on the stock held for his account in the meantime while remaining in the employ of the corporation, or of one of the allied companies.

Profit-sharing has long appealed to many minds as a possible solution of the disagreement between labor and capital. It has not heretofore been so successful as to tempt the larger enterprises to put it in operation. The idea seems to be growing, however. The Republic Iron and Steel Company of Pittsburgh have notified the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers that a plan for making the workmen stockholders will be presented for their consideration at their next convention. The workers, if they accept, will have representation in the directorate.

Which, out of all the multitudinous events of 1902, will historians twenty years hence consider important? Perhaps social movements, now little noticed, will make the year memorable. Perhaps that which to-day looms large will twenty years hence seem insignificant. But whatever the sieve of time retains of the happenings of the past year, those that now seem significant are many. The twelvemonth has seen the end of the Boer war and of the Philippine insurrection. The American troops were withdrawn from Cuba. The Hague court tried its first case. The friendship of Germany and the United States was strengthened by the visit of Prince Henry, only to be given a severe strain by the violence of Anglo-German action against Venezuela. The Russo-Franco alliance has been strengthened, and England has allied herself with Japan. A national irrigation bill was passed by Congress, as also the Isthmian canal measure. The coronation of King Edward the Seventh took place in England, France has seen a change of presidents, and in Spain Alfonso the Thirteenth has come to the throne. In Europe there has been depression in business; in the United States great prosperity. We have seen, however, a great coal strike, ended by the intervention of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. For the first time wireless telegraph messages have been sent across the Atlantic. The volcanic and earthquake disasters on Martinique and in other places all over the world, during the year have had no parallel in human history. The necrology of 1902 includes Cecil Rhodes, Rudolf Virchow, Admiral Sampson, John W. Mackay, Bret Harte, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, and Emile Zola.

The Methodist Church of America, not long ago, decided to commemorate the beginning of a new century in a most practical manner. It was proposed to raise a twentieth century thank-offering fund of one million dollars for each century of the Christian era. The Methodists are generally not recruited from the millionaire class, and the project to raise twenty millions of dollars, in addition to the regular contributions for the support of the church, was certainly a courageous one. With the beginning of the new year it is announced that success has crowned their efforts. The contributions reached the nineteen million mark in sums of various size, and then it was announced that one wealthy contributor had come forward and agreed to give enough to complete the full sum. Of the fund thus raised, \$8,000,000 will be devoted to the payment of church indebtedness, and it is predicted that not one Methodist church will remain in debt after this sum has been expended. Another fund of \$1,500,000 is to be set apart for the support of aged and infirm ministers. The remainder is to be used for missionary and educational purposes. In the face of this accomplishment it is idle to say that, among the Methodists at any rate, religious enthusiasm is dying out.

The general expansion of industry in the country is reflected in the statistics of railway construction not less than in the other forms of business enterprise. The *Railway Gazette* presents a statement of the steam railway construction of last year, which proves that the great expansion of electric systems has not yet affected the development of steam railways. One reason for this is the fact that the field of steam-railway expansion is in the West and the South, while the greatest activity in the building of electric railways, up to the present time, has been in the Eastern States. Electric enterprises have already invaded the West, however, and it will not be long before their influence is felt by the steam lines. Some of the figures presented by the *Railway Gazette* are interesting. Oklahoma, for instance, stands at the head of the list in railway building, with a mileage of 570, while Indian Territory, from which the railroads were excluded only a few years ago, is fourth, with 363 miles. Running down the head of the list of States, Texas has 406 miles, Arkansas 371, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and New Mexico 200 miles each. In New York, where the electric competition is active, only 63 miles of railway were built. The total mileage for the year was 6,026, against 5,368 for the year before, and 4,894 for 1900. There is now nearly 200,000 miles of railway in the country operated by steam, which is nearly six times the mileage at the close of the Civil War.

The California legislature met for its thirty-fifth session at Sacramento on Monday. Organization of both houses was effected the first day, the assembly electing Arthur G. Fisk for speaker, Clio Lloyd chief clerk, and John T. Stafford sergeant-at-arms. The senate elected Thomas Flint, Jr., president *pro tem*, Frank J. Brandon secretary, J. Louis Martin sergeant-at-arms, and Rev. C. L. Miel chaplain. On Tuesday, the message of Governor Gage was transmitted to the legislature, and ordered printed, without reading, by senate and assembly. A list of appointments for confirmation were also submitted by the retiring governor, but were not acted upon. In the assembly, Rev. J. V. Stephenson was elected chaplain, A. A. Woods as minute clerk, and I. Wertheimer as hook-keeper to the sergeant-at-arms. Eighty clerks, messengers, and other assistants were confirmed in appointment at salaries ranging from \$2.50 to \$6.00 *per diem*. On Wednesday, the inauguration of Governor Pardee took place with impressive ceremonies, including a procession of State militia companies. The senate on Wednesday also confirmed the appointment of one hundred and eighty-four persons who will perform various duties in connection with the session. The total salaries are supposed to amount to \$20 for each senator. Wednesday evening, a caucus of members of both houses practically rendered certain the reelection of George C. Perkins as United States Senator, the caucus vote standing 68 to 1, 68 being over a majority of the legislature. A noteworthy feature of the proceedings of the first few days was the failure of the legislature to confirm the appointments of the retiring governor. It is asserted that Governor Pardee has the power to withdraw the list and appoint other persons. The *Chronicle* urges him to do so, alleging that a majority of the men named are unfit, and that it is only following a proper precedent set by Gage.

The valedictory message of Gage, and the inaugural address of Governor Pardee, are both voluminous and important. The message makes recommendations for constitutional amendments and changes in the laws. It explains and defends several vetoes, gives a list of pardons, and devotes eight thousand words to discussion of the alleged hubonic plague, arriving at the "true conclusion that no case of hubonic plague has been found to exist in San Francisco, or elsewhere in the State." Governor Pardee's inaugural opens with mention of prosperous conditions, goes on to deplore the division of our people into classes representing "capital" and "labor," warns against hasty legislation affecting the writ of injunction, and then proceeds to perhaps the most important part of the address, the discussion of agriculture and mining in their relation to the forests, water supply, and irrigation. The governor notes with alarm the passing of title of forested lands from the government to private parties, points out the dangers of denudation which may follow, and suggests that the legislature address Congress by resolution on the subject. He also recommends legislation looking toward protection of forests from fire, and the revision of irrigation laws. Turning to consideration of the public-school system, he warns against excessive appropriations to carry out the high-school constitutional amendment recently passed, but asks for liberal support of the State University. Hospitals and prisons receive attention, proper support of the national guard is asked for, changes in the present ballot law are considered wise, proper provision for St. Louis and Portland expositions is suggested, and recommendations made looking toward relief for the supreme court, and for civil-service extension.

The two other subjects discussed are both of great importance. The first is San Francisco harbor improvements, regarding which Governor Pardee recommends such improvements as are necessary to bring wharfage facilities thoroughly up to date, even if it is necessary to borrow money upon bonds for the purpose. The second is the tax levy. The

A TRIAL FOR
HIGH TREASON
IN ENGLAND.

PROFIT-SHARING
TO BE TRIED
ON A BIG SCALE.

A FEW
MEMORABLE
EVENTS OF 1902.

WILL
PROSPERITY
CONTINUE?

A FORTUNE
DEDICATED TO
CHURCH WORK.

executive points out that, owing to the policy of the preceding administration in "reducing revenues more than it reduced expenditures," the tax levies for the forty-fifth and forty-sixth fiscal years must inevitably and reasonably be higher than for the forty-fourth. Following this is a general and luminous discussion of the injustice of California's system of taxation, whereby real property pays a disproportionate share of taxes. Finally, Governor Pardee appeals to the legislators, as public servants, to devote their energies to the public's business, and not to engage in petty party rivalries.

The labor problem in the Hawaiian Islands is one pressing for solution. In the Philippines the question is equally acute. The exclusion of Asiatic labor, upon which these new tropical possessions have heretofore depended, is necessary, and some substitute, say the planters, must be found. In the Southern States of this country the negro problem is equally pressing. In the one case the difficulty arises from deficiency, in the other from excess. It is T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age, who has called attention to the connection between these two conditions. He is an able negro journalist, and was appointed by President Roosevelt special commissioner to study labor conditions in the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. He points out the fact that in this country the lot of the negro is an unfortunate one, and his opportunities are limited. In the North he meets with prejudice, laborers refuse to work with him, he is boycotted and proscribed. In the South, he is a pariah; the educated and refined negro must ride in cars set apart for the lowest of his race when he travels; he is excluded from hotels, restaurants, and other public places; he is denied the equal protection of the laws. In the island possessions, on the other hand, there is no such prejudice to be combatted. In the Philippines there are few negroes to-day, and those who have gone there are doing well. The ablest and most successful teacher the government has sent out there is a negro who graduated from a Northern college. The negro is capable of working under the tropical sun and is familiar with the forms of agriculture in use there. He is able to do the work that the natives refuse to do. For these reasons, Mr. Fortune thinks that a portion of our surplus negro population should be assisted to go there.

The annual report of the imports of coal, the production of fuel oil, and the consumption of both kinds of fuel during the past year, prepared by J. W. Harrison, presents some interesting facts. The imports of coal show a shrinkage of 389,187 tons, which, at a conservative valuation of seven dollars a ton in cargo lots, represents \$2,724,309. This does not represent a shrinkage in the amount of fuel used in manufactures, however, it represents the extent to which oil has been substituted for coal. Not only has the oil replaced coal, but, as shown by the statistics of manufactures, it is being used in a number of new fields that were formerly unoccupied owing to the high price of coal. The consumption of oil represents an equivalent of 4,500 tons of coal a day, or 1,620,000 tons for the year, amounting, at seven dollars a ton, to \$11,340,000. The oil that was used cost, at 75 cents a barrel, \$4,860,000, representing a saving of more than \$6,000,000. By adding the imports of 1,445,598 tons of coal, and the coal equivalent of the oil used—1,620,000 tons—the fuel consumption of the State last year was 3,065,000 tons. Never before in the history of the State has the consumption reached 1,900,000 tons. The story told by these figures, therefore, is one of prosperity and expanding manufacturing enterprise.

There is probably no more difficult question in criminology, and certainly no more important one, than that of the proper handling of juvenile offenders. The present system by which they are herded with hardened and depraved criminals to learn their ways and emulate them, has no defenders. The civic department of the California Club has been studying the question. Two years ago they succeeded in persuading the judge of one of the departments of the police court in this city to give such cases a separate hearing. This mitigated the evil, but only slightly. Now a bill has been prepared by Judge Sloss for presentation to the legislature, providing for separate juvenile courts. Similar systems have been adopted in Eastern cities with marked success. The law proposed for this State is modeled after that in force in Illinois. In New York, the juvenile court has been in operation since last September. The court-room has been carefully arranged to exclude the gloomy atmosphere of the ordinary criminal courts. Children awaiting trial are placed in charge of the Gerry Society instead of being placed in prison. Each case is thoroughly investigated, and the judge makes such disposition of it as seems for the best interest of the child. Out of more than thirteen hundred prisoners tried, less than two hundred have been sent to institutions.

It will be fully one year before work is commenced on the new custom-house building in this city. This delay is caused primarily by the fact that the new post-office will not be ready for occupancy until that time. It is the intention, as soon as the post-office building is ready, to move the main post-office there and also the Federal courts. The customs offices will then be housed temporarily partly in the post-office building and partly in the offices made vacant in the appraiser's building, the more active commercial departments being placed in the latter. Until this is done, the old post-office building can not be torn down. The time will not be lost, however. Either this month or next architects will be invited to submit competitive plans for the new building, and the award will be made in May or June. This will give the successful architect abundance of time for preparing his working plans.

THE OPERA IN PARIS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

SPACIOUS
OPERA-
HOUSE.

On entering the Paris Grand Opera House, after having been in the shabby places Paris calls "theatres," one is always struck by the spaciousness and comfort which there prevail, even more than by the elegance and grandeur. For in most Paris theatres they squeeze you into little chairs, they crowd the narrow aisles with folding seats until the poor spectators are jammed together heads and tails like herrings. But at the Opera you have wide corridors, spacious foyers, numerous cloak-rooms, hordes of attendants, buffets on several floors, and gorgeous decorations. All of these material comforts put one into an excellent humor to enjoy the spectacle. There are those who cavil at the extreme gorgeousness of the decorations and call them tawdry; but this is hypercriticism—a play-house should be more gorgeous than a private house. Every night this temple of amusement is filled—not crowded but filled, for its nearly 2,200 seats are all the "places" that the office may sell. Its seats vary in price from \$3.40 to fifty cents; there is thus an average aggregate for each performance of something like 20,000 francs. Yet despite the enormous yearly earning of the Grand Opera, the state is obliged to make up a yearly deficit by means of a subsidy.

It might seem that I speak too much of the accessories of the Opera rather than of the opera itself—"the play's the thing"; but a man in a had humor from a wrangle with an old hag of an usher over his fee for a seat, his fee for the cloak-room, and his fee for a footstool for his companion, is not in a humor to enjoy anything. Such is the case in most of the Paris theatres. Not so in the Grand Opera. There the attendants are not permitted to be noisy nuisances, so one fees them with a good grace. There, too, the music is not subordinated to lesser things; the musicians are not stuck under the stage, sidetracked in the wings, or skied in the flies; they are given the best part of the orchestra, where they belong, and the leader's desk is in the centre of the "U" projecting into the parterre, so that the space occupied by the musicians under his baton is as large as the entire pit or parterre of many a small theatre.

The other night when we went to see "Don Juan," I counted 75 musicians in the orchestra. Nearly all of the instruments, by the way, were strings. Among them were 12 cellos, 8 bass viols, and 2 harps. One must admit that Mozart, with a few fiddles and viols, succeeded in producing memorable melodies and striking harmonies without the use of quite so much cymbal, trombone and horn as we hear nowadays. In some respects I consider the minuet and "La ci darem" superior to the "Florodora Sextet."

Apropos of musicians, in the festival scene in Don Juan's palace, when that wicked cavalier is wooing the innocent Zerlina under cover of music and minuet, there was a subsidiary orchestra on the stage of the Grand Opera, in two balconies, one on either hand; they were playing queer archaic instruments—the viol da gamba, the lute; perhaps the dulcimer and the recorder were among them; there were strange wood-winds and reeds; and there were some like distorted saxophones and oboes. The instrumentalists may have been dummies, but there certainly ran through the music certain strange and striking strains; whether they came from the genuine orchestra in front of us, or from the simulacrum on the stage, I can not say.

Gounod's treatment of musicians on the stage is different and unmistakable. Whenever I have heard "Faust" given without a "full brass band," I have felt a secret sense of injury. I always wanted to go out and demand my money back. But the Grand Opera's performance of "Faust" gave me no such feeling. When the soldiers marched in (under a lifted portcullis, over a gigantic drawbridge, attended by some 300 shouting men, women, and children), they were headed by a drum-corps—10 drummers with old-fashioned snare- and kettle-drums, behind which came a military band of 32 pieces, with quaint uniforms, and still quaint instruments. Seventy-five musicians in the orchestra and 42 on the stage—that makes 117, to which add the 300 chorus-singers and *figurants*, and a ballet-corps of 150. How is that for grand opera?

Still they did not make nearly so much noise as that Salvation Army band on Market Street when it is feeling good and pious.

One who has not seen the great stage of the Opera might wonder how there should be room for two balconies filled with musicians without hampering the actors. The stage is nearly 200 feet deep and in the ballet "Bacchus," now running, there is another stage erected at the back of the main stage; it rises some 20 feet from the floor, and is about 150 feet from the footlight row. Here, during the principal ballet, there gyrate some three-score maidens, who seem about sixteen or seventeen years old. These are pupils from the Conservatoire, learning their art and mystery; one way is by putting them at the back of the scene, where they may gaze at their more skilled sisters. It is an excellent idea. For these young maidens take their task very seriously, and look on ballet-dancing as the business of their lives. They all hope to be *prima ballerinas*, and some day to become famous and rich. Some will become so, and some will fall by the wayside, and when they are middle-aged—which, for a ballet-dancer, is about thirty—they will again be at the back of the stage, but not as beginners.

I am not of those who look on the ballet as lascivious. It has always to me been the expression of color, of rhythm, of music, of beauty, of life. It expresses more perfectly than any other human device the hackneyed phrase "poetry of motion." When I reflect on what the word "dancing," as used on the stage in the United States has come to mean for many

years, it makes me melancholy. It is a fact that for years there has not been a full ballet-corps in the United States. The nearest approach to it was at the Chicago Fair in 1893, where in the spectacle "America" there was an imperfect and mediocre ballet. I have known of no other since an Italian troupe went to the United States from the Eden Theatre about fifteen years ago. In our country stage dancing has come to mean "skirt dancing" and "high kicking" performed by splay-footed chippies whose Conservatoire was a Bowery sidewalk, their orchestra a barrel-organ, their orchestral conductor a Dago with a crank, and their ballet-master a monkey on a stick.

Apropos of the size of the Opera's vast stage, it may be added here that the Opera covers about three acres, and is the largest theatre in the world. But it must not be supposed that stage and auditorium cover three acres. In the vast building there are numerous adjuncts—the offices of the administration, the magnificent quarters of Director-in-Chief M. Gailhard, the skillful general who commands this army of artists, the stage director, the *administrateur*, the general secretary, the assistant secretary, the *chef de l'abonnement*, the archivist, the three orchestra leaders, the chorus-master, the ballet-master, and other officials. The library and museum occupy much space. When Sibyl Sanderson was winning her triumphs at the Grand Opera some nine years ago, she gave me a letter to the secretary, M. Georges Boyer, an agreeable and accomplished gentleman, who showed me over the great building. And a most interesting visit it was.

I always go to hear "Don Juan" when I can, but that is rarely, for nowadays it is rarely sung. In these days it is difficult for managers to cast the opera; there are plenty of emasculated tenors to be had, and any number of more or less shop-worn sopranos, but when it comes to a dramatic baritone and a buffo basso they are not easily to be found. Karl Formes, in his day, was a great Leporello, but he has had few successors; the great Don Juans have apparently had none at all. I have sometimes been foolish enough to think that one of the reasons why the old Italian school of opera is so sweepingly condemned is because there are no longer any people to sing the greater operas of that school. True, Mozart was not an Italian, but "Don Juan" is distinctly of the Italian school. Last winter it was quite a revelation to the younger generation in San Francisco when Grau's troupe essayed "Don Juan" and "Don Pasquale." They could not sing "Don Juan," it is true, but they could sing "Don Pasquale," and they did. Many of our younger opera-goers had never seen a buffo basso like old Tavecchia, who played Don Pasquale. His personation was redolent of humor, yet was most artistic and musicianly. As for Mme. Sembrich, she was a revelation to the younger ones in the audience. Most of them had never seen a woman on the opera stage who was an accomplished vocalist and at the same time could act. The archness, the *espièglerie*, the histrionic charm of Sembrich were to them operatic eye-openers. They had thought that a woman who sung through her rôle coldly and correctly, like the marble Melba or the statuesque Eames-Story, was the highest type of an operatic artist. But now they heard a woman sing from end to end of an exacting rôle with fire, with charm, yet with absolutely no appearance of effort; they saw her apparently unconscious of the conductor, yet following his baton as if by intuition; they saw that she was letter-perfect in her words; that she did not know the prompter was in his box; that she not only knew her notes perfectly, but wedded them indissolubly with both words and action. If they were vocalists themselves, they could see that she never attacked a difficult passage feebly, or left it without a large volume of residual air in her lungs; if they had studied breathing, they saw that she breathed not only easily, but diaphragmatically. In short, many of them for the first time had an opportunity to study the faultless technique, mental, spiritual, and physical, of the most exacting art the world knows, that of the finished, the artistic, the dramatic opera-singer. Yes, it was indeed a revelation to the younger generation of San Francisco.

There was another thing I noticed about the Paris audience, and that was its quietude and its attention. The opera began precisely at eight, and at that hour practically every one was seated. Paris is a large city, and the distances are great, yet the audiences at the Grand Opera finish their dressing, their barbering, their dining, and their driving thitherward in time to seat themselves before the curtain rises. Sometimes the hour is set at a quarter of eight, and they are there. This is seemly and as it should be. If no respect is due to the memory of the great composer or to the artists who are to interpret his work, some is due to the other people in the audience. Yet, in San Francisco during the opera season, our Four Hundred seem utterly unable to reach the opera-house before half-past eight. San Francisco has between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants, Paris about three millions; there is certainly less to do in San Francisco, socially and otherwise; yet our fatigued Four Hundred must be driven to death by the pressure of their "society duties," and their catalogue of dinners and teas must rival those of London, for they can not possibly get to the opera earlier than half an hour late. In they come, whispering, giggling, rustling, pouring nothings into each other's ears, disturbing quieter people, and banging seats, to the annoyance of those earlier than they. It would seem possible that they might rearrange their "social duties" so as to get to the opera in time during three or four weeks in the year.

The operas produced during the last fortnight at the Grand Opera have been "Don Juan," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Romeo and Juliet," "Les Barbares," "Salambô," and "Les Huguenots." Most of the operas produced at the "National Academy of Music" (for that is the official name of the Grand Opera) are standard ones, for new operas do not come

A PLEA
FOR THE
CHILDREN.

DANCING,
BALLET
AND "SKIRT."

BEFORE AND
BEHIND THE
CURTAIN.

day. But when they do, and they are the right stuff, they find a hospitable reception there. New ballets are not so rare as new operas. There has been produced during the last fortnight a new ballet entitled "Bacchus," in two acts and three tableaux; it is adapted from a poem by Mermet, and is a treatment in ballet-pantomime of the invasion of India by Bacchus. The story celebrates the triumph of Bacchus over the Indian kings; their attempt to get Yadma to accomplish the death of Bacchus by poison, he having become violently enamored of her; her determination to free her country by his assassination, but the dawning of her love for the wine-god impels her to betray the plot, and Bacchus takes her to his arms. The story, as you see, is simple, as ballet stories generally are, but it is framed in gorgeous settings and brilliant decorations. The ballet has been a success—at least Paris has demanded three representations in a fortnight, which is a good deal at the Opera, for the laws governing that state-subsidized institution provide that a certain number of classic performances shall be given each year, and only so many of new productions.

The skill of the scene painter and the stage costumer has been taxed to the utmost to make "Bacchus" a success. One of the most artistic scenes is that in which old Silenus squeezes bunches of grapes into an amphora held by two fauns; when the amphora is filled to the brim, with the liquor thus magically expressed by Bacchus, Silenus pours it on the thirsty earth; from earth's bosom at once spring vines, which grow rapidly (as they do only in pantomimes and not in real life) until they overtop the flies, and the stage becomes a vast vine arbor, under which is danced "The Ballet of the Vine." In real life I have observed that grape-vines require a good deal of grubbing and insect-gathering to make them grow, but I never heard of anything to equal the rapid growth of the Paris Opera vine, unless it was the Fresno raisin grape-vine in the boom of 1890.

It is not only at the Grand Opera that one may hear opera in Paris at present; there are some fifty places of amusement now open, and at several of them one may find opera or operetta. The most important after the Grand Opera is naturally the Opéra-Comique, which is also a state institution, of which there are four—the two operas, the Odéon, and the Théâtre-Français. Do not consider "Opéra-Comique" as meaning "comic opera"—in French, the phrase *opéra-comique* simply means that which is not grand opera; thus, among the older operas, "Fra Diavolo," "La Fille du Régiment," and others of like nature were played at the Opéra-Comique, while in our days such operas as "Carmen" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are given there. It is in these two operas that Calvé has been recently appearing there. She played and sung her rôles magnificently, but I was rather surprised to notice the apparent coolness of the audience. Her entrance excited no applause whatever. Later on, however, the audience warmed up, and in several scenes she was recalled with wild enthusiasm. This apparent coldness is probably due to the gradual dying out of the claque. At the Opéra-Comique, in fact, there is a sign: "There is no claque allowed in this theatre." I have not seen a similar placard at the other three government theatres, but probably the same rule prevails. For years there has been an attempt to abolish the Paris claque, but it has always failed. Whenever the claquers were excluded, it was found that the audience did not applaud sufficiently to encourage the players; this was not due to hostility, but to heedlessness; the audience had been used for so many years to rely on the claquers for applause, that they did not remember to give it themselves. This led to the restoration of the claque, but I am glad to note that it is dead in some theatres, dying out in others. But in the minor theatres it is as loud and noisy as it used to be.

The performance of "Cavalleria" was a good one, but mainly notable for the excellent stage management, the fine stage settings, the picturesque groupings, the large numbers of peasants in the stage pictures, and the attention to minute detail. For example, in the scene before the church door, where no action takes place on the part of the principals for some minutes, a group of boys enter and begin noisily playing *morro* before a doorway, whence they are driven away to go to another, then to a third, and finally to the church porch, from which a scandalized beadle forces them to flee. Little things, these, it is true, but little things make up stage pictures.

At the Variétés, Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" has been reproduced after many years. It has always been supposed that Ludovic Halévy was, in truth, the author of the libretto, although it was ascribed to Hector Crémieux. But M. Halévy has been interviewed, and he denies it modestly. He says that in 1838 he had entered the diplomatic service, yet had been dabbling in dramatic writing. His family were much dissatisfied with his flirting with the Muses, and they besought him to abandon his folly. He was eighteen years old, and had risen to a salary of 2,400 francs. But he met Offenbach, who was pleased with a little curtain-raiser Halévy wrote for the Odéon. The youth suggested a little scenario of a mythologic burlesque of Olympus, at which the composer jumped greedily. Just as it was nearly completed, young Halévy was appointed to a fine position in the newly created ministry of Algeria. His family's tears at last prevailed, and he consented to give up play-writing. He went to his friend Crémieux, turned over to him his work, and bade him finish it. Offenbach besought him not to abandon it, but Halévy was firm. As a result, Crémieux finished the work, and it made an enormous hit. This was in 1858, in the halcyon days of the Second Empire. Probably Halévy and Meilhac subsequently took the idea for their great success, "La Belle Hélène," which was also based on the idea of burlesquing the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Halévy occupied an obscure box on the first night of "Orphée" and work, and enjoyed the great success of the reproduction, although he dodged into the back of the box whenever the audience leveled its applause at him, as it did several times. Any of my readers remember the production of "Orphée

aux Enfers" at the old California Theatre with Marie Aimée and her troupe of French players? It is not so very long ago. Many matrons who are still beautiful, many men who are not yet bald, fat, and gray, can remember it. As we sat listening the other night to the strains of the "Galop Infernale" there rose up before me the old California with the familiar faces of old friends, some of them dead and gone, alas!—seated in dress circle and parterre. Eheu! Those were pleasant days, and I sometimes think they gave us better shows than they do now.

Among the minor operatic productions in Paris is a new opera-bouffe, "Le Jockey Malgré-lui." It is almost a vaudeville, but is clever and amusing, and is running to good houses at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Next week at the Marguera we are to have a revival of "La Fille de Mme. Angot."

But the event of next week at the Opera will be the first production in France of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," called, in French, "Pailleasse." Jean de Reszké is to create the leading rôle, and Leoncavallo has come on here to Paris to supervise the production. Is it not odd that Paris should be so late in seeing this opera, which has already been played all over the world?

To return to the Grand Opera. In addition to the brilliant scene upon the stage, the brilliant scene in the auditorium itself is almost as interesting. The paintings on wall and ceiling, the elaborate columns and pilasters, the gorgeous decorations—all these surround an audience which is itself unique. It is not French, it is cosmopolitan. People from all over the world seem to be represented on the list of box-holders. The boxes, by the way, are practically all leased by regular subscribers, or *abonnés*. The boxes most sought after are those called "Entre-colonnes," or the tiers of eight boxes rising between the four columns at the heads of the great glittering horseshoe. These "entre-colonnes" are admirable indeed, in both to see and to be seen; the framing they give to a group of handsome women in rich gowns and jewels is most effective. Among the holders of "inter-column" boxes is the Marquis de Casa Riera, a Spanish grandee; Mme. Humbert, whose name recently caused a sensation in Paris financial circles, held another one; M. H. Schneider is the possessor of a third; Messrs. Dreyfus and Wilson jointly occupy a fourth; M. Delatre holds a fifth, while the Viscountess Courval also possesses one. The leading clubs of Paris hold boxes by the year; the Jockey Club has No. 3, and the Club of the Rue Royal No. 1, *avant scène* boxes. There are eight proscenium boxes in the Opera *sur scène*, or on the stage; that is, they are on the stage side of the curtain. Nos. 1 and 3 are occupied by the Opera directors; No. 2 by Mr. Nicolupulo, a Greek capitalist; No. 4 by Mme. Abeille; No. 5 by Mme. Zamoyaska; No. 6 by Mme. Alfred Edwards, wife of the editor of the *Petit Sou*. Whether these boxes are sought after because they are on the stage, or taken because others can not be obtained, I do not know. Immediately outside the proscenium arch a box is held by a noble person named Fitz-James; he is the titular Stuart king of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India, to which throne he lays claim as a lineal descendant of the Young Pretender. Boxes Nos. 5 and 7 are occupied by the Marquise de Gallifet, a lady of ancient lineage, of great wealth, and of former beauty; she was once the wife of the dashing cavalierman, General de Gallifet, and their divorce was the sensation of Paris a number of years ago. No. 1 of the proscenium boxes belongs to the Presidency of the Republic; No. 10 to the Baroness Nathan de Rothschild; No. 2 to the Union Club; No. 30 to the Princess de Sagan, another great lady, an intimate friend of the Marquise de Sagan, whose friends call her "cochonette"; No. 36 to the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild; No. 38 to another financial magnate, Baron Hottinguer. No. 1 in the second tier belongs to Prince Troubetzkoy, a great Russian landowner, whose neighbor is another great man, M. Worth, who made his money as a man-milliner. No. 30 belongs to the Prefect of the Seine; No. 33 to the Baron de Rothschild; this is the plain "Baron"—no initial; evidently he is the boss Baron of the whole outfit; No. 37 is the box of the Baron G. de Rothschild; No. 105 belongs to another financial magnate, Baron H. de Bleichroder, of Berlin. Another financial potentate, Baron Bischoffheim, occupies No. 4, and his brother No. 34, while M. Goldschmidt—not yet baronized—occupies No. 36. The bearer of a famous name, the Duc de Rivoli, occupies No. 31. The Turkish embassy has two boxes, Nos. 21 and 23; Baroness Salomon de Rothschild occupies 24, and Baron F. Oppenheimer has No. 2. The Art Union Club has No. 17. No. 29 belongs to the Archbishop of Orleans. (Duplicated numbers mean different rows.)

And so it goes. The list is long and interesting, but space is lacking to discuss it more fully.

One can not fail to notice the number of Jewish financiers who figure among the box-holders. Whether they live in London, Berlin, Vienna, or Frankfort, they seem to hold a yearly box at the Paris Opera. Each of the Rothschilds seems to have one. So too with Oppenheimer, of Cologne, Bischoffheim and Bleichroder, of Berlin.

By the way, an anecdote about the two last: Bleichroder was *persona grata* with the Kaiser on account of certain financial transactions for the Fatherland. Therefore the banker was invited, with his daughter, to one of the court balls. But the Kaiser noticed with displeasure that Miss Bleichroder remained a neglected wall-flower. This became even more pointed when the cotillion began. The Kaiser therefore called up the colonel of his guards, a crack corps, and informed him that he wanted Miss Bleichroder taken out to dance. The colonel conveyed the Kaiser's wishes to his subalterns. As a result, officer after officer strode up to Miss Bleichroder, brought his heels smartly together, bowed and said: "By command of the Kaiser, I am ordered by my colonel to take out the Fraulein Bleichroder." This went on until the cruel joke had run around the hall-room, and the unfortunate Miss Bleichroder fled in mortification and tears.

Another anecdote about the financial barons: Once in

Paris the Frankfort Rothschild had occasion to inscribe his name on some register of visitors calling on a great personage. He wrote it "R. DE FRANKFORT." Soon after there came another financial magnate, Oppenheimer, of Cologne. "What's this?" asked he, looking at the cabalistic initial, like "Edward R. of England." The meaning was explained to him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "R. DE FRANKFORT." (*Frankfort oir.*) "I shall sign the same way," and he wrote: "O. DE COLOGNE." (*Cologne water.*)

This letter is dictated to an Anglo-Franco stenographer, whose English differs from mine. We are in a bustling hotel corridor. Just to the left of me are several clicking typewriters. To my right are two telephone booths, into which dart every few minutes excitable Frenchmen, who seize the telephone and bawl into it: "Alô! Alô! Alô! Dites donc! Alô! Est-ce toi, Toto? C'est moi, ton Gaston"—or some other girl's Guy or Gontran, as the case may be. This is amusing, but to a man writing it is not conducive to a restful style or extreme literary polish.

A last word about the opera seats. It is interesting to know that among the regular subscribers there is one, M. Charles Bocher, who has held seat No. 25 for fifty-four years. Fancy being a regular subscriber to the opera for over half a century! Think of all the events which have taken place in France in that time. The Revolution of July; the flight of Louis Philippe; the fall of the Orleans dynasty; the election of Louis Bonaparte as "Prince-President"; his overturning of the Republic in 1851; the long "business boom" of the Second Empire; the Franco-Prussian War; the Battle of Sedan; the fall of Napoleon; the collapse of the Empire; the bloody death of the Commune; the birth of the present Third Republic. All of these cataclysms have come to pass since M. Bocher first put down his name. Yet of the events of the past half-century, probably the one which most impressed him was the destruction of the old Opera and the erection of the new. Heedless of falling families, of tottering dynasties, of rocking republics, M. Bocher still sits in his seat, night after night, and calmly listens to the opera from Orchestra Chair Number Twenty-Five.

PARIS, December, 1902.

Devery on the Warpath.

"Big Bill" Devery has succeeded in having the superior court issue an order restraining the executive committee of Tammany Hall from taking any action until the leader of the ninth ward has been admitted to its fold. When he was barred out the other night at the organization of Tammany Hall's executive committee for 1903, because a protest was made that his election as district leader of the "Fighting Ninth" was secured by fraud and corruption at the primaries, Devery was enraged, and said: "Who threw me out? Why, the big four. There's Grand Central Plunkitt, the truth about him would poison the air; Pennsylvania Charley (Murphy), who held up the tunnel; Dago Dan, with his waxed mustaches (McMahon); and Big Tim, who tries to skin the New York Central and the Pennsylvania at the same time. Do they think they can put up such a job on me? I'm no railroad to be held up, and no farmer to take the big mitt and slide home. Before I'm done with them I'll make them dance a Liverpool hornpipe. I'll go to court, and I'll win. They can't keep me out. These jumping-jacks are not grafting a franchise when they take hold of me. They've got a live one to deal with. I've got the law with me, and I'll fight, fight, fight. I feel disgusted enough with the gang to start an independent Democratic labor party over our way. But I'm going to fight. I want to fight. I'll fight every minute."

Stockholm claims the largest school-house in the world, which has accommodations for 2,870 children. In the basement are 100 bath-rooms, where the children are required to bathe if their teachers think they are not taught habits of cleanliness at home. Soap and towels are furnished free by the city. A wholesome dinner is furnished poor children at noon in all the public schools if they need it, as in Norway, which insures every child at least one warm meal each day. Children whose parents can afford to pay for the dinner are charged a nominal price, and the personal pride and independence of the Swedes compel many people to pay who really can not afford to do so. This is a characteristic of the race, says William E. Curtis, who adds: "Swedes abhor charity, and as a rule, if they can not take care of themselves, will suffer and even starve rather than accept it. They take care of their poor in a generous manner, and have asylums for the diseased, the afflicted and distressed, but you seldom see a beggar in Sweden. I visited every part of Stockholm, and did not see a beggar; one may travel for months in Sweden without being asked for alms."

The Italian Government has erected along the Swiss-Italian frontier many miles of metallic netting, hung with bells. The object is to prevent contrabandists sending over the frontier dogs and other animals loaded with dutiable goods—a plan that has proved profitable to smugglers in the past, as it was carried on mainly when guards could not see. The dogs are trained to carry their loads to the accomplices of the smugglers on the other side of the line. The netting has not yet been carried the entire length of the frontier, but will soon be completed. No one can climb over it (says the Springfield Republican), as the bells would give warning of such an attempt. The height is thought to be too great for parcels to be thrown over. Experiments have proved that the cost of this netting will be fully covered by the extra duties obtained from persons who would otherwise escape. In the course of time a profit will be realized by the government.

THE GOLDEN BLUE-JAY.

The Feathered Miner of Manzanita.

One blustering March night, in 1852, three men were playing cards in a cabin near the Manzanita Diggings. Billy Price and Dick Hertle, in whose cabin the game was progressing, were miners. Foxy Smith made up the trio. He kept a little supply store, where hard-tack biscuits and dried fruits, gum-boots and overalls, were jumbled together.

The door opened and in walked a man, bold and free. He hardly looked at the other men, but went directly to the fire, took a pack from his back, and began busying himself with it.

"Where the devil did you come from?" asked Dick, throwing his cards upon the table and staring at the man.

"The devil probably knows. Ask him," answered the stranger.

"My dear and no doubt illustrious young man," began Billy, winking at Dick, "I'm sure you'll excuse our showing some degree of curiosity concerning you. May we not have the exquisite pleasure of learning your name? Will you not give us some information regarding your last place of residence, *et cætera*? You have no idea how we would treasure any little—"

"Get out!" squeaked a sharp, high-pitched voice, breaking into Billy's harangue.

Billy turned on the stranger—he was not the man to stand nonsense of that sort from anybody.

"If you want satisfaction, my high-flown friend," said the stranger, "here's your provocator." The man stooped over, and a blue-jay hopped up on his shoulder. The bird first fired off a volley of shrieks, and then began to laugh. "Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the jay, and "Haw, haw, haw!" they answered him, till the cabin shook.

When they had quieted down, the stranger turned to them and said: "Now I'll tell you as much of my history as I think necessary. My name is Jim Carter. I've been in this confounded country more than a year, and I haven't made a blasted cent. My money is very near gone, but as long as I stay among you I'll pay my way. One thing certain: I'll never go back East unless I make my pile, and I've got to make it pretty damned soon or I'll—"

"What'll you do?" asked Dick.

"My bird and I'll take something to eat—if we can get it," answered Carter.

The men set out some cold bacon and beans, hard-tack, and dried apple-sauce. Carter ate ravenously.

In the meantime Foxy Smith had been attending to the feeding of the jay. Sometimes he would hold a piece of biscuit up and make the bird talk for it; and sometimes he would point to a card, or stick, or something else, and make the bird bring it to him before he would give him a bit of the food. The jay showed quick intelligence, and it was not long before he had caught the idea.

After Carter had finished eating, he joined in the game, and they played until midnight.

Foxy arose to go. "Bring your jay down to the store, Carter," he said. "He's a fine bird. I'd like to teach him."

Foxy left. Carter spread his blankets on the floor; Dick and Billy crawled into their bunks; the blue-jay perched upon a rafter. So Carter and his bird became domiciled at Camp Manzanita.

As the days went by, the men became attached to the bird. He had a pert, lively way that they liked. He would cock his eyes at them and laugh in the most knowing manner. Then he sang a song or two, in a queer, rasping little voice, that made him fine company, and he liked to go to the diggings with the men; it was wonderful the way he made the dirt fly—imitating them.

But, smart though he was, the men soon discovered that he had one fault—he stole, stole like a pirate: there was nothing that he would not appropriate, if he got his claws on it. They looked high and low for the stolen articles, but could find them nowhere.

"What does he do with them, I wonder?" asked Dick, one evening, after hunting vainly for something he had lost.

"I'll tell you what I think he does with 'em," said Billy. "I believe he takes them down to Foxy's store and trades them off for grub. You know Carter doesn't pay much attention to him, and he probably gets hungry. It would be just like Foxy to encourage him in such tricks."

"Pooh! The jay isn't as smart as all that. He hides them in a hole somewhere. I'll wring the little beast's neck for him if he don't stop it!" Dick said. But he would not have done it. Not one of the miners would have pulled a feather out of the sleek little body. They concluded that the only thing to be done was to shut up everything portable that had been left.

By this time the jay was perfectly at home, going anywhere he chose and having a fine time of it—down at Foxy Smith's store, in and out of all the cabins, down at the mines, up in the trees, over the hills—everywhere, and always laughing and singing and chattering.

The men liked the bird, and let him impose on them dreadfully, but they were not so friendly to the man; he was too quiet, and had a half-hearted way that irritated them. "Hang the fellow," said Dick. "He doesn't seem to have any heart in anything. It's had luck to have that kind around." And it did seem that he cast a damper on the men's spirits, though not upon

their luck, for, all but Carter himself, they were doing well in the mines.

When the weather grew warmer the men saw less of Carter. He spent nearly all of his time wandering off by himself, but the jay stayed where the men were picking and panning—he was fond of company.

One fine day in May, after the trees were in leaf, Carter went out and sat in the shade near the miners. The bird was hopping about on a raised bit of ground, and keeping an eye on everything. He would claw in the earth, take a look around, and then stick his beak in the hole he had made.

"I'm it! I'm it!" he yelled.

"Are you, my boy? Wish I could say the same," drawled his master.

Day by day the bird worked on that piece of ground, till the men got to calling it his "diggings." His master, having nothing better to do, idly watched him.

"The jay is twice the man that Carter is," said Dick one time. "See him dig in." It is a fact that he worked as hard as any of them, though he would fly off every once in a while and stay for a quarter of an hour or so. And that kept going on day after day, and week after week.

One evening, in August, Foxy Smith came into the cabin elaborately dressed. He wore a white top-hat, a long-tailed, bottle-green coat, a pair of light tan breeches, and a blue velvet waistcoat covered with circular red figures. After the men had expressed their not altogether complimentary surprise, he said: "Well, boys, I just dropped in to tell you that I'm thinking of enlarging my store."

"That so?"

"Yes. And I shouldn't wonder if I'd take a trip back East this fall."

"Business must be looking up," said Billy.

"Y-es," drawled Foxy, then added glibly: "It is."

"See here, Foxy—" began Billy, but Foxy interrupted him with: "I can't stay any longer—I must be off." He threw a handful of dried cherries at the jay (he never forgot to bring him something), and started out.

"Come in to show off," said Dick, disgustedly. "Where do you suppose he got his boodle?"

"I have an idea," said Billy, "but yet I don't know."

"What is it?"

"Well, I told you once—about the jay, you know."

"Nonsense!" said Dick.

For some time the men had noticed that something ailed the jay, and as the days passed his trouble seemed to increase; he lost his fine spirits; he did not talk as much as formerly; he did not fly about as lightly as he had once done—he would make a feeble croak and go off, slowly, but would come back more used up than ever.

"Is he getting very old?" Billy asked.

"Not more than four years," said Carter. "I don't know what ails him."

The poor little chap grew more and more feeble (though he seemed fatter than ever), till one day he hopped to his diggings, jerked out a few words of "Never a care—" and then lay down and died.

When Carter picked up the dead jay he found a big gold-nugget clutched in one of the claws. He put his hand in one of the holes that the bird had dug, and there he found a "pocket" of nuggets—the largest pocket, filled with the biggest nuggets, that had ever been found in the region.

Billy took the jay in his hand; he found the bird surprisingly heavy and his crop greatly expanded. "This accounts for it," said Billy; "the wealth of Foxy, and all. Poor little fellow, his greed, and Foxy's, have finished him."

Carter called his mine the "Golden Blue-Jay," and out of that mine he took his millions.

MARY F. SWAYZE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1902.

Aftermath of New York's Tunnel Disaster.

The verdicts for damages secured by the victims of the Park Avenue tunnel disaster on the New York Central Railroad have aggregated a very large sum, the largest of them all being the verdict of \$100,000 in favor of the widow of Mr. Leys, a New York business man, who was killed in that accident. As he was earning \$25,000 a year, the widow's claim for heavy damages had a reasonable basis. Yet a verdict of \$100,000 in such a case (points out the *Springfield Republican*), is unprecedented. The total amount of damages thus far awarded by juries on account of the tunnel disaster is over \$400,000; one verdict being for \$60,000, another for \$40,000, still another for \$38,500, and so on down. It is highly unprofitable, evidently, in New York State to wreck a passenger train carrying so many men who earn large incomes. If a gravel train had been telescoped the loss to the railroad company would have been slight. In some States the law forbids an award of damages for a life exceeding \$5,000, but no one is at all sorry that New York State had no such law to protect the company responsible for the Park Avenue tunnel horror.

The name Mafalda, which has been given to the King of Italy's infant daughter, is not of Montenegrin origin, nor of modern Italian usage, as some papers have declared. It may, however, be translated "Mathilda," which also finds its Italian equivalent in "Matilda." The little Mafalda is named after the Princess of Savoy, who married the King of Portugal in 1146.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has just celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday.

The entire value of the estate left by Mrs. Julia Dent Grant is estimated at about \$200,000. The estate left by Thomas B. Reed is said to be about as much, while the famous cartoonist, Thomas Nast, left only \$10,000.

Mme. Marguerite Durand, the original owner of *La Fronde*, a Parisian journal conducted entirely by women, has presented the paper to the members of her staff, and will hereafter be merely a co-worker with them.

Emperor William of Germany has come into another windfall. A loyal merchant named Hilderbrand, of Dresden, who for many years has been established at Berne, recently died, and, having no heirs, bequeathed a considerable fortune and a quantity of land to the emperor. The Kaiser becomes the proprietor of the Iffigen Alp, which is situated between the Weiss-horn and Wildhorn; the Niessen Horn, and the beautiful waterfall of Iffigen, situated in the Canton of Berne.

Levin Lake, a citizen of the little village of Oxford, Miss., has certainly made a record for himself as a drummer. He is the oldest active traveling man in the United States, being still in harness at eighty-six. He represents Armour & Co. in Mississippi, making towns by day and night trains, and covering an average of 2,000 miles a month. For thirty-four years he has represented this single Chicago house; has made few sales that proved bad accounts; was a traveler on the first railroad train ever run in the United States; never took a drink of liquor, played a game of cards, or tasted tobacco; has not eaten more than two meals a day for thirty years; and is the oldest Mason in Mississippi.

Princess Caroline Murat, who died the other day, aged seventy, was a great-niece of the great Napoleon, her father, Lucien, Prince of Naples and Monte Carvo, having been the son of Joachim Murat by the emperor's favorite sister, Caroline Bonaparte. Princess Caroline and her brother, Prince Joachim Murat the Second (who survives her), were both born in a little town on the Delaware River, in the State of Pennsylvania. The princess was twice married, first to Baron de Chassiron, and next, in 1872, to Mr. John Garden, of Redisham Hall, Suffolk, who died seventeen years ago. In Pensacola, Fla., lives Mr. Achille Joachim Murat, who is in the insurance business. He bears a wonderful resemblance to his grandfather, Marshal Murat.

Horace Howard Furness, Jr., who, with the publication of a revised edition of "Macbeth," appears for the first time as the editor of a volume of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's plays, is the son of Horace Howard Furness, the distinguished editor of that edition, and is a resident of Philadelphia. He is a brother of William Henry Furness, the explorer, whose work in the field of ethnology and geographical investigation has made him known both at home and abroad. He studied English literature under Professor Child, of Cambridge, England, the critic of Shakespeare. Mr. Furness has been a close and earnest student of Shakespeare almost since his school days, under the personal direction of his father, and he has had the use of one of the finest Shakespearean libraries in existence, at his father's house in Wallingford.

Premier Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, who was the leader of the Liberal party in Spain, and was prime minister during the war between the United States and Spain, died in Madrid on Monday at the age of seventy-six. Only last month, he tendered his resignation as premier, with the explanation that he had been treated with distrust and discourtesy by the opposition, and Señor Francisco Silvela was appointed his successor for the second time. Silvela is a brother of the former minister, Manuel Silvela. In 1802 he became the chief of a new party, known as the Dissident, or Young Conservatives, the object of which was to dilute the old Spanish Toryism with a strong dash of Liberalism. Señor Silvela is a brilliant orator and a writer of marked talent. His services to literature earned him, in 1808, the membership of the Spanish Academy. His wife is the daughter of the wealthy financier, the Marquis de Loring.

William T. Stead says that Lord Rothschild, commonly known as "Natty" among his friends, is regarded as the ablest of the present generation of the famous Rothschild family; but he has never commanded the reverential respect which was paid to his father, Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Besides the financial influence which he exercises, he has made himself a social and political force of no mean order. The institution of the week end, to which even Parliament itself has recently made obeisance, by which the leaders of politics and society stream out of town on Friday night or Saturday morning to spend the week end in the country, has been adroitly made use of by Lord Rothschild for the consolidation of the power of his dynasty and the extension of its influence. In his palatial country-seat at Tring it is his constant study to bring together for week ends, leaders of both political parties, as well as rising men who are not yet entitled to be regarded as leaders. Under the hospitable roof of the Hebrew magnate, Tories and Liberal Unionists and Home Rulers meet as on neutral ground, and Lord Rothschild is never so well pleased as when he is able at these informal meetings to render himself useful to the ministers of the king.

HOLIDAY-TIME IN NEW YORK.

Prodigal Christmas Shoppers—Countless Carriages of Sumptuously Be-Furred Women—Salvation Army Kettles Full of Greenbacks—Seeing the Old Year Out.

We have had an ideal Christmas Day and Christmas week, and to-day the new year breaks clear, sunny, and cold—a good omen for 1903. To all the world good luck and happiness. To all my readers my best wishes and blessing. May 1903 bring you the right thing for you to have, which is not always the thing you wish for.

It has been a brilliant holiday season. Prosperity, radiant and almost universal, has been the portion of the Empire City for the past twelvemonth. The people who were rich are richer, the people who were poor are more comfortable. The almost terrifying growth of wealth has continued like the accumulating snowball.

The vast orgy of money-spending of the rich before Christmas Day, was a fearful and wonderful thing to witness. A people feverishly buying in a sort of delirium of joyous extravagance had possession of the shopping-districts. They crowded the sidewalks; they were dense, slow-moving throngs in the stores; they hung from the straps and to the back platforms of cars; their carriages blocked the traffic from Forty-Second to Fourteenth Street.

It was the fine weather that made the season so unusually lively. For some five or six days before the twenty-fifth, the weather was superb. It was the New York winter at its very best—crisply cold, clear, sunny, every outline cut like a cameo, the dry, keen air exhilarating as champagne. As the early dusk fell, light burst into being from every point, and the city's night aspect was as a vast congeries of house fronts cut with the yellow squares of lit windows and encrusted with the small clustering bulbs of illuminated signs. In the still, frosty clearness of the deep blue night these agglomerations of light sparkled like the broken bits of fire in the heart of a gem.

For several days before the twenty-fifth, the traffic in the shopping centres was so impeded by the progress of carriages and delivery wagons that long lines of cars were stopped. On Broadway, from Twenty-Third up toward Thirteenth Street, there was an almost continuous stoppage, cars and carriages touching one another as they advanced, paused, and advanced, making about a block in every ten minutes. I was on one of these cars one morning, and we were creeping down town, now and then gaining a few feet, then drawing up with a jerk and waiting ten minutes. Two men on the back platform became desperate and asked the conductor, a good-looking, intelligent young fellow, what was causing the delay.

"It's the millionaires!" he answered laconically.

"Millionaires! What millionaires?"

"Wives of the millionaires going to buy their Christmas presents."

"How do they stop the car line?"

"It's their carriages. There's a solid line of them crossing from Fifth Avenue to Twenty-Third and down to Seventeenth. We got to stop and let 'em pass."

"Well, if that's so," said one of the irate men, "they ought to have 'em taken out of their carriages and put in the patrol wagon."

At this juncture I got out and walked. It seemed as if the conductor's explanation was true. In that wide space which extended from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the park, and from the tip of the Flat Iron building to Caswell Massey's drug store, there was a tangle of vehicles, nine-tenths of which appeared to be handsome carriages occupied by magnificent ladies.

It was a remarkable sight. As the press drew nearer Twenty-Third, the crowd grew denser and closer, till one wondered how it ever would be untangled. Converging from it, up and down Broadway, were two long lines of yellow-topped cars, slowly plowing forward, pausing, moving onward a foot or two, and again pausing. Crossing it sideways were two other lines of Twenty-Third Street cars, trying to cut their way through on the same cautious principle. As the carriages drew toward the point of intersection of the two car lines, they came closer and closer together. Hub rubbed hub, wheel grated on wheel. The nose of a vulgar delivery horse intruded over the back of a victoria and sniffed at the rippled and glistening hair of the fair lady reclining on its cushions. Questionable-looking beauties in hansom leaned over the doors, peering into the solid splendor of Knickerbocker landaus. Automobiles pushed their way into the heart of the *mêlée* with extraordinary dexterity. Over all reigned a babel of sound—the hard, ceaseless clang of the car bells, the directing shouts of policemen, and oaths and battle cries, as heated drivers, oblivious of the nerves of their cargoes and the generally feminine atmosphere of their surroundings, engaged in a war of words not usually found in dictionaries.

If the joy and peace of the Christmas season was lacking in the crowds on Broadway, one found some of it at least on Fifth Avenue. In the clear, sun-steeped mornings the great thoroughfare had on an air of festival. Women wrapped to the eyes in priceless furs rolled by in carriages, and women more simply habited, but always clothed with unconsidered costliness, swept along on foot. Their breaths were turned to smoke in the keen-edged air, which had also laid a wash of pink on their cheeks, and brightened their eyes. Many of them stopped to drop an offering into the gypsy kettles of the Salvation Army—that admirably intelligent

institution—has planted at intervals along the path of money and fashion. The contents of these kettles were for the Army's annual Christmas dinner to twenty-five thousand paupers. By each kettle stood a guardian, furnished with a bell, which at intervals he or she agitated, sending its summons out on the sharp air. One of the kettles stood by the corner of the Waldorf, just within sight of the dining-room windows, and its guardian, a young man with a penetrating voice, at intervals tingled his bell and gave out his call for money to feed the poor. It must have been an effective station. The one at Forty-Second Street was, for pausing there to drop in my own mite, I saw that the kettle was full of greenbacks.

There were many interesting faces in the passing show on the Avenue in those few sunny days. Emma Eames swept into a pastry cook's one morning, looking like any other well-dressed, well-fed, prosperous *mondaine*. She has not in the least the air of an actress or singer. There is nothing particularly brilliant in her appearance, for she is not so good-looking off the stage as on, and in dress, style, and general make-up, she is exactly like one of the handsome matrons one meets on the Avenue shopping every morning.

This is somewhat the case with Julia Marlowe, of whom one catches a glimpse driving by in an open carriage. But Julia Marlowe is always unusual because of her odd and plaintive type of beauty. Her nose turns up a little, and she has a deep dimple, that is almost a cleft, in her chin. She is wrapped in a serviceable jacket of Persian lamb, with a chinchilla collar, and wears a large black hat. There is something about her appearance that suggests a woman indifferent to dress, who probably puts on her hat without looking in the glass.

This can not be said of either Lillian Russell or Adèle Ritchie, two comic-opera stars, who dearly love to show themselves and their clothes on the Avenue at the right hour. I have not seen Miss Ritchie of late, so she may be out of town. My last glimpse of her was of a very brilliant vision, all white ermine wrappings, crowned by a white hat with a long yellow plume, leaning back on the luxurious cushions of a very smart victoria. Lillian Russell was rolling up and down the Avenue very assiduously just before Christmas. She wore her sables—cloak, rug, muff, all *en suite*—and a hat full of bright purple asters. A bunch of violets was pinned on the sable muff, and with Lillian's honey-hued hair included, one may imagine the beauty of the color scheme.

The two little counts—or are they barons?—that Anna Gould has contributed to the Castellane family tree, might also have been observed shortly before the holidays trotting along on either side of their *gouvernante*. They are pale, solemn-eyed, little Frenchmen, dressed in squirrel-skin coats and caps, and their *gouvernante* is a stout, healthy-looking lady of middle age and amiable expression. Since Christmas, squirrel-skin jackets for young and old have broken out like an eruption all over the city. One sees them on every sort of woman and child. They really are only suitable for driving, automobiling, and for children. The little Castellanes look charming in theirs.

Christmas Day came like a picture of that season on a Marcus Ward card. A thick, soft pall of snow lay over the land, and as the day advanced and the bells for morning service began to ring out their chimes, the sounds came muffled through the white circling veil of flakes. It kept on all day—still, pallid, softly whirling down, and then, as night fell, ceased, and left a spectral city, white-robed, mute, deserted. Driving down to dinner in the evening was like a passage through a town in a dream. All the windows were lit; nobody seemed to be out of doors, all was silent, dumb, held in the spell of the snow. It was a night when the Christ Child might have been abroad. Coming back the spell was broken. The little parks were as still as ever, frostily glistening under the rays of the electric lights, each statue with its hat and epaulets of snow, each tree shivering in a vestment of white. But up Fifth Avenue, homeward bound, was an unbroken line of carriages, plowing laboriously onward, taking back the Christmas diners.

New-Year's Eve was a very different affair. The old Knickerbocker custom of seeing the old year out at home, to the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and the drinking of egg-nog, is going out. The world of merry-makers greets the midnight stroke in some restaurant, where the supper served between eleven and twelve on December 31st is becoming a feature. Sherry's, which is generally accepted now as the great representative restaurant of New York, was a sight to see last night. The people began gathering about eleven. By half-past the carriages extended from Fifth down Forty-Fourth Street to Sixth Avenue, in some places standing two and three deep. There were men stationed at the entrance to tell strangers that only those could be furnished with tables who had already engaged them. This turned quantities of people away. But at half-past eleven, when we got there, the crowd struggling to enter was extending down the steps and along the street.

The spectacle inside was brilliant. I wish I had more room to expatiate on the magnificence of the clothes and the general air of festival. It was the first time I had ever seen in an American restaurant women in full dress. Many parties had come direct from the opera, and when the women folk threw aside their cloaks, they were revealed in the panoply of bare shoulders and be-diamonded necks. There were dozens of women in lace dresses and dozens in *crêpe* dresses, dozens bare-beaded, and dozens crowned with pale-

colored hats, wreathed with plumes. The Christmas greens still decorated the walls, sewn with tiny scarlet lights, not much more than an inch long. At the stroke of twelve, the music ceased, a hush fell on the many voices, and the hard, strident roar of a horn tore the moment's silence. Then all the world lifted its champagne glass and pledged its neighbor, drinking deep to 1903.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1903.

LATE VERSE.

The Voyager.

Down stormy seas our straining hark
By whistling gales is onward blown;
The tackle shrills, the timbers groan,
The rack is wild and dark.

No land we sight, no hark we see,
The ice makes in the forward shrouds;
The blast that curls the scudding clouds
Is cold as cold can be.

Sometimes the moon is red as blood,
Sometimes the air is white with snow;
Yet care we not, but on we go
Across the hissing flood.

The swift flaws darken on the lee,
The salt sea-spray is flung behind,
The canvas bellies in the wind,
The north wind whistles free.

And sometimes, on still Southern seas,
We feel the freshening of the gale,
That leaves behind our path a trail
Like swarming, silver hees.

The hell sounds in the quiet night;
Through driving clouds the full moon plows;
The shadow of our plowing bows
Doth split the wan moonlight.

Yet still we sail and sail and sail
Through many circles of the sun;
Sometimes into the dawn we run,
Sometimes through twilights pale.

And though the wild wet waste is round,
We can not sail forevermore;
There is no sea without a shore,
Some port will yet be found.

—L. Frank Toaker in "The Call of the Sea and Other Poems."

The Sailor's Song.

Oh the wind's to the west and the sails are filling free!
Take your head from my breast: you must say good-by to me.
You'd my heart in both your hands, but you did not hold it fast.

And the mill can not grind with the water that is past.

O it's I must away, and it's you must hide at home!

I am sped like the spray, I am fickle as the foam:
It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but 'twas all too sweet to last.

For the mill can not grind with the water that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you would not give me more:

I must win what we missed on some other, farther shore.
You can never hold the gray gull that swings about the mast,
And the mill can not grind with the water that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill never be with me:
I am off to my fate, and it lies across the sea.
For it's God alone that knows where my anchor will be cast,
And the mill can not grind with the water that is past.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam in January Scribner's Magazine.

The Traders.

Up the dim aisles of the ages, swung in on the ocean roar,
The clank of anchor iron grinds, the creak of the rattled oar,
For men have put to sea in ships, searching their hearts' desire.

Since Hiram's spanking merchantmen went trading out of Tyre.

Awash with costly merchandise, silk stuffs and heads of glass,
Cloths dipped in the purple murex and arms of the toughest brass,
Wrought work of looms and forges, tried hest of the very best,
For trade with the wild barbarians heyond in the golden west.

Rimming the Mediterranean, hugging the redolent shores,
The trim Phœnician galley worked on the wings of her rhythmic oars.

Past slumbering Greece and Italy, on down to the gate by Spain,

Till she caught the lift of the ocean swell, the heave of the startled main.

Then up in the teeth of the norther through the angry, spume-capped bay,

While the rowers sweat on the aching sweeps, snatching scant steerage way,

Winning at last to the sea isle and the mines of tin and lead,
Where the small, dark, fierce-eyed people crowd down to trade and be hied.

Or turning away to the southward with her purple sail unfurled,

Where the long, green, deep-sea rollers wheel in from the "rim of the world,"

Till she come to the land of the peacock, of ivory, apes and spice,

Where the black folk trade raw gold for brass and take no thought to the price.

Recklessly driving onward where the finger of gain may lead,
To the uttermost haunt of the wild folk, to the uttermost daring deed,

Till, laden anew with treasure such as only the seamen bring,
She turns again up the curve of the sea and homes to the waiting king.

We with our ships of iron, with our engines, compasses, charts,

We have the old sea in derision and laugh at his wiles and arts;

Yet these be the men that we follow, their track is the track we take,

And they weathered the ways of commerce at risks which we dare not make.

Then a hail to the Tyrian traders of the far half-written days,
Who fashioned them hoats and went down to the sea and taught the whole world its ways,

For men have put to sea in ships, searching their hearts' desire,
Since Hiram's spanking merchantmen went trading out of Tyre.

—Frederick Watworth in Saturday Evening Post.

LITERARY NOTES.

Frank Norris's Last Novel.

"The Pit" is a masterly work. No one can lay it down without profound regret that the hand that wrote it, the quick intelligence that conceived it, are no more. It is a remarkable book, and, had Norris lived, that he would have written a greater book, we believe. But Frank Norris is dead, and the trilogy, so largely planned, so well begun, so strongly continued, will forever remain a lamentable fragment—as appealing in its incompleteness as the winged victory.

The most excellent thing in "The Pit" is the character-drawing. From Jadwin (a triumph in naming, by the way) the strong man whom the Pit overwhelms, down to Aunt Wess, the old-fashioned body with a mania for counting things, and whose recurrent phrase, "Well, I don't want to say anything," is exquisitely characteristic—yes, down to the very cat which soberly makes her toilet by the abandoned wheat pit, while the afternoon sun floods through the west windows—each character is real. There are scores of little touches, those vivid bits which flash like lime-lights on a personality. There are dozens of incidents and isolated scenes, each of which, lifted from its context, would lose but little. Such is the boudoir conversation between Laura Dearborn, the "heroine," and Mrs. Cressler—a conversation narrated with rare understanding of feminine subtleties, of those conventional round-about routes of thought that obtain between women, even when each knows precisely what the other is thinking. Another fine piece of description is the rehearsal for amateur theatricals; another is the scene in which Page, Laura's younger sister, who has the "journal habit," is told by Laura of her approaching marriage, and writes in her diary: "Oh, love is so beautiful—so beautiful, that it makes me sad. When I think of love in all its beauty, I am sad, sad like Romola in George Eliot's well-known novel of the same name." Isn't that the raw girl in her 'teens to the life?

The word "detached" comes naturally in speaking of the pages and paragraphs narrating incidents which are as clear-cut as cameos. And here lies, perhaps, the fault of the book. The shadow of the final tragic chapters in which is described the fall of Curtis Jadwin, who tries to corner wheat, though it lies over the beginning of the book, does not persist during the intermediate portion. The incidental *divertissement* is not subservient to the tragic theme. All events do not seem to face toward, and lead up to, the climax. The incidents are detached. Another thing which detracts somewhat is the fact that the reader is not kept "in suspense." It is plain early that Jadwin will speculate, that he will fail, that he will carry his friends down with him. The book could end no other way. And so the tragedy loses a little of its force. But taken altogether, the book is very strong, will undoubtedly be very popular, and will have no small effect in bringing into further discredit the evil of gambling on the price of wheat.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Historical Essays by John Fiske.

Posthumous works, being published after the care and oversight of the author have been withdrawn and his plans interrupted, are bound to suffer in some particulars when compared with the other productions of which they form a part. The popular recipe followed by literary executors might read: Take a handful of manuscripts, chop into chapters, mix well together, add one title-page, and prefaces to taste, print and bind.

The directions have been followed carefully by those who have presented the reading public with "New France and New England." The matter used was left by John Fiske, the American historian. It consists of lectures given by him before the Lowell Institute, historical essays, and what seems to have been preparatory chapters to a consecutive history which the author contemplated. The volume purports to be a necessary link to complete the historical chain formed by the writer's previous works, but is in reality a collection of heterogeneous sketches. It begins with an interesting account of French explorations from Dieppe to Canada, Acadia, and the Mississippi Valley, under Cartier and Frontenac, Champlain and La Salle. It then jumps abruptly to the story of witchcraft in Salem, and finishes with a narrative of the French and English struggle for American possessions, ending with the fall of Quebec, the famous passages of Wolfe and Montcalm, and the extinction of French sovereignty in Canada. Each department bears the charm which always accompa-

nies Mr. Fiske's historical narrations, and though much of it was unrevised by him, the whole, in the character of sketches, is worthy of his pen and is properly placed in the catalogue of his completed work. It shows that if Fiske had lived he would have put forth another notable volume dealing with the rise and fall of New France. He died, and his publishers have done the best they could with what he left. The book is well supplied with copies of old maps, which quaintly depict what notions the old explorers had of the lands they had explored beyond the sea.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price in cloth, \$1.65 net.

A Dictionary of Philosophy.

It is highly creditable to American scholarship and enterprise that so important and exhaustive a work as the "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology" should appear with the name of an American on the title-page as editor-in-chief. It is a further tribute to American scholarship that the fact rouses no surprised comment, being accepted as a matter of course. The second volume of the three which will complete the work has now appeared. It embraces subjects from L to Z, and contains nearly a thousand pages. The third volume will be bibliographical. Following are some of the collaborators in the work: Professor J. Mark Baldwin (editor-in-chief), Professor John Dewey, Professor William James, Professor Hugo Münsterberg, Professor Josiah Royce, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Professor Simon Newcomb, Professor C. S. Minot, Professor F. H. Giddings, and Professor James R. Angell.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$5.00.

New Publications.

John Henry Wright, professor of Greek in Harvard, has prepared a volume entitled "Greek Masterpieces of Literature," in which are presented in English translation, by various writers, both in prose and poetry, some choice passages from the works of Homer, Tyrtæus, Archilochus, Callistratus, Alceus, Sappho, Anacreon, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Theocritus, and Lucian. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It is good to have verse that comes hot from the great heart of the people. Nobody can deny that distinction to the outpourings of C. E. Eddy, "poet, prospector, and newspaper man," of Idaho. His paper-bound book is called "The Pinnacle of Parnassus." Some of the humorous pieces are not half bad, but some serious-intended poems are even more amusing. The author's portrait adorns the book. He wears a cat's-eye stick-pin, and plasters his hair. Published by the Tribune Printing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

An addition to Shakespeariana is John Phin's "The Shakespear Cyclopædia and New Glossary," which contains an introduction by Professor Dowden. Mr. Phin appears to have the knowledge necessary for his task, but the make-up of the volume is unimpressive, and despite the date, 1902, on the title-page, the appearance of the pages rouses the suspicion that at least part of the introductory chapters has been printed from plates, which have been used elsewhere. Published by the Industrial Publication Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Under the title, "Practical Wisdom," appears an ornamental little volume containing extracts from the writings of Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Osborn, Lord Burleigh, Sir Matthew Hale, and William, Earl of Bedford, wherein they give counsel to their sons regarding the conduct of life. That these words of advice were all written more than two centuries ago does not detract from their pertinence to-day. The quaint phraseology, perhaps, makes the precepts even more effective. Published by the A. Wessels Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

We rather like the rhymed book called "Joe's Place," by John Rosslyn, which has appeared. It is the story of a "well-meaning" but wayward son, told in verse by the father, a person whose "schoolin' days" were brief. There is more art in the telling than might at first glance appear, and the absence of pretension, and the simplicity of the story, remove most of the prejudices of the reader. Before he has finished, even the most critical is likely to have "meller'd some." Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.00 net.

The author of "South Carolina in the Revolution" can hardly expect for his minute and detailed study of over seven hundred closely

printed pages any very large body of readers, especially as the style in which the book is written makes pretensions to nothing more than directness and clearness. However, such a work is well worth doing, and will prove invaluable to historical students. The author, Edward McCrady, has already written three books dealing with South Carolina history, and his ability and knowledge can not be questioned. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Practical Cooking and Serving," by Janet McKenzie Hill, exteriorly and interiorly, is one of the most attractive cook-books that have come under our notice. The covers appear to be fortified against accidental encounter with grease, butter, or batter, by a silver-colored composition, doubtless warranted to wash, while the book itself is exceptionally well printed and profusely illustrated with half-tones, showing all sorts of appetizing dishes, and the utensils essential thereto. We recommend a pre-prandial course in the pictures to persons who complain of having no appetite. The pages total over seven hundred, and there is an index. Of the qualifications of the author we know nothing, except that she is editor of the Boston *Cooking School Magazine*. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

I Would Not Lose that Romance Wild.

[The following is another of John Greenleaf Whittier's uncollected poems, written when he was nineteen years of age, during his first term in the Haverhill Academy, in 1827, and sent to the *Independent* by Samuel T. Pickard.]

I would not lose that romance wild,
That high and gifted feeling—
That power that made me fancy's child,
The clime of song revealing.
For all the power, for all the gold,
That slaves to pride and avarice hold.

I know that there are those who deem
But lightly of the lyre—
Who ne'er have felt one blissful beam
Of song-enkindled fire
Steal o'er their spirits, as the light
Of morning o'er the face of night.

Yet there's a mystery in song—
A halo 'round the way
Of him who seeks the muses' throng—
An intellectual ray,
A source of pure, unfading joy—
A dream that earth can ne'er destroy.

And tho the critic's scornful eye
Condemn his faltering lay,
And tho with heartless apathy
The cold world turn away—
And envy strive with secret aim
To blast and dim his rising fame;

Yet fresh amid the blast that hings
Such poison on its breath,
Above the wreck of meaner things,
His lyre's unfading wreath
Shall bloom when those who scorned his lay
With name and power have passed away.

Come then, my lyre, altho there be
No witchery in thy tone;
And tho the lofty harmony
Which other hands have known,
Is not, and can not e'er be mine,
To touch with power those chords of thine—
Yet thou canst tell in humble strain,
The feelings of a heart,
Which tho not proud, would still disdain
To hear a meaner part

Than that of hending at the shrine
Where their bright wreaths the muses twine.

Thou canst not give me wealth or fame;
Thou hast no power to shed
The halo of a deathless name
Around my last cold head;
To other chords than mine belong
The breathings of immortal song.

Yet come, my lyre! some hearts may hear
Responsive to thy lay;
The tide of sympathy may meet
Thy master's lonely way;
And kindred souls, from envy free,
May listen to its minstrelsy.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Passing of a Noted Showman.

Nate Salsbury, who recently died at his home in Long Branch, N. J., was one of the country's best-known showmen, principal owner of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and a heavy stockholder in the Barnum & Bailey Circus. He was known as the father of the style of entertainment known as farce-comedy, and the inventor of as many kinds of amusement as any other person in America. He was a horseman of ability, a wit, an actor, a financier, a lover of all kinds of art, and a thorough cosmopolitan, with friends in every English-speaking country.

At the age of seventeen he enlisted in an Illinois regiment, and saw hard service throughout the Civil War. But by the time peace was restored and he left the army, he had accumulated \$20,000 from his brother soldiers because of his

ability to play draw-poker. He settled in Illinois, where he led a rather expensive life. He started a course in a business college, studying finance and banking, but that came to a sudden end when he found his money all spent at the end of eighteen months. He had never been on the stage, but he applied to a manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., for a place in his company, and he was hired at \$12 a week, his employer telling him that he would be lucky if he ever collected that. He made his debut as Colorgog in a play called "Pocahontas." That required him to be on the stage only eight minutes, and the play ran for only one night. Salsbury, however, had had his first taste of theatrical life, and kept at it, becoming a member of itinerant companies. He endured much hardship at that time, but finally obtained an engagement as a comedian at the Boston Museum, where he remained for four years, other members of the company at that time being James O'Neill, William H. Crane, Nellie McHenry, and William J. Florence, all of whom were subsequently to become stars. He saved his money and proposed to John Webster that they start a stock company of their own. Webster had little or no capital, but Salsbury carried his interest in the enterprise, which was a success from the start. It was known as the Salsbury Troubadours, and it traveled over all Europe as well as the United States. Mr. Salsbury was still at the head of the troubadours when he met Colonel Cody, and the Wild West Show project was launched on its phenomenally successful career.

The President's New-Year's Reception.

President Roosevelt's New-Year's reception was a brilliant event, and gave the general public for the first time an opportunity to see the much-discussed improvements in the White House—improvements which, when completed, will have cost about \$600,000. Shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning, the members of the diplomatic corps were received, being headed by the new dean of the corps, Herr von Holleben, the German ambassador. Señor Quesada had the honor of extending the first greetings of a new year to the president on behalf of Cuba. In all, thirty-five embassies and legations were represented at the reception.

The military and naval contingent made a fine showing. General Miles, who is in China, and Admiral Dewey, who is at Culebra Island, and who led the military procession last year, were both absent. Major-General Young, next in rank to General Miles, accompanied by Major-General Corbin, adjutant-general of the army, led the line of army officers, who preceded the navy. At the head of the latter were Rear-Admirals Remy and Melville. The army officers appeared for the first time as a body in their new dress uniforms, the new cap with flaring top, which has taken the place of the old cap, making the most striking change in their appearance. The gold-bedecked full-dress of the army officers, the hullion-laden garb of the naval officers, and the gorgeous attire of the marine officers, the last more conspicuous for color than golden embellishments, is said to have presented a spectacle no less brilliant than that of the diplomatic corps.

At one o'clock the reception to citizens generally began. For hours hundreds of people of all ages, colors, sexes, and conditions had been waiting to greet the President and receive his greeting. The line passed slowly through the main entrance of the White House, across the corridor into the Red Room, and thence past the President in the Blue Room. According to programme the reception should have ended at two o'clock, but the President directed that all persons in line should be afforded an opportunity of entering the White House and being received, and so it lasted a half-hour longer. The total number of callers fell a trifle short of seven thousand. The President extended a cordial greeting and handshake to each one. He was particularly interested in the little tots carried by their parents.

Says Acton Davis in the New York *Evening Sun*: "If Mrs. Langtry is serious in her intention of making money in America this winter, she had better trot out her other production, 'Mlle. Mars,' at once. 'The Cross Ways' is so crude, inane, and ridiculously amateurish that its chances for success here are next to nothing. It hasn't even the merit of being funny unintentionally. It is merely stupid, prosaic, and dull, and barring the clothes which Mrs. Langtry wears there is not an enlivening feature to the production. Personally Mrs. Langtry is a wonder. She looks younger by ten years than when she was here last."

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Battle With the Slum."

Jacob A. Riis has followed his valuable autobiography, "The Making of an American," with a volume entitled "The Battle With the Slum," which, he announces, is a sequel to "How the Other Half Lives." It is handled with the same broad sympathy with, and faith in, human-kind that characterized his former account of the heroic work accomplished in "Darkest New York," and will be read with interest by all who really have the good of the poor and lowly at heart.

In the intervening thirteen years, since his first book, "How the Other Half Lives," appeared, the battle of philanthropy and progress against every obstacle that could be thrown in its way has been waged steadily and triumphantly in the metropolis. With a Good Government Club, a Tenement House Commission, an energetic board of health, the Citizen's Council of Hygiene, and a Lexow Committee of Investigation, the rising tide of vice and ignorance has been met and stemmed. An upright mayor and a conscientious board of police commissioners for the city of New York have defied and overthrown the misrule of Tammany and completely changed a state of affairs that boasted the slogan, "To hell with reform!" The crusade against "double-decker" tenement buildings, wooden-staired fire-traps, "dens of death" with "sunshine at six dollars a year per ray" has gone forward until the notorious Bottle Alley, Bone Alley, Bandit's Roost, Thieves' Alley, and Kerosene Row are no more. Reform has wiped them out. Even Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Gap have acquired standards of decency.

Through the efforts of such organizations as the Out-door Recreation Park Association, the Legal Aid Society, the Child Labor Committee, University Settlements, etc., there have sprung up in the slum quarter parks, play-grounds, schools, kindergartens, libraries, and clubs of all kinds for the betterment of both social and sanitary conditions. The opening of the schools and enforcing of the compulsory education law, Mr. Riis shows by convincing statistics, has decreased the record of criminality among children and lessened the number of minor arrests to an almost incredible degree, for, to use his own words, "every park, every play-ground, every bath-house, is a nail in the coffin of the slum, and every big, beautiful school-house built for the people's use is a pole rammed right through the heart of it, so that even its ghost shall never walk again." And while the children are being looked out for by the school boards, the needs of the workmen are being met by such institutions as the Mills Houses in Bleeker and Rivington Streets, where for fifty cents a man may get a bed and two square meals with smoking and reading-rooms thrown in. And still, Mr. Riis tells us, the owner is able to realize a four and five per cent. profit on his investment, making philanthropy at five per cent. twice blessed.

Aside from its interesting data, the book abounds in stray gleams of human tenderness—mother-love that even the misery of slum life can not deaden, the finding of "Jim" before it is too late, the loyalty and tragic end of "the vagabond cur," the parrot of Mrs. Ben Wah—incidents pathetic, pitiful, tragic, even, but never humorous. This is the spot where sunshine and mirth have no place.

Every loyal American citizen should read this book and put himself in line with the movement, and it should be a part of the training of the voter-to-be that he may be brought to feel the responsibility of citizenship, see the results of political corruption and appreciate the work of the earnest men through whose efforts this battle for civic virtue is being waged.

The illustrations are in themselves eloquent of the conditions before and after the battle began. "The Mulberry Street Police Station," "The Only Bath-Tub on the Block," "A 'Scrub' and Her Bed—A Plank," and so on, some sixty or seventy in all, each tell a tale which it is not necessary for the text to explain. The volume is handsomely bound in green and gilt, is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, "a valiant battler with the slum," and contains something over four hundred and fifty pages.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

A Pleasant Book of Travel.

"Wayfarers in Italy" is a notable volume, not alone for its handsome binding and numerous well-reproduced illustrations, but because the book's author, Katherine Hooker, has given us a wealth of detail about things that the tourist who goes into unheated paths of travel in Italy sees, but which seldom are found either in guide-books or in the ordi-

nary book of travel. The author of this account of Italian wayfaring is very evidently a remarkably painstaking observer. Those who find pleasure in reading the minutiae of travel can not fail to be charmed with this volume. The personal element is ubiquitous. Perhaps the list of places visited may show, as well as anything, the scope of the work, which runs to over three hundred pages in length. The author opens with some account of Milan, and follows with Bergamo, Brescia, Mantua, Ferrara, Florence, Monte Oliveto, San Quirico, Pienza, Montepulciano, Cortona, Arezzo, Borgo San Sepolcro, Jesi, Loreto, Recanati, Macerata, Ascoli, San Benedetto del Tronto, Solmona, Scanno, Avezzano, Anagni, Bracciano, Viterbo, Monte Cassino, Ravello, Narni, Assisi, Perugia, Trasimeno, Gubbio, Urbino, Rimini, San Leo, Ravenna, Siena, San Gimignano, Volterra, Lucca, and Venice.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henry James's new novel "The Ambassadors," will begin serial publication in the January number of the *North American Review*, and will be the first work of fiction ever published in that journal.

The late Francisque Sarcey, who for many years was the most notable of the French dramatic critics, kept a diary during his youth, and his son-in-law, Adolphe Brisson, is preparing it for publication.

Volume IV of "The History of Woman Suffrage" is now ready. The first three volumes, prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, brought the record of this movement to the early 'eighties. The present volume, by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, brings it to the beginning of the new century.

Helen Keller's autobiography, which she calls "The Story of My Life," is soon to be published.

A long sea novel from the pen of Clark Russell is to be brought out soon. It is entitled "Overdue," and is largely devoted to diving and the diver.

The *Academy* is somewhat tart in these days. "Why," it asks, "can we never take up an American hook magazine without finding an illustrated article on the homes, haunts, and pursuits of Mr. Richard Harding Davis?"

Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian," has been selling at the rate of a thousand copies a day. Over one hundred and sixty thousand copies have been sold up to date.

An illustrated edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Fables," limited to two hundred and fifty copies, has been brought out.

An account of a voyage from San Francisco around Cape Horn to Liverpool in a four-masted "wind-jammer," and the experiences of the life of an ordinary seaman, has been written by A. Basil Luhcock, an Englishman, and is entitled "Round the Horn Before the Mast."

Rudyard Kipling's new poem, "Pan in Vermont," which was published in an Eastern magazine, is printed for private circulation in London, and will be included in a new volume of poems by the author that is to appear next year.

The Englishwoman who writes under the pseudonym of Maxwell Gray has written a new novel, which is to be called "Richard Rosny."

T. W. H. Crosland, author of "The Unspeakable Scot," has written another satirical book, which he calls "Lovely Woman."

Emerson Hough, whose "Mississippi Bubble" holds rank among the six best-selling novels of the season, is now writing a new book on transportation in the West.

Maurice Maeterlinck has finished two dramas, which will probably be produced during the summer season in Paris. One, entitled "Pity," is a play of modern life; the other is a fairy story.

London booksellers say that it has been impossible to sell Krüger's "Memoirs" to English readers, but that General De Wet's "Three Years' War" has had a big run.

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant has left a very interesting and valuable manuscript of personal reminiscences which she began when her distinguished husband was writing his memoirs, and has added to it from time to time as her health and disposition permitted. It consists of three or four hundred pages of type-written matter, sufficient for a book of ordinary size, and was written for her children,

and may be published by them. It is said to describe many unknown incidents in her domestic experience, beginning with the time of her marriage, and gives important facts concerning General Grant that have never been published. Her stories of army life, events that occurred while she was living in the White House, and her description of the attentions which the general received during his tour around the world, will be a valuable contribution to history.

INTAGLIOS.**Good-Night.**

The fields are desolate of sheaves;
Against the lurid Western light
Stand dark, gnarled limbs hereof of leaves—
Good-night! Good-night!

The birds are passing to the South;
Their young, impatient for new flight,
Chattered their going from mouth to mouth—
Good-night! Good-night!

Gone is the Autumn's genial glow,
The Indian Summer's short respite;
And in the air are flakes of snow—
Good-night! Good-night!

—Richard Kirk in *Ex.*

To My Mother.

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them
Than tears.

Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

—John Allan Wyeth in *Century Magazine*.

Love's Miracle.

'Tis not the touch of hands, 'tis not the light
Shining from eyes that ardently do gaze
On the beloved face, 'tis not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aught
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'Tis rather in the hours when far apart
From the dear sight of her whose very thought
Hallows the soul, the hours with memories
Fraught,

With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

—William Morton Payne in the *January Atlantic Monthly*.

An amusing rhymed letter from Thackeray to Miss Kate Perry and her sister, Mrs. Elliot (Jane Perry), is included in a set of manuscripts to be sold at Sotheby's in London next month. It runs as follows:

"Well, I thought as sure as sure could be, should find a letter from kind J. E. Pray, why doesn't she write to me? I'd like to know, and if not she, where's her sister, Miss K. P.? One or other is surely free to send a line to double you tea. What is the reason? I have often said. Are Kate and Jane both ill in bed? Is that little shivering greyhound dead? or has anything possibly happened to Fred? or have they taken a friend instead, of that old fellow they've often fed (along with Venables, Clem, and Sped) with a broken nose and a snowy head? Tell me, how shall the riddle be read?"

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Puget Sound Country.

In a collection of short stories, which have previously appeared in Eastern periodicals, and are now gathered in one volume, under the title, "Forest Orchids," the author, Ella Higginson, gives utterance to her appreciation of the beauties of the Puget Sound country, and, perhaps unconsciously, to her frank conviction that a mate is the only and all-desired of the country maiden. The majority of the stories hinge upon the doubts and fears of some rustic belle, who waits, tremblingly, in her corner lest a coquettish rival should bear away the object of her devotion, or advances boldly into the open and struggles for the prize. The mothers generally bear a helping hand in the matrimonial game, and various rustic allurements, in the way of founcces and fallahs, parlor organs, and such, are cast recklessly in the arena, to attract the business-like regard of the indecisive swain. There is much homeliness of detail which gives reality to these frontier sketches, and the author has a pretty accurate knowledge of the ways and thoughts of the simple-minded bumans whose hard-working lives she thus freely chronicles. She has, too, a capability for turning off brief, graceful, albeit somewhat self-conscious, bits of descriptive writing, but there is too great a monotony of subject and treatment in the collected tales to allow the book, as a whole, to maintain its interest throughout.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Literary Values."

Another book from the pen of John Burroughs is his collection of essays on "Literary Values," handled with that largeness of appreciation of the truth in man and nature that brings us close to the heart of things, and gives to his criticisms the vigor and freshness of the outdoor world. His test of greatness in art is, as he puts it, "to be primarily in love with life and things and not with art." And while the reading of this book may not put an appreciation of literary values into the unsympathetic mind, it is bound to deepen the feeling of the thoughtful reader for honesty and truth in whatever field—literature, nature, humanity—for the appeal of the writer is for earnestness of purpose, independence of spirit, and hard work.

How strongly the critic-naturalist's intimacy with nature tinges his point of view is shown in his plea for simplicity, the pleasure of the "near-by things," as summed up in his tribute to the sonnets he loves. "Because they so abound in words, images, allusions, drawn from real life; the product of the mind vividly acted upon by near-by things, that used language steeped in the common experience of mankind. . . . It is always in order to urge a return to the simple and serious, a return to nature, the works that have the wholesome and sustaining qualities of natural products—grain, fruits, nuts, air, water."

The salient chapters are the papers on "Democracy and Literature," "Thoreau's Wilderness," "Nature in Literature," and "The Secret of Happiness."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10 net.

Marriott's Vagabond Photographer.

The title of Charles Marriott's latest novel, "Love With Honor," is rather misleading, for instead of a military tale or a border romance, as one would naturally expect, its plot hinges on the adventures and love affairs of Mark Surtees, an artist-tramp who loves nature and has no sympathy with "the average futile existence of people in houses." He is the son of a bishop, apprenticed to a photographer, and longs to live the life of a man, to feel his muscles, to know hunger and cold and hardship. As soon as he reaches his majority, he gives up his position and, despite the advice of his friends and guardian, who has control of the small inheritance left by his father, he enters on the life of a tramp, finding a new pillow each night, and encountering all kinds of strange experiences. He enjoys this sort of existence until, in his wanderings, he meets Laura Dampier. Then his enthusiasm for "the road" is somewhat dampened, and he again takes up photography as an excuse to linger—but this time it is outdoor photography. He studies the Severnshire landscape, the flowers, the foliage, and the grasses, and spends much time in the company of Laura and her guardian, Major Vassal.

In the bluff warrior hovering among the flower-beds and hedges of his trim English estate, Mr. Marriott has admirably depicted the touching loyalty of the old-school soldier

for his comrades in arms. Major Vassal is full of interesting information about the growing world around him, and applies it with military exactness in developing his garden blooms. With intelligent touch, too, he draws parallels between human nature and the peculiarities of his well-watched shrubberies. His controlling life-purpose is the care of his cherished ward, Laura, the illegitimate child of a brother officer, Lionel Dampier, whom he tenderly cares for until she learns of her antecedents and decides rather to be the wife of Surtees than become the mistress of gloomy Shotworth Castle. Her father is pictured as a gifted, handsome, deplorably weak scion of aristocracy, who tarnishes the family escutcheon, disgraces the service, and ends in inebrity.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

New Publications.

We really see no excuse for wasting good ink and paper in printing N. W. Bingham's miscalled "Rollicking Rhymes of Old and New Times." Published by Henry A. Dickerman & Sons, Boston.

Charles de Garmo, professor of the science and art of education in Cornell University, has written a book called "Interest and Education," sub-titled "the doctrine of interest and its concrete application." The aim of the volume appears to be to point out the necessity for appealing to the "feelings" of the child as well as to his "intellect," and to demonstrate how the desideratum may best be attained. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Our respect for Julian Ralph's ability as a journalist remains after reading "The Millionaire's"; the idea that he might be ranked among novelists has been dissipated. There is a whole lot of hit-or-miss love-making in the book, but the characters mostly have wheels, and the psychological basis for the things they do is indiscernable. Altogether, we think Mr. Ralph would better stick to his last. There are five rather good illustrations in tint. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

In "The Last Buccaneer," by L. Cope Cornford, is related the story of the finding of treasure buried by the pirate Morgan off the coast of Yucatan. The ship *Blessed Endeavor*, sailing from Bristol with a rare lot of ruffians on board, is the scene of the improbable but exciting incidents of the vividly told tale. In the end, the hero, Supercargo Brandon Pomfret, gets safely home with the treasure and a beautiful bride. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Whimlets," a little book containing Attic-salted epigrams, by S. Scott Stinson; and Aubreybeardsleyian drawings by Clare Victor Dwiggin, is very witty and attractive. Here is a whimlet:

"If brevity's
The Soul of Wit,
This verse should easily be it!"

The artist may be remembered as the illustrator of "Cranksisms." Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, 80 cents net.

Of the ten volumes forming the "Beacon Edition" of F. Hopkinson Smith's works, four were issued last summer and noticed in the *Argonaut* of August 18th. Three more are now from the press. As specimens of good, sane, sensible book-making these volumes arouse our enthusiasm. Here are no fancy frills. The binding is severely plain, the paper good, the type in harmony. To the designer of these books we extend our compliments—and thanks. Two of the three volumes just issued contain "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," with illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark; in the third are "The Other Fellow" and "The Club Stories," and three drawings, respectively, by Christy, Edwin B. Child, and Abbey. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; sold only by subscription for the complete works.

The sharp cleavage between class and class—so marked a feature of the times, industrially—in the opinion of Ernest Hamlin Abbott, has also a profound effect upon religion. During a three months' tour spent in making personal observations on religious conditions in eighteen States, Mr. Abbott became convinced that the attitude of American workmen—trades-unionists especially—is that of hostility to the church; that they regard it as aristocratic in tendency, and essentially in sympathy with the employing class as opposed to the employed. These ideas and others on many allied topics are set forth with force by Mr. Abbott in the vol-

ume, "Religious Life in America." A luminous, graphic, witty style makes the book more than ordinarily interesting. The several chapters have, we believe, appeared in the *Outlook*, and the volume itself is published by the Outlook Company, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

Death of Mrs. Catherwood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the well-known novelist, who died in Chicago a fortnight ago, first attracted attention in the literary world in 1881, when she published "Cracque o' Doom," a hook for children. A year later she followed it with "Rocky Ford." In 1884 she sent forth "Old Caravan Days," followed four years later by "The Secret at Rose-ladies." All had been written especially for young readers, although they proved great favorites with older readers, too.

In 1889 her first pretentious novel appeared, under the title of "The Romance of Dollard," "The Story of Tonty," a history of the trials of La Salle's great lieutenant; "Old Kaskaskia," "The White Islander," "The Chase of St. Castin," and "Days of Jeanne D'Arc" were published early in the 'nineties. A novel that appealed to the people of Illinois even more than "Old Kaskaskia" was "Spanish Peggy." The location of the characters was in New Salem, Ill., where Lincoln was called upon to defend one of them. Then Mrs. Catherwood returned for a brief period to short-story writing, publishing a collection under the title, "Queen of the Swamp." They dealt particularly with characters whom she had met or heard of in her life in the Mississippi Valley, particularly in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois. Then she visited Europe and studied the history of the court of France, to obtain color for what is considered by many to have been her greatest hook, "La-zarre." It, at least, was the most widely read, its circulation exceeding the expectations of the author and the publishers.

Prior to her last illness Mrs. Catherwood was engaged on a novel which she expected to send to her publishers in March. It is a story of which Robert Owen, who founded a colony in Posey County, Ind., was the hero. No arrangements have been made for the completion of the work, although the members of the novelist's family were familiar with the work and with her ideas upon the subject.

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Some years ago there was a fearful and wonderful exhibit of waxwork figures, à la Mme. Tussaud, in the rickety old basement of a rickety old building on Market Street. Now Mme. Tussaud's waxworks have been so celebrated in song and story that they have passed into literature; and so, not from an intrinsic taste for waxworks, but merely to change an imaginary to an actual concept, I strolled idly in one day, to inspect the waxen groups in the Eden Musée (so the exhibit was named), and incidentally to acquire new knowledge of the hideously morbid tastes that lie latent in uneducated humanity, ready to spring into life at each vicious hid for their favor.

It was the Chamber of Horrors that furnished this knowledge. I fail to remember the individual elements in the general revolting mess of sordid crime, squalid crime, malignant crime, unnatural crime, represented by horrible groups of stabbing, shooting, fleeing, fallen, or distorted figures in wax. But the general effect on the mind was that of being violently thrust face to face with all the revolting ugliness and vilefulness of life in miniature; of being forcibly reminded of all kinds of hideous possibilities in life and human nature of which we are in general oblivious, or have happily forgotten.

If any one yearns to experience sensations similar to these, but intensified a thousand times, by all means go and see Nance O'Neil play Nancy Sykes. If you wish to sup full on horrors, stay for the murder scene, and then go home, and tremble in the dark and try to forget that fearful, mangled, beaten, blood-clotted figure that writhed and shrieked and moaned and died with such dreadful realism that the eyes averted themselves in horror from the sight, and the ears longed for a merciful silence.

Yet, logically enough, this terrible representation does not depend on art for the force of its appeal. It is but highly colored melodrama, depending on overstrained nerve susceptibilities for its effect on the mind rather than an involuntary response to the finer and higher play of histrionic expression. Miss O'Neil, to be sure, contributes to the rôle of Nancy an immense capacity for exciting an emotional response in her audience. During the more exacting scenes of the hideous tragedy, she throws herself with such shattering force into the rôle that it is a wonder she is able to maintain it at equally high pressure during the week's run.

But one does not feel an increased respect for the ability of an actress who is able to add a successful representation of Nancy Sykes to her repertory. The murder scene is a melodramatic monstrosity, an accumulation of vulgar horrors, so unnaturally exciting to the imagination as almost to deserve suppression. One feels that a morbid imagination, or a weakened mind, might be impressed to the point of danger by the intense horror and excitement that is aroused during Nancy's murder.

It is a fact that Charlotte Cushman, so long identified with the character of Nancy Sykes, ceased to play the part when her growing fame and dignified eminence on the American stage enabled her thankfully to dispense with it. Yet, as Charles Dickens was Nancy's creator, and "Oliver Twist" one of his popular books, the play ranks higher than it should, and will always draw a certain proportion of people whose tastes are not proportioned to such rank food, and who discover the fact too late with a shock of revolt.

McKee Rankin's Bill Sykes is a faithful complement to Miss O'Neil's Nancy, and, in the murder scene, almost as consistently unpleasant. Whatever he sets about to do (except getting a company together), Mr. McKee Rankin generally does well. As Bill Sykes he was the low-browed, hurly, surly ruffian that we learned to know in the pages of "Oliver Twist." Destiny has, fortunately, got ahead of Mr. Rankin this time, and harked him in the exercise of the peculiar talents he possesses for presenting a collection of theatrical junk to the public attention, and calling it a company.

The members of the regular stock company at the Grand Opera House are personified merit in comparison to what we have been accustomed to seeing around Miss O'Neil in the past, and, during the earlier scenes of the play, succeed very well in their assumption of the various character parts that make up the list of more endurable personages in "Oliver Twist."

"The Case of Rebellious Susan" is one of the most brilliant and interesting comedies that Henry Arthur Jones has given us. A curious point in the play is the possibility of the spectator overlooking the sinister under-meaning to the story, and taking it all as it appears on the surface. Viewed thus, it is merely the recital of an unusually obstinate conjugal tiff, which, however, has the inevitable pacific ending. But the true motive that underlies Lady Susan's prolonged rebellion is what gives the play its body and its trenchant significance.

The subject is one that is of universal interest. Lady Susan's grievance against the offending Jim is the counterpart of dozens that people know, or surmise, exist in the lives of their married friends. How the woman will act, under such circumstances, is always the great question. Lady Susan puts us *au fait* of her state of mind the instant the curtain rises. She is no patient Griselda, no thin-blooded conventionalist, who palliates her husband's offense for fear of the world's dread laughter, but a proud, angry woman, smarting under a sense of wrong and deadly insult. Women of that type are the kind that make social history.

Mr. Jones has been very skillful in his delineation of the husband's character. From the glimpses we gain of his nature, Jim Harrahin is the kind of soft-hearted, soft-headed, well-meaning and intrinsically truthful man, who, if he had been a blacksmith or a book-keeper, would probably have been a model of all the domestic virtues. But he was rich and idle, and Satan and the temptress snatched him.

In reality, husbands are not as God made them, but as circumstances and the attrition of matrimony have shaped and developed them. Man in the abstract is a good deal of a savage. In the concrete, harnessed to duty and a suitable mate, softened by affection, steadied by responsibility and the precious hostages he has offered to fortune, he is often more of an angel than strong-minded women perceive or will admit. Thus, under more favoring circumstances, Jim, in spite of his present sin, might have had decided possibilities for good. Lady Susan, however, all unaware of these potential virtues, like many an injured wife before her, gives utterance to a dire threat, and promises reprisal of a similar sort. And then the question is, did she carry out her threat? This point in the play is handled by the author, and should be treated by the players with the utmost delicacy and skill. I have never seen this play acted by first-class players, although it was very acceptably rendered here by the James Neill company about a year ago. But the Neill people and the players at the Alcazar both lack in just that delicate by-play and subtle significance of look and tone, which makes the scene between Sir Richard, Lady Susan, and her young lover, the core and pivot of the entire drama. Juliet Crosby played the part of Lady Susan with due vigor and emphasis, although with some lack of shading during the recalcitrant's serious moments. Miss Crosby, who, in general, has decided leanings toward low comedy, and is cheerfully reckless in the matter of unbecoming make-up when necessary, comes out all the more strongly by force of contrast in a much-dressed part; and in Lady Susan's handsome habiliments she appeared to very good advantage.

Adele Belgarde was not well placed as Mrs. Quesnel. She is rather too amiably doleful and mellifluous for the pretty widow, who should indicate a strain of quiet co-

quetry, and a charming blending of sweetness and piquancy.

The play, however, is so interesting, the action so spirited, and the dialogue so pregnant and animated, that, in spite of an occasional missing of points, the performance goes easily and with conviction.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The MacDowell Concerts.

At Edward MacDowell's second concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, Mrs. Blanchard will appear, singing two groups of the composer's songs, "Deserted," "Long Ago," "A Maid Sings Light," "The Robin Sings in the Apple-Tree," and "Thy Beaming Eyes," "Slumber Song," "Mignonette." The instrumental numbers for that evening will be "Courante," "Prelude," Bach; "Sarabande," "Jig," Locelly; sonata, op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; prelude, presto, intermezzo, fugue, from first suite, op. 10, MacDowell; "The Eagle," op. 32, No. 1; "Shadow Dance," op. 39, No. 6; "Improvisation," op. 46, No. 4; "Czardas (Friska)," op. 24, No. 4; "Idyll," op. 28, No. 4; "Polonaise," op. 46, MacDowell.

The sale of seats for the MacDowell concerts has been so encouraging to Manager Greenbaum that he has canceled several dates on the route East, and arranged for an extra recital in this city on next Thursday afternoon at Steinway Hall, and one in Oakland at the Unitarian Church on Friday night, at which the composer will have the assistance of Mrs. E. F. Schneider, the well-known singer.

The second of the present series of Zech symphony concerts will be given on Thursday afternoon at Fischer's Theatre, when an interesting programme will be rendered. It will consist of overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; G-minor symphony, Mozart; "Siegfried Idyll," Wagner; Russian suite for strings, Wuerst; overture, "Miniature," Moskowski.

Herr Wenzel Kopta, a famous Bohemian violinist, will be heard here in concert the last week of this month. Kopta is one of the greatest of Bohemian musicians, and Manager Greenbaum promises two very interesting concerts.

Anna Held is coming here this month at the head of a large company in "The Little Duchess."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nance O'Neil as Lady Macbeth.

The most important event at the theatres next week will be the first appearance of Nance O'Neil as Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth." It is a rôle that should suit her personality and style of acting admirably, and it is promised that her interpretation of the ambitious wife of the Thane of Cawdor will differ materially from any Lady Macbeth we have yet seen. This rôle has a remarkable fascination for all emotional actresses and "tragedy queens." Within a few years we have enjoyed the Lady Macbeths of Mme. Modjeska and Kathryn Kidder, and the announcement has just been made that Mrs. Fiske and Margaret Anglin are to essay the part in sumptuous New York revivals. The production at the Grand Opera House is to be quite an elaborate one, and it should prove especially interesting, inasmuch as Miss O'Neil will have three sterling actors in her support in the leading rôles—E. J. Ratcliffe, Herschel Mayall, and Charles Millward.

Last Week of Frank Daniels.

It is a pity that Frank Daniels comes to us this year with such a threadbare musical comedy as "Miss Simplicity," for aside from the laughs which he is able to evoke by his droll personality and his interpolated songs and stage business, the production is a very tame affair. His supporting company is above the average, but is wasted on the poor material offered by the librettist and composer. There is no plot, and the only songs in the opera which are applauded with enthusiasm are a spooky ballad called "Bahette," in which the comedian tells of the queer experiences of his spiritualistic wife, and "Rosalie" and "Phoebe" capably rendered by Frank Turner and Grace Orr Myers. The latter is a dainty hit of blonde femininity, with a sweet soprano voice, but she can hardly be said to fill the place left vacant by Helen Redmond, the stunning beauty who was at the head of the Daniels company last year. The chorus, gorgeously costumed, is much in evidence, but there is nothing that is distinctive in its work. "Miss Simplicity" goes for another week and then comes Kirk La Sells' comic opera company in "The Princess Chic."

"Barbara Fidgety" at Fischer's.

The hurlesque on Clyde Fitch's stirring war drama, "Barbara Frietchie," at Fischer's Theatre is very amusing and gives all the principals plenty of chance to do good work. Maude Amher appears as the willful Barbara Fidgety; Olive Evans as a volatile old colored mammy. Mrs. Glue; Flossie Hope; Gertie Emerson, and Charlotte Vidot as the girls next door; Winfield Blake as the gallant captain; Barney Bernard as the revengeful lover, Jack Jaglev; Kolb and Dill as the paid politicians, "Gilets" and "Greents"; Charles Bates as the intemperate Mr. Fidgety; and Bernard Wynn as the transplanted Irishman and political boss, Colonel Jaglev. The last two actors are among the new-comers, who also include Bertha Nilsson and George Best. All the scenery, costumes and accessories are attractive, and there are a number of pretty dances and catchy songs, notably John Stromberg's "Come Down, My Evening Star," and "Keep Away from Emeline," which have already proved very popular. "Barhary Fidgety," like its predecessors, is sure of a long run at Fischer's.

"Tennessee's Pardner."

At the Alcazar Theatre next week, the ever-popular melodrama, "Tennessee's Pardner," based on one of Bret Harte's stories, will be produced, with a cast including many of the actors who figured in the play when it was given here about a year ago. Agnes Rankin will have the part of Tennessee Kent, Ernest Hastings will be the Caley Swan, the high-toned card-dealer; Frank Bacon will appear as Gewillicker Hay, the ready liar; and George Osbourne as the partner. The other rôles will be in the hands of Clifford Demsey, Eleanor Gordon, Albert Morrison, Walter Belasco, Marie Howe, and Herbert Carton. In the next attraction, "My Daughter-in-Law," Alice Treat Hunt, the new leading lady, will make her first appearance.

The Tivoli's Big Hit.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is still drawing crowded houses at the Tivoli Opera House. Some new verses and dance features have been added, which all go well. Edward Webb has scored the highest hit he has ever made at this house in the rôle of the "King of Shreds and Patches," and he is ably assisted in his scenes by Aimee Leicester. Hartman is in his element as Happy Hoolligan, and Annie Myers has several popular hallads. Bertha Davis is winsome as the princess, and Arthur Cunningham's song, "The Meaning of U. S. A.," with the entire chorus, is applauded again and again. Little Cecil Cowles pleases with "Sweet Molly Mine," and the rest of the people in the cast give good accounts of themselves. There is no telling when the run of the holiday spectacle will come to an end, but in the meantime the Tivoli folks are preparing a great production of "The Mikado," Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful opera, which has not been done here for about four years.

The Orpheum's New Specialties.

The Miles Stavordale Quintet will present a most novel entertainment for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week. These gentlemen, one of whom plays on the harp and the others on "double-headed" or ho-hanjos, give what is claimed to be the most

perfect imitation of the human voice ever attained on musical instruments. The other new-comers are the Elinore Sisters, character comedienne, who will return after a prolonged London success, presenting their one-act comedy by Eugene Ellsworth, entitled "Adventures of Bridget McGuire"; and Zazell and Vernon, comic triple horizontal harp performers, boxers, and pantomimists. Edith Helena, the remarkable soprano, will change her selections, and for their second and last week Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne will present Mr. Cressy's latest and greatest success; "Bill Biffin's Bahy." The four Garganys, European grotesques, the three Livingstons, parlor acrobats, and Wood and Bates, the musical comedians, will vary their acts. Among the new pictures to be shown on the biograph will be the gala Spanish hull-fight at the festivities in honor of the coronation of King Alfonso.

Burton Holmes's "Travel Talks."

Burton Holmes, who occupies the leading position in the ranks of travelers and lecturers in this country to-day, is to make his first appearance in this city, at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, when he will talk of "The Grand Cañon in Arizona." Mr. Holmes does not confine his lectures to the usual statistics and dry facts, but gives valuable information about unusual features of the country visited, and illumines his discourse with humorous personal experiences, which hold the attention of the audience from start to finish. His stereopticon views and motion pictures, supplementing the lecture, are the work of a professional photographer, and prove a constant delight to the spectator, who, if he has never had the advantage of foreign travel, will feel doubly grateful to Mr. Holmes for the excellent conception it gives him of the home life, street scenes, national types, architectural wonders of the leading countries of Europe.

The lecture on "The Grand Cañon of Arizona" will be followed on Thursday evening with a trip through "Portugal, a Land of Loveliness." Mr. Holmes journeyed from Gibraltar to the North Cape last summer, and Portugal naturally takes first place in the "travel talks" descriptive of this journey. Among the views to be shown in this lecture are six fine pictures in motion of the Portuguese hull-fights, and numerous scenes of activity in Lisbon and in the country districts.

The third lecture in the series will be given on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and will be on "Denmark; Through Hamlet's Country in a Motor-Car." Hamlet's castle at Elsinore is visited, also the celebrated Horse Fair at Randers, where the characteristic scenes found in the rural districts give a charming insight into the customs, the costumes, and the scenery of the real Denmark. Among other motion pictures to be shown with this lecture is one of the Paris-Berlin automobile race of 1901. This was taken at the Belgian frontier, and is a very long one, taking twelve minutes on the screen, and showing Fournier, the celebrated French chauffeur, and the other contestants as they are halted by the customs officers at the line between the two countries.

The well-known theatrical managers, Fred A. Belasco and Sam Thall, are no longer partners. By agreement the firm which has had the management of the Alcazar and Central Theatres was formally dissolved last week. Hereafter the two theatres will be under the management of Mr. Belasco, who, in order not to be overhounded with work in managing the Central, Alcazar, and the new Belasco Theatre, which is now being constructed, has decided to have an assistant. The assistant will be E. D. Price, a successful theatrical manager of New York, who has been associated with W. A. Brady in his many ventures. Mr. Price is at present in charge of the Manhattan Theatre in New York.

Etta Butler, the clever mimic, died in New York on Wednesday of typhoid fever. Her last appearance on the stage was with the original "Liberty Belles," in which she scored a big hit.

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Tyndall's Lectures on Psychic Power.

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The big racing event at the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon will be the Follans-Heen Handicap, a high-weight handicap for two-year-olds and upward. The distance is seven furlongs, the value of the purse is \$1,500, and the entries number over a hundred.

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VANITY FAIR.

A bill has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies providing for the abolition of all titles of nobility in France. The passage of such a bill would be a severe blow to the French "nobleman" who is petted by the Four Hundred, and held up to the gaze of American youth as the glass of fashion and the mold of form. It will be useless for him to come to the United States as a plain "Mr." and offer his heart and hand in a condescending way to the heiress who is able to buy a husband not made of common clay. The Four Hundred doesn't invest its money in plain civilians. It insists on a titled pedigree. "Dollars for dukes" is its motto; "not a dime for undecorated fortune-hunters." The Baltimore Sun remarks that there are economic reasons why the French parliament should not legislate hastily in this most important matter, and adds: "If the French dukes, marquises, and counts are stripped by law of all their fine plumage, the English aristocracy will have practically a monopoly of the title-loving heiresses in the United States. John Bull will send his earls, lords, barons, viscounts, and knights to our shores and carry off the enormous accumulations of gold which Uncle Sam's daughters are prepared to invest in the acquirement of "noble" conjugal partners. French statesmen should not ignore this practical phrase of the problem."

That these heiress-hunters will be the principal sufferers is evident from the remarks of Prince de Lucigne-Faucigny, who may be said to represent the opinion of that portion of the Faubourg Saint-Germain society, which does not regard a title as a social asset. He asks the question: "What prestige do titles of nobility confer in these days?" and adds: "They are sold, bought, and often stolen, so they are no longer of much importance. The names of the old French families can well dispense with any handle. And I declare myself in favor of the complete suppression of them, since, with the abolition of the genuine ones, all the sham titles, which throw ridicule on the real aristocracy, will forever disappear." The New York Times points out the fact that many of the remaining representatives of the old Bourbon nobility, who are in business, have long since dispensed with their titles—some altogether, while others only employ them on their visiting cards.

According to Waldon Fawcett, in the Smart Set, the national capital comes dismally near being an Adamless Eden, as far as single men are concerned. "Owing to the dearth of commercial and industrial possibilities in Washington, D. C.," he says, "practically all the ambitious men migrate as soon as they are old enough to come to a realization of the situation, whereas most of the men who come to the dream city on the Potomac, as members of Congress, or to assume governmental positions, are married, and not a few of them leave sons at home, and bring daughters—allured by the prospect of a social career—to swell the hopeless surplus of young, unmarried women. How dire a disaster this dearth of eligible bachelors is considered by Washington hostesses was forcefully illustrated a few years since, during the war which waged between some matrons of high social position, on the one hand, and, on the other, a nouveau riche from the West, who was endeavoring to effect a breach in the social fortifications. The newcomer had the temerity to plan a series of dances for the evenings that had been selected for a series of similar functions by her associated rivals. The Washington women had little difficulty in securing promises of allegiance from all the popular bachelors in the city, but the invader recruited her dancing corps of men from New York, thus securing the attendance of not a few of the Washington girls; and, to make her victory more complete, she finally lured, by the sheer magnificence of her entertainments, a number of the bachelors who had originally sworn fealty to her opponents."

Josephine Dodge Daskam, one of the most popular of the younger writers of the day, is not in sympathy with woman suffragists, and thinks the girl of to-day ought to be eager to hang on to her many privileges and let her rights go. "If you can not in this generation get your vote, you always can get your voter. Women have always influenced man, and I don't see but what that's just as good. There is some danger of women getting what our brothers call the 'big-head.' If the young girl isn't careful her brother may turn like the worm. Whatever we do, we could leave him two things. One of these is the conviction that he knows and can do

more than we can (as, for instance, looking up our trains for us), and we should leave him his bank-book. He may give us everything else, including his latch-key. I think there is a great deal of unnecessary twaddle these days about the increasing strenuousness of the young girl. I don't think she has changed so much. I don't think these little fads of the modern girl and modern woman, such as physical culture, or vegetarianism, or Greek grammar, to which she must devote at least a morning a week, have changed the woman underneath. She has no more mind. She may use her mind a little differently, but it's the same old mind, the same energy that she uses. There are two things which women must always have had since the creation to be successful, and those two things are the same in the far-off islands of the Pacific and in the high school in Massachusetts. A woman to be successful must be good and she must be charming. You may think of her charm as her parliamentary ability, her oratorical power, or her excellent canning of peaches, but she has got to have it. And if she is not good, the world can't progress. There may be something interesting in the bad woman, but she can't perpetuate nations, and after all, that was the main purpose of our creation, I think. If a woman is good and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made, but if she can be good and charming, her heritage and posterity can ask absolutely nothing better." Miss Daskam proved her sincerity and fearlessness by including the above remarks in a paper which she read before the Pilgrim Mothers, at their recent two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the landing of the Mayflower, for most of the members of the league are woman suffragists. Naturally they were somewhat surprised and disappointed with her point of view.

Discussing old maids in the Century Magazine, Lillian Hamilton French wonders why it is that history and tradition have done so little for the spinster except to make her absurd. "Why," she asks, "has literature never enshrined her, I ask myself often—set her apart in a corner by herself, as poets and philanthropists and great world-saviors are set, where she can rest honored and revered, not as some special and unselfish sister, nor yet as a certain unmarried and devoted cousin, but simply and without equivocation as an old maid, an individual as necessary to the world and its progress as even the married ones? For think of all the other people's children old maids have loved and reared: of all the homes in which they have been benedictions; of all the marriages they have helped to bring about, and the husbands and wives their counsels have kept together. Think of these things, and then of how, when no longer needed, these old maids have slipped away and been forgotten, like the ashes of last year's fires."

Another of their good traits, Miss French points out, is that they are such good listeners, despite the fact that nobody pays any attention to their speech. "And I wonder," she adds, "considering how many confidences men have poured into their ears, and how many other things men have found to say about them, that not a gentleman has yet been found good and generous enough to pay tribute to this surpassing excellence in spinster—an excellence so dear to the masculine mind. How many old-maid aunts, indeed, have nephews not beguiled? How many old-maid sisters have not opened their ears to the self-praise of their unsuccessful brothers who have missed a hearing at the bar, or in the pulpit, or wherever there was competition among men? Patient souls, these old maids, listening to each of us as a mother only listens to her own, and who have listened so long that at last they have the air of never expecting any one to pay attention to them. They venture into speech on their own account, as timid mice into parlors, ready on the instant to whisk about and seek cover again. These, though, are the old maids for whom corners are never lacking, so eager are the very least among men to assure themselves of a hearing somewhere."

When Wanda de Boneza died in Paris, several months ago, the smart set of the French metropolis was scandalized when it was announced that their favorite actress of the Comédie-Française had left behind her debts to the amount of over \$100,000. Later, when her safe at the Crédit Lyonnais was opened, a large amount of money and jewelry was found, and it now looks as if something like \$150,000 would be left, after her debts are paid, to be divided among the four humble heirs who claim relationship with her. Some

astounding prices were realized at the sale of Mlle. de Boneza's furniture, gowns, laces, furs, and costly jewelry. On the first day over \$75,000 was realized. One necklace, containing forty-three pearls of a large size, found a purchaser at \$12,000; a pair of earrings, composed of two black pearls, went for \$8,200; and a brooch of brilliants and an enormous pearl sold for \$15,000. How Mlle. Boneza managed to amass such a fine stock of gems can better be imagined than described. A French writer figures out the actresses' actual earnings for ten years at about \$800,000, made up as follows: Fund in bank safe, \$55,000; result of sale, \$320,000; earnings at the Comédie-Française for ten years, about \$24,000. Her minimum expenditure for ten years, at the rate of \$40,000 yearly, equals \$400,000. Thus her professional earnings were \$6 daily, and in gifts she must have earned nearly \$215 daily.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 7, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Cal. Central G. & E.	5,000	@ 106		106	
Hawaiian C. & S. S.	1,000	@ 99		98 3/4	100 1/4
Los An. Ry. S.	10,000	@ 118 1/2-119 1/4		119 1/4	
Los An. Lighting					
Ctd. S.	5,000	@ 106		106	
Market St. Ry. S.	15,000	@ 121 1/2		121 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. S.	32,000	@ 121 1/2-121 3/4		121 1/2	
N. Pac. C. R. S.	3,000	@ 108-108 1/2		108 1/2	
Oakland Transit S.	6,000	@ 112 1/2-112 3/4		112 3/4	
Oakland Transit Con.					
S.	6,000	@ 106-108		105 3/4	106 1/2
Pac. Elec. Ry. S.	10,000	@ 108-109		109	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. S.	7,000	@ 102 1/2-103		102 1/2	103 1/2
S. P. of Ariz. 6 1/2 1909	16,000	@ 110 1/2-113 1/2		110 1/2	110 3/4
S. P. of Ariz. 6 1/2 1910	33,000	@ 111 1/2-114 1/4		111 1/2	112
S. P. of Cal. 6 1/2 1906	11,000	@ 109 1/4		109 1/4	
S. P. of Cal. Con. S.	5,000	@ 123		122 1/2	123 1/2
S. P. Branch 6 1/2	13,000	@ 140 1/2-140 1/4		140 1/4	140 3/4
S. V. Water 6 1/2	5,000	@ 109 1/2		109 1/2	110 1/4
S. V. Water 4 1/2 2d.	4,000	@ 102 1/2		102 1/2	

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Contra Costa	165	@ 67-67 1/2		67	67 1/2
Spring Valley	238	@ 84 1/2-85		85 1/2	85 3/4
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.	25	@ 98		98	
Bank of California	10	@ 472 1/2		465	475
Street R. R.					
Presidio	20	@ 40		35	
Powders.					
Giant Con.	280	@ 73 1/2-74		73 1/2	
Vigorit	30	@ 2 1/2		2 1/2	3 1/4
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	15	@ 4 1/2		3 1/2	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.	200	@ 45 1/2-46		45 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.	455	@ 14 1/2-14 3/4		14 1/2	15
Hutchinson	505	@ 15 1/2-16 1/4		15 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.	445	@ 28 1/2-28 3/4		28 1/2	
Paauhau S. Co.	310	@ 16 1/2-17 1/4		17	
Gas and Electric.					
Pacific Gas	25	@ 35 1/2		35 1/2	
Pacific Lighting Co.	30	@ 52 1/2		52 1/2	53 1/2
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry.	8	@ 37		37	40
S. F. Gas & Electric	326	@ 41 1/2-42		41 1/2	42
S. F. Gaslight Co.	316	@ 5 1/2			
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	210	@ 159 1/2-160		159 1/2	160
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.	20	@ 93 1/2-94		95	
Cal. Wine Assn.	125	@ 100 1/2-100 3/4		100 3/4	
Pac. A. F. Alarm	20	@ 2 1/2		2 1/2	3 1/4

The sugars have been fairly active, and have held their own in price; Hana closing at 3 1/2 bid; Honokaa, 14 1/2; Hutchinson, 15 1/2; Makaweli, 28 1/2; Paauhau, 17 1/4; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, 45 1/2. Giant Powder on sales of 280 shares, sold off one-half point to 73 1/2, closing at 73 1/2 bid. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and sales of 325 shares were made at 41 1/2 to 42. Spring Valley Water on sales of 240 shares, sold up to 85, a gain of one-half point, closing at 85 1/2 bid.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator Lodge tells of a member of the Massachusetts legislature who was much impressed with the dignity of his position. One night his wife woke him and whispered: "John, there are burglars in the house." "You must be mistaken, my dear," said her husband; "there may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh, no; the idea is simply preposterous."

On one occasion the Pope wrote a message to be printed in a newspaper, and copies were shown in advance to prominent men by the newspaper, with a request for comment to be printed at the same time with the document. To the request made of him, the late Thomas B. Reed replied: "The overpowering unimportance of this makes me speechless. I have nothing to say."

The other day a well-known actor was showing a visitor to New York through the Players' Club, where there is a collection of old ale mugs used by distinguished persons. "Here," said the Thespian who was doing the honors, "we have Edwin Booth's mug; and here is Joseph Jefferson's mug; this is Barrett's mug; and here Henry Leslie's mug; here we have Mr. Kendal's mug—" "Thank heaven," interrupted the visitor, "that you haven't Mrs. Kendal's mug!"

Miss Weld, in writing of the visit of Tennyson to her father's house in London, says: "My uncle disliked an overdisplay of demonstration in public, and said that in his experience, 'When young married people keep on publicly raining "my dears" thick upon each other, it is a sure sign that a quarrel is at hand.' Akin to this hatred of unreal affection was my uncle's dislike to the fulsome flattery and general vapidness of many after-dinner speeches, and he declared to me that, if called on to make a speech when he felt he had really nothing to say, he should just rise and exclaim:

'Out of my latitude, as I live,
Therefore no platitude—pray forgive,'
and promptly resume his seat."

As a junior counsel, Mr. Justice Hawkins was once practicing before Lord Campbell. In addressing the jury, he referred to a brougham, and pronounced the word with two syllables—bro'am. "Excuse me," said his lordship, blandly, "but I think that instead of saying 'brough-am' you were to say 'broom,' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable." "I am much obliged to your lordship," quietly replied Mr. Hawkins, and proceeded to bring his address to a close. Presently the judge, in summing up, made use of the word "omnibus." Instantly up rose Mr. Hawkins, and exclaimed: "Pardon me, my lord, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'omnibus' your lordship would say 'bus,' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and besides you would save two syllables."

It is related that while in New York, a fortnight ago, Professor Lorenz one evening at dinner was seated next to a clergyman, who was describing to the great Austrian how deplorable were moral conditions on the East Side. "Why, professor," said the minister, "I heard an eleven-year-old girl over there one day step up to a boy of about her own age, and say, 'I'll lick hell out of you.'" Dr. Lorenz looked puzzled, for he is not familiar with American slang. "Lick," he said; "was ist dos 'lick'?" "Why, 'lick,'" said the clergyman, a little puzzled in return, "'lick' is to kick out of, to stamp out from, to eradicate." "Oh," said the professor, "and 'hell.' I don't know 'bell.'" "Well, 'bell' stands for all wickedness, everything that is wicked." "Yes, I see," slowly responded Dr. Lorenz; "the little girl said to the little boy she would stamp out, eradicate everything wicked from him. But why should that be so bad?"

Commenting on the slights that were put on Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, Sidney Whitman says: "The Prince Consort brought to England ideas of his princely prerogative from Germany which did not accord with those to which the English aristocracy were accustomed, and all the less so since many English noblemen thought themselves every bit as good as a German prince. One morning, Prince Albert joined the meet of the Royal Buckhounds. All were awaiting the arrival of the master of the hunt in order to

start the hounds. The Prince Consort ordered the hunt to begin, and this was at once done. Shortly afterward the master arrived, and, hearing what had occurred, ordered the hounds to be called off, and, turning his back upon the party, galloped off without further ado. Prince Albert rode back to Windsor and complained to the queen, who shared his indignation. She sent for Lord Palmerston, who was prime minister, and insisted that he should immediately call on the master of the buckhounds to resign. The prime minister replied that if this was her majesty's pleasure, he saw no alternative but to place his own resignation, as well as that of all his colleagues, in her hands. The queen, therefore, for the time being, at least, had to condone the slight put upon her husband."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Merry War Manœuvres.
Out o'er the ocean's mighty breast
Loud rang the cannon's roar;
Upon the cruiser's bridge there stood
Lieutenants I to IV.
The Admiral so stanch and true
Then calmly viewed the fray,
While through his hat imaginary
Bullets tore their way.
Imaginary men were dead,
Imaginary blood so red,
Imaginary sea-wolves fed,
Throughout the sunlit day.

Imaginary shot and shell
Plowed through the quivering air,
The Admiral then raved and tore
Imaginary hair.
For well he knew that down below
Lay on the mess-room floor
Imaginary sailors in imaginary gore.
Imaginary wounds they bad,
Imaginary foes were glad,
Imaginary parents sad,
And wounds and blood galore.
The Admiral then turned unto
Lieutenant No. IV,
Requesting him as referee
To figure up the score;
And getting out his little book,
He sadly sighed and said:
"According to the latest rules,
For two days we've been dead.
Imaginary shot and shell,
Imaginary mines as well,
Imaginary minds now tell,
That we the sharks have fed."

—Porter Emerson Brown in the United Service.

The New London.

It was a blithe New Zealander,
Stalwart and straight and tanned,
Had traveled o'er the salt sea foam
To see his motherland.
He tarried not an instant,
He sped to London town,
He hired a guide and gayly cried,
"Come show me up and down!"

"Good sir," replied the courteous guide,
"You have but to declare
What 'tis your chiefest wish to see,
And I will take you there."
"Oh, show me, then," the stranger cried,
"The War Office, Pall Mall."
"Alas," replied the gentle guide,
"'Tis now a smart hotel."

"Alackaday!" the stranger said,
"That I was born so late.
Then pilot me unto the Tower
To see the Traitors' Gate."
"It grieves me sore," the other said,
"Your ardent hopes to quell,
That edifice is also turned
Into a new hotel."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stricken youth,
Losing his ruddy tint;
"If I may not behold the Tower,
Then take me to the Mint."
"There is no Mint," the answer came,
"There are no beaver hats:
The site is wholly occupied
By residential flats."

"Westminster Abbey, what of that?"—
"Good sir, you surely know
That Morgan carted it away
To Boston, years ago."
Then take me to the Mansion House—
The answer, like a knell,
Once more was uttered by the guide—
"That's also an hotel."

It was a triste New Zealander
That bled him to the shore,
And thus in burning wounds appeared
His indignation sore:
"I came to see your storied piles,
Your fane and citadels;
I find them all replaced by flats,
Or turned into hotels."

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During a recent visit to Caracas, a member of Parliament says that he was accorded interviews with several of the leading members of the Venezuelan Government, who showed him every courtesy, and gave a dinner in his honor. That night, shortly after he retired at a late hour, he was awakened from his sleep by a noise in his room, and saw, as he thought, one of his hosts disappear through the bedroom window leading to the veranda. Concluding that this was a polite custom of the country, the visitor returned to sleep, but in the morning he found that he had been robbed. The Englishman went straight to the seat of government, and complained to one of the ministers, who expressed his dismay, and was thereupon informed that the person seen in the room bore a resemblance to himself. "Very strange," replied the minister, "for there is no one alive who resembles me." "In that case," rejoined his visitor, dryly, "you should have no difficulty in securing the restoration of my property." Later in the day the Englishman discovered an anonymous package upon his room table. Opening the cover, he found all the missing articles save his gold-edged cigar case and one of his fob charms—a little goddess in diamonds and emeralds.

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Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14
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Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Feb. 5
Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, March 3
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1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, January 29, 1903, at 10 A. M.
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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and U. S. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Pomona 1:30 P. M., Jan. 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, Feb. 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Jan. 2, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31, Feb. 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara: Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M., State of California, 9 A. M., Jan. 2, and every Thursday thereafter.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and "Newport" (Ramona only).
Ramon, 9 A. M., Jan. 1, 9, 17, 25, Feb. 2.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Jan. 5, 13, 21, 29, Feb. 6.
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SOCIETY.

The Wallace-Loughborough Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Fanny Loughborough, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, and Mr. Allan Wallace, of New York, took place at the home of the bride's mother, corner of Franklin and O'Farrell Streets, on Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Father Mulligan. Mr. Alexander D. Keyes gave the bride into the groom's keeping. Miss Josephine Loughborough was the maid of honor, and Mr. Emil Bruguière acted as best man. The ribbon-bearers were Lieutenant Cyrus Miller, U. S. N., Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. Truxton Beale, Mr. George E. Hall, and Mr. Enrique Grau. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, those at the bride's table, besides the members of the bridal party, being Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Spalding, Miss Elizabeth Zane, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Miss Ethyl Hager. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, after a short wedding journey in Southern California, will depart for New York, where they will reside.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Josselyn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, to Mr. Henry McDonald Spencer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Susanna Hayes, sister of the Rev. William E. Hayes, to Rev. Burr M. Weeden, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Martin, daughter of the late W. O. H. Martin, of Reno, Nev., and Mr. Thomas T. C. Gregory, son of Judge J. M. Gregory, of Suisun, and a grandson of Admiral Craven. The wedding will take place in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Kline, daughter of Mr. George W. Kline, and Mr. T. A. Jagger, Jr., professor of geology at Harvard University.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessica Marian Davis, daughter of Mr. G. Davis, and Mr. Arthur C. Nahl.

The wedding of Miss Leila Burton, daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Rush Wells, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on December 27th, at Governor's Island, New York, where Colonel Burton is at present stationed as inspector-general of the Department of the East. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Kathro Burton, as maid of honor. A large reception followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Mrs. Mazie Cunningham, daughter of Mrs. Mercer Otey, and Mr. Ernest Mendenhall, took place at the residence of Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., 2912 Jackson Street, on New-Year's afternoon. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by the Rev. E. J. Lion, of St. Stephen's Church. Only relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall have departed for the Southern States on their wedding journey, and upon their return will reside in Oakland.

Miss Frances McKinstry made her formal debut at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, on Wednesday afternoon, at her residence, 2912 Pacific Avenue. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss McKinstry, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Emily Wesson, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Elena Robinson, and Miss Elizabeth Allen.

Mrs. Edward Pond will give a luncheon on Friday, January 16th, at her residence on Jackson Street, at which covers will be laid for eighteen.

Mrs. Joseph McKenna, of Washington, D. C., will be the guest of honor at a dinner to be given by Mrs. William Kohl at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, January 13th.

Mrs. Thomas Gibbons Taylor and the Misses Taylor gave a tea at their residence, 1911 Pine Street, on Wednesday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. John B. Chase, Mrs. Gardiner Perry Pond, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Rachel Hovey, Miss Norma Castle, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Amy Gunn, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Ella Porter, Miss Elizabeth Painter, Miss Anita Meyer, Miss Jacks, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Gertrude Campbell, and Miss Louise Howland.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening, complimentary to Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels. Others at table were Mr.

and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Joseph Tobin, Jr.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond will give a luncheon on Thursday, January 22d, at the University Club.

Miss Mabel Toy will make her formal debut at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Toy, to-day (Saturday), at the Sorosis Club. The hours will be from four until seven o'clock. Those who will assist in receiving will be Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag, Mrs. Theodore Savage, Mrs. Harry Breeden, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Marvin Higgins, Mrs. Henry L. Glass, Mrs. Mary Rac, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Mabel Hogg, Miss Norma Castle, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Harriett Austin, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Lillie McCalla, Miss Laura Taylor, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, and Miss Elizabeth Painter.

Miss Lurline Spreckels will be the guest of honor on Sunday at a tea to be given by Mrs. William Watt at her residence in Oakland.

Mrs. Joseph M. Masten will give a tea on Thursday, January 22d, at her residence, 3954 Washington Street.

Mrs. James W. Keeney gave a card party at her residence, 2220 Clay Street, on Thursday, in honor of Mrs. Coghlan, wife of Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, U. S. N. Among those present were Mrs. Robert C. Foute, Mrs. R. P. Seewer, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. B. E. Cutter, Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss McKinstry, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Buford, Mrs. Ryland E. Wallace, Mrs. Walter Dean, and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow.

Mr. Allan Wallace gave a farewell bachelor dinner last Saturday evening at the Pacific-Union Club, at which he entertained Mr. Emil A. Bruguière, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. Truxton Beale, Mr. George E. Hall, Lieutenant Cyrus Miller, U. S. N., Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Ward McAllister.

Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee will be "at home" on Thursdays in January, at her residence, 3504 Clay Street.

Miss Mabel Cluff, who leaves for Europe next week, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. George D. Collins on Thursday evening in the conservatory of the Palace Hotel. Covers were laid for forty-five guests.

Mrs. Frank Drum will be "at home" the second and third Fridays in January, at her residence on Washington Street.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovel will be "at home" on Fridays in January, at her residence, 1824 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Samuel F. Pond, and Miss McNeil gave a tea on Tuesday, at which they were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Alexander R. Baldwin, Mrs. Daniel C. Perkins, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Miss Marie Voorhes, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Grant, and Miss Harrington.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the past week will be found of interest:

An inventory of the estate of the late Lewis Gerstle has been filed with the county clerk by Marcus L. Gerstle, attorney for the estate, which is appraised at \$1,243,648.50, and signed by the appraisers, Woodley B. Smith, G. H. Umbens, and John A. Weston. The principal items are money in the hands of the executors, \$15,500; interest in the firm of Louis Sloss & Co., \$372,638; 7,409 shares Alaska Commercial Company, \$370,450; 550 shares Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company, \$1,650; 500 shares California and Hawaiian Sugar Company, \$23,000; 250 shares California Fruit Cannery Association, \$23,750; 2,000 shares Thirty-Three Oil, \$14,000; 2,000 shares Imperial Oil Company, \$30,000; 600 shares Bankers' Investment Company, \$60,000; 600 shares Nevada Bank, \$114,000; 27 shares Union Trust Company, \$32,650; 3 shares German Savings Bank, \$6,000; 37 1/2 shares Bakersfield Bank, \$3,187.50; 416 shares American Biscuit Company, \$31,200; 12,230 shares Apollo Consolidated Mining Company, \$6,115; \$25,000 bonds of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad, \$30,000; \$60,675 San Francisco Street Railway Syndicate, \$60,675; \$25,000 Pacific Electric Railway Company bonds, \$26,833. There is no real estate, as Mr. Gerstle deeded all his real property to his family before his death.

The report of the appraisers appointed by the superior court to place a value upon the estate of the late Charles L. Fair has been filed in the superior court by the administrator, Hermann Oelrichs. According to the report, Fair was worth, at the time he and his wife were killed in an automobile accident near Paris, \$3,040,187.75. The estate consists of \$22,916.32 in cash, \$64,155 cash in the

hands of Hermann Oelrichs received from the estate of the late Senator James G. Fair, a third-interest in forty-seven pieces of improved realty in this city worth \$1,122,961.21, and ranches in California and Oregon worth \$141,170.76. He also left stocks and bonds in various enterprises throughout the State worth \$1,547,800. The appraisers were E. F. Gerald, C. W. Neal, and G. H. Pippy.

San Francisco and the First Atlantic Cable.

Honolulu has been busy this week celebrating the laying of the transpacific cable which is to bring her in closer contact with the American continent and the rest of the world. Up to the present time, Honolulu has held a position somewhat similar to that occupied by San Francisco in its pioneer days, when it was cut off from the outside world. Its only mode of hearing news from the East and abroad was by way of the Panama steamer, always twenty-seven, sometimes thirty-two, days from New York, while what came from Europe was from five to six weeks old. It was small wonder, therefore, that the news of the successful laying of the first ocean cable between Europe and America was received here with frantic delight.

The welcome intelligence reached San Francisco by the Panama steamer arriving September 16, 1858, whereupon cannon salutes were fired and bells rung the greater part of the day by way of giving expression to the general rejoicing. This was not, however, deemed sufficient, and a grand "cable celebration" was decided upon and held on the twenty-seventh. The day was proclaimed a legal holiday, the city decked with flags and bunting, and a procession—formed of all the available military and high civic dignitaries, foreign consuls, and mercantile organizations—paraded along Montgomery, up Washington, along Stockton, returning by way of Pacific, Powell, Washington, and Kearny Street to the starting point at California. Brigadier-General Josh Haven, of the State militia, was chief in command, and among his aids were Colonel Eph Leonard, Captain William C. Little, and Corporal Lew Townsend. It was a grand turnout, up to that time the most imposing ever seen in San Francisco. In the evening there was a general illumination of the city, and another procession, this time of citizens bearing torches and transparencies. The celebration ended with a grand display of fireworks on the Plaza, as Portsmouth Square was then known.

In ascending Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway one passes through an infinite variety of beautiful scenery. From the summit one can get an excellent bird's-eye view of the Cliff House and beach, San Francisco, Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, Belvedere, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and the Farallone Islands.

Luigi Arditi, whose "Il Bacio" was made famous all over the world by Patti, is still writing vocal waltzes, although he has passed his eightieth year. His latest production is entitled "Felicità," and King Edward has accepted its dedication to himself.

James B. Haggin has purchased the opera box owned by the late Heber B. Bishop, and is now a stockholder of the company owning the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York. The price paid the Bishop estate for the privilege was \$35,000.

Mr. Pedar Bruguière, elder son of the late Emil Bruguière, was married to Miss Maryan Andrews, at Reno, Nev., on December 21st.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin are in southern France, and expect to return to New York about the end of January.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan came up from Burlingame during the week, and were at the Palace Hotel for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker spent the holidays at their country-place at Darlington, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Mabel Cluff will leave for the East next Wednesday, en route to Europe. They expect to be absent until midsummer.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, who left last week for the East, will spend the remainder of the winter in New York.

A party, including Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Olive Holbrook, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Charles Holbrook, and Mr. Horace P. Veeder, spent a few days at Monterey last week.

Mrs. Helen W. Tay and daughter, and Mrs. O. V. Walker have left for Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard expect to leave early next month for a trip to Europe, and will be absent several months.

Mrs. J. B. Stetsen, who has been very ill with *la grippe*, is slowly convalescing. She will soon leave for the southern part of the State, where, it is hoped, she will be restored to health. Mr. Stetsen and her daughter, Marguerite, will accompany her.

Mr. George Newhall has purchased a residence on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent have taken apartments at the corner of Sutter and Leavenworth Streets, and will receive on Mondays in January and February.

Miss Florence Hush, who has been spending the winter in Burlington with her sister, Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells, was in New York for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston have returned to Los Angeles, after a fortnight's visit here. Miss Gertrude Jack is the guest of Mrs. Linda H. Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Poett (*née* Dibblee) have returned to Santa Barbara from their wedding journey.

Mrs. Robert McCreary, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, for several weeks, has returned to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison spent the Christmas holidays with friends in Canada.

Miss Azalea Keyes, who has been the guest for some weeks of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Keyes, in New York, sailed for Europe on Saturday last, en route to Cairo, where she will spend the winter months.

Dr. and Mrs. George Franklin Shiels (*née* Deming) have arrived from the East, after an extended wedding journey abroad, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Florence Dean was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman have departed for the East.

Miss Edith Henrich has returned from the East, after a visit of several months with friends in Chicago and Quincy, Ill. She also spent some time with her sister, Mrs. Andrews, wife of Lieutenant C. F. Andrews, U. S. A., at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Mrs. A. L. Brown and son, of Los Angeles, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, at 1950 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Innes (*née* Robinson), who have returned from their wedding journey, have taken apartments at 900 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chancellor are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Hazel Noonan, of Los Angeles, who is visiting Miss Huntington, will leave for the East next month, en route to Europe.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. S. Lindsey and Mr. H. B. Lindsey, of England, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Rhodes and Mr. R. H. Pickering, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. William Guisenhagen, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Baum, of Oakland, Mr. R. C. Klyce, Mr. A. L. McLeod, Mr. S. T. James, and Mr. H. T. Laffalaer, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. George Hazelton, Mrs. M. Litchfield, Mr. M. W. Herrick, Mr. R. E. G. Keene, Mr. R. J. Tilton, Mr. R. H. Hunt, Mr. G. R. King, Mr. J. Stanley, and Mr. W. C. Anderson.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hind, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Nolan, of New York, Mrs. E. D. Underhill, Miss J. E. Snyder, and Mrs. I. L. Borden, of Victor, N. Y., Mr. Chauncey H. Goodman, of Boston, Mass., Mr. Adam Forman, of Liverpool, Mr. A. Karnay, of Woolpit, England, Mr. and Mrs. D. Linderman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rank, Captain and Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. McCormick, Miss Van Sicklin, Mr. John Caffrey, Mr. R. McCormick, and Mr. G. L. North.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed here for several years, will soon again be on temporary duty in San Francisco, until his regiment returns from the Philippines.

Lieutenant R. M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., who for some time past has been stationed at the navy yard at Mare Island, will leave here for Manila on the transport *Thomas* on February 1st.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., will be the guest of his mother-in-law, Mrs. G. C. Boardman, during a portion of the month of Janu-

ary. He is at present stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah.

Captain Carl F. Hartmann, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Philippines. Lieutenant Wallace Craigie, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego.

Major Aaron H. Appel, surgeon, U. S. A., has been assigned to the discharge camp at Angel Island.

Lieutenant Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N., who recently reported for duty at the Yerba Buena Naval Training Station, has received orders to take charge of a recruiting party that will travel through the Western States.

The following are the retirements on account of age in the navy during 1903: Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, January 10th; Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, August 10th; Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, September 11th; Captain Charles R. Roelker (chief engineer), September 23d; Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, October 11th, and Rear-Admiral G. W. Sumner, December 31st; Medical Director J. A. Hawke, January 31st, and Medical Director J. B. Parker, June 20th; Pay Director A. W. Bacon, January 5th; Rear-Admiral A. S. Kenny, January 19th; Pay Director W. J. Thomson, April 27th; and Chaplain A. McAlister, March 2d. The only retirement in the Marine Corps during 1903 is that of its commandant, General Charles Heywood, on October 3d.

Golf Notes.

The members of the San Francisco Golf Club, at their annual meeting, elected to the club council for the ensuing year the following: L. O. Kellogg, J. W. Byrne, W. E. Lester, A. Carrigan, and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster. The newly elected council will convene in the near future to select officers from among their number.

S. L. Abbot, Jr., carried off all of the honors by his excellent play on the Presidio golf links on New-Year's Day. The first event, an eighteen-hole match, scratch play, for the Liverpool gold medal and the championship of the club, was won easily by him with a score of 87 for the two rounds. This is an annual event, and the winner holds the championship for a year. In the afternoon, a second eighteen-hole match was played, and a score of 83 won the first prize cup for Abbot. For the second prize, H. C. Golcher, Hugh Blackman, and George B. Cooksey tied with 178 strokes each. They will have to play a round off to decide who takes the cup.

In the final round of the competition for the Council's Cup of the San Francisco Golf Club, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster beat George B. Cooksey three up two to play. The winner's name, with date and score, will be inscribed on the silver trophy, which will become the property of the member who first wins it three times.

Miss Alice Hoffman has been re-elected captain of the ladies team of the San Francisco Golf Club.

When the application of Lieutenant Algeron Sartoris, grandson of General Grant, for retirement from the army, in which he received a commission less than a year ago, came before Secretary Root on Tuesday, it was denied. Lieutenant Sartoris has given no reason for desiring to retire which the War Department deems adequate. Secretary Root took occasion to declare that no officer could get out of the service without a good excuse, unless he had served ten years. This is expected to put a stop to faint-heartedness of officers appointed from civil life, who tire early of the rigorous army life.

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Used by His Majesty King Edward VII of England at the coronation banquet.

Used by His Majesty the Emperor of Germany on his yacht, the "Hohenzollern," at the banquet given to the President of the United States.

Used by the President of France at the dinner given in honor of the unveiling of the Rochambeau Statue.

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Dividend Notices.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1902, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Friday, January 2, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after January 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM	DEPART	ARRIVE
7:00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elinora and Sacramento	7:25P	
7:00A	Vacaville, Winters, Bumsby	7:55P	
7:30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25P	
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7:55P	
8:00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:15A	
8:00A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25P	
8:00A	Niles, Stockton, Los Angeles, Merced, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25P	
8:30A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55P	
8:30A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25P	
8:30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tualuma and Angels	4:25P	
9:00A	Vallejo	12:25P	
9:00A	Crescent City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Hanford, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans	11:35A	
9:30A	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	6:55P	
10:00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25P	
12:00P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25P	
12:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00P	
1:30P	Benicia, Martinez, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, Colusa	10:55A	
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55P	
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25A	
4:00P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Los Banos	4:25P	
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:15A	
4:30P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sangus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train	8:55A	
6:00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25A	
8:00P	Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Raymond	12:25P	
+5:30P	Niles, San Jose Local	10:55A	
6:00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7:25A	
+6:00P	Vallejo	11:25A	
6:00P	Oakland, Marin, Orinda, Berkeley, Oakland, St. Louis, Chicago	4:25P	
+7:00P	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez—Westbound	8:25A	
7:00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25A	
7:00P	Vallejo	7:55P	
8:05P	Oregon & California Express—Salem, Astoria, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55A	
+9:10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	11:55A	

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)

8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Bouton Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50P
12:15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50A
4:15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	18:50A
9:30P	Hunter's Train—Saturday only. Leaves Los Gatos 4:25 p.m. Sunday	17:20P

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8) —7:15 9:00 11:00 a.m. 1:00 3:00 6:15 p.m. From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—7:00 7:40 10:00 10:40 a.m. 12:00 2:00 4:00 p.m.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Child and Townsend Streets)

6:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30P
7:00A	San Jose and Way Stations	7:35P
7:00A	New Almaden	7:35P
8:00A	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30P
11:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30P
12:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00P
2:00P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30P
3:00P	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and Principal Stations	12:15P
12:30P	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mountain View, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:35A
4:30P	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:00A
5:00P	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	8:00A
5:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	19:00A
6:15P	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:45A
6:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	6:35A
7:00P	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	8:25A
11:45P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19:45P
11:45P	San Jose and Way Stations	19:45P

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

To the common or garden mind it seems queer for Christian Science healers to receive real money for curing imaginary diseases.—*Puck*.

Culture: Ruth—"Mr. Jenkins has such an air of culture, hasn't he?" Tom (jealous)—"Hum—yes, agriculture."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Defined and described: Teacher—"What is a farm?" Bright little girl—"A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage."—*Detroit Free Press*.

All hers: "Ah, but, count," she cried, "do you love me for myself alone?" "Yes," he replied, "you are your fazeire's only child."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Teaching him: Tom—"I can read your thoughts." Clara—"I can hardly believe it, for if you could you wouldn't sit so far away."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Fully covered: A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."—*Tit-Bits*.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's an egotist?" Pa—"An egotist, my son, is a man who tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself."—*Chicago News*.

"I see Newlywed at the Country Club quite often since his baby came. I thought he was firmly anchored to a home life." "He was, but at the first squall he began to drag his anchor."—*Puck*.

"Bridget, did you hear the bell?" "Yes, sum." "Why don't you go to the door, then?" "Sure, mum, I'm not expectin' any one. It must be somebody to see you."—*Baltimore Herald*.

Instructor (in despair)—"Well, at least you can tell me where the Magna Charta was signed?" Student (cheerfully)—"Oh, yes! King John signed that at the bottom."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

To remove the shells: Mrs. Newwed (at dinner)—"Mandy, why do you serve nut-crackers with the turkey?" Mandy—"Well, yo' done tole me to stuff de turkey wif chest-nuts."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Tommy—"I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel—"Oh, Tommy! how can you say such a thing?" Tommy—"Well, she is; everything I do she immediately goes and tells papa. I hate gossip."—*Tit-Bits*.

Optional: "Do you have to ask your wife for money?" faltered the little man with the hunted look in his eyes. "Not on your life!" replied the large, brusque man; "but rather than go without, I sometimes do!"—*Detroit Journal*.

A hardship of modern war: She—"The strain on the soldier in modern warfare must be very great." He—"It is. Sometimes the photographer isn't ready, and you have to wait hours, and then the pictures may prove failures."—*Judge*.

New Zealand has a photographer who, in his turn, has a baby, and he has announced the latter fact to the world in these words: "Pegler, Palmerston North.—Another young snaphotter developed. The likeness is admirable."—*London Globe*.

An enthusiastic sightseer in London was telling her friend that she had been fortunate enough to get a good view of Lord Kitchener. "Ah," said the friend, "I suppose he is a very hellicose man?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "quite slim I assure you."—*Chicago News*.

Early lessons in ornithology: Squire (to rural lad)—"Now, my boy, tell me, how do you know an old partridge from a young one?" Boy—"By teeth, sir." Squire—"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth." Boy—"No, sir; but I have."—*Punch*.

Mother—"You naughty boy! You've been fighting." Little son—"No, mother." Mother—"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?" Little son—"I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy." Mother—"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?" Little son—"Me."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Answered by telephone: Parker—"What's wrong?" You seem worried." Streeter—"I am. I wrote two notes—one to my broker asking him if he took me for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding asking her if she would be mine. While I was out somebody telephoned 'Yes,' and I don't know which of 'em it was."—*Chicago News*.

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1:45 P. 9:00 A.		1:15 P. 3:35 P.
5:15 P. 10:00 A.		3:30 P. 5:55 P.
11:30 A.		4:50 P.
1:30 P.		5:50 P.
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" Hanford	3.30 p	3.00 p	3.00 p	3.15 a
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" Bakersfield	4.48 p	4.48 p	5.00 p	5.00 a
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	2.15 p		8.47 p	

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WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p m; Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p m.

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Leave San Francisco	In Effect May 4, 1902	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days, Sun-days.	Week Days, Sun-days.	Week Days, Sun-days.
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Ignacio
8:30 a m	9:30 a m	Novato
9:30 a m	5:00 p m	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Petaluma
8:30 a m	9:30 a m	Santa Rosa
9:30 a m	5:00 p m	
7:30 a m	5:00 p m	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale
8:30 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah
9:30 a m	5:00 p m	Willits
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville
8:30 a m	5:00 p m	
9:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma
10:30 a m	5:00 p m	Glen Ellen
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	
8:30 a m	5:00 p m	Sebastopol

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During the past few weeks from every city in the East have come reports of bitter cold weather, of lack of fuel, of cruel suffering among the poor. It appears that coal is scarce, not only because the mines can not meet the demand, but because what little coal there is is bought up by speculators, and held at high prices. The fairly prosperous part of the urban population has, in a degree, solved the problem by the use of gas for cooking and for heating, but the very poor, those whose wretched

tenements are not supplied with gas, have not this recourse. Neither have the people of small towns, nor the country districts of prairie States. The dispatches tell of city fences torn down, of sidewalks torn up, of sign boards demolished, and of out-houses carried off bodily by desperate, shivering foragers for fuel. But such a supply can, of course, afford only momentary relief to comparatively few people. While coal is unobtainable, or only obtainable at prices prohibitive to lean purses, petroleum becomes the natural substitute. Oil-heaters are not very expensive, the petroleum supply is unlimited, the great storage-reservoir system of the Standard Oil Company renders easy a prompt response to demands for oil, however large. The improvident who, in the past, have bought coal by the pail, can now buy oil by the quart. Petroleum would appear to stand between some of the very poor of cities, and absolute suffering from the bitter cold.

But just at this point the poor man, whose misfortune it is to live in the frigid East, runs kaplunk into a condition and not a theory. Oil that, in the mild days of September, was cheap, is now dear. During the past few months, the cost of petroleum has increased fifty per cent. Three months ago, the wholesale domestic price in New York was about eight cents per gallon. Then from the north came the first chilling blast of winter, and the Standard Oil Company put up the price. Coal grew scarce, the weather colder; up went the price another notch. Then the Storm King, in full panoply of icy mail, swept down upon the shivering cities, and the cost of oil rose once more. For a Christmas present to the poor there was another advance. The joyous New Year saw a further rise. And the end is not yet.

What was the reason for this suddenly increased tax? Is the cost of production any greater, or the supply of oil any less? Not at all. It has been frankly admitted by officials of the Standard Oil Company that the rise is due to the increased demand for oil for heating purposes. In other words, the company has been guided simply and solely by that venerable and well-established business maxim of the late Collis P. Huntington—Charge all the traffic will bear. The proper price for oil, says the Standard Company, is the price you can get. If the people are in a corner, squeeze 'em. Meanwhile the papers are full of stories of people freezing in their homes; of city councils appropriating money for relief of their poor; of desperate inhabitants of small towns holding up coal trains; of men found frozen in the street; of dark, frigid towns, because there is no coal to run lighting plants; and of charitable organizations overwhelmed with demands for aid such as are unparalleled in their histories. It is not a pleasant picture.

These are not, we repeat, pleasant pictures. Possibly the continuance of the summer prices for petroleum would make them pleasant only in a small degree. But the admitted fact remains that the Standard Oil, with a virtual monopoly, put up the cost of its product because the demand for oil for heating purposes had increased. A dark cloud of suspicion hangs over the head of Rockefeller. Like every other cloud, however, this has a silver lining. Let us gaze upon it. Let us forget the fuel famine and attend to the following incident faithfully recorded by the Argonaut's special staff correspondent:

SCENE: Chapel of Chicago University, December —, 1902. All seats filled with students. Platform filled with professors. Air of suppressed excitement noticeable.

Enter PRESIDENT WILLIAM R. HARPER.

A BLONDE Co-Ed (to BRUNETTE Co-Ed)—Don't he look happy, though?

BRUNETTE Co-Ed (to BLONDE Co-Ed)—Uh-huh. He's got it all right, you bet.

PRESIDENT HARPER (advancing to edge of platform and after an impressive pause)—It gives me especial gratification this morning to be able to make an important announcement to the students of this university. [General rustle of expectation]. That great and wise philanthropist [VOICE—That's old Rock.] whose more than generous benefactions in the past have enabled us to rear here upon the shores of Michigan an institution of learning whose stately buildings are the pride of the great West, and whose alumnae are the bulwark of the commonwealth, has advised me that he has placed one million—[prolonged applause] one million dollars to the credit of the university to erect and equip a building in which experiments on the comparative psychology of dolichocephalic and brachycephalic students will be carried on. This is, as I scarcely need assure you, a most important branch physico-psychology science, and . . . [Or words to that effect].

BLONDE Co-Ed (to BRUNETTE Co-Ed)—Oh, isn't Mr. Rockefeller nice as he can be?

BRUNETTE Co-Ed (to BLONDE Co-Ed)—I should say. I think he's just dear.

Probably there are plenty of good people who see no inharmony between the Rockefeller company's putting up the price of oil in the dead of winter and Rockefeller's giving a million dollars to Chicago University. We do not ourselves suppose that he thereby any more grossly violates the ethical principles taught in the Windy City Fountain of Learning than do some other millionaire "philanthropists." But the coincidence of events is striking. One greedy, grasping paw is thrust into the pockets of the people; the other "beneficent" palm is extended with a lavish gift to an institution for training youth for "good citizenship."

What sort of morality is such giving as this, anyway? Regarding the good or bad influence upon the body politic of such huge corporations as the Standard Oil every intelligent American holds an opinion. What sort of opinions do Chicago University professors hold? What sort of intellectual independence is left them? We certainly do not envy the professor of ethics his job. And what of the alumnae—educated at the expense of Standard Oil? Are they not placed in a false position? Indeed, may there not justly be a suspicion that such gifts as Rockefeller's are intended to disarm public opinion—are sops thrown to a Cerberus who growls deeply and threateningly—are *ponis et circus* to stop the mouths and dazzle the eyes of the populace? So, at least, thinks Mr. J. A. Hobson, the distinguished English economist and sociologist, who has lately been lecturing in this country. Speaking before the Philadelphia Ethical Culture Society, he dwelt on this phase of the subject at length, and added: "Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Rhodes, made rich by corrupt bargains with office-holders, monopoly of oil wells and pipe lines, control of law courts and politicians, avoidance of taxes, ruthless crushing of independent dealers, control of markets by trusts, tariff protection purchased—is it safe and good to take charity from such men as these?" Much the same idea was expressed recently by Dr. John Bascom, formerly president of the University of Wisconsin. He said: "When an institution, founded and maintained for the benefit and education of the youth of the public, accepts money which has been gained in direct defiance of laws and principles laid down by that public, it vitiates its influence in the minds of those students upon whom it is its duty to exert a good and moral influence."

It has already been pointed out that the advanced price of oil means a profit of many millions. For 1902 the Standard Oil paid dividends of forty-five per cent. It

could spare a few millions, easily enough, to quell the clamor of protest at its arbitrary methods. But beyond all this what becomes of that boasted American spirit of independence—that spirit which of old asked not for alms, but for simple justice—when every town plays the mendicant to Carnegie, and our youth look forward to being educated by the charity of a Rockefeller?

The giving of money for beneficent purposes, inspired by high and sincere motives, may be all right. But is it so when the motives are bad—when they may be, indeed, to influence public opinion—and when such giving breeds in the public mind a spirit of obsequiousness, of expectation for favors, of charity-seeking?

Though we live in an age and day when arbitration, international and otherwise, is regarded as a nascent force, when disarmament is proposed among the powers, and when spreading commerce insistently demands peace, there is still a practical element which remains decidedly bellicose. Germany is straining every nerve to create a navy of the highest class, and that fact alone is stirring up a sentiment in this country favorable to a vast increase of the naval armament of the United States. It is claimed to be imperative for us to be able to meet any other power upon the seas if we extend our commerce, protect our interests on this continent and in Asia, and maintain the Monroe Doctrine. Senator Elkins, who believes that he sees war brewing for the not distant future, voices his belief in preparedness by saying that we should have "fifty more battle-ships before we talk of paring down naval appropriations," and contends that the arsenals should be kept busy turning out both small arms and heavy ordnance. It is some evidence of the existence of a sentiment favorable to navy-building that Senator Elkins's views are at least partially approved by those who, while not stamped by an apparition of Bellona, yet recognize the fact that a preparation for war is one of the surest guarantees of peace. Germany is reaching out for colonial possessions, and the most promising field for her operations would be the South American continent, in parts of which her citizens already have vast interests. This is an unquestioned fact which impels Rear-Admiral Harmony, retired, to point out that "we should increase our navy sufficiently to keep just ahead of Germany." The Monroe Doctrine, which is a real and vital thing to Americans, is regarded as a bluff abroad so long as our navy is only a third or fourth rate power. The London *Saturday Review*, always inimical to the United States, has expressed the foreign view which prevails even in England, where a tacit assent to the Doctrine has been given. The *Review* claims that the Monroe Doctrine is utterly nugatory because the navy of the United States is too weak to force it upon foreign nations. It is asked, Could this country prevent either Germany or England from parceling out Venezuela, Brazil, or any other South American republic among themselves? A negative answer is found in the weakness of our navy. Such forewarnings, say Elkins and his supporters, indicate that sooner or later we must fight for the Monroe Doctrine if we propose to maintain it.

The attempt to do something in a legislative way to restrict the evils charged against the so-called trusts is now fairly under way at Washington. The President and Attorney-General Knox have made quite clear what the administration believes can be, and should be, done this winter. Legislation is recommended to prevent over-capitalization; to protect competition from discriminating rates and prices; to enlarge personal responsibility for corporate management; to compel greater publicity in operation; to curb the tendency toward monopoly; and to provide the machinery of enforcement. All this is to be done without disturbing business interests, interfering with the legitimate rights of capital, or upsetting the prosperous conditions prevailing. The hills already introduced show that there are plenty of willing hands and responsive heads enlisted in the anti-trust cause. Several bills have been offered in the House, among them two which were prepared by Attorney-General Knox. The chief objects in these are to strengthen the Sherman Act where it is weak, to make discrimination an offense of the beneficiary and of the carrier alike, and to create a commission to have oversight of infractions of anti-trust laws. All the House bills are still in the hands of the Judiciary Committee, and a like committee in the Senate has charge of the bill introduced by Senator Hoar. The President is insistent that anti-trust legislation shall be enacted promptly in this short session. So determined is he, that the report is being spread that a failure of Congress to act will result in the calling of an extra session immediately after March 4th.

Senator Hoar's bill is the one now most discussed. Its provision is that from and after June 30, 1904, no corporation, whose stockholders are not personally liable for its

debits, shall be created or engage in foreign or interstate commerce without filing a statement with the Interstate Commerce Commission, which shall be renewed annually, and contain the following exhibits: the amount of its capital stock and its market value; what part of it has been paid in cash or otherwise; the names of officers, directors, and managing agents; the dividends paid and the percentage of the same on the capital; its ownership of the stock of other corporations; and a signed undertaking to comply with the provisions of this and all other corporate laws of the United States. Books and corporate records are to be open to inspection by the attorney-general, who may, at his discretion, demand statements from the company at any time. After two convictions of violations of the laws the corporation's right to continue business is annulled, and a persistence in a continuation is made an offense amenable to regulations of the courts for contempt, and a punishment of fine and imprisonment is provided for its officers.

The parts of the Hoar bill which make it a misdemeanor to contract or combine to limit competition, to sell any article at less than market value, or to restrain the sale of such product by the purchasers, are being received with much adverse comment. Would it not interfere with business generally? Would it destroy the liberty of contract? Is it class legislation? Would it deprive the citizen of property without compensation? Can it be enforced? Can Congress thus lay its hands upon the citizens of the States under the powers granted by the Constitution? These are some of the questions that are being asked. The present movement is an experiment which will doubtless determine, at least, whether Congress can enact and enforce a drastic regulation of corporate affairs without an amendment of the Constitution.

Another phase of the conflict between the administration and Southern antipathy to the negro in public office has arisen at Indianola, Miss. Mrs. Cox, a colored woman, who had served as postmistress under President Harrison, was re-appointed in 1897 by President McKinley. She and her husband are substantial property-owning people. No complaint has been made against the conduct of her office. She was acceptable to the better white element, and prominent white Democrats were her bondsmen. The rowdy class among the ignorant whites, however, began persecutions and threatenings against her, which led to her resignation. It is in the hands of the President and the office is closed, causing serious inconvenience to the community. Telegrams have reached Washington demanding prompt action to relieve local business interests, on which the President's comment is that the relief of business is "wholly secondary to the preservation of law and the assertion of the fundamental principle that this government will not connive with or tolerate wrong and outrage of such flagrant character."

As might be expected, the radical Southern papers are up in arms. The New Orleans *State*, a Democratic organ, denounces the closing of the office as a deliberate insult to the people of the South, and a pandering to the negro vote of Northern pivotal States. The threat is openly made that his negro appointees "will be killed, just as the negro appointees of other Republican Presidents have been put out of the way." Mrs. Cox has left the place for Birmingham, Ala., and says that under no circumstances will she resume the office.

Some months ago the shipping people of this port were startled by the arrival of an ocean leviathan intended for the Oriental trade. The *Shawmut* was a vessel of 13,000 tons, and was intended to carry freight between Seattle and the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. She has completed her first round trip, and her owners are now ready to balance accounts. Unfortunately for them, they find the balance on the wrong side. The first round trip shows a loss of several thousand dollars—\$40,000, according to the plausible figures of a writer in the *Oregonian*—and the cause of the loss is the unwieldy hulk of the vessel. The history of this first voyage is instructive. The *Shawmut* began to load at Seattle on July 22d, and was ready to sail on August 22d, exactly one month later. After taking on what freight Seattle had for the Orient, the vessel went to Tacoma to fill out her cargo. Here she took a large quantity of lumber that had to be brought from Ballard, a port too small for the *Shawmut* to enter. Even this did not suffice, and a quantity of flour had to be brought from Portland to complete the cargo. Yokohama was reached on September 12th, and Shanghai, to which port the bulk of the cargo had been consigned, on September 20th, thirty days after sailing. On October 13th she weighed anchor for Hong Kong, and on November 8th headed for home. Seattle was reached on the return trip on December 8th. The round trip consumed 139 days, or a little more than four and one-half months. Some time ago it was announced that J. J. Hill was building some mammoth liners to run from Seattle in connection with his Great Northern Railway. It was predicted that these steamers would attract all the Oriental trade of the Pacific Coast to Seattle. Mr. Hill would do well to study the financial showing of the *Shawmut* very attentively before he starts these steamers—which are now being built in the East—on the Oriental run from Seattle.

In these days when there is much violent language directed against the commercial consolidations known as trusts, it is refreshing to hear of one that promises to be a blessing and not a curse to the community. This rarity is the milk trust which is now being organized in this city. From time immemorial people have groaned about the innumerable milk wagons that rattle over the pavement at night, racking the nerves and banishing sleep, but it remained for one far-sighted man to see in this colossal nuisance the suggestion for a money-making scheme. There is a loss in having a dozen

wagons to deliver the milk in any one section of the city, when one wagon with one driver might do the work. This is the suggestion that occurred to him. When he investigated, the figures he obtained supported his idea strongly. There are 400 wagons delivering milk in the city, requiring 1,000 horses and 500 men. By having one wagon to cover each district the work could be done by 150 wagons, and the horses and men could be reduced to one-third of the present number. This saving would make possible better service, better milk, and at the same time larger profits. The milk combine proposes to get control of the entire supply of milk for the city. As this amounts to 35,000 gallons daily, for which the annual charge is \$3,000,000, the undertaking is one of considerable magnitude. The promoters, according to the dailies, have already secured options on one-third of this amount, however, and hope soon to get the remainder. The plan is to purchase all of each dairyman's supply at a fixed price. This milk is then delivered by the dairymen at stations located at convenient points throughout the city. The combine attends to the delivery to customers and the collections from them. As the whole city will be covered, one item of saving is the amount now lost by supplying milk to people who find it cheaper to move or change milkmen than to pay their milk bills. This is estimated at \$150,000 a year, which the honest consumers now have to pay. Articles of incorporation have already been signed, and an application for a charter under the laws of New Jersey will be forwarded to Trenton at once. The authorized capital is to be \$2,000,000, and the name of the concern the "San Francisco Milk Consumers' Association." Strong opposition from many of the independent milk-dealers is expected.

The artillery garrison at the Presidio has been practicing with the heavy guns, mounted on the batteries behind Fort Point, with most gratifying results. The target was a small object, ten feet square, mounted on a raft, and towed over a zigzag course at a rate of seven miles an hour. The range was a little more than three miles. The problem was a difficult one, for not only were the distance and regular rate of movement to be calculated upon, but allowance had to be made for the strong current that caused the raft to drift and the influence of the breeze which disturbed the course of the projectiles. After the calculations had been made, the gunners set the rear sights in accordance with the calculation, and then aimed point blank at the target. As the target is supposed to be the central point of the side of a war vessel four hundred and sixty feet long, any shot striking within two hundred and thirty feet on either side is considered a "hit," and a similar allowance is made for shots above or below. On the first day thirteen shots were fired, and eleven of these would have torn a hole in the imaginary war vessel. The two that missed fell short owing to the drift caused by the tide. The next day's shooting was briefer. The first shot struck directly in front of the moving target; the second shot struck it directly in the centre and stopped the day's practice by demolishing the target. It was a hull's-eye shot at a range of three miles, and proved again what was pretty well demonstrated by the Spanish war—the superior accuracy of the American gunner.

The artillery used on the first two days were rifled cannon. On Monday and Tuesday the mortar batteries took their turn. Three solid one-thousand-pound shots were fired from the twelve-inch mortars on the first day. The range was nine thousand yards—five miles—and each half-ton steel shot sailed up as high as Tamalpais, and was nearly a minute in reaching the mark. All three shots were misses, but not had ones. On Wednesday the mortars threw seven more steel shots into the sea, all of which fell within a radius of one hundred and fifty yards of the mark four or five miles distant.

The easy way with which the modern mind adjusts itself to new conditions is illustrated by the fact that it now requires something of an effort to realize that the automobile was almost unknown five years ago, and a few years before that, had never been heard of. Four years ago there were fewer than fifty automobiles in the whole United States. Outside of one or two of the larger centres of population, not one had been seen. To-day there are twenty thousand scattered in every part of the country. A leading manufacturer predicts that before the close of this year there will be fifty thousand machines in use in the country. This rapid growth, from fifty to fifty thousand in five years, proves, if proof is necessary, that the automobile has come to stay, and that the time is approaching when the ownership of an automobile will not be the badge of a multi-millionaire. To-day (Saturday) the annual show of the Automobile Club of America will begin at Madison Square Garden, New York. It is confidently predicted that it will be the most notable event in the history of the auto.

The Merchants' Association has taken up the proposition of improving Islais Creek for commercial purposes. The latest issue of the *Review* contains an article setting forth the advantages of such improvement and its necessity, and also two pictures, one showing the creek as it is, and the other as it might become. Islais Creek, if properly improved, would add materially to the dockage facilities of the city. This arm of the bay is more than a mile long, and two hundred feet wide. With the channel dredged to a proper depth, and quays built on either side, an addition of two miles to the present available water front of the city would be effected. The water frontage of the city is already inadequate to the demands made upon it. Vessels are compelled to lie in the stream frequently awaiting an opportunity to dock. The small hay and coastwise craft, that serve as links between the city and the surrounding country, suffer in particular from this cause. As the commerce of the city grows the inadequacy will be more and more injurious. San Francisco has given

DOES THE UNITED STATES NEED A BIGGER NAVY?

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED POSTMISTRESS.

MANMOTH STEAMSHIPS DO NOT PAY.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS.

COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES OF ISLAIS CREEK.

A PROPOSED BENEFICIAL TRUST.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS.

parts of its water front to the railroads until now it has a frontage of only ten miles available. New York has a water frontage of four hundred miles. The entrance to Islais Creek is now closed by a railway trestle. Farther up, the creek is crossed by a solid earth roadway. These obstructions entirely bar all vessels from it. Were a passage provided by means of drawbridges the water front of the city would be increased twenty per cent. Not only this, but a water approach to the heart of the Mission district would be provided, rendering that district especially available for manufacturing purposes. Islais Creek, being navigable water, is under the control of the Federal Government, and for its improvement an appropriation would have to be obtained from Congress.

Were he not too modest, Booker T. Washington could justly say of his San Francisco visit: *Veni, vidi, vici*. He spoke here to thousands; he thrilled them; he convinced them; he won sympathy and support for his cause. He is a great man, a sincere man, and, more than that, a practical man. If the negro, as a race, can be made a good citizen, his plan is the plan that will do it. San Francisco, with all her heart, bids him Godspeed in his great work.

With the formal reelection of the Hon. George C. Perkins to succeed himself in the Senate of the United States, the "big event" of the legislative session passes. Spectacular features were absent from the affair. In fact, the caucus had made his reelection so certain that the formal proceedings were decidedly dull. Nor were they livened, fortunately, by rumors that "hoodie" had been used by anybody. In the assembly, the vote stood Perkins, 58, Lane, 12, Schmitz, 6; in the senate, Perkins, 33, Lane, 5, Schmitz, 1. A notable fact shown by the vote for Schmitz was the non-fusion of the regular Democrats and those legislators who were elected in San Francisco on a Democratic-Union Labor ticket. It is understood that strenuous efforts were made to secure these seven votes for Lane, but without success.

Aside from the senatorial election, nothing has been done except to introduce bills, and attend to patronage. The assembly now has two hundred measures before it of more or less—mostly less—importance. Among them is one to raise the pay of the lawmakers.

The lavish dishing-out of patronage at the opening of the session appears to merit the severe condemnation it has received. Each assemblyman is permitted to put friends on the pay-roll with salaries totaling \$12.00 per day, while each senator has an allowance of \$20.00. This amount, at an average salary of \$4.00, means 440 employees. "Fifty or sixty," says the *Chronicle*, "could do the work." If this statement is correct, therefore, the State is paying fat salaries to 380 or 390 worse than useless persons.

It appears that the protest which Secretary Hay lodged with the powers last September against the persecution of Jews in Roumania has borne some fruit. While the powers made no direct reply, the matter has evidently been brought to the attention of Roumania through their agency, and that country has come to the conclusion that it will be wisest to pay some heed to the humanitarian sentiments of other countries.

The 250,000 Jews of Roumania are mostly native born, but have been ostracized in business and socially as though they were aliens. A measure has now passed in their senate by which the disabilities of the Jews are to be largely removed. The Minister of Public Instruction, referring to it, declared that it was "inexpedient to discriminate against foreigners," under which title he classed the Jews, and claimed that "it must be demonstrated that Roumania is tolerant." They are now, thanks to the action of this country, on the way to citizenship and equality, including the right to live, to work, and to engage in business. The new measure has not yet passed all the stages of legislation, but the initiative shows that the protest of this country is having an effect.

At many places in the fuelless, frigid East the people are demonstrating that "necessity knows no law." Citizens of several small towns have seized carloads of coal in transit to other places and converted them to their own use. But the most remarkable dispatch comes from Toledo, O. It says:

The following resolution has been adopted by the board of work-house trustees of the Toledo "Blackwell," and immediately put into effect: "Resolved, That the superintendent of the Toledo work-house is hereby authorized to release all prisoners sent to the work-house for having picked up coal along the railroad tracks." Three prisoners whose time had not expired, but who had been convicted of stealing coal from the railroads by gathering it up in the yards, were summarily released. The railway men here to-day, who have had much trouble with coal thieves, were simply astounded, and some of them appealed to the work-house board to rescind the resolution, but the board stood firmly by its declaration, and notice was informally served on the police authorities that it would be useless to send out any one who had been convicted of such an offense, as they would not be received, much less held as prisoners.

The peculiar legal status—or rather lack of status—of native inhabitants of the Philippines, is again emphasized by the case of Antonio M. de Cyaza, of which a Washington dispatch says:

Justice Clabaugh, of the District supreme court, is engaged in hearing a petition which has been filed by Antonio M. de Cyaza, a young Filipino, who is seeking to obtain naturalization papers. He came to this country after the signing of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain. He applied for naturalization in this district, but the local law requires that all applicants for citizenship must renounce allegiance to some country. Mr. Cyaza had no country to renounce, and on this ground he was denied papers by the clerk of the District supreme court.

TWO PARIS FIRST-NIGHTS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

What the Parisians seem most interested in at the moment is the production of two new operas—one at the Opéra, the other at the Opéra-Comique. Strange as it may seem, the opera "Paillasse," by Ruggero Leoncavallo—which, as "I Pagliacci," has been produced many times in San Francisco and all over the world—had yet to receive its first production in Paris. Lutetia, who calls herself Queen of the World, has a royal disdain for the judgment of other cities, and the verdict of London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, or Milan touching the merits of Leoncavallo's opera she has heeded not at all. Paris determined that she would see it when she got good and ready, and she did not get ready until the end of 1902.

But when capricious Paris concluded that she wanted Leoncavallo's opera, she decided also that she wanted to see it in good shape. For a time Director Gailhard of the Opéra wavered as to whether "I Pagliacci" was better suited for the mighty stage of the Grand Opéra or for the humbler boards of the Opéra-Comique. Its sister opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Mascagni, has figured only on the stage of the Opéra-Comique. But after long and thoughtful deliberation—which may have been a government matter, for the opera-house is under the direction of the Ministry of Fine Arts—it was decided that "I Pagliacci," although short, was sufficiently sinister, sombre, and bloody to warrant its production on the stage of the Grand Opéra. On that stage, therefore, Paris witnessed its *première* last week.

As the playing time of this two-act opera is short, the evening was eked out with the ballet "Bacchus," of which I wrote you recently. Thus the house was enabled to have its good four hours of show, for your French audience is thrifty, and wants a good deal for its money.

The feature of the production was the appearance of Jean de Reszké as Canio. De Reszké was stricken down with influenza three or four years ago, and after a tedious convalescence he made his appearance on the London stage, with the disastrous results that are known. He broke down, and was obliged to throw up his engagement. He retired for a long rest, and it was feared that his fine voice was permanently gone.

I am not certain whether this was his first public appearance in Paris after his long rest. But from the way the Parisian audience received him, I should imagine that it was. French audiences are generally said to be cold; at least, they do not, as a rule, applaud so freely as an American or English audience does. I set it down, however, to lack of habit rather than to lack of enthusiasm, for the French audience is used to having its applauding done by *claqueurs*—"hired men," as it were. Do you remember the old German operetta, "Der See Cadet," in which the indolent Brazilian millionaire has a black valet, whose duty it is to carry out vicariously his master's emotions? Thus he laughs for his master, he even sneezes for him, and at times the millionaire would indolently say: "Mungo, express enthusiasm," and Mungo would express it. So with the French audience; in the old days, when the Parisian spectators languidly indicated that they were not displeased with the Parisian players, the hired men, like Mungo, would noisily "express enthusiasm."

If any one considers the rôle of Leoncavallo's strolling player unworthy of Jean de Reszké, he would change his mind after witnessing the performance. The opera of "I Pagliacci" is a poignant picture of passions—of love and jealousy, of hatred, and of murder. It is a little picture, but a great one, and it takes a great artist to interpret it. So did De Reszké. He plucked at the heart-strings of his auditors as the four harpists in the orchestra plucked at their quivering cords, and those self-same harpists strove to watch him over the tops of their instruments, keeping one eye on the music withal. Even the *ouvreuses*, or ushers, the dowdy, snuffy old women, who stuck their wrinkled faces through the lobby doors, watched him feverishly through the opera-glasses horrified from the boxes which ornament the backs of the seats. And these same *ouvreuses* have, with callous faces, for many years watched Traviatas die, Marguerites go up to heaven, and Don Juans go down to hell. Yet, De Reszké moved their hearts, and any man who can move the heart of a Frenchwoman, of an old Frenchwoman, of an old Frenchwoman who takes snuff, and of an old Frenchwoman who is an *ouvreuse* at a French theatre—well, such a man can move anything. He can move mountains. No wonder De Reszké won the heart of a Polish countess with three or four little principalities and an income of a million a month. But I hope she won't make him quit the stage.

Jesting aside, I never saw an audience more moved than was this *hasé* "Tout Paris" at the "Paillasse" *première*. I have heard De Reszké sing before in Paris, in London, and in New York (Gotham has not so much opera, and Gotham audiences are therefore more enthusiastic), but never have I witnessed such a scene as that which greeted him at the end of the play. The "Paillasse" performance was a great test of a great artist. It is the tenor's part to wear the clown's grotesque garb; to hide his mobile features under the clown's painted face; to disfigure his head with the clown's shaven poll; it is this grotesque huffoon's rôle to find that his wife is false; to hear an avowal of her love to another, and yet not to know his name; to play the mummer with a breaking heart, before a crowd of gaping yokels; to forget the play, under the stress of his own gnawing pain, and sink suddenly into the passion of real life; then, admonished by the horse-laughs of the rustics, return to his rôle; it is the clown's part to have his passion blind him until he grips the shrieking woman by the throat and stabs her to her death; it is his reward to detect

the guilty lover when he hounds from the audience across the footlights to defend his bleeding paramour; and it is his hour for revenge when, in his huffoon's garb, his eyes blazing with jealous fury within their circles of paint, his face working with passion under its daubs of white, the outraged husband drives the same dripping weapon into the heart of his wife's lover. It is indeed a marvelous test of a great artist to carry on this difficult double part, this rôle within a rôle, to keep a vast audience so hanging upon his subtle play that when the final deed was done, they all drew a long breath, as when a crowd sees a drowning man, limp and dripping, pulled out of the water. It was indeed art. And when the avenging husband turns to the crowd of shuddering rustics and mechanically repeats to them the stereotyped words with which all these Italian folk-plays end—"The comedy is over!"—De Reszké uttered the words in a thick, gelatinous voice, which seemed to come from his entrails; it brought a loud gasp from the brilliant audience on the hither side of the footlight rail—just as it seemed to strike terror to the trembling peasants who stared at the hodies before him in his little hooth.

It may be asked, Who were the other players in this performance? Such was the spell of De Reszké that one might be almost pardoned for saying that there were no others. But that would not be fair. Americans are prone to speak depreciatingly of the names of the artists at the Paris opera. If you utter them:—"Never heard of them, I assure you, did they ever sing in N'Yawk?" No, a great many of them never have, and Delmas is among them. He is a great haritone, a great actor, a great artist. He is one of the few who are loyal to the Paris opera, and has steadily refused to leave, despite the tempting financial baits offered by foreign managers. Ten years ago I heard the tenor Alvarez at the Paris Opéra, and when I talked of him at home, people said, "Alvarez? Never heard of him; did he ever sing in N'Yawk?" But Alvarez, tempted by the offers of foreign managers, left his artistic home, the Paris opera; he soon sang in America, and then I found that even in Chicago people had heard of Alvarez. "Alvarez? Oh, yes; he is a Grau tenor that has been singing in Noo Yor-r-r-r-k."

But Delmas has persistently refused to leave the Grand Opéra. This artist not only has a magnificent baritone voice, but a fine presence as well. He sings all the haritone rôles in the familiar Italian repertoire; also in the French operas which, with the exception of Meyerbeer and Halévy, are not so well known in the United States; in addition, he is perfect in a number of Wagnerian rôles. Yet, although he receives only about seven thousand dollars a year, he has frequently refused to leave his beloved Opéra, when offered thrice as much.

It was in the rôle of Tonio that Delmas appeared, and he made it second only to De Reszké's rôle in power. The modesty of this fine artist was also shown in the way he subordinated himself to De Reszké. But if the audience gave a more enthusiastic reception to the return of the tenor, they did not for that neglect their haritone; he too was called out repeatedly.

The rôle of Nedda was sung by Mlle. Ackté, who is a young soprano from the Northland—born in Finland, I believe. She is another example of the hospitality shown by the French to artists of all countries. This week two young American girls made their début on the Paris stage. Miss Parkinson at the Opéra-Comique made quite a hit, and both were very cordially received. Our own Sihyl Sanderson won the plaudits of Paris a decade ago. In fact, she was better received by the Parisians than she was by her own people. On the walls of the great galleries here, like the Luxembourg, there hang pictures by countrymen of ours, such as Sargent, Alexander Harrison, Whistler, and others, while many French artists vainly wait for these honors. This hospitality is to be found in Paris on every hand. American students study freely in the Ecole des Beaux Arts; they copy freely and are admitted freely to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and other state galleries; famous French artists instruct them in their studies without money and without price. In return for this hospitality, we, the people of the United States, in Congress duly represented, impose an almost prohibitory customs duty on the works of French artists—and all other artists, for the matter of that. I am a good protectionist, but I sometimes think that we might get along without a protective duty for art in America. If we had an Art Trust there, an infant industry, which, like the Steel Trust, needed protection, I would say nothing; but the Steel Trust seems to be doing fairly well, and I think we ought to help art a little.

To return to Mlle. Ackté: while she was somewhat overshadowed by her masculine collaborators, she played the rôle of Nedda dramatically and well, and was greeted with generous applause by the French audience.

This opera first-night was an interesting one viewed variously, audience as well as players. To begin with, "Among those present," the most important person there was Leoncavallo, the composer; with his wife, he occupied a box, where they held a perfect *levée* after the first act. Leoncavallo, like every one else in Paris, looks on this as the *first* performance of his opera, and in the most naïve way imaginable, says so; he considers the judgment of Paris final, as did the lightly clad ladies ages ago on Mount Olympus. Next to the composer, perhaps, I should place the President of the Republic, who, with Mme. Louhet, occupied the Presidential box; they sent for Leoncavallo, and congratulated him on his success. This royal usage still survives in Republican France. The literary, dramatic, and artistic circles of "Tout Paris" were well represented; the artists of the troupe who were not in the cast were interested auditors of the "new opera." The director of the opera, M. Gailhard, was omnipresent, and as he walked through the foyer, accompanied, like a Roman tribune, by a friend on

either hand, his smile was so broad that you could see it from behind. Jules Claretie, director of another famous government theatre, the Comédie-Française, was also there, accompanied by his wife, and was loud in his expressions of approval. M. and Mme. Sardou were also present. This veteran playwright is a wonder. He has turned threescore and ten, yet he is as lively as a cricket. Last week three of his plays were running at various Paris theatres. He is just finishing a new one for Sir Henry Irving, and as soon as that is completed he says he has another one on the stocks. Among the journalists, one of the most notable was Catulle Mendès, himself the author of another new opera, "La Carmélite." All of the critical circle were present, including Gustave Larroumet, Adolph Jullien, Adolph Brissson, René Maizeroy, Leopold Lacour, and others. Another present was Henri Cain, the artist who, as rumor says, is supposed to have loved Emma Calvé for many years. There were, of course, a number of persons of title present, among them the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the Princess Letitia, Dowager Duchess of Aosta, of the royal house of Italy, and her suite; the princess also sent for Signor Leoncavallo, and congratulated him.

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The other first-night of the week was that of "La Carmélite" at the Opéra-Comique. This, as I said, is by Catulle Mendès—that is, the play; the music is by Reymondo Hahn, a native of Caracas. The composer is a very young man, having come to Paris ten years ago when he was eighteen. At the Conservatoire he followed the class of Massenet, who wished him to enter for the Grand Prize of Rome. But M. Hahn refused to enter, as he said he, a Venezuelan, did "not wish to deprive a Frenchman of the chance of winning the prize." This shows that M. Hahn, whatever else he may be, is not over-modest.

The story of "La Carmélite" is based on the love of Louis the Fourteenth for Louise de Lavallière. Catulle Mendès's libretto is a beautiful poem, but the story is not very dramatic. Mendès takes the appearance of Mlle. de Lavallière at Court as the opening of the opera. The king is interested in some "private" theatricals (if one may call them so when played at Court). Louise takes part in the theatricals, and the king falls violently in love with her, plays the rôle of her lover, extorts from her a confession that she loves him, and finally scandalizes the audience (if a Court audience can be scandalized) by taking her in his arms and kissing her. This is a royal avowal that she is the king's favorite. It is needless to state that not many months elapse before Louise is pushed from her throne by Mlle. Athénais, the usual fate of favorites.

Catulle Mendès is a poet of no mean excellence, and no one can deny that his "Carmélite" is a fine piece of literary work. He has endeavored to throw around the story a mystic, semi-allegoric air; he calls Louise simply "The King," the hapless maid simply "Louise," the great Bossuet simply "The Bishop," and the brilliant Athénais, Marquise de Montespan, simply "Athénais." He sets the scene nowhere, the time anywhere. He thus expresses his distaste for those playwrights who write "historic" plays, with every personage duly labeled and ticketed. But he has not accomplished his purpose, for everyone speaks—and thinks—of his characters by their historic names. And his poem is a closet poem—it is not suited for the stage.

Mme. Calvé played Louise with a slight, a very, very slight suggestion of a limp. What odd ideas memory calls up! Over the flight of years there rose before me one of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels" which I read when I was a boy; it treated of the loves of Louis and Louise; it told of their first meeting; it painted Louise as "a lady with red hair and a lame leg," who, when she saw the king, exclaimed, "Ah, my God, sire," and loved him at first sight, forever, and a day; to which the king replied, "Ah, my God, mademoiselle," and loved her instantly, polygamously, and for quite a little while.

The first-night was extremely interesting, but I could scarcely call the performance a success. I do not think the opera will live. The music is not virile, and is monotonous. Mme. Calvé was excellent, but a lady of her superabundant physical charms seemed miscast in the rôle of the frail Louise. When I say "frail," I mean physically frail. Far be it from me to cast aspersions upon the character of a lady who lived so long ago and who settled the matter by taking the veil.

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Apropos of taking the veil, a curious incident may be noted here. The last tableau of "La Carmélite" represents the taking of the veil. It is given with minute attention to detail. A bishop—presumably Bossuet—conducts the ceremony. The scene is in the convent of the Carmelite chapel, and the ritual of the Carmelite order was closely followed by M. Carré, the director of the Opéra-Comique. The music was very impressive, the scene very beautiful. But the morning after the first production, *La Lanterne*, a radical sheet, contained a bitter and filthy lampoon upon the scene. This aroused the conservative, royalist, and imperialist papers, such as the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and *L'Autorité*; these journals at once attacked the manager for permitting "a parody on religion" upon his stage. The manager got so badly scared that before the second production of the opera he published a card in which he said: "Taking cognizance of the religious scruples expressed by many, the manager has begged the author to permit him to strike out that tableau and have the scene begin with the entrance of Louise with the veil already taken."

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This is an instance of the rancor, the bitterness, the venom which seem to characterize differences of opinion in France. It is the third instance within a week in which political and religious matters have been dragged into questions entirely foreign to them. Another instance grew out of an elopement. One M. Marcille, who loved a certain Mlle. Le Play, failed to secure her father's consent to their marriage;

therefore the impatient lover chartered a swift automobile, which hung around with full smell turned on, awaiting a favorable opportunity. One afternoon last week Mlle. Le Play, accompanied by her sister and her governess, was coming out of her music-teacher's residence. Suddenly two men pounced on her, threw a shawl over her head, and carried her off to a big red automobile, which at once dashed off, engineered by this modern, or gasoline, Lochinvar. They went some fifty miles, when the petroleum gave out; they then took the ordinary steam railway, abandoning the auto, which has not since benzine.

The conservative papers moralize ponderously on this happening, saying that it is another proof of the results of radical teaching, the weakening of respect for law, for order, and for parental authority. In the *Gaulois*, one of the leading conservative sheets, M. Gaston Jollivet reproaches M. Le Play, the father of the young lady, for having voted with the radicals when he was in the legislative chamber. "There, now," says M. Gaston Jollivet, "you voted with those fellows to overturn everything, and now you have the peace of your own family overturned. How do you like it? Next time, perhaps, you will vote right." M. Jollivet says he is an "old friend" of M. Le Play. I wonder what he would say if he were an enemy?

But the most remarkable of these incidents has just taken place. Mr. Daniel Cloutier, one of the writers on the *Intransigent*, Mr. Rochefort's paper, died. Although his paper was the sworn enemy of religion, Mr. Cloutier had secretly wedded a wife who was weak enough to be religious. Mr. Cloutier's weak wife insisted on burying him according to the rites of the church. When Mr. Rochefort heard of this, he notified the staff of the *Intransigent* that not a man of them should dare to attend the funeral. Only two disobeyed him, Mr. Ernest Roche and Mr. A. H. Montégut. When Mr. Rochefort heard of this, he promptly fired both of them. The two penitent infidels protested, and said they had not gone into the church—only up to the church door. But Mr. Rochefort was pitiless; no member of the *Intransigent* staff, said he, could go even so far as a church porch with the body of a dead comrade and retain the respect of their readers. So these two gentlemen remain out of a job. I see nothing for them to do except to get religion, go on a conservative paper, and attack Mr. Rochefort.

Mr. Rochefort, by the way, has had a quarrel with God extending over many years. In this last incident he seems for the moment to have the better of it. But in the end doubtless God will win.

PARIS, December, 1902.

NEW YORK'S SKY-SCRAPERS.

Remarkable Building Activities in the Metropolis—The Tallest Office-Building in the World—Some Freak Structures—Tearing Down a Modern Steel Sky-Scraper.

Californians who visit the metropolis yearly are amazed at the vast number of tall new buildings which spring up like mushrooms, during their brief absence, in all sections of the city. It is related that Verestchagin, the artist, who recently finished a large picture of the Battle of San Juan Hill, with President Roosevelt as the central figure, was very much depressed over New York's sky-line, when he visited the metropolis fifteen years ago. He declared that the occasional sky-scraper was a painful blot on the landscape; that it made the sky-line a terrible thing to behold. The other day, after long contemplation of it and the scores of big buildings which load down the island of Manhattan, he is said to have turned to a friend and remarked: "Really, it begins to be grand."

The present period in New York's remarkable growth is said to date practically from 1899, when the great building operations which have attracted such general attention began. The building statistics of that year surpassed anything known hitherto in the metropolis. It was at that time, too, that the present remarkable speculative period in real estate set in. This speculation has been accompanied by a genuine rise in the value of real property, for which no parallel can be found in New York or any other city in the world. In the last four years it is estimated that building operations have aggregated \$400,000,000, or \$100,000,000 per year. This vast sum, in other words, has been required to provide for the steady increase in the city's population. That it has not been overdone is evident from the fact that never were renting conditions so prosperous as now.

One of the most striking of the new sky-scrapers is the Wall Street Exchange Building, which is to be the tallest office building, from basement to roof, in New York or in the world. Says the *New York Herald*:

It is being erected for the directors of the National Bank of North America, and will contain twenty-five stories. From basement to roof, it will be 337 feet high, which means about 327 feet from the street level to the roof. This exceeds even the Park Row Building, to-day the tallest office structure in the world, for while the towers of the latter rise 382 feet above ground, the height of the roof itself is only 309 feet. The height of the St. Paul Building, at No. 220 Broadway, is 308 feet. The Bank of North America's new structure will contain about 7,524 square feet of rentable space to a floor. Including the basement, there will be about five acres of rentable space in this structure, and yet it stands on only four lots of ground. They will be the most productive four lots, from the standpoint of revenue, in the world. At an average rental of two dollars a square foot per annum, the yearly income from the new building will be nearly \$400,000.

Through a combination of speculative enterprise and fine construction work, there has recently been furnished to New York the unprecedented spectacle of a complete market transaction, including the purchase of a plot on the west side of Fifth Avenue, fifty feet north of Thirty-Fourth Street, the erection of a big office building, and its sale for \$720,000 to an investor, all within a period of eleven months and twenty days. This has been accomplished in the case of the Æolian Building, which was recently purchased by Francis Burton Harrison, who married Miss Mary Crocker a few years ago:

The site of the present Æolian Building, a plot of two lots,

was purchased by the corporation known as Number Sixty-Eight William Street from the New York Realty Corporation on November 15, 1901. The New York Realty made the buyers a building loan on the property. A contract for the erection of a twelve-story office structure on the plot was signed by the Thompson-Starrett Company, and on December 10th the work was commenced by that concern. A month later the lease to the Æolian Company of the building, when completed, was executed. On August 5, 1902, the building was completely finished, and it was sold to Francis Burton Harrison on November 5th, a period of exactly ten days less than a year from the date of the purchase of the site. As the rental paid by the Æolian Company is \$36,000 a year net, Mr. Harrison has secured a five per cent. investment. The building is at Nos. 362 and 364 Fifth Avenue, the site being a part of the property covered by the old A. T. Stewart mansion.

The Razor Building, facing Union Square, which is now being completed at the north-west corner of Broadway and Sixteenth Street by the Bank of the Metropolis, is said to be the narrowest building of its height in the world. The *New York Tribune* thus describes this architectural freak:

Although only thirty-two and one-half feet wide, it is sixteen stories above the kerb. The steel beams, however, which support the floor are strengthened with what are known as "wind braces," triangular pieces bolted into the joints. There is also an L in the rear, which adds rigidity to the slim structure. At first sight the spectator thinks that there must be a sky-scraper feud. The "Razor" Building has been erected alongside of the Decker Building, another thin structure, which until recently was the highest sky-scraper in Union Square. The "Razor" Building has surpassed it, however. One unique thing about the "Razor" Building, however, which has thus far escaped general attention, is that it will be connected by means of its L in the rear with the rear L of the Hartford Building, on the next corner, Broadway and Seventeenth Street. An arrangement has been made between the owners of the two buildings to lease their floors in conjunction, so that a store or an office may be of the shape of a horseshoe, with two front exposures in Broadway, a long frontage in either street, and a long connection in the rear. Thus these two buildings will really form a huge U-shaped structure, which will inclose within its sides four smaller buildings. The Bank of the Metropolis Building is owned by the City National Bank and the Rockefeller interests, and will cost \$500,000.

Here is a list of other sky-scrapers which the *New York Evening Post* mentions in an article on the marvelous building activities of the metropolis:

Among the large additions to the office space in the old financial district are the Century Building at No. 72 and 74 Broadway; the Atlantic Mutual; the Blair Building, at the north-west corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place; the mammoth Broad Exchange, at the south-east corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place; the great building at 42 Broadway; the Hanover Bank Building, at the south-west corner of Pine Street and Nassau, and the large addition to the Mutual Life. As interesting as these enterprises in the old office section, are the new developments on its fringe, and in districts that are comparatively new. The upbuilding of Pine Street, between William and Nassau, is an interesting case in point. Here two years ago, practically the only improvements were one or two minor buildings of insurance companies. Now are under way the twelve-story Kean Van Cortlandt and the Speyer banking buildings; and, in Cedar Street, abutting, is a six-story building now going up for the Home Insurance Company, while similar structures will soon be under way for Farson, Leach & Co. and Harvey Fisk & Co. Three years ago William Street was a comparatively quiet thoroughfare, largely mercantile in its character, whereas now it is almost as crowded as Nassau Street itself. At the south-east corner of Pine is building a large office structure for Kuhn, Loeb & Co., at the north-east corner of Cedar is a new twelve-story building on the old Kemp site. Wall Street, likewise, east of Pearl, is undergoing transformation into an office district—the new Tontine, the Ward, and the Orient Buildings. Up town there is no well-defined office section, unless it is Madison Square, though this is not one distinctively. Of recent additions, it is hardly necessary to call attention to the Flatiron Building; and to the addition to the Metropolitan Life, which now occupies practically the whole of the block bounded by Madison Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Twenty-Third, and Twenty-Fourth Street, except Dr. Parkhurst's church. At Twenty-Eighth Street and Broadway a twelve-story office building is now going up; another is on Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-Fourth Street, and one on Thirty-Fourth Street itself, west of Sixth Avenue.

The first case of the tearing down of a modern steel sky-scraper in New York is to be the removal of the eight-story Pabst Building, erected in 1898, at Forty-Second Street, Broadway, and Seventh Avenue. It will make room for the new home of the *New York Times*. Says that paper:

The only other instance of the taking down of a modern structure is in the work that is progressing on the Montauk Block, a ten-story building in Chicago. It is not regarded as a parallel case in the building trade, for the reason that the Montauk Block is not a thoroughly up-to-date steel structure. Its outside walls are of masonry without the steel supports that are regarded as an essential feature of the most modern type of steel structure.

One of the results of the taking down of this building is that for the first time it may be possible for one to buy a ready-made sky-scraper:

The Pabst Building is being carefully taken apart, joint by joint. Each girder, beam, pillar, and brace is marked, so that it may know its place, and all may go together again to be clothed with a new shell of stone or brick. It may take its place elsewhere within the city, or it may be transported to another part of the continent, or to a foreign clime, wherever there is a plot of ground which it will fit. The building is less than ten years old, and all the steel work is said to be as good as new. Only the bolts have to be sacrificed. These are many, but can be easily replaced.

This method of disposing of a sky-scraper at second-hand is suggestive of what may become a lively traffic some day. Says the *New York Mail and Express*: "It is believed that these structures will last a century and a half or more if left alone, but we have such a way of outgrowing things in this city, of pulling down merely to build greater, that many of them will be in the way before they have a chance to grow old. When they are to be removed they will be for sale, not as old material to be wrought over, but as ready-made structures to be taken down and carried off, set up in some other place, and dressed in a new garb. Second-hand sky-scrapers will be advertised for sale, and growing towns will find economy in going to the large cities for discarded skeletons of their outgrown buildings."

A freight automobile, with the most powerful gasoline motor ever built, underwent a successful test in Chicago recently. The vehicle weighs five thousand pounds.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

An Adventurous Youth Who Sought Riches in the Far West.

Harry Benton had graduated from Yale, and had returned to his home, in a small city near Indianapolis. His father and mother, four sisters, between the ages of ten and nineteen, and himself, made up the family. The father had been mayor of the place a number of years, member of Congress two terms, and was at the time enjoying a small income from about thirty thousand dollars loaned out on mortgages. Mr. Benton had hinted to Harry more than once that, as his law and land shingle had brought him no customers, he had better begin looking elsewhere, as it was presumed that his education might hold him in hand better in the Far West, perhaps, than in his own native town.

But Mr. Benton was as completely stunned as was his wife and the four girls, when Harry struck the dining table one evening after dessert was over, and exclaimed, excitedly: "This is my last meal in this family! I leave at midnight for Deadwood, or Tombstone, or some other old mortuary camp in the Far West, and you'll none of you ever see me or hear from me again, unless I become a millionaire cattle king, or miner, or am sent to the United States Senate. I have received several letters from Tom Haskins, Jim Metcalf, and Bill Herold, all of whom are getting rich herding cattle in Wyoming, while Cousin Horace says he has struck it big near Deadwood. I have been quietly planning for a break for the Far West for nearly a month, and have already purchased a pair of big boots and some huge spurs, a buckskin suit, with plenty of fringe, sombrero, which is a broad-brimmed white hat, two forty-fives, a knife, a revolver, and a Winchester."

"Why, you are going to start out as a real cowboy!" ejaculated one of the sisters, horrified almost beyond expression.

"That's just the size of it," responded the young man, coolly; "I have furnished myself according to Cousin Horace's recipe, whose letter concludes as follows:

"I will meet you on the edge of the town with a fast horse, and you shall enter the throbbing municipality on a clean run, with the bridle and knife in your teeth, blazing away first with the Winchester and then with the revolver, retaining a couple of shots in case of an emergency."

"My impression is that Horace is starting you unfavorably," said Mr. Benton; "it would be better for you if you entered the place more amiably and more peacefully. I have been in all the States and Territories beyond the Rockies in an official way, and I want to inform you that if you waltz into the throbbing municipality, as Horace felicitously puts it, the town will turn itself loose and make you think it had swallowed a hurricane for breakfast."

"Ah, ha! You are talking, ain't you? Would you have your first-born enter a cowboy town in a plug hat and swallow-tail? Would you want a son of yours to refuse at the start to take his medicine? Would you want me to be initiated as a tenderfoot, or as a bug-chaser from some scientific institute? Not much! No sir. I'm going to flop into that little burg like a grizzly leading a german. I'm going to swoop down on its inhabitants like a human tornado, and make them think the entire earth is off its trolley. I can just see myself now, riding into that little camp, on the outside of civilization, and its swaggering tarantula-juice guzzlers making a wild break for their cyclone cellars when they see me coming. Whoop! Ha-ha-ha! Whoop!"

At this juncture, amid the tears and shrieks of his mother and sisters, and astonishment of the head of the family, the young man again brought his hand down furiously on the table, then arose and shouted: "Good-by! When you see me or hear from me again it will be under different circumstances. I am off for the Far West, where millionaire United States senators and multi-millionaire miners and railroad magnates grow on every bush. When I return it may be in my own private car, or it may not. But I will give you a surprise, sure. Tom Haskins, Jim Metcalf, Bill Herold, and Cousin Horace left here without a dollar, and now they are monarchs of all they survey, and their cattle feed on a thousand hills. What's the matter with Harry Benton, who graduated from Yale, and has more nerve than all the other four put together? Good-by."

And out of the door he went; and then out into the street, and away to the station; and off in the train that should convey him to the Far West, leaving his father and mother and sisters in a state of tremendous consternation.

Many months rolled by, and never a letter was received by any one at home from the young man who had gone off so recklessly one night in search of fame and fortune in the Far West. It is certain, however, that his Cousin Horace did not meet him on the edge of the "throbbing municipality" with a fast horse, as Cousin Horace had been killed by the angel of Paradise Valley a week or two before Harry had quit his parental roof. Tom Haskins, likewise, had been perforated by a cattle dealer, who had caught Haskins trading away a couple of steers that did not belong to him. And even Benton's two most intimate friends, Jim Metcalf and Bill Herold, had wandered away off in Arizona, and were in prison for holding up a Southern Pacific train.

A year had passed, and never a letter came from Harry to any one at home. Mrs. Benton dreaded to read Western telegrams for fear of learning something wrong of her darling boy. Mr. Benton believed his son was

made of good stuff, and that he was as likely to make millions and be sent to the United States Senate as certain Rocky Mountains senators before him. And the girls were always looking for the letters that never came. But one night, about nine o'clock, there sounded a loud knock at the front door of the Benton residence, and the ex-congressman answered the summons in person. The whole family believed that it was Harry who had knocked; that he had become a millionaire, and a United States senator, and that he had taken this means of surprising his parents and sisters, especially as it happened to be exactly two years, to a day, or a night, since his dramatic departure.

The man who had knocked was not Harry, however. But he handed to Mr. Benton a letter from Harry, which was the next best thing. The contents of the letter were as follows:

MY DEAR FATHER: Meet me at midnight at the farthest edge of the town. Bring with you a full suit of clothes. I have a hat!

HARRY.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1902.

Two Plagues in the Philippines.

Commenting on the havoc wrought by the rinderpest to the carabao, which figure so prominently in the agricultural work of the Filipinos, and the swarms of locusts in the Philippines, Brewster Cameron says:

"The rinderpest not only has been a terrible scourge in its first manifestations, but is so persistent that when it has once smitten a herd of carabao, it is impossible to put others upon the same land for five years thereafter, without their falling victims, too. That is what made so striking the success of the experiments with the serum prepared by the board of agriculture. A herd of carabao inoculated with it and ordered to be put into a certain virgin pasture, were turned loose by mistake on land which had been thoroughly infected with the rinderpest by a herd that had recently died there. When the error was discovered there was great alarm; but to everybody's astonishment and delight the newcomers went through the ordeal unharmed, proving the effectiveness of the treatment they had received."

"That twin plague, the locust, is something of which the American who has not seen it with his own eyes can have no conception. One day I was writing at a desk with my back to the window, when suddenly the apartment became dark, as if it had been artificially lighted and some one had put the lamp out. I glanced around to discover what the matter was, and found the sky and all the landscape blotted out of view. I looked, in fact, into a solid cloud-bank of locusts. They formed a dense wall between the house and the objects on the other side of them. In a place where I saw them descend upon a tree, they covered it so that there was not a sliver of the wood or foliage visible. The next day every shred of leafage was gone; the tree had been stripped as clean as if scraped with a sharp blade. That is the way they ruin the products of the earth; and the discovery of a fungus which, spread over the ground where they have swarmed, heaps it with their dead bodies, is considered one of the greatest of boons. That, and the rinderpest serum, are alone enough to justify all that the Taft Commission has done in organizing and maintaining the Bureau of Animal Industry."

The Honolulu Cable.

The arrival of the cable is expected to make a big change in the life of Honolulu, particularly with the newspapers. The cost of press cables is given out at 20 cents a word, and the daily papers see hard times ahead in publishing the world's news at that rate. The Honolulu Advertiser has already increased its subscription price to \$1 a month, with 25 cents additional for the Sunday edition. The evening papers are expected to follow suit in an increase of price, but it is believed that one of the many daily papers, at least, will be forced to go to the wall. Arrangements have been made by all the sugar houses and other large enterprises for cable service, and it is predicted that the patronage of Honolulu alone will suffice to pay the operating expenses of the cable, even without extension to the Orient and the Philippines. Hawaii has had a curious experience with the cable in the past. For a quarter of a century the various rulers and governments of the islands have been trying to establish communication with the outside world by offering large subsidies to any company that would lay a cable. At various times sums ranging from \$50,000 to \$250,000 have been granted by the legislative bodies of the islands, with a view to bringing about cable connection with the kingdom or republic. Only four years ago this subsidy was passed as usual by the legislature, but now a cable has been laid without any help from Hawaii, which has been ready to assist such an enterprise for years with cash and stock subscriptions.

Detroit is the place where everybody says on introduction of one good fellow to another: "Mr. So and So, shake hands with Mr. Such and Such." This reminds "Van Fletch" of the sectional peculiarities in making introductions. "Out on the plains," he says, "if a man takes to you and extends hospitality, he asks you to come and sleep with him. In the Middle West, threatened hospitality takes the form of a pump-handle dislocation of the arm. Down East, in Boston, a gentle shake of the hand is given, if insisted on. But in England! Ough! an introduction without previous acquaintance is looked on as a personal insult."

A new French word has just been coined in Paris. It is "midinette," and is used to designate the dinners at the new cooperative restaurants for working girls. The idea is due to the initiative of the Société pour l'Education Sociale. A capital of 16,000 francs has been provided by issuing 400 40-franc shares. Dinners will be provided which will not cost more than 10 cents and yet leave a profit of 5 cents, which will go toward paying the shareholders.

"VAN FLETCH" IN WASHINGTON.

Some Stories of Californians in the East—Washington's Ubiquitous Mortuary Tablets—A Fine New Hotel—Decorative Faults of the Congressional Library.

One of the best possessions of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco is a cartoon representing a sick chamber through an open door, and two well-known physicians of the club in the ante-room bursting with laughter at the funny stories they are swapping the while. It is years since I saw the cartoon, yet it was recalled to my memory by a startling reproduction of its composition in the vestibule of the New Willard Hotel, in Washington. Instead of the sick chamber for the background, we had in the New Willard reproduction the palm room of the hotel, and instead of two physicians we had their genial Bohemian excellencies, Horace Platt and Henry Scott. There was a surrounding group of younger Californians to echo the fun, but Horace and Henry held the centre of the stage. First Henry would tell a story, at the climax of which all held on to their sides, just as Dr. Swan is pictured as doing in the Bohemian Club cartoon, until all were exhausted. Then Counselor Platt contributed a topper, with renewed side-holding and redoubled laughter all around. The scene was so characteristically Californian in its sunny significance of chummy Bohemianism that I could not resist writing you about it.

Another incident occurred in New York the other night which savors of the camaraderie for which California is distinguished above all other places I know. The highest executive official of the Southern Pacific Company, with headquarters in San Francisco, had been attracted to lower East New York with some friends by the fame of the Tzigane Band, which discourses at "Little Hungary." But when the fun began to wax too furious and the burning punches had begun to inflame the imaginations of the guests, your modest magnate lifted the sitting and started for home. As the company passed out between the tables toward the exit, a cheer was raised for Southern Pacific. Not a Californian had been recognized in the assemblage outside of our party, yet California was undoubtedly well represented in the gathering.

Washington is fast becoming historical. Already every block and almost every house is labeled with some historic event, or tableted with the name, age, birth, and death-date of some Republican or Democratic hero. These labels, or tablets, are red, white, and blue, as they should be, and are done up in archaic lettering. The humor of it all might be somewhat heightened if Oliver Herford were given a chance to suggest some of the labeling and tableting; but not much. He would probably stake out some vacant space as the place where Edison died and Tesla told a telling tale during convocation week; or, perhaps, where the Prince punched the President under the penultimate after a game of bridge at the White House.

What a blessing to Washington is a new and first-class hotel, even if it perpetuate an old and worm-eaten name! Such I find the New Willard to be. It almost reaches the excellence of the Touraine, of Boston. It is in no way open to criticism, either in fare, furniture, facilities, or attendance, and the prices of admission and exit are within the reasonableness of a congressional or supreme-court salary.

In addition to the New Willard and the Congressional Library, I note one new improvement in Washington. They have framed in the monument in a most artistic and striking manner. From one point on Pennsylvania Avenue two tall smoke-stacks rise in lengthened perspective to a height superior to the noble monument itself, and a north wind or a south wind sends a trail of smoke across their heads, blacker than the stacks themselves, and all frames the obelisk in most effectually. These immense stacks are now the most conspicuous things in Washington. All they lack to become ultra-artistic is to have painted on their wide sides an advertisement of "Sunny Jim," as is done in New York with obtrusive chimneys.

The Congressional Library is justly the pride of the nation and of the architectural department of the government. Its proportions are noble, and it would be adopted and supported by Citizen Carnegie if he could give it also his name. In the vestibule one gets a shock, but it soon passes off when one goes on to the main room of the building. The proportions of the space and the wealth of beautiful marbles utilized as supporting columns, spacious stairways, graceful balustrades, and crowning cornices are superb, and the foliated adornment of the capitals of the supporting columns calls for especial admiration; but behind it all the dauby decorator has plastered a complexity of designs and spoiled the whole grandeur of effect that was possible in the marble construction. Who but a government architect, with a decorator for a personal chum and debtor, would have ventured to place a painted patch-work bed-quilt design behind masses of marble with all the classic suggestions of a Parthenon? Yes, who? Oh, who? And the echo answers, "Who? Who?"

VAN FLETCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C. January 4, 1903.

According to the London Telegraph, contracts have been completed to start a daily paper to be supplied with news by the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy on board a British liner running between Liverpool and New York. The first publication will take place at the end of this month.

THE PICTURES OF HELLEU.

The French Painter of "the Charm of Women"—His Well-Groomed, Satin-Skinned, Glossy-Haired Divinities—the Duchess of Marlborough Portrait.

One of the holiday crazes this year is Helleu's pictures. They are to be seen wherever people buy works of art. Almost every dealer on Fifth Avenue has one or two of these fascinating studies in his show-window. They are not cheap enough yet to have fallen to the department-store level, and so, as Christmas presents, they enjoy a vogue among those who have taste and a desire to find something which is not "clapper-clawed by the vulgar," as "the Divine Williams" puts it.

Helleu has been known for some years among amateurs and artists as the famous French etcher of dry point, whose sketches of women are unique in their spirit and delicacy. The average buyer of engravings and photographs was beginning to have a knowledge of him, and some of his better-known portraits—those of Mme. Helleu, his daughter, and the Duchess of Marlborough—were known to the general public by means of magazine illustrations. But it was not till a week or two ago that any number of his works had been collected and exhibited in this country.

At that time he himself came over from France with a fairly good-sized and representative collection, including several pastel portraits—the first, I believe, to be shown to the general public in New York. This exhibition is now open at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, and all the art students, the rich people who are thinking of having their portraits done, the pretty women who have been etched by Helleu, and the men who want to see the pretty women and the pictures of the pretty women, have been streaming in and out of the big gallery on the corner of Thirty-Fifth Street and the Avenue all day long.

I believe it was one of the De Goncourt brothers who said Helleu was the painter of "the charm of women." This is one of those apt, yet simple, combinations of ordinary words into a felicitously descriptive phrase, of which only the French know the secret. There have been many painters of the beauty of women from the days when Cimabue's Virgin was carried round the streets of Florence to the days of the Gibson Girl; but there have been few painters of the charm of women. This mysterious and elusive quality only now and then strikes one from a canvas. The women of Leonardo da Vinci and the women of Watteau project their charm from pictures as dissimilar as the Venuses of Milo and of Medici. There is bewitchment in the English faces that Romney painted, and now and then a girl of Burne-Jones's looks from her frame with an innocent enchantment.

But the French etcher of dry point is not a depicter of the picturesque, unusual, or *bizarre* in femininity. He is the painter of the *mondaine*, the *femme du monde*, the well-groomed, exquisite, satin-skinned, glossy-haired divinity of the fashionable life of great cities. The most complete sophistication appeals to him. Beauty, crudely regarded as a matter of pink-and-white complexion, large eyes, straight nose, and red lips, we can imagine him scorning. Those small, *mignon* faces, instinct with subtleties of coquettish meaning, eyes that can speak, mouths that can say a hundred tender things without a movement of the lips, are the features that his etcher's needle loves to portray. The figures of his subjects are delicately slender, molded without doubt by the finest of corsets, clothed by the most costly of *couturières*.

Elegance is the keynote of his work. Distinction breathes from every figure he draws. A head sets on a neck with the proud poise of a Greek statue's, the outline of a bare shoulder—indicated with one sweeping line—is full of a dainty dignity. Yet the women he draws are not cold, unapproachable goddesses such as Gibson likes to do. On the contrary, they are full of the charm of women who are tender and loving. Most of them are the most softly bewitching, the most naïvely beguiling of creatures, more French than American, more subtly feminine than we are, with less self-assertion in their attitude to life, and more knowledge of their power as women.

I am under the impression that the four pastel portraits the exhibition contains are all American subjects. Three undoubtedly were—Mrs. Walter Gay, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and the Duchess of Marlborough. The fourth was down as "Madame ———," and was a life-sized study to the waist of what in the ordinary understanding of the term would be called "a beautiful woman." I mean by that, the woman with the perfectly regular features and perfectly blended coloring. Whoever she was, this lady was as regularly lovely a creature as could be imagined. She had light, auburn hair and eyes of the same tint, only a little yellower; those clear, dog-like eyes that sometimes go with red hair. This rich and unusual coloring was set off by a toque of squirrel-skin, in which there was a bunch of bluish-gray hydrangea blossoms. Her gray velvet dress showed a high collar of the same fur, and both grays blended into a background of almost the same restful hue.

The portrait of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the artist's wife, was the largest in the exhibition, and conformed more to the general idea of the portrait of a pretty woman. The subject was depicted in a black evening dress, *à la collette*, and with long black gloves. It is easy to be seen from it where the gifted Gibson finds inspiration for the drawing of his famous girls. We have all seen the charming face of this lady in a hundred pic-

tures and poses. She has a small face, a slender figure, regular features, large blue eyes, and a high, rippled pompadour of glistening blonde hair. Personally I should think the portrait one of the least successful in the exhibition. The inimitable *chic* and distinction of the etchings is missing. From it one would guess that Mrs. Gibson is a fair, fresh, and pretty young woman buoyant with youth and happiness, but not possessing the indescribable touch of subtlety and magnetism that unquestionably appeals most strongly to Helleu's talent.

The pastel of the Duchess of Marlborough is flanked by two etchings of the same subject, which have been reproduced quite often lately. When you look at the pastel, your first inclination is to say: "Who is that little girl?" It shows a juvenile little miss who looks about fifteen years old. Here is a face eminently suited to the artist's pencil—very round and full over the cheek bones and tapering down to a tiny pointed chin. There is a round, red, baby mouth, a nose distinctly tip-tilted, and a pair of eyes that slant slightly at the outer corners. The neck is extremely long and slender, and there is some sort of broad ribbon arrangement tied round it.

I saw the Duchess of Marlborough when she was here in the autumn, and the portrait is very like her, save that she has not that air of childishness which Helleu has given her. She is still an extremely young woman—in her early twenties, I believe—to be a duchess and the mother of several babies, but she looks more than fifteen. For the benefit of those who want to know how an American duchess appears and dresses, I will say that as to the former she was very tall, amazingly slender, had a wonderfully pink-and-white complexion, the same little delicate *retroussé* nose, and a lot of dark hair very much crimped out about her face. As to her costume, it was a wondrous affair of a sort of smoke-colored gauze, which, when the wind blew it aside, revealed an under dress of bright green silk brocaded in bunches of flowers. The wearer of this remarkable confection was so slim that though it was heavily shirred round the hips, she still was as willowy in form as a heroine of the Duchess.

But I digress. Let us return to the Durand-Ruel Gallery. The dry-point etchings, of which there are some two dozen, are much more interesting and characteristic of Helleu than the pastels. They are exquisitely dainty, elegant, and fine. Here, indeed, we understand why De Goncourt said this artist was the painter, not of the beauty, but the charm, of women. These slim creatures have been caught in the natural poses that the portrait-painter usually disdains.

Wrapped in a fur cape, with a broad-brimmed hat pushed forward on her brow, one of them glances over her shoulder out of the picture. Mme. Helleu, leaning her elbows on a sofa-cushion, rests her chin in her two palms and stares thoughtfully out at the spectator. In another picture she leans back in a corner of the sofa, her arms spread wide in a pose of negligent abandon. The fascinating Marquise d'Elbé, a dark beauty, with the velvety, slanting eyes Helleu loves, makes a rest for her chin with one hand, and sits thus, evidently meditating. Mrs. Philip Lydig—the lady who was Mrs. Stokes—leans half across a table, the pressure on her elbows raising her shoulders, while she looks outward from beneath the flat, projecting brim of a black feathered hat.

All these studies are executed in a style of extraordinary delicacy and precision. The only part of the figure that is highly finished is the head. The shoulders and their coverings are sketched in with what looks like unpremeditated haste; while the skirt is only indicated by a few flowing lines. Yet each sketch is alive with the grace, charm, and fastidious finish of the perfect *mondaine*.

One of the most fascinating points in each and every picture is the hair. To this the artist gives solicitous care: it is the most highly finished part of the portrait. No painter could impart a richer suggestion of color or gloss. Whether worn in a thick, rope-like coil, as Mme. Helleu does hers, or in roughened disarray, as the proud and handsome Mlle. Fournon arranges her curly black locks, or in a high, wavy pompadour such as the Duchess of Marlborough affects, it is always the richest, finest, silkiest sort of hair. In fact, I know of few artists who can give this air of living softness and almost electric elasticity to "woman's greatest glory." At this moment I can only think of two pictures in which I remember noticing it. One is Titian's "Magdalen," with all her wonderful mass of golden-red hair outspread over her body, and the other is the same artist's "Alphonso di Ferrara and Leonora di Dianti," where the great, splendid, blonde woman's tress of rippled, flame-colored hair hangs loose over her shoulder for the upheld mirror to reflect.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1903.

The coming of age of Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of Lord Rosebery, on January 10th, was celebrated with great festivities at the ex-premier's Scotch estate, Dalmeny Park, near Edinburgh. Lord Dalmeny was the recipient of many addresses from the neighboring municipalities and from the tenants, to which his father generally replied. Lord Rosebery created another phrase which has already become popular by referring to himself as a "dowager peer," now that his son has reached his majority. His athletic heir frankly said he did not care much about speech-making, and was altogether wrapped up in the army, in which he holds a commission as lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Usual Way.

There was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook."
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"

And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay.

But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh,
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;
"We must say good-by," she whispered by the alders old and gray.

And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always hill and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? does she honor and obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

—Anonymous.

A Pair of Fools.

HIS ACCOUNT OF THE MATTER.

I met you, dear, I met you: I can't be robbed of that;
Despite the crowd, the habble, and the military band;
I met you, yes, I met you: and by your side I sat;
I looked at you, I talked to you, and twice I held your hand.

When you are with me, dearest, the crowd is out of sight;
The men who smoke, the men who pose, the sharpers, and the flats;
The people quite unfit to walk beneath the heaven's light;
The green and yellow women with intolerable hats.

The sun was bright: the dahlias flashed: the trees, in summer sheen,
Shut out the dusty houses, hushed the turmoil of the street;
But, had the charm of peace enhanced the sweetness of the scene,
Even so your beauty had eclipsed the whole of it, my sweet.

I talked to you, you listened; I passed from grave to gay,
With what a world of sympathy you gently murmured,
"Yes!"

A merry "No," a soft "Perhaps," a glance the other way:
An eyebrow raised, a foot that tapped, a rustle of your dress.

You smiled, ah! what a smile is yours; your depth of hazel eyes
Shook conscious of the thought within, expressed but unexplained;
Your speaking face that glowed with all a girl's sedate surprise;
"That hrow of hers," as Browning says: the thoughts that it contained!

I talked as ne'er before; to you my eloquence belonged;
You spoke, dear, with my lips, 'twas I that listened and approved;
Strange subtle phrases sprang, and thoughts as deep as novel thronged;
I know you knew, I swear you did, bow ardently I loved.

We parted, and you looked at me in silence: and I knew
The meaning of the look: I'll come to-morrow if I live;
To-morrow I shall come, and I will say a word to you,
And you will speak, at last, the words that hope and rest can give.

HER ACCOUNT OF THE MATTER.

I met him in the park, my dear; he is a funny man;
Impossible to separate his earnest from his fun;
He talks, and talks, it's deadly dull: I smile, you know the plan;
And, when particularly grave, he makes a jest of one.

The park was full of people; Maud had such a lovely dress:
A dream of greeny silk and gauze and primrose ribbons, oh!
I wished I had one; and her hat! I tried and tried to guess
How much it cost; she buys the stuff and makes a hat, you know.

I think I sat with him an hour; there was a crowd, my dear.
Some pretty girls; one lovely one; and four attractive men:
Old Mrs. Robinson was there and Mr. Vere de Vere,
And not another soul I knew; I shall not go again.

I don't know what we talked about; I smiled, the same old smile;
I "yes'd" and "no'd" and "really'd," till I thought be must discover
That I was listening to the hand: I wondered all the while
If such a dull old gentleman could ever be a lover.

Perhaps some solemn, sober girl with eyes a foot across,
Smooth, neatly parted hair, no stays, elastic-sided boots,
Will yearn at him and marry him; I shan't regret his loss;
I really think some kinds of men are lower than the hutes.

He went at last, the prig! He'll come to-morrow if he can.
He means to recollect our talk—ours, mind you—all his life:
Confound—I beg your pardon, dear—well, bless the little man!
And bless the little woman who becomes his little wife!

MY ACCOUNT OF THE MATTER.

A pair of fools: the man was vain.

The woman frivolous, 'tis plain:

And each an egoist in thought:

One dived for self; the other sought

Self on the surface; fools, you see:

Two fools, no doubt you will agree.

For now they're married, he and she

—James K. Stephen.

The successor of Lord Acton as regius professor of history at Cambridge is Professor John Bagnell Bury, who, although he is forty years old, is said to look not more than twenty. His career has already been marked by many achievements. He has relinquished the Greek professorship at Trinity College, Dublin, to go to Cambridge.

"CITIZEN" TRAIN'S REMINISCENCES.

His Record-Breaking Achievements—Strict Religious Rearing—
Remarkable Courtship—A Dramatic Incident of the
French Commune—Prison Experiences.

Few of the younger generation are familiar with the name of George Francis Train, and yet, at one time, he was one of the best-known Americans on the face of the globe. His career has been decidedly checkered, and his record of achievement is certainly remarkable. He organized the clipper-ship line that sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco, and made American shipping lead the world; he organized the Crédit Mobilier and the Union Pacific Railroad; he figured prominently in the French Commune; he was an independent candidate for the Presidency, against Grant and Greeley; he broke the around-the-world record three times, and gave Jules Verne the suggestion for his interesting romance, "Around the World in Eighty Days"; he has been in jail fifteen times, although he never committed a crime; he formerly lived in a villa at Newport and spent \$2,000 a week in maintaining it, while to-day, at the age of seventy-three, he lives in seclusion in the Mills Hotel in New York at a total expenditure of \$3.00 a week.

At the earnest request of friends, "Citizen" Train—as he calls himself—was induced to dictate his biography, which, with his characteristic speed, he accomplished in thirty-five hours. He calls it "My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands," and in his preface says: "I beg my readers to remember that this book was spoken, not written, by me. It is my own life story that I have related. It may not, in every part, agree with the recollections of others; but I am sure that it is as accurate in statement as it is blameless in purpose. If I should fail at any point, this will be due to some wavering of memory, and not to intention. Thanks to my early Methodist training, I have never knowingly told a lie, and I shall not begin at this time of life." Mr. Train makes a vague promise of other volumes to come—his views and opinions of men and things and a collection of his speeches and addresses.

When in his fourth year, his father's family was wiped out by a cholera epidemic and he was sent to his grandparents in Massachusetts, where he was reared in the strictest tenets of Methodism. Nevertheless, he observed some strange inconsistencies in preaching and practice in the daily life of his grandparents. He was constantly being warned against smoking and drinking, but he says:

My old grandmother smoked what was known as "nigger-head" tobacco in a little clay pipe. The pipes cost about a cent apiece. I used to cut up this tobacco for her. But as she smoked she lost no opportunity of impressing upon me the dreadfulness of the tobacco habit. I made hold one day to ask her why it was that she smoked and yet told me not to smoke. She touched herself in the right side, and said, "The doctor tells me to smoke for some trouble here." But she was a very lovely old lady, and I would never write or speak a word that could harm the dear memory of the mother of my mother. At this time, also, her father was living. I remember the old gentleman now, in his red cap, then a wonder to me, but which afterward became very familiar in Constantinople and the East as the Turkish fez. He was very aged, being then well along in the eighties. Every night I used to go up to his room and make him a toddy. He had the rare consistency never to say anything to me about the immorality of drinking, nor did I ever speak to him about the matter. But one day I asked my grandmother about this "toddy." She touched her left side and said, "It is for something here."

At the age of ten, he was accustomed to drive fourteen miles alone to Boston and market the products of his aunt's farm. George Ripley, the Brook Farm leader and associate of Charles A. Dana, was at one time his school-teacher. The boys organized a library committee at Waltham, and got Ralph Waldo Emerson to lecture to them. "I will come to lecture for \$5 for myself," wrote Emerson, "but ask you for four quarts of oats for my horse." The discourse that Emerson delivered for this modest honorarium was his famous one on "Nature," for which in after years he received \$500 a night.

Mr. Train says Emerson has had more influence on his life than any other man in the world. Here is his account of how, years later, he met the author under rather peculiar circumstances:

One day a gentleman, looking like a farmer, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Train. I remember that it was the fifth of October, '47. I replied to this question that my name was Train. "I mean the old gentleman," he said. I told him that Colonel Train was out of the office at the time, but as I had charge of the ships, I might be able to attend to his business. But I added that I was extremely busy, as the *Washington Irving* was to sail in an hour.

"That is just what I am here for," said he. "I want to sail on that ship; I want passage for England."

I told him there was but one stateroom left, and that he could have both berths for the price of one—\$75—but that he must get aboard in great haste, as everything was ready, and the ship was waiting for final orders. He said he was ready, and I started to fill out a passenger slip.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson," he replied. Then he took out of his pocket an old wallet, with twine wrapped around it four or five times, opened it carefully, and counted out \$75. I could not wait to see whether it was correct, but threw it in the drawer and took him on board. Mr. Emerson was then starting on his famous visit to England, during which he was to visit Carlyle.

By a characteristic bit of audacity he secured a place as a boy in the large shipping firm of Train & Co., of Boston, of which his cousin was the head. Here he rapidly developed brilliant business qualities and began leading the house into daring but successful schemes. The California gold craze was just then creating an eager demand for vessel transportation. Young Train went to Donald Mackay, the Boston ship-builder, and

ordered a sailing vessel of 2,000 tons, an unprecedented tonnage. "I shall call it the *Flying Cloud*," he said. By the time the *Flying Cloud* was finished the whole world was talking about it, and its launching was a historic event. The demand for it was so eager that it was sold for \$90,000 to a Liverpool firm. It sailed from New York to San Francisco in eighty-six days, paying for itself in a single voyage out and back. That was the beginning of the great epoch of American clippers. Within a year or two Mr. Train had launched forty of these trading vessels. At the age of twenty he was a partner of the firm, with the management of a Liverpool branch and an income of \$100,000 a year. According to his own figure, he was receiving \$15,000 at the age of twenty-two, and a few years later had an income of \$95,000.

Mr. Train's participation in the Commune in France was the result of chance. He arrived at Marseilles on his eighty-days' tour of the world, and was hailed as "liberator," and invited to join the revolutionary movement. He addressed an immense audience in the Cirque, rousing it to a pitch of frenzied enthusiasm. Here is a vivid incident which he relates:

I saw from my window an army marching down the street. I thought it was our army, and went out on the balcony and began shouting "Vive la Republique!" and "Vive la Commune!" with the people in the street; but there was an ominous silence in the ranks of the troops. They did not respond to these revolutionary sentiments. Then I saw the new *prefet*, M. Gent, Gambetta's man, in a carriage, with the army. Suddenly I heard a shot, and Gent drooped to the bottom of the vehicle. Some one had tried to kill him, but missed, and the *prefet* did not care to be conspicuous again. The troops came to a halt directly in front of the hotel, and I saw that the officers were regarding with anger the flag of the Commune that floated from the balcony. Orders were given, and five men, a firing squad, stepped from the ranks and knelt, with their rifles in hand, ready to fire. I knew that it was their purpose to shoot me. I do not know why, but I felt that if the thing had to be, I should die in the most dramatic manner possible. There were two other flags on the balcony, the colors of France and America. I seized both of these, and wrapped them quickly about my body. Then I stepped forward and knelt at the front of the balcony, in the same military posture as the soldiers below me. I then shouted to the officers in French: "Fire, fire, you miserable cowards! Fire upon the flags of France and America wrapped around the body of an American citizen—if you have the courage!" An order was spoken, too low for me to catch, but the kneeling soldiers dropped their rifles, and then rose and rejoined the ranks. Another order was shouted along the line, and the troops marched on down the street and out of sight.

His account of his courtship is very amusing, and shows the indomitable pluck and assurance which characterized his youth. When he was twenty-one he started for a journey West. At Syracuse he was struck by the appearance of "a lovely girl" bidding good-by to a half-dozen students. He turned to his traveling companion:

"Look at that girl with the curls," I said.

"Do you know her?"

"I never saw her before, but she shall be my wife." Whereupon I snatched up my satchel, rushed over to the train and the car which the girl had entered, and dropped into a vacant seat opposite her. An elderly gentleman was her companion. My chance came sooner than I expected. The elderly gentleman tried to raise the sash of the window, and could not move it; it had, as usual, stuck fast. I sprang lightly and very quickly across the aisle, and said: "Permit me to assist you," and, adding my youthful strength to his, raised the window. Both he and the young lady thanked me. The old gentleman went further, and asked me to take the seat directly opposite him and the young lady, on the same side of the car. I did so, and we entered into conversation immediately. I continued my speculations as to the relationship that existed between them. The gentleman seemed rather elderly for her husband, and she too young to be married at all. He did not look exactly as if he were her father.

It turned out that he was an old friend of the family, escorting the young lady to her home in the West. Their immediate destination was Oswego, where they would take a boat. Says Mr. Train:

I immediately exclaimed that I was also going in that direction, and was delighted to know that we should be fellow-passengers. In such matters—for love is like war—quickness of decision is everything. I would have gone in any direction if only I could remain her fellow-passenger. And so we arrived at Niagara Falls together. Dr. Wallace was kind enough to permit me to escort his charge about the falls, and I was foolish enough to do several risky things, in a sort of half-conscious desire to appear brave—the last infirmity of the mind of a lover. I went under the falls and clambered about in all sorts of dangerous places, in an intoxication of love. It was the same old story, only with the difference that our love was mutually discovered and confessed amid the roaring accompaniment of the great cataract. We were at the falls forty-eight hours, and before we left we were betrothed.

Mrs. Train was a woman of unusual beauty. She "passed into shadow-land in 1877." The surviving children are Mrs. Guelager of Stamford, Conn., George Francis Train, Jr., of this city, and Elsey M. Train, the youngest son, a resident of Chicago.

During his busy career, Mr. Train has had many prison experiences, although he has never committed a crime. He declares:

I have been imprisoned in almost every sort of jail that man has devised. I have been in police stations, in Marshalseas in England and in Ireland, in common jails in Boston, in the Bastille in Lyons, in the Prefecture at Tours as the prisoner of Gambetta, dictator of France, and in the famous old Tombs of New York. I have used prisons well. They have been as schools to me, where I have reflected and learned more about myself—and a man's own self is the best object of any one's study. I have also made jails the source of fruitful ideas, and from them have launched many of my most startling and useful projects and innovations.

The volume which is supplemented with several interesting illustrations of the author, closes with Mr. Train's account of his three record-breaking trips around the world in eighty, sixty-seven and a half, and sixty days, the last voyage still standing as the fastest time any one has circled the globe.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Savage Landor is on his way to the Philippines, where he will make a study of conditions, for literary purposes.

Police Captain George S. Chapman, former "Czar of the Tenderloin" of New York, and the raider of the notorious Seeley dinner, has just been retired on half pay on his own application. Chapman was a drummer-boy in the Civil War.

Richard A. Canfield, who has obtained over \$4,000,000 from wealthy patrons of his gambling-house in New York and Saratoga within the past ten years, has fled to London to escape prosecution by District Attorney Jerome as a common gambler, or under a more serious charge of grand larceny, based on allegations that he robbed his patrons by means of "brace" faro boxes and crooked roulette wheels.

Paderewski will have to look to his laurels, for Joseph Hofmann, the young pianist, is making a record for himself as a favorite with the women. During a recent concert in St. Petersburg, at which Hofmann was playing to an enraptured audience, a young woman suddenly leaped upon the stage with a laurel wreath in her hand, and, setting it on the head of the pianist, cried in excited Polish: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, do not applaud." Then she burst into tears, and was carried off the stage, the doctors, who were called in, declaring that she had suddenly gone mad.

Despite many efforts to balk him, Count Boni de Castellane has become the possessor of the famous Château de Grignan, where Mme. de Sévigné passed her last years and died. The Adhemar de Montels built the Château de Grignan. In the sixteenth century this great family of the Midi merged into a branch of the Castellane family, that of the barons of Entrécasteaux, and became the Marquises and Counts of Grignan. This line, however, disappeared in 1704, with the death of Louis Provence de Castellane, Adhemar d'Orano de Montel, grandson of the famous Mme. Sévigné. The château is in a bad state of preservation, but Count Boni intends completely to restore its original beauty with more of his American wife's millions.

As King Alfonso, the Dowager Queen, and the court were returning from church last Saturday afternoon in Madrid, a man, who afterward gave his name as Feito, fired a pistol at one of the carriages in the royal procession. The bullet went wild and no one was injured. The king heard the shot, and put his head out of the carriage window, but he was immediately dragged back into his seat by his frightened mother. The escort of civil guards threw themselves upon the would-be assassin and overpowered him. Feito, who is about thirty-five years old, when taken to the police station, said he did not desire to kill the king, but the grand chamberlain, the Duke of Sotomayor, who, he claimed, was responsible for his troubles. After the shooting, the people gathered along the king's route and gave him a great ovation as the carriage proceeded slowly toward the royal residence.

The man Calvé is reported to have selected for her first husband and second love is Jules Bois, an interesting writer on occult topics. His best known books are "Le Satanisme et la Magie," and "The Little Religions of Paris." His one-act play, "The Devil in Darkness," was given only one performance at Montmartre. It was played in total darkness, voices of different *timbre* speaking solemnly a dialogue that quite transcended in mystic realism anything Paris had ever heard before. Unluckily for Bois, some envious rival bribed the gas man to turn on the lights in the middle of the act, and a half-dozen commonplace Montmartre singers of both sexes were discovered sitting on wooden chairs, all of them grinning over the misadventure. After that Jules Bois gave up the stage in despair. He is really a learned man, of somewhat eccentric appearance, and was once the rage in Parisian spiritualistic circles.

Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind man eloquent, who recently resigned his position as chaplain of the Senate, was seventy-nine years old last September. He lost the sight of his left eye when very young. The right eye soon after began to fail, and before he was thirty years of age he was totally blind. He graduated from Illinois College in 1842, when he was only nineteen years old. When he was but twenty (says William E. Curtis) he was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Church and traveled through Illinois and other of the Western States, preaching with great power and effect. His zeal and eloquence having attracted the attention of several members of Congress from the West, he was elected the chaplain of the national House of Representatives in 1845—fifty-seven years ago this month. After two years of this duty he returned to the ministry until 1853, when he was again elected to the same position. In 1855 he started upon a lecturing tour, which continued during the next twenty-five years, and during that time it is estimated that he traveled more than a million miles and spoke in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. In 1885 he was elected chaplain of the House of Representatives for the third time, and held the position until 1893, when he was elected chaplain of the Senate, the position he has just resigned. He is the author of several books. In 1865 he left the Methodist Church and became an Episcopalian, but in 1871 returned to the old communion.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Children of the Frost."

Jack London writes books by main strength and awkwardness. The impression with which one rises from reading "The Children of the Frost" is to us comparable with nothing so pertinently as with our recollection of a big, green, raw, young Swede that we once saw handling a cross-cut saw for the first time. The Swede was willing; he had muscles like an ox; but he tied the saw in knots when it hound. Mr. London has enthusiasm, he has imagination; but, to say the least, he treats the English language with disrespect.

This is not severe criticism. "There he many"—as Mr. London would say—of the day's novels whose English is irreproachable, but which are pallid and anemic compared with these Alaskan tales. Mr. London has practically a monopoly of the Northland fictional field, and we know of no American writer who could have exploited it more satisfactorily than has he. A natural, temperamental quarrel with Civilization because of its conventions, complexities, and finesses, puts Mr. London in sympathy with the savage. As a scientific evolutionary socialist, he looks broadly at the struggles of man with man, tripe with tripe, and Man with Nature in the mysterious North. But in his endeavor to avoid saying the conventional thing, he puts into the mouths of his characters a form of speech for which there is no precedent and scarcely adequate excuse. This will offend, however, only a fastidious few.

Ten tales form the contents of this book. The first tells of a white man, the sole survivor of a party of explorers, who makes his home with a tripe of Eskimos, takes to wife a native woman, and is finally discovered by Van Brunt of a surveying party; the second is a striking laboratory demonstration of the "law of life"; "Nam-Bok, the Unveracious," is an Alaskan "The Return of the Native," with variations; "The Master of Mystery" strikingly tells of a fatal contest of wits between medicine-men. Of them all, "Li Wan, the Fair," is the best. It is the obverse of Kipling's "Lizbeth," and quite as strong. And that is saying a good deal.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Kaiser and His Empire.

Now that the United States, in the attitude of a world-power, is discovering so many points at which her interests and ambitions conflict with those of Germany, both commercially and politically, a book which gives a comprehensive view of conditions in the latter country is both valuable and timely. Such a volume is the one entitled "Germany," and which has been produced by Wolf von Schierbrand. The author, as his name indicates, is a German, but he is an adopted citizen of the United States, and writes from an American viewpoint. What adds to his qualifications for the authorship of such a work is the fact that he has spent several years of late in Germany as a newspaper correspondent, and has utilized his exceptional opportunities to study the conditions of the country as they now exist. He aims to tell the truth, and to point out for the benefit of Americans those conditions in Germany which give that country a decided advantage, as well as those which exhibit its dangers and its weaknesses. The book contains a view of Germany as a colonizing world-power, and her outlook for further expansion. It gives clear explanations of those internal conditions which, though of deep interest to us, are not generally understood. The tariff problem, the Agrarian movement, the Polish problem, and the socialist movement are some of these. They are, however, not less instructive than the portions which deal with internal politics and the constituent states of the empire, the commerce, manufacturing and shipping, the army and the navy. While all these are delightfully readable, the work is still further popularized by chapters on the personality of the Kaiser, education, social customs, the press, literature, and art. The book can be highly recommended to any reader who desires a good knowledge of the German Empire as it is to-day, and would relish studying the influence of the emperor upon his own people.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$2.40 net.

Two Pictures and Three Books.

The printed book reviews which accompany the publications of F. Tennyson Neely are a never-failing well-spring of delight. Every day or two we learn therefrom that a new author of poetess, rivaling Dickens or Keats, has been discovered. All that is claimed for "Furnished Room Houses" (\$1.50), how-

ever, is superiority to Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "Samantha"; though, on the other hand, trelling the modest merit of the hook, there is a pretty picture of the lady-author, *décolleté*. Her "pen-name," we learn, is "Silas Wright's Widow."

Of another novel, "The Poorhouse Lark," (\$1.50), we are told that "all who read this interesting work will find therein one of the most delightful hooks of the season." Its author is also a "lady," Mary B. Willey, but there isn't any portrait.

No such lack confronts us when we open "Poems of Life and Loving" (\$1.00). Harriet Spangler Shelley, the author, possesses magnificent shoulders, a throat that is soft and round and pretty (we are serious), eyes that are merry, a well-shaped nose, a good, kissable mouth, and a coil of hair to be proud of. More: she is "a lineal descendant of the poet Shelley himself." But what of the "Poems of Life and Loving"? We read them; we turn back to the picture; we gaze upon it; we reflect. Kind reader, permit us to be silent.

Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Warren Stoddard has written a hook of essays and sketches which are to be published this month. This hook will be called "Exits and Entrances," and will contain reminiscences of several interesting literary figures, among them Kingsley, George Eliot, Stevenson, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain.

"Lovey Mary," now running as a serial, which re-introduces the ubiquitous Mrs. Wiggs of the Cahage Patch, will be published in hook-form in the early spring.

H. G. Wells has just finished a new novel, which is in keeping with his scientific fiction on the lines of "Love and Mr. Lewisham." It is called "The Flood of the Gods," and tells of a discovery which sets aside the common limits of growth.

A hook of stories and studies in fiction by Henry James will be published next month by Charles Scribner's Sons. There will be in all eleven stories and studies. The title has not yet been decided upon.

Some personal memories of Charles Dickens from the pen of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, are to be published soon. They treat of Dickens as a lover of art.

The scenes of Mary Johnston's new romantic love story, "Sir Mortimer," which is soon to appear as a serial in an Eastern magazine, are laid in England at the court of Queen Elizabeth and on the sea. The heroine is a celebrated beauty who is lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, while the hero is a gallant officer in her majesty's miniature navy.

A new novel by Basil King, author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder," will shortly be brought out under the title of "In the Garden of Charity." It is a simple love story, the scene being laid in Nova Scotia.

Carl Schurz is writing his autobiography. The work is now said to be so far advanced that it may possibly be ready for publication during the coming year.

F. Berkeley Smith, the author and illustrator of "The Real Latin Quarter," who has been in Paris since last June gathering materials for another hook on the city of art and pleasure, has almost completed his work, which will be published early in the spring, under the title of "How Paris Amuses Itself."

Joseph Altscheler has just completed a novel entitled "Before the Dawn," which will be published this spring. The scene of the story is laid in Richmond just before the surrender of that city, and Jefferson Davis, his cabinet, and several of the Southern generals figure in the hook.

A new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, entitled "The Star Dreamer," is to be published soon.

Contrary to the general impression that there is little demand for biography nowadays, is the announcement that four days after the publication of Bishop Lawrence's life of Roger Wolcott a fourth edition was ordered. Moreover, Colonel Higginson's "Longfellow" and Professor Woodberry's "Hawthorne" went into their third edition shortly after publication.

George Cabot Lodge, the son of the Massachusetts senator, has published a hook of "Poems: Grave and Gay."

The King of Italy has recently made William R. Thayer a Knight of the Order of the

Crown of Italy, in recognition of his historical work. "The Dawn of Italian Independence." Only one other Harvard graduate, the late William W. Story, has been decorated with this order. Mr. Thayer is the editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

A biography of the late Thomas Nast is to be written by A. B. Paine. It was authorized by the cartoonist himself, and is said to abound in good material.

Kipling Versus the Putnams.

Rudyard Kipling's suit against G. P. Putnam's Sons, the New York publishers, for twenty-five thousand dollars damages for infringement of copyright and trademark and unfair competition was decided against him for the second time on Friday last, when the United States Circuit Court of Appeals sustained the action of Judge Lacombe in dismissing the case a year ago. The publishing firm bought from Kipling's authorized publishers, in 1899, a number of unbound sheets of the author's writings and bound them up, together with some of his uncopyrighted writings, to form the "Brushwood" edition, which they placed on the market. Fifteen sets bore on the cover an elephant's head. This, the plaintiff alleged, was his exclusive literary trademark. The court holds that the Putnams had a perfect right to purchase unbound leaves of Kipling's copyrighted works and to resell them in bindings of their own. As to Kipling's contention that the Putnams appropriated his trademark, the court says: "The elephant's head was not registered as a trademark until after the present action was begun."

To mark the resting place of the late Bret Harte in Frimley churchyard, Surrey, there has just been erected a massive and costly monument. His grave is in the north-eastern part of the churchyard and around it have been planted a number of young fir-trees. The monument consists of a massive slab of white granite weighing two and a half tons, on which is placed a block of Aberdeen granite sloping upward in the form of a cross. The inscription is to be: "Bret Harte, August 25, 1837; May 5, 1902. Death shall reap no braver harvest."

The large sum of money subscribed by Norwegians to the fund presented to Björnstjerne Björnson on his seventieth birthday is, according to the poet's wish, to be devoted to a pension fund for teachers.

ALL BOOKS

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DENVER: "Mr. London is to be reckoned among the strongest of our young writers—if not the strongest."—*Republican*.

LOS ANGELES: "It gives one a new sensation."—*Express*.

NEW YORK: "Imaginative power of a big order marks these strange stories."—*The Outlook*.

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OAKLAND: "The tang of the frost is in them, and they are instinct with the passions of a primitive people."—*Enquirer*.

PHILADELPHIA: "True passion was never more strongly expressed."—*Public Ledger*.

SAN FRANCISCO: "Heartbreaking in intense truth to life."—*News Letter*.

"What Kipling has done for India he is doing for the Far North."—*Evening Post*.

SEATTLE: "Strong, vivid, brutal tales."—*Post-Intelligencer*.

TOLEDO: "So powerfully written and so totally new."—*Daily Blade*.

WASHINGTON: "If he continues to work on this big level, he will win fame both wide and permanent."—*Times*.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two Brilliant Essays on Painters.

The critical essays by Gustave Geffroy and Arsène Alexandre on Corot and Millet, respectively, are charmingly brilliant, and are enriched by many pertinent anecdotes and striking quotations. They appear for the first time in English in a volume edited by Charles Holme, and are supplemented by a note on Millet's etchings, by Frederick Keppel. Half-tone illustrations and special plates in tint and colors (mostly full-page) number more than one hundred and fifty. The volume is entitled "Corot and Millet," is a tall octavo in paper covers, and appears in connection with the *Studio* as a "special winter number."

Two interesting passages in these *critiques* may be noted in passing. M. Geffroy remarks of Corot that he "read very little. Sometimes he would buy books at random on the quays, but simply to amuse his models. One day in his studio his friends found a woman, resting after her pose, reading a Latin work by Cujas. As for Corot himself, reading 'Polyeucte' was enough for him. And that, twenty years after he had begun it, was not finished! He never read the newspapers, and knew nothing of what was going on. . . . Once he innocently remarked: 'M. Victor Hugo seems to be pretty famous in literature.'"

Evidently Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot was not an "up-to-date person." Why, if he were living in America to-day, perhaps he might not yet have read "The Virginian." The idea!

M. Alexandre, in writing of Millet, quotes the famous, but to us unfamiliar—brief, but strangely moving—saying of La Bruyère's, which antedated, but is in curious accord with, Millet's peasant pictures.

"One sees," said La Bruyère, "certain wild animals, males and females, scattered over the country, black, livid, and scorched by the sun, bound to the soil they dig and turn with unconquerable obstinacy; they have something like articulate speech, and when they rise to their feet they reveal a human face, and, in fact, they are men. . . ."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$2.00.

For Doggy Folk.

One of the most genuinely funny books that have appeared lately is "A Dog Day; or, The Angel in the House," by Walter Emanuel, pictured by Cecil Aldin. We scarcely know which is better, the twenty-four full-page lithograph prints by Aldin, or the Dog's monologues narrated by Emanuel. The pictures certainly are highly comic, and, besides, are extremely good from an artistic standpoint. It is too bad to divorce pictures and text. Here are, however, a few random entries from the pup's journal:

- 8:30—Ate breakfast with difficulty. Have no appetite.
- 8:35—Ate kittens' breakfast.
- 8:36—An affair with the cat (the kittens' mother). But I soon leave her, as the coward does not fight fair, using claws.
- 9—Washed by Mary.
- 9:30—Showed myself to family. All very nice to me. Miss Brown (whom I rather like) particularly enthusiastic. Kissed me again and again and called me "a dear, clean, brave, sweet-smelling little doggie."
- 9:40—Had a glorious roll in the mud.
- 1:30—A windfall. A whole dish of mayonnaise fish on the slat in the hall. Bolt it.
- 1:32—Curious pains in my underneath.
- 1:33—Pains in my underneath get worse.
- 1:34—Horrid feeling of sickness.
- 1:35—Rush up into Aunt Brown's room and am sick there.
- 1:37—Better.
- 1:41—Quite well again.
- 1:42—Jump twice on to the waistcoat part of old Mr. Brown, who is sleeping peacefully in the arm chair.
- 1:43—Miss Brown heats me. Very nice. Just like being patted. I yelp, do the sad-eye business, and pretend it hurts frightfully. She soon leaves off and takes me into the next room and gives me six pieces of sugar! Good business. Must remember always to do this.
- 4 to 5:15—Sleep.
- 5:15—Awakened by had attack of eczema. Caught one.
- 7:15—Ate kittens' supper. But I do wish they would not give them that eternal fish. I am getting sick of it. Sick of it in the garden.
- 8:40—Fight the cat. She scratches my paw viciously, drawing blood, and making me howl with pain. This brings Miss Brown down in a hurry. Wraps paw up in bread poultice.
- 9—Ate bread poultice.
- 9 to 10—Dozed.
- 10—Led to kennel.
- 10:15—Lights out. Thus ends another durn dull day.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.60 net.

Savage on Spiritualism.

Dr. Minut J. Savage is out with another book. It is called "Can Telepathy Explain?" and is a disquisition on alleged spirit phenomena—"raps," "apparitions," "voices," "spirit photography," "telekinesis," "invisible musicians," etc., etc. The book's an-

swer to the title query, Can telepathy explain? is in the negative. The Reverend Savage holds that there are indeed spirits who reveal themselves to mortal eye, and that no hypotheses based on the idiosyncrasies of the brain furnish a satisfactory explanation of what, he thinks, are well-attested phenomena. Besides the highly interesting anecdotes of the poodle-dog who growled at the ghosts, of six men on top of a square piano who were lifted into the air by spirit hands, and the Strange Story of the Three Locks of Hair, etc., the reverend author has gathered together in an appendix the favorable opinions on spiritualism of a number of distinguished men, has prepared another long list of those who have expressed their belief in it, and has added to these a partial list of books.

This, it should not be necessary to state, is not the first book of the Reverend Minot Judson Savage. As a matter of fact, it is his thirty-fifth, and should entitle him to a high place among New York's galaxy of facile and fecund clergymen. Surely, few of them have got the art of book-writing down so fine. The Reverend Savage, appreciating the necessity of putting a good foot foremost, presents at the beginning of the volume a table of contents including the seductive titles of fifty-four chapters and four appendices. The fifty-eight divisions are all in the book, but it is something of a shock to find one chapter of five lines, and several of less than half a page. We commend the methods of this author of thirty-five books to the attention of the nascent theologico-literary who hope to write as many.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

New Publications.

The poem "Lycidas," with six original black-and-white drawings by Gertrude Brodie, has been added to the Flowers of Parnassus Series, published in attractive form by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents.

According to the author, Alice B. Stockham, M. D., "The Lover's World" is a treatise on love and the appropriation and mastery of sexual energy, the use of passion and creative force. Published by the Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"In the Trail of a Pack-Mule," by Sid H. Nealy, is a rather interesting, unlitary, story of adventures on the plains from the author's own experiences. There are many drawings, also by the author. The book should interest hoys. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, \$1.25.

Ralph Harold Bretherton has produced in "The Child Mind" a very sympathetic and thoroughgoing study of the child's manner of thought and feeling. The author is in no respect obscure or "profound," and the book, much of it cast in narrative form, should be pleasant reading as well as instructive to mothers and, in fact, to all who are interested in this vital subject. Published by John Lane, New York.

Isaac K. Funk, D. D., LL. D., is the author of a small book called "The Next Step in Evolution." The essay originally served as an introduction to the novel, "Tarry Thou Till I Come." The work "is a study of the probability, significance, and character of the second coming of Christ." Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The History of Over Sea," one of William Morris's fine bits of imaginative prose writings—full of his fanciful spirit, though a paraphrase of an old romance—appears in a new edition. For the book of some thirty pages pretentious and rather attractive decorative drawings have been made by Louis Rhead, and the work itself is printed in an unusual style of hold-face type. The cover in colors is, however, unprepossessing, and here and now we file a strenuous objection to shoe-string ties for hooks. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

"A Doomed Coronet" is in the same vein as this author's other books, "The Martyrdom of an Empress" and "The Tribulations of a Princess." It undeniably will have great fascinations for readers who like to read of titled folk. It purports to be a true story, and gives glimpses of Egypt during the period immediately succeeding the Arah Pasha rebellion. Scandal, intrigue, villainy, and conspiracies are combined with the personal adventures of the author, and described with great minuteness and prolixity. The names are printed with dashes, as Sir B—s D—n, Countess de M—o, etc. This would doubtless be effective in keying up the interest of many were it not that the prominence of the persons makes most of this grave mystifica-

tion absurd. For instance, who could fail to guess the identity of the Marquis of D—n and A—a. In the end, the narrator becomes "temporarily reduced in circumstances," and the volumes reaches its conclusion on American soil. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.25.

The third of a series of source-readers in American history, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, is entitled "How Our Grandfathers Lived." As we have said before in noticing these books, they are valuable additions to instructive juvenile literature. Their contents are simply interesting extracts from old letters, old journals, old papers, designed to show the conditions existing a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. They should prove attractive to children from nine or ten on. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Much of the charm of Anna C. Hartshorne's two volumes on "Japan and Her People" lies in the handsome binding, the good paper and typography, and the superior illustrations, of which there are a great many. But the author, though possessing neither the wonderful enthusiasm and vigor which make Kipling's chapters on Japan in "From Sea to Sea" so entrancingly interesting, nor the poet's viewpoint, which makes Hearn's books so fascinating, still has a bright style, and gives a great number of fresh facts about the Land of the Rising Sun. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

The love-affairs of even very ordinary people are said to be interesting to many. When it comes to the love-affairs of famous men and women, there are few of us who do not confess to at least a gentle curiosity. 'Tis plain therefore, that Clara E. Laughlin's two-volume collection of "Stories of Authors' Loves" will find many readers. The articles, which pretend to no particular authoritative-ness, were originally published in the *Delin-eator*. Some of those whose affairs of the heart are discussed, are Tennyson, the Brownings, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Balzac, Dante, Michael Angelo, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, Poe, Keats, Shelley, Byron, George Sand, Longfellow, and Ruskin. There are besides numerous good portrait-illustrations. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price (two volumes), \$3.00.

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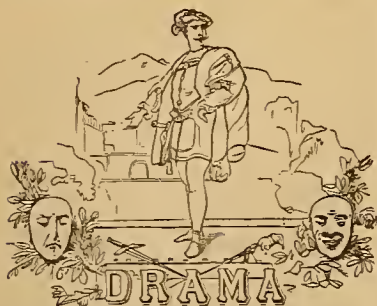
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An impatient constituency is beginning to wonder how long they will continue to whip up this perennial comic-opera froth at the Columbia. With the numerous burlesque operas of the winter back of us, and more to come, our patient jaws are getting just a little tired of grinning inanely at wild inanities, however amusing. One's sentimental chords are badly in need of being played on. Couldn't somebody or something come along and give us a refreshing little dramatic weep, just for a change? *Charlotte Russe* is all very well for an occasional *bonne bouche*, but for a steady diet its froth and sweetness first cloy, and then offend.

I wonder if they are as hard at it in other cities of this great and glorious country. If so, and the popularity of this kind of theatrical entertainment keeps up, it will end in giving fully one per cent. of the able-bodied young women of the nation a chance to strut their little hour upon the stage as chorus-girls, exhibit their shoulders and calves, and then relapse contentedly into private life as telephone-girls or typewriters, or perchance as the wives of millionaires' sons—that especial brand of millionaires' sons that always affects chorus-girls for its brides.

We have seen stacks and stacks of chorus-girls this winter, of varying shapes, sizes, and charms. Many were tolerably pretty, some were graceful, and they were nearly all young, slender, and marvelously conscientious in acquitting themselves of their tasks. What a delightful world it would be if housemaids were as conscientious and letter-perfect in their rôles as chorus-girls. But alas! it is the all-seeing and discerning eye of the great Public that stimulates a girl to do the very best that is in her. In the obscure and steamy purlieus of the kitchen, in the prosaic and strictly practical precincts of the dining-room, she is by turns slattern or despot, according to her make-up. And we are humble slaves, crouching under the sole of her haughty hoof, and abjectly offering up liberty and independence for the sake of having our floors swept and our meals served.

Perhaps—this is not, strictly speaking, dramatics, but during these strenuous times one's thoughts will recur to these painful topics—perhaps this general exodus of girls from the working ranks to the stage has caused some kind of industrial flurry—a resultant secession among domestics to fill the places left vacant in other occupations. Perhaps—dreadful thought!—the distracted housewives of the country may thank the comic-opera impressarios for that they themselves must turn to and shell their own peas and broil their own steaks. Be that as it may, there is an industrial vacuum somewhere to account for the presence on the Columbia stage this winter of several hundred chorus-girls during our five or six comic-opera seasons.

Not that "Miss Simplicity" is all chorus-girl. There is Frank Daniels, of course, somewhat smothered by the heavy fair ones around him, rather swamped in the thick, foggy humor of the piece, but dancing his usual fat-legged little jig and uttering his lines with the same monotonous voice and unmoved countenance that we know so well. For his is the kind of humor that feigns a profound unconsciousness of the absurdities that are raging around him or that he himself perpetrates. Not a bad idea, although the absurdities are the same old absurdities; there is really nothing new in "Miss Simplicity." The king might be King Dodo himself, the prince we have met before many times. The doctor—did we not have his prototype in "Florodora"?

Mr. Daniels is supported by two plump and pleasing leading ladies, each of whom has a sweet, squeaky, child-like voice, and both of whom display quantities of lovely white flesh. It's hard to choose between them, but, on the whole, Grace Orr Myers is the prettier, and of the two tiny voices hers is the sweetest and the squeakiest.

This young lady's stage demeanor is nothing like as frisky as that of her vivacious prima. On the contrary, she is of the type of lovely, sleek-skinned, tranquil-eyed,

sedate young Jersey cow. She does not display the maternal talent for hurlesque, but her stage attractiveness is based upon physical charm. Her neck, shoulders, arms, wrists, and hands are absolutely perfect in their pink-tinted, smoothly-contoured beauty. She is too plump, perhaps, but young plumpness, when it is as smooth and lily-fair as hers, is quite fetching, and never goes begging for appreciators. A sculptor would reject her as a model, for she is too short, and has an amplitude of girth that even those solid dames, the Olympian goddesses, could not compass. Nevertheless, in the rose-bordered, pink crêpe gown, with her satin shoulders set in drooping garlands of pink rose-buds, and billows of pink rose-buds eddying about her tiny feet as she walked, she was as pretty as a pink-and-white lady on a pink-and-white valentine.

But why do I thus dilate upon Miss Myers' charms? I've seen prettier women many a time and oft. Her face is not her fortune, even though her shoulders are. But the whole performance is such a collection of gay-colored fluff that there is really nothing tangible to take hold of save the physical charms of the fair participants.

The other lady in the company who ranks next or equal to Miss Myers, a Miss Mai Lowery, is, as I have mentioned, somewhat similar in type to the former, but inclining more to vivacity of manner. Miss Lowery's voice is also somewhat gauzy, but the lady has a little burlesque talent, a giggling, gurgling laugh, and a pair of animated, albeit ungraceful, feet.

Kate Uart and Florence Holbrook are the most prominent among the other ladies specially mentioned on the bill. Kate Uart is a very modish person, and Florence Holbrook is a slight girl who burrows under the shade of an overmastering pompadour. These are their most salient characteristics; in fact, I failed to discover any other, either in them or in the remainder of the company.

The luckless "doc" I really felt sorry for. The poor fellow wrestled vainly with a stupid part, and perspired at every pore in conscientious efforts to make the character sufficiently displeasing to the delicate susceptibilities of Mr. Blossoms. And the chorus-girls pervaded everything. Attired in costumes of numerous varied designs, spangled, striped, arabesqued, puffed, slashed, tinsel, and generally made gay and striking, their ranks stream upon the stage at every musical number, singing or going through the meaningless pantomime which gives brightness and diversity to the picture.

Nance O'Neil's *Lady Macbeth* is to be the big attraction this week, although at this writing her appearance has been postponed, partly on account of the elaboration of preparations, partly through the illness of the star. In consequence a review of the performance in these columns will necessarily be deferred.

It will be interesting to witness Miss O'Neil's conception of the famous Shakespearean character, and to hear her delivery of Shakespearean diction. I remember considering Miss Kidder's *Lady Macbeth* very monotonous and unimpassioned, and Modjeska's very colorless and equally unimpassioned, although the reading of both actresses was marked by extreme intelligence and showed signs of careful study.

Nance O'Neil's rendition will probably be the exact reverse. It is difficult for a player unaccustomed to and untrained in Shakespearean rôles, to develop the thousand minor significances which enrich even the briefest utterances in his plays, and at the same time to unleash the passions the lines should express. But it is safe to prophesy that a player of Miss O'Neil's temperament will not lack in the power to thrill her audience, no matter what deviations from accepted standards may mark her reading of the lines.

And temperament is what is needed above all in these times of prose and practicality to renew the old magic of the Shakespearean drama. It goes far ahead of magnificent

mounting, such as marked the James-Modjeska production of "Henry the Eighth" some time within the year at the Columbia. In that piece, the players were so weighted down with gorgeous garments that the principal effect left upon the mind was that of a group of automatons going through their parts merely to display their costumes.

What a fortunate thing it is for the ever-rising ranks of youthful theatre-goers, that the Shakespearean drama still holds its fascination for certain players. In New York they are witnessing two revivals of "Hamlet," one by Herr Bonn at the German theatre in Irving Place, the other one by Sothern, who is decreed to have given a lovable, but too sane, presentment of the princely dreamer, and one bearing a striking physical resemblance to Booth's Hamlet. What a joy it would be to see again a young, romantic, picturesque Hamlet! But, alas, alas, Sothern and the great majority of leaders on the American stage have evidently struck San Francisco from their itinerary for life.

We may never hope to see Mansfield's magnificent production of "Julius Caesar"; Forbes Robertson's thoughtful and beautiful presentation of "Hamlet" or of "Othello" will be to us unknown unless, perhaps, these players and others like them come out in their old age after their drawing power in other communities has ceased, and cheerfully carry off a hatful of San Francisco dollars. But we have reason to cheer up in some degree, for the James-Warde combination will break up the comic-opera boom with "The Tempest." The majority of us have never seen "The Tempest" played, and so we may, perhaps—that is, if James has the good sense to bring a leading actress of ability with him—we may live over the sensations of wonder and delight which we experienced in seeing for the first time "The Winter's Tale" when the James-Kidder company produced it here some few years ago.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The big event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday) will be the Adam Andrew Selling Stakes for two-year-olds and upward. The distance is six and one-half furlongs, and the value of the purse is \$1,500. The entries number over one hundred and twenty, so there will doubtless be a large field.

Little Franz Ebert, the Liliputian comedian, is coming to San Francisco soon in the Anna Held production of "The Little Duchess."

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, January 18th—Jules and Ella Garrison; Fields and Ward; Les Frassetti; Richard J. Joe; Scott Brothers; Elinore Sisters; Zaxell and Vernon; the Biograph, and last week of the Miles Stavordale Quintet.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Mikado" at the Tivoli.

Those who enjoy real comic opera will doubtless flock to the Tivoli Opera House next week, when Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular opera, "The Mikado," will be revived, with an excellent cast. Carrie Roma, who has won a name for herself abroad in grand and comic opera, is visiting San Francisco, and she has been secured by the management to play the rôle of Katisha. Hartman will be the Mikado; Edward Weh, the Ko Ko; Arthur Cunningham, the Pooh Bah; Bertha Davis, the Yum Yum; Annie Myers, the Pitti Sing; Frances Gibson, the Peep Bo; Joseph Fogarty, the Fish Tush; and Oscar Lee, the Nanki Poo. After "The Mikado" will come a number of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which will prove a welcome relief from the long series of inane comic-opera concoctions which have been deluging local theatres of late.

Second Week of "Macbeth."

Nance O'Neil's success in the rôle of Lady Macbeth, in Shakespeare's tragedy, has been so pronounced that the management of the Grand Opera House has decided to continue it until Saturday of next week, when Ristori's great Scriptural drama, "Judith," will be produced for the first time on the English-speaking stage. McKee Rankin has adapted the play, and as the incidents are intensely powerful from an emotional and dramatic standpoint, he predicts that it will make a big sensation. Miss O'Neil will have an admirable opportunity as the Jewish heroine, and no expense will be spared in the gorgeous stage settings and handsome costumes which the play calls for.

"Princess Chic" at the Columbia.

Frank Daniels will give way at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night to the Kirk La Shelle Comic Opera Company in "The Princess Chic," in which Maud Lillian Berri scored a hit last year in the title-rôle. The music of the opera is very tuneful and the libretto is really amusing. The time of the opera is 1468, the scene, the chateau of Charles the Bold in Burgundy, and among the historical characters introduced are Louis the Eleventh of France, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and the Princess Chic of Burgundy. Vera Michelena, a pretty San Francisco girl, and daughter of Fernando Michelena, the well-known tenor, who now teaches singing here, will have the leading rôle, and among the other principals are Joseph C. Miron, Forrest Huff, Adele Stoneman, Edna Floyd, and Walter A. Lawrence. "The Princess Chic" will run for but a week, and then Louis James and Frederick Warde will appear in their spectacular production of "The Tempest."

A New Comedy at the Alcazar.

"My Daughter-in-Law," a sprightly French comedy, which has enjoyed long runs in Paris, London, and New York, is to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre next week for the first time in San Francisco. It is by Fabrice Carée and Paul Bilhand, and is said to contain several very amusing situations. The cast will include Ernest Hastings as Paul Leverdier, George Oshourne as Mr. Leverdier, Albert Morrison as Honore Tessard, Clifford Dempsey as Malescot, Walter Belasco as Ferdinand Lareulle, Frank Bacon as Gustave Lareulle, Marie Howe as Mme. Leverdier, Alice Treat Hunt as Martha, Adele Belgrade as Countess Ladoiska, and Oza Waldrop as Marie.

Fischer's Burlesque on Fitch's Play.

"Barbara Fidgety" is still delighting large audiences at Fischer's Theatre, and it will doubtless be some weeks before "Hoity Toity," the next Weher & Field burlesque, is needed. Kolh, Dill and Bernard are excruciatingly dull in their rôles, especially in the stairway scene in the third act. Maude Amher, Olive Evans, Cloy Elmer, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermen, Berand Wynn, and Charles P. Bates, too, are provided with excellent parts, and they make the most of their opportunities. George Lask is deserving of great credit for the splendid settings, the amusing stage business, and the effective work of the chorus.

The Orpheum's New Specialties.

There will be no less than six new specialties offered at the Orpheum next week. They include Jules and Ella Garrison, "the burlesque tragedy stars," who will re-appear, after an absence of over five years, in new travesties; Fields and Ward, conversation-artists, who style themselves "hot tamales just from Mexico"; Les Prasettis, violin, harp, and xylophone soloists, whose repertoire includes the overtures to "Die Felsenmühle," "Pique Dame," "Light Cavalry," "Fra Diavolo," "Raymond," and other operas, and all the latest American, English, and Continental marches; Richard J. José, the popular contra-tenor, who will be heard for one week only in his latest song successes, including "The Brotherhood of Man"; and the Scott brothers, equilibrist and acrobats. The Elmore sisters will present a new sketch by William Jerome, entitled "Mrs. Delaney." Zazell and Vernon will continue their amusing triple horizontal bar act; and the Miles Stavordale Quintet, whose concerted instrumental music so strongly resembles the human voice, will appear for the last times in a change of selections.

Two Notable Benefits.

Georgia Cayvan, the once-popular leading lady of the Lyceum Company, who is now confined in a sanitarium in the East, was given a benefit in New York on Tuesday, which was notable in many respects. The programme, which was arranged by Daniel Frohman, included a play from a story of Anthony Hope (the first time in this country), entitled "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," with Fay Davis and Bruce McRae in the cast. James K. Hackett and his wife, Mary Manning, appeared together for the first time since they have been starring in the principal scene of Victor Mapes's drama, entitled "Don Caesar's Return." Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Langtry, and Julie Opp offered recitations, and E. H. Sothern and Miss Ethel Barrymore appeared in a modern one-act play called "Drifting Apart." David Bispham sang "Danny Deever" composed by Walter Damrosch, and was accompanied at the piano by the composer. Viola Allen appeared in a selection from an old comedy, and the actresses of the Twelfth Night Club rendered a dramatic satire, written by Grant Stewart. Think of this rare opportunity offered New York theatre-goers to see so many notable stage celebrities in a single afternoon! Needless to say the house was crowded and the receipts amounted to over \$6,000.

Another monster benefit is being arranged to save the home of Clara Morris, at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, from being sold for a mortgage of about \$2,000. Many prominent actors of the metropolis have volunteered their services. The actress herself is said to be ill with nervous prostration as a result of her ineffectual efforts to raise the necessary money by lecturing and magazine writing.

Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter was offered fifteen hundred dollars a week by Oscar Hammerstein to create the part of Maslova in "Resurrection," the Odéon play to be put on at the Victoria Theatre in New York after the run of "The Eternal City," on February 16th. Mrs. Potter was compelled to decline this proposal, owing to the fact that she had arranged to commence at the end of January a recital tour of fifty-seven performances in the English provinces. Hammerstein tried to induce Ada Rehan to take the rôle, but failed. Blanche Walsh has finally been secured after much difficulty. She had to close her tour in "The Daughter of Hamlet," which was hooked all over the West, to begin study on her exacting rôle. The play is to be produced jointly by Hammerstein and Miss Walsh's managers, Wagenhals & Kempner. Mr. Kempner has just sailed for Europe to see Beerholm Tree's presentation of the play in London, and to secure properties for the production in the United States.

The dramatic critic of London *Vanity Fair* waxes very enthusiastic over Gertrude Elliott's Desdemona, in Forbes-Robertson's production of "Othello," at the Lyric Theatre. "I expected to see a fine Othello," he says, "I hardly hoped to see a good Desdemona. But Miss Gertrude Elliott was a revelation. I have seen all the London Desdemonas of the last five-and-twenty years, and I believe that Miss Elliott is the best of them. It is a great deal to say; but her winsome charm of manner, her Shakespearean conception of her duty to her husband, her earnest and unaffected simplicity, her last undressing, and her death itself all combined to make a great Desdemona. She never jarred; she was never over the frame, as it were. No doubt such an Othello as that of Forbes-Robertson helped; but I confess that I had no idea how fine an actress is Miss Gertrude Elliott until I saw her Desdemona. She is a real artist."

De Wolf Hopper will begin an engagement at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, on Monday, January 19th, in a dramatic version of "The Pickwick Papers," which has been constructed for the stage by Charles Klein. The music was composed by Manuel Klein, and the lyrics are from the pen of Grant Stewart. Among the principals in the support are Digby Bell, Henry Norman, Grant Stewart, Laura Joyce Bell, Louise Gunning, and Marguerite Clark.

Mary Manning will appear at the Columbia Theatre this spring in her new Fitch play, "The Stuhornness of Geraldine," which has scored a big success in New York. At Weher & Field's it is burlesqued under the title of "The Stickiness of Gelatine."

More Tyndall Lectures.

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, the noted mind-reader, who, during the past few months, has been attracting very large audiences to Steinway Hall, will open up a new series of psychological lectures on Sunday night, January 18th. His subject will be "The Genesis of Psychic Phenomena: Its Study and Meaning." The following Sunday night, January 25th, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will lecture on "The Power of Thought: How to Gain and How to Use It." These lectures are open to the general public, and are not to be given in classes.

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VANITY FAIR.

The ceremonies at Delhi proclaiming King Edward Emperor of India have ended, and people are now beginning to estimate what the Durbar, with its unprecedented display of Oriental magnificence, has cost. According to one estimate, cabled from Delhi, the Indian Government will have to pay over \$3,750,000, and Lord Curzon himself is supposed to have spent many thousands of pounds in entertaining his personal guests. For their display of magnificence the native princes' expenses varied from \$500,000, spent by the Nizam of Hyderabad, to \$50,000, the sum which the minor chiefs paid for their pageants, while the governors of various provinces had to pay about \$75,000 each for their camps. "It is almost impossible," says an old resident of India, "for the average American to realize what this imperial Durbar at Delhi means. British India and the United States are so different in their whole make-up. The great native princes of India, some of whom have large standing armies, would not care two straws about a Brooklyn Bridge over the Chenab, or a rapid transit through the Afghan hills, but they do care about their historic dignity, and their state independence. And this is what the imperial Durbar of 1877—when Queen Victoria was proclaimed first Empress of India by Earl Lytton, then viceroy—assured them, and this is what the imperial Durbar for 1903 confirms. At the ceremonies the Duke of Connaught, although he is a royal prince, and represented the King of England, ranked below the viceroy, who in his person represented the Emperor of India. Only twenty-one guns of explosives were expended on Prince Arthur and his royal princess, while one hundred and one honored the presence of Lord Curzon and his American wife. The salutes for the native princes ranged from nine to twenty-one guns."

According to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, eighteen thousand couples are married in Chicago each year. One-ninth of these eventually find their way to the divorce courts. Chicago has the husiest and the speediest divorce mill in the country. If a dissatisfied wife has her evidence ready two minutes' time will suffice to free her from the matrimonial toils. At the Saturday morning sessions the parade of soon-to-be divorcees is continuous. Some march to the witness-stand asking only that their maiden name be restored. Others want alimony, and they generally get it. The whole proceeding is as quiet as a shopping tour. A few friends may be present to watch the hurried proceedings. The judge mumbles the names of the litigants. No one understands what he says except the woman and her solicitor. A few perfunctory questions follow, and the applicant is dismissed—freed. Thirty-eight divorces is the Saturday morning record of one judge. Fifteen decrees are frequently granted between nine and eleven o'clock. On Saturday, December 20th, fifty-two couples were divorced. Only thirty-two licenses were issued for the weddings to be celebrated that day. Of course, all divorces are not granted in this pell-mell fashion. Occasionally there is a hard-fought contest against the granting of the decree. This often takes up several days of a circuit judge's time. In such cases the litigants generally get more or less notoriety out of their troubles. On the other hand, in the mills where the decrees are granted with unusual dispatch there is little publicity attached to the separation. No other city in the country equals Chicago's record. South Dakota, notorious as the Mecca of mismatched couples, must yield the palm. The local divorce mills do the work quicker, with less scandal, and just as completely as the far-famed courts of Yankton and Sioux Falls.

If ever a young actress has earned the right to cry "Save me from my friends!" it is Ethel Barrymore, whose sudden collapse recently brought the run of "A Country Mouse" and "Carrots" to an untimely end at the Savoy, in New York, and compelled the actress to seek rest before starting on tour. In two or three years (says New York *Town Topics*), she has developed into a small social lioness, hut, like many a better actress before her, she has learned the wholesome lesson that, while to be an actress means hard work, to be an actress and a lioness simultaneously means nervous prostration. To run about to teas in the afternoon, act in the evening, and rush off to a midnight ball or supper is a regimen which even such a hardened old rounder as the grand Sarah herself would balk at. As a matter of fact (says the New York *Sun*) Bernhardt has never attempted to foist herself on New York society.

Nor has Mrs. Langtry or Ellen Terry ever tried to enter the charmed circle. Eleanor Duse is not fond of any kind of society, and has been this year in such bad health that she has been able to receive scarcely anybody save her physician. She has only once exhibited the least interest in American society since she began to come here first. And this was during her last visit to Washington, when she was eager to be received at the White House by Mrs. Roosevelt. The Italian ambassador interested himself in the matter, and the actress's solitary social aspiration in this country was gratified. Maude Adams was much entertained for several seasons, but suddenly realized that it was too much for her fragile constitution to be an actress and a woman of society at the same time. So she withdrew as suddenly as she entered the little coterie that was disposed to make a fuss over her. Mrs. Le Moyne has been for several years the intimate friend of a number of women very conspicuous in society. But she makes no attempt to enter the gayeties that appeal so strongly to the younger women of the stage. Elsie de Wolf has always had social position, and the fact that she went on the stage made no difference. Mrs. James Brown Potter who is very popular in the London smart set, has, seen nothing of her old New York friends since she became an actress. When she goes to New York it is to associate altogether with the members of her own profession. But at one time she had a place in New York society higher than that held by any of the so-called society actresses.

A disgruntled Frenchman, who must have recently come in contact with a number of boastful American tourists, draws this rather amusing pen-picture of the people of the United States: "When we talk of France they always say, 'Oh, but you should see America!' They reckon up their buildings by the cubic acre, and the greatest artistic beauty of an edifice is the number of stories it has. They take out their guide-book and study the exact measurements and weight of stone. 'Oh,' they say, 'it is not as big as Waldorf-Astoria or the White House.' And they are happy. The American has only one superlative, exactly the same in art and literature as in industry. It is 'biggest!' The biggest picture, the highest hook, the biggest machine. I dare say they would really like to have the biggest stomachs to eat the biggest dinners, for they have the biggest feet to cover the most ground. The highest ideal the American can imagine is the biggest automatic machine, and he is always talking of it and trying to invent it, just as he is always trying to imitate a machine in his way of living. He would like to run the human heart and mind by machinery, and he treats his head like an electric accumulator, and his nerves are so many wires down which he sends currents to develop physical energy. He has an idea that man must push his brain to its maximum of work at the highest pressure, only to create machinery. To do this he fills his head with cog wheels, which he sets going at such a rate he can never stop them, and they go on turning and turning, even when he has no more work to do. He goes off with such a rattle that he can not stop the machine until it breaks him down. He has given up real eating long ago, and in ten minutes finishes off a meal it would take a Frenchman two hours to get through, and as his teeth are bad he stops them all with gold. He has trained himself to work until eating is a nuisance, so he invents tahooids and can carry a pound of beefsteak and a loaf of bread in his waistcoat pocket. In America liberty

is a mockery and independence a myth. Slave driving is the natural instinct of the American; he must always be driving somebody. Everybody has a boss, and for that reason wants to boss everybody beneath him. The only idea the American has of civilization is a huge orchestra where all the world plays the tune while he waves the wand. The tune does not matter much if the time is quick."

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 14, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
		500	@ 108 1/2	Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup 3%.....				107 3/4	108 1/2
Cal. Central G. & E.					
5%.....	5,000	@ 107		106 3/4	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	40,000	@ 106		105 3/4	107
Hawaiian C. & S 5%.....	6,000	@ 98 1/2	98 1/2	100	
Honolulu R. T. & L.					
Co. 6%.....	1,000	@ 107 1/2		107 1/2	
Los An. Ry 5%.....	2,000	@ 110 1/2			
Market St. Ry 5%.....	12,000	@ 121 1/2-122 1/2		121 3/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	1,000	@ 121 1/2		121	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 101 1/2		101 1/2	102
Oakland Transit 5%.....	5,000	@ 113		113	
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	27,000	@ 109 1/2		109 1/2	
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 103		103	
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
10,000 @ 122 1/2-122 3/4			122 3/4		
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	6,000	@ 111 1/2		109	111
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909.....	9,000	@ 110 1/2-110 3/4		110 3/4	110 1/2
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....	12,000	@ 111 1/2-112		111 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. Std 5%.....	4,000	@ 109 1/2		109 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	9,000	@ 140 1/2		140 1/2	140 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 109 1/2		109 1/2	110
U. Gas & Elec Co 5%.....	3,000	@ 107		107	

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
		760	@ 65 1/2-67 1/2	Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....				65	
Spring Valley.....	450	@ 84-85		84 1/2	85 1/2
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.....	10	@ 98		96 1/2	99
Union Trust.....	1	@ 2,099		2,150	
Street R. R.					
Presidio.....	10	@ 40		40	42
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	1,185	@ 62-73 1/2		62 1/2	
Vigorit.....	430	@ 2 1/2-3 1/2		3	3 1/2
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	485	@ 4 1/2-4 1/2		4	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	380	@ 44 1/2-45 1/2		43 1/2	45
Honokaa S. Co.....	320	@ 13 1/2-14 1/2		14	
Hutchinson.....	634	@ 14 1/2-15 1/2		14 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	215	@ 28-28 1/2		26 1/2	28
Paauhau S. Co.....	335	@ 15 1/2-16 1/2		16	17
Gas and Electric.					
Central L. & P.....	100	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	4 1/2
Equitable Gas.....	1,010	@ 3 1/2-3 1/2		3 1/2	
Pacific Gas.....	50	@ 35-35 1/2		34 1/2	
Pacific Lighting Co.	135	@ 52 1/2-52 1/2		52 1/2	53
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry.	8	@ 37		37	40
S. F. Gas & Electric	280	@ 41 1/2-42 1/2		41 1/2	42 1/2
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	84	@ 5 1/2		5 1/2	6
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	195	@ 155-159 1/2		154 1/2	156
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	30	@ 95 1/2		95 1/2	98 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn.....	100	@ 100 1/2-101		100	101
Pac. A. F. Alarm.....	10	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week show transactions of 103,000 bonds, and over 5,000 shares of stock.

The market declined from one-half to eleven and three-quarters points, the latter in Giant Powder. This stock has been raided by the bear interest, but inquiries at the office of the company are met by the reply that the company is in good shape, and that they know no reason why the stock should weaken in the market, as they are doing a good business and earning their dividend.

The rest of the market broke on account of realizing sales to protect loans on Giant.

The water stocks were weak. Spring Valley Water selling down to 84, but reacting to 85 on small sales. Contra Costa Water sold down to 65 1/2 on sales of 760 shares, closing at 65 bid.

The sugars were weak on sales to protect other stocks, held on loan account.

At the close the market was steadier, with less stocks offering.

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LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A New York after-dinner speaker recently spoke of Daniel, of Biblical fame, as one of the few men who was lionized and kept his head.

Mark Twain announces that he is giving his skull to Cornell University, where it can be studied for the enlightenment of future generations. "I am getting pretty old," said Mr. Clemens, recently, "and shall probably not need the skull after next Christmas, I dunno. But if I should, I will pay rent."

A lady who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity, inquired, on returning from a visit one afternoon: "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" "Nothing but a post-card ma'am." "Who is it from, Mary?" "And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" said the girl, with an injured air. "Perhaps not," remarked the mistress, "but any one who sends me messages on post-cards is stupid or impertinent." "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily, "but I must say that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother."

Oliver Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, never permitted a negro slave to wait on him. It is related that one day while in Charleston, S. C., he came late to the dinner-table at his hotel, and when a negro attempted to serve him, he asked: "How long have you been a slave?" "I aint got no time to talk about dem foolish questions," the slave replied, "wid only five minutes for dinner." Mr. Phillips told the slave to leave the room, that he would not let him serve him at the table; that he would wait on himself. "I cain't do dat, suh," said the waiter, "cause I is 'sponsible for de silber on de table, suh!"

In the days when the House was Democratic and Carlisle was in the Speaker's chair, it is related that once Representative Cox, of New York, was pushing a bill and trying to cut off debate. "Uncle Joe" Cannon was anxious to have his word, and he appealed for a show. He declared that he wanted only a few minutes. "Well," said Cox grimly, "will the gentleman from Illinois put his hands in his pockets?" "Uncle Joe" complied, wonderingly. "Now," said Cox, "I will give way to the gentleman for just so long a time as he keeps his hands there." Off went "Uncle Joe," soft and mild as you please, his hands crowded into his pockets and hanging on for dear life. That lasted for three sentences, but with the fourth the right arm swung out and far aloft in frantic gesture. Bang went the Speaker's gavel. "The gentleman's time has expired," shouted Mr. Carlisle, and "Uncle Joe" sat down abruptly.

Not long ago a popular young actress of Paris received the visit of an able burglar in evening-dress, who suddenly appeared in her rooms on the Boulevard de Port Royal without knocking at her door or being announced by her servant. The actress was preparing to retire for the night when she heard strange noises in her drawing-room. Going in there she found herself face to face with a tall, dark man in evening-dress and soft slippers, who appeared to be about forty years old. As the actress entered, the stranger dropped on one knee and made a declaration of love. He said that he had watched her on the stage with admiration, that he had tried to see her at the theatre, and, having failed to do so, he resolved to enter her residence, even at the risk of being taken for a burglar. The actress was much annoyed, but, believing the man's story, allowed him to go away without raising any alarm. The stranger disappeared quickly when the door was opened for him, and the actress subsequently found that before she had heard his footsteps in her *salon* he had broken open her Louis Quinze table there and abstracted from the drawers all her money and some jewels.

The late Sol Smith Russell was fond of telling an amusing story of an old darkey in Washington who was noted for his recollections of all the famous statesmen of ante-bellum days. To him one day came a rather pompous member of a comparatively recent Congress, who resembled some of the famous forensic giants of old only in his capacity for ardent spirits. He had his customary cargo aboard, and was inclined to be colloquial. So he addressed the old darkey patronizingly: "Uncle Daniel, I understand that you used to know Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and all the celebrated statesmen of before-the-war times." "Oh, yas,

suh; I 'members dem all," responded the old darkey. "Well, Daniel, I have been told that I look like Daniel Webster. Can you see any resemblance?" the last with a swelling of the chest and the striking of an attitude in supposed imitation of the great man. "Well, yas, suh; yo' does 'mind me pow'ful o' Mars Webster in some respects." "Indeed! In what particulars do I remind you of Daniel Webster?" inquired the now thoroughly flattered statesman. "Mos'ly in de bref, suh," responded Daniel; "mos'ly in de bref."

When Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," was produced in London for the first time, it was well received, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience were still cheering; but there was one dissentient in the gallery, who was "booing" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously: "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

His Baby Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him—
Weren't that queer?
When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.
But when I once had looked at him—
'Why,' I says, 'great snakes, is that him?
Just that mite?'
They said 'Yes,' and 'Ain't it cunnin'?'
He's a sight!
He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think he was blazin',
He's so red;
And his nose is like a herry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.
Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is lie and kick,
He can't stop.
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the shop.
Now, we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog. —Kansas Farmer.

Wine, Woman, and Song.

Who loves champagne, souhrettes, and song
Is wise, or else the proverb's wrong;
But it is true that love like this
Means Paris first—then paresis.
—Felix Carmen in Life.

The "Lazy Germ's" Opposite.

They've found the germs of this and that—
The germs of that and this—
The germs that make us thin or fat,
The germs that make us kiss;
The germs that make us fall in love—
I hope they'll never jerk
Their magic microscopes above
The germs that make us work!

The germ of laziness is found—

Torn from his happy nest.
He gallsivants our systems 'round,
And makes us long for rest.
He is the germ of calm content
That peacefully will lurk
Unless there comes, on mischief bent,
The germ that makes us work.

The germ of laziness attacks

Our heads and hands and feet,
And makes a hammock of our backs
Feel perfect and complete.
He circles in tobacco smoke
With pleasing smile and smirk;
His sole exertion is to choke
The germ that makes us work.

The germ of laziness is found.

Now we'll be tantalized
By folks who will not have us 'round
Unless we're pasteurized.
They'll hold us in a grasp unkind
And warn us not to shirk,
And cry: "O, hurry up, and find
A germ to make him work!"
—Chicago Tribune.

The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury's Bluff.

It is said that Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was often greeted affectionately by unknown young men, who turned out to be old Rugby boys. The bishop got into the way of pretending to remember the identity of any such person, simply to save lengthy, and sometimes crestfallen, explanations. One day at Oxford a handsome youth greeted him with a fervent shake of the hand. "Eh?" said the always curt bishop, abstractedly, "you quite well?" "Yes," replied the young man, with graciousness. "All well at home?" said the bishop. The young man stared slightly, but replied: "All well, thank you." "Father well?" said the bishop. "My father, sir, is dead," said the young man, with a little pardonable sternness. "Ah!" said the utterly undisturbed bishop, "and how's mother?" "Sir," replied the young man, with great gravity, "her majesty, the queen, is in excellent health." He was Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, to whom Dr. Temple had been tutor, but whom that unimpeachable bishop had for the time being forgotten. The reply is unrecorded.

A Remarkable Record.

It is an interesting fact that in October of the year 1780—just a year before Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, the Baker Cocoa and Chocolate factory was established in Dorchester on the site now occupied by one of the large mills of that company. The secret of their great success is they have won the confidence of consumers by always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of their cocoa and chocolate preparations, and selling them at the lowest prices for which unadulterated articles of good quality can be put upon the market. Many housekeepers who have used their cocoa and chocolate for many years, state that lately, when ordering the Baker goods, other goods of greatly inferior quality have been sent to them. It has been found necessary therefore, to issue an emphatic warning against these fraudulent practices, and to ask buyers to see that every package they receive bears the well-known trade-mark of "La Belle Chocolatière," and the correct name of Walter Baker & Co., Ltd. Under the decisions of the United States courts, no other cocoa or chocolate is entitled to be labeled or sold as "Baker's Cocoa" or "Baker's Chocolate."



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Vaderland..... January 24 | Zealand..... February 7

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and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic (Calling at Manila).....Wednesday, Jan. 28
Doric.....Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic.....Thursday, March 19
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
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Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Feb. 5
Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, March 3
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1903, at 2 P. M.
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City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M.,
Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5.
Change to company's steamers at
Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M.,
Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change at Seattle
to this company's steamers for Alaska and U. N. Ry.; at
Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P. Ry.
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Jan. 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, Feb. 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Jan. 7, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31, Feb. 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo),
San Diego, and Santa Barbara:
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, 9 A. M., Jan. 2, and every Thursday
thereafter.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro),
Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cay-
cos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneue
& Newport ("Ramona" only).
Ramona, 9 A. M., Jan. 1, 9, 17, 25, Feb. 2.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Jan. 5, 13, 21, 29, Feb. 6.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo,
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Lane, cousin of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, and Mr. William Bradford Leonard, Jr., of New York. The engagement is announced of Miss Chispa Sanborn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Sanborn, and Mr. Sanford Kendal Marsh, of Rochester, N. Y.

The engagement is announced of Miss Flora Keane, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Keane, and Mr. John W. Proctor, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Proctor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Martin, niece of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, to Mr. David Edwards, of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Keese Duff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Duff, and Mr. Frederick McLeod Fenwick, took place at St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, on Saturday afternoon, January 10th. The ceremony was performed at half after three o'clock, by the Rev. George E. Swan, rector of the church. Miss Juliet Garher was the maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Center and Miss Katherine Glass acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Arthur Swan, of Chicago, was the best man, and Mr. Howard Veeder, Mr. Frank Stringham, Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Curtis Baird, and Mr. Charles Marks served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, 2429 Bowditch Street, and on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick departed for New York on their wedding journey. On their return, the middle of February, they will take up their residence in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Marie Deal, daughter of Mrs. Marcellus Summerfield Deal, and Lieutenant George W. Winterburn, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place recently at the Church of the Advent in this city. Lieutenant Winterburn and his bride are residing in Monterey, where he is at present stationed.

The marriage of Mrs. Camille Martin Carroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Martin, of San José, and Mr. Lawrence Haven, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Haven, of Oakland, took place at Trinity Episcopal Church, in San José, on January 5th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George W. Foote.

Mrs. Joseph McKenna and Miss Marie McKenna were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. James D. Phelan in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Joliffe, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Frank Grace, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. William Denman, Baron von Schroeder, Captain Lyman, and Captain Schofield.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels has issued cards for a *bal masque* to be given at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, January 26th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Lurline Spreckels.

Mrs. Walter Leonard Dean, Miss Alice Hager, and Miss Ethyl Hager will hold their second "at home" on Wednesday at their residence, 1815 Gough Street.

Mrs. William James Shotwell has issued cards for the fourth and fifth Fridays in January, at her residence, 2063 Green Street.

Miss Ethel Kittredge was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Margaret Sinclair at "Level Lea," Fruitvale, on Tuesday. Others at table were Mrs. John Henry Diekmann, Jr., Mrs. James P. H. Dunn, Miss Claire Chahot, Miss Emma Mahony, Miss Grace Holt, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Marie Plaw, Miss Mona Crellin, and Miss Mamie Barker.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn has sent out invitations for a luncheon to be given at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, on Monday, January 10th, complimentary to Mrs. F. M. Hatch, of Honolulu.

A "bachelor's ball," with Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. J. W. McClung, and Mrs. Homer S. King as patronesses, is to be given on Friday evening, February 6th, at Native Sons' Hall.

Miss Edith McBean, whose marriage to Dr. Kierstedt will soon take place, was the guest of honor on Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mrs. James Otis gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence on Pacific Avenue, complimentary to Miss Frances McKinstry. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were Miss Marie Louise Parrott, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Alice Brigham, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Daisy Parrott, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Edith Chesbrough, Miss Elena Robinson, and Miss Reyna Millard.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shields gave a dinner

to forty-five guests on Thursday in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, complimentary to Dr. and Mrs. George Shields.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will give a dance at her New York residence on Friday evening, February 6th, at which her daughter, Miss Jean Reid, will make her formal debut. This dance was scheduled for the first week in January, but owing to the death of Heber R. Bishop, a distant relative of Mrs. Reid, the dance was postponed.

Miss Marion Huntington will give a dinner-dance on Monday evening, at her residence, 2840 Jackson Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave its third dance of the season last Friday night at Cotillion Hall. Mrs. Salisbury was assisted in receiving by Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. William B. Bourn, and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy. The cotillion was led by Miss Bernice Drown and Miss Olive Holbrook, assisted by Dr. Greenleaf, U. S. A., and Mr. Percy King, and those in the first set were Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Marion Harrison, Miss Marie McKenna, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Kathryn Robinson, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Caroline Ayres, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood.

Burton Holmes's Last Week.

Burton Holmes, whose lectures have proved all that have been claimed for them, will close his series of "Travel Talks" here next week, with four, instead of three, lectures. On Monday evening, encouraged by his success, he will give an extra lecture, the subject of which will be "Pekin and the Forbidden City." Mr. Holmes was in Peking shortly after the end of the siege, and has brought back many motion pictures and beautifully colored views to illustrate one of his most entertaining lectures. On Tuesday evening, his subject will be "Sweden, the Capital, the Country, and the Canals," and on Thursday "Norway, the Fjords," will be the subject of the evening. On Saturday, he will close his series with a matinee lecture on "Norway (Second), the Land of the Midnight Sun." No other lecturer other than this talented successor of Mr. Stoddard has achieved such instantaneous success here as Mr. Holmes, and it is hoped and expected that hereafter he will include this city in the list of those appreciative cities which will have the Burton Holmes lectures as an annual event in their amusement and educational season.

Where Gastronomy is an Art.

"Some people dine, other people eat, and still others merely feed," says the wit. To dine is an art; to eat is but an occupation. At Sherry's in New York, at the Carlton in Washington, and at the Techau Tavern in San Francisco, one dines, with all those subtle but important accessories to a dinner which mark the difference between a well-served and ill-served meal.

The Techau, by the way, has recently passed into the hands of a new and thoroughly up-to-date management. The Tavern has long been the favorite resort of San Francisco's more exclusive fashionable set, and it is apparent that it is becoming still more "the thing" to be seen there occasionally. The theatre crowd is especially brilliant. Here, if anywhere in the city, are to be seen the smartest gowns and many of San Francisco's handsomest women and best-known men.

The new manager, Mr. Seeley, appears to have impressed his strong personality upon the whole establishment. The place was never better kept, the wines and liquors more choice, the menus better cooked or more quickly served. The orchestra has been carefully selected, and its renditions are thoroughly in accord with the spirit of well-bred festivity which pervades the place. Many structural improvements in the building have been made. In short, the Techau is a restaurant that fashionable San Francisco can enjoy when at home, and take just pride in, and boast of, when abroad.

The will of the late Charles Meinecke, of the firm of Charles Meinecke & Co., has been filed for probate. Meinecke died on December 30th, at Weisbaden, Germany, whither he had gone for his health. His will is dated November 22, 1902, and leaves almost his entire estate to his widow, Mrs. Angelita Meinecke. To each of his three children, Inez, E. P. Meinecke, and Wilhelmina, he leaves a lot in a homestead association in San Mateo County, and to the German Benevolent Association he gives \$500. The widow, with Henry Kunz and Clemens Hohweiser, are named as executors of the estate, which is valued at about \$500,000.

Now that the days are growing longer and the worst of the winter weather is nearly over, a new time table on the Mount Tamalpais Railway has gone into effect. Trains will make connections with ferries leaving the foot of Market Street at 9:45 A. M., 1:45 P. M., and 5:15 P. M. on week days, and at 8, 9, 10, and 11:30 A. M. and 1:30 and 2:35 P. M. on Sundays. The 5:15 P. M. train stops overnight at the Tavern of Tamalpais; returning, leaves at 7:20 A. M., arriving in the city at 9:15 A. M.; week days only. On Saturdays a train will leave the mountain at 9:30 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 11:30 P. M.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Musical Service at St. Dominic's.

The usual monthly musical service will be held at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, January 18th. The following programme, under the direction of the organist, Dr. H. J. Stewart, will be rendered:

Organ prelude, fantasia in F-minor, Caliaerts; "Praise Ye the Lord," Randecker; solo, "O Ye that Love the Lord," Miss L. C. Stone; quartet, "Sub-Tuum," Duhois; solo, "Come Unto Me," Coenen, Mrs. Lily Roeder Apple; organ solos, moderato (Gothic symphony), Widor, andante, grazioso in A (first time of performance), H. J. Stewart; allegro, from Sixth Symphony, Widor, William B. King, organist of the First Congregational Church, Oakland; selection from "The Last Judgment," Spohr; solo, "Abide With Me," Liddle, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; solo, "Remember, Lord" (fall of Babylon), Spohr, T. G. Elliott; "Ave Verum," Gounod; at benediction, "O Salutaris," Stewart; "Tantum Ergo," Dettner; organ postlude, March in C, Spohr.

The Kopta Concerts.

Wenzel Kopta, a famous violinist, from the Conservatory of Prague, will give two concerts at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday night, January 27th, and Friday afternoon, January 30th, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. Mr. Kopta has a fine European reputation, having concertized there with Richard Strauss, Felix Weingartner, Anton Dvorak, and other celebrities. His playing of the brilliant Paganini compositions has rarely been equaled, and our musical public is promised a rare treat. The programmes for the concerts will include Tartini's sonata, "The Thrill of the Devil," Paganini's wonderful second concerto, with "La Campanella," Loh's polonaise, Ernst's Hungarian airs, and other standard classics of violin literature. Gyula Ormay, who made such a fine impression at the Wilczek concerts, will be the accompanist. The sale of seats opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday morning, and prices will be seventy-five cents and one dollar.

Dr. H. J. Stewart announces a concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, February 3d, when he will present a programme of his own compositions, including many novelties written during his residence in Boston. Dr. Stewart's friends in the musical profession are giving their services to enable him to carry out this idea, and the concert promises to be one of the most enjoyable and interesting of the season.

Richard Wagner's heirs received a total of \$115,000 in royalties during 1902 from his operas, exclusive of the Bayreuth profits. "Lohengrin," the most popular, yielded \$68,000. It was given 997 times in Germany, 420 times in Holland, France, and Italy, and 312 times in America and Great Britain. The American managers paid, it is estimated, \$23,000 for "Lohengrin" alone. The next most popular opera was "Tannhäuser," which netted \$32,750.

The friends of Miss Frances Stewart will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent severe illness. She underwent an operation for appendicitis, and for a long time her life was despaired of, but she is now out of danger.

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In a late number of *Social News*: Mr. S. C. Hall, the venerable apostle of total abstinence says:—"I have looked about for something to drink, and I think I have found it—pleasant, palatable, healthful. I refer to the Ginger Ale manufactured by Cantrell & Cochrane (of Dublin and Belfast). I know of no drink so delicious, and I believe it to be as healthful as it is agreeable." This is praise from the Sir Hubert Stanley of temperance, and where he leads the public may safely follow.—*Court Circular*.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr. (*née* Huntington) have returned from their wedding journey in Southern California, and have taken apartments at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from the East.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt, Jr., have arrived from the East, and will spend some weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wallace (*née* Loughborough) will return from their wedding journey this week, and, after a brief stay here, will depart for New York, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from a short visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and family have returned from New Orleans after a sojourn of three weeks, and are occupying apartments at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who will return from their trip to Coronado to-day (Saturday), expect to leave for the East and Europe during the first week in February.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington is expected to arrive from the East this week.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has returned from an extended visit East, and is at the Palace Hotel for the present.

Mrs. Perrine, wife of Dr. E. B. Perrine, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. John McMullin.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst and party, including Miss Anne Apperson, Miss Agnes Lane, Dr. Joseph M. Flint, chairman of the medical department of the University of California, and Mr. Orrin Peck have arrived from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton have returned from Europe, and are at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury were visitors at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sherman expect to sail for Japan on the steamship *Korea* on Tuesday.

Miss Marie Voorhies left last Saturday for Washington, D. C., to visit her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison have returned to New York from Quebec and Montreal, where they spent the holidays. Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker accompanied them.

Mrs. Francis Newlands expects to leave to-day (Saturday) for her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Mabel Cluff have departed for New York, where they will join Miss Maude Cluff and sail for Europe in a fortnight. They expect to remain abroad several months.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Ruth Allen were in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Schlingman and children, of Mill Valley, are registered at the Hotel Granada, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee have taken a house for the winter at the corner of Fillmore and Broadway.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. McNulty are at Coronado, where they have been sojourning for the past month.

Mrs. Wiley and daughter, of San José, are stopping at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. George P. Brett, president of the Macmillan Company, the well-known New York publishers, is a guest for a few days of Miss Gwendolen Overton, at the residence of her mother in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton were in Rome when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckenridge have arrived in Paris.

Mr. Percy King was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins and Mrs. Leslie Allen Wright were in Egypt when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday, January 6th.

Mme. Wu, wife of Wu Ting-fang, late Chinese minister to the United States, arrived here from the East early in the week. She will sail for China on the *Korea* on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole, Jr., were the guests of Mr. F. S. McCullough in Los Angeles last week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Zigler, Mr. and Mrs. W. Batten and Miss Carrie Sykes, of Portland, Or., Miss Grace Taylor, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Waddle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Farmer, Mrs. John Marquis, Miss Alice Smith, Miss Ethel Thomas, Mr. George B. Francis, Mr. George W. Haas, Mr. George D. Shadburne, and Mr. R. H. Pickering.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Thorndike, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wein, of Butte, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dyer, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schmidt, of Tokio, Japan, Mr. W. E. Dunster, of Nevada City, Mr. Francis Dray and Mr. J. Jay Nuttall, of New York, Mrs. Harry F. Woods, Mrs. J. Sloan, Mr. Burt L. Davis, Mr. S. P. Holden, and Mr. John Caffrey.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., has returned from his cruise in Southern waters on the flagship *New York*. He will transfer his command of the Pacific Squadron to Rear-

Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., on January 28th.

General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., has applied for service in the Philippines, and his request has been granted. It is expected he will be assigned in Mindanao, and soon after placed in command of a division of the Philippines. General Wood will sail for Manila in April.

Lieutenant-Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, U. S. A., who has been here on business connected with the judge-advocate department, returned to duty in Washington, D. C., early in the week.

Major Louis B. Lawton was recently promoted from the rank of captain in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry so as to enable him to be retired with the pay of major. As soon as Major Lawton's appointment to the judge-advocate's department is confirmed by the Senate, he will be retired, and it is announced that Lieutenant Henry M. Morrow, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., will then take his place.

Lieutenant James Edward Palmer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Palmer have come down from Mare Island and taken apartments on the corner of Leavenworth and Pine Streets.

Major George H. Paddock, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his leave extended three months.

Major William H. Baldwin, commissary, U. S. A., now on leave at San Francisco, has been ordered to the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Pond, U. S. A., who is to be the new chief quartermaster of the Department of California, on the staff of General Robert P. Hughes, is expected to arrive here from the East during the latter part of next month.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph F. Huston, U. S. A., has been ordered to remain here on duty with his regiment, the Nineteenth Infantry.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from his leave of absence, which he spent with relatives in the East.

Dr. Robert E. Williams.

[In memory of Captain Robert E. Williams, late Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., who died December 31, 1902, at the United States General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.]

Roses in a jar are cast—
Ashes of rich summers past,
And above the faded leaves
Like a fair sweet ghost that grieves,
Haunting perfume e'er doth float,
Deep—clusive—near—remote.
Thus doth summer's soul defy
That which bids its beauty die.

And as eyes recall the rose
When the rose-jar's incense flows,
So shall we in fancy view
Soldier brave and comrade true,
When each kind deed is unveiled,
Like the flower's scent exhaled.
Heart of gold!—you shall defy
That which bids remembrance die.

Where the cypress sighs and sways
Is the parting of the ways
Where he left us. Not a trace
Lingers now of form and face,
But the memories of him are
Each a fixed and steadfast star.
Flower and friend alike defy
Recollections' right to die.

M. T. S.

"Francesca di Rimini" is to be revived on an elaborate scale by Warde and James during their forthcoming engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

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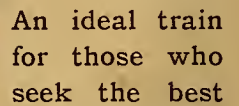
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1.45 p	1.40 p	1.28 a
3.20 p	3.00 p	3.15 a
5.00 p	3.51 p	5.00 a
4.48 p	5.00 a
7.10 p	5.50 p	7.35 a
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San Rafael to San Francisco.

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SUNDAYS—8.00, 9.40, 11.15 a m; 1.40, 3.40, 4.55, 5.05, 6.25 p m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Destination.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7.30 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	Ignacio and Novato.	9.10 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
3.30 p.m.	9.30 a.m.		10.40 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.00 p.m.		6.05 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
			7.35 p.m.	
7.30 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	Petuluma and Santa Rosa.	9.10 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
3.30 p.m.	9.30 a.m.		6.05 p.m.	10.20 a.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.00 p.m.		7.35 p.m.	6.20 p.m.

7.30 a m		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	8.00 a m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Hopland	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m	and Ukiah.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Willits	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m		7.35 p m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m	Guerneville.	10.40 a m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m		9.10 a m	8.40 a m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m	Sonoma Glen Ellen.	6.05 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Alhambra; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Clearlake for the Geysers and Bonville; at Hamilton for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Port Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Caho, Colono, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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A clear case of it: "Say, pa, what's just retribution?" "It's something that happened to a man I read about the other day. He was tossing somebody else's baby up in the air trying to find out whether he could hit the ceiling with it and not knock the plaster loose and sprained his back so that he'll never be able to walk again."—*Ex.*

A snarl from the disgruntled: "I see that Andrew Carnegie gave away \$6,000,000 last year." "Well, what of it?" "Hub! That's nothing. All he had to do was write his checks. If he'd gone out and earned \$10 or \$15 at hard work, and then given even a third of it away, that would have been something worth blowing about."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Automobile proverbs: "To auto or to be autoed, that is the question." "An auto in the hand is worth two in the repair shop." "He who autoes and rides away will live to auto another day." "Run over others as they would run over you and—do it first." "To have raced and lost is better than not to have raced at all."—*Maryville (Kan.) Tribune*.

Not yet ripe: The physicians were holding a consultation beside the cot of the man supposed to have appendicitis concealed about his person. "I believe," said one of the surgeons, "that we should wait and let him get stronger before cutting into him." Before the other prospective operators could reply, the patient turned his head and remarked, feebly: "What do you take me for—a cheese?"—*Baltimore American.*

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LEAVE	— FROM JANUARY 11, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00A	Beulah, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento.	
7.00A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey.	7.25P
7.30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Ukiah, Santa Rosa.	7.4.1P
8.00A	Do., Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	7.55P
8.00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	10.2.1A
8.00A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Los Angeles.	7.25P
8.00A	Do., Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.	m. 4.25P
8.30A	Shasta (for Bartlett Springs), Willow, Red Bluff, Portland.	7.5C
8.30A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.	4.25P
8.30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels.	4.25P
9.00A	Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and San Francisco.	12.25P
9.30A	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations.	11.35A
10.00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	6.55P
12.03P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	8.25P
2.00P	Sacramento River Steamers.	11.00P
3.30P	Beulah, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	10.55A
3.30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	7.55P
4.10P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Ukiah, Santa Rosa.	9.25A
4.00P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Los Banos.	4.25P
4.30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.	11.55A
4.30P	The Owl Limited—Ogden, Portland, Bakersfield, Sangers for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles. (Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train).	8.55A
5.00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Martinez, Antioch, Stockton, Merced, Raymond.	10.2.1A
5.30P	Niles, San Francisco.	12.25P
6.00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	10.55A
6.00P	Vallejo.	7.25P
6.00P	Oregon & California Express—Ogden, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago.	11.25A
6.00P	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez.	8.25P
7.00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.	11.25A
7.00P	Vallejo.	7.55P
8.05P	Oregon & California Express—Ogden, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pinget Sound and East.	8.55A
9.10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	11.55A

8.15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose,
Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa

	Cruz and Way Stations.....	6 50P
12.15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Fenton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	10.50A 1 10 50P

9.30P Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way 17.20P
 Stations
 Leaves Los Gatos 4.55 PM Sunday

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From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
—7:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway —7:00 7:00 7:00
7:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

6.10 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.30 P
7.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6.30 P

77	000	New Almaden.....	74.10P
8	00A	Coast Line Limited - San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Sallinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Santa Clara and Principal Intermediate Stations.....	10.45P
w	1000A	Pacific Express-New Orleans, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Jose, Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Monterey, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Sallinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations.....	4.10P
		San Jose and Way Stations.....	1.30P
10	30A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.30P
0	130P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.00P
2	00P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	10.00P
3	00P	Del Monte Express, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Sallinas and Principal Intermediate Stations.....	12.15P
3	30P	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mountain View, Sallinas, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	8.36A
7	40P	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations.....	10.00A
7	50P	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations.....	14.45A
5	30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	8.00A
6	15P	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.....	7.46A
6	30P	Sunset Limited, Eastbound, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dominguez, El Paso, New Orleans, New York.....	8.25A
n	11 47P	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	9.45P
n	11 45P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	9.45P

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 Daily except Saturday.
 Via San Joaquin Valley.
 Stops Santa Clara south bound. From Hollister
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1:45 P.	9:00 A.			1:50 P.	3:30 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.			3:50 P.	5:50 P.
.....	11:30 A.			4:35 P.
.....	1:30 P.			5:45 P.
.....	2:35 P.			8:00 P.

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The question of how much space daily papers should devote to criminal news, and how detailed such recitals should be, is one often discussed. Practically the same arguments are used for and against the publication of minute accounts of crimes as those employed in the controversies over Pinerish "problem" plays and Zolaesque "naturalistic" novels. But in the case of the daily newspaper the question is more insistent, more vital. A man can stay away from a smutty play:

probably he can prevent his wife and daughters from seeing it. He can likewise keep Zola's and D'Annunzio's novels out of the library, though perhaps not Albert Ross's out of the kitchen. But the daily newspaper he must have, and in many cities of the United States, emphatically not excluding San Francisco, all the papers there are vie with each other in giving much space and monster head-lines to "tales of crime."

The other day, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, discussed this burning question in an address before the students of the University of Chicago. One paragraph of his speech reads:

We ought to know the evil things that are going on in the world. We don't want an Index Expurgatorius. We don't want a censor, either at Washington or in a Chicago editorial chair, to tell us what we may read. I want to know everything. . . . The daily newspaper is a history of current life. Its business is to tell us what went on in the world yesterday. It is first of all a reporter.

This is an extraordinary utterance. Considering that it comes from a distinguished clergyman, it is more than that—it is startling. "The daily newspaper," says Dr. Abbott, "is a history of current life." But is it? Does the newspaper reflect the life of the people? Are our *Examiners* and *Chronicles* and *Posts* and *Bulletins* mirrors of the times? We think that they are not. The papers give little space to the common, the ordinary, the every-day, the usual; rather they delight to print the uncommon, the extraordinary, the startling, the horrible, the bizarre, and the grotesque. Thousands of peaceable, humble citizens never see their names in type, but the names of the murderer, the thief, the ravisher, the suicide, the prostitute, and the thug are always there. Yet it is the peaceable, humble citizen, not the thug, that is representative of American life. We warrant that there are a great many people in this country who could not tell the name of San Francisco's mayor, yet who know all about Nora Fuller. But were the columns and columns written about that unfortunate girl any reflection of San Francisco's life? Is her case typical? To other thousands, without doubt, the name Oregon brings up the figure of the outlaw, Harry Tracy. Yet how harmful and downright wrong it is that a great State should be best known to the ignorant many through the fact that it produced a savage desperado! And is it not largely and broadly true that the newspapers that print and elaborate on "the evil things going on in the world" give a distorted picture? How can it be that by printing the strange and uncommon, our daily lives, which are essentially common, are reflected?

We find in print only a fragment of Dr. Abbott's address. Without doubt he modified the statements with which he is here credited. But if he is correctly quoted, certainly these sentiments reflect no credit on him. "We ought to know the evil things that are going on in the world!" Such utterances give support to publishers who print headings half a foot high like "Betrayed Girl Found," "Pretty Actress Shot," "Bold Female Footpads," all of which may be found placed more prominently than any other of the world's news in one of this city's evening papers during the past few days.

"I want to know everything," says Dr. Abbott. This statement is singularly like that of another clerical gentleman from Nebraska, who struck San Francisco a fortnight ago. He started out on a personal investigation of the "evil things going on in the world." He sought them in sundry saloons, and in the last encountered an amorous jade, who relieved him of his wallet. "I am a sociologist," he told the police; "I wanted to find out all about all classes of people. I want to learn about both good and bad." Though not to press the analogy too closely, is it not a fact that

those people who want to learn about "the evil things going on in the world" usually end up just about where did this Nebraska shepherd—in the police court?

By the by, where could this Nebraska sociologist have got the idea that San Francisco would be a good place in which to study vice and crime? Could he, oh could he, have been reading the San Francisco dailies? Perish the thought!

From the tight little English island, via an editorial in

the London *Daily Express*, comes startling dietetic news. It is nothing less than that in the very citadel of Beef-eaterdom, in the very vortex whence annually descend innumerable rashers and countless companioning eggs, a doubt has arisen whether "copious breakfasts of fried eggs and broiled bacon" (as Thackeray puts it), followed by two or three solid meat meals every day, is quite the proper thing. Our British friends, it appears, have at last begun to wonder whether emulation of John Ridd, in the matter of morning menu, is conducive to agile minds, and a light and springy step. They are actually beginning to fear, 'tis said, that they eat too often, too much, and the wrong thing.

The *Express* finds text for its sober little sermon on over-eating in the report of the American consul at Liverpool, which states that the English importations of bacon from America annually amount in value to ten millions of pounds sterling; and that most of this American pork is absorbed by the British breakfaster. "On the whole," says the *Express*, naïvely, "this is not a fact to be exulted in." It goes even further, and admits that there is a "kernel of truth" in the foreign accusation against Englishmen "of living mainly upon chops and steaks, Brussels sprouts and turnip-tops." "The eternal breakfast bacon," the *Express* continues, "is one striking instance of the shocking lack of variety in food, which may, with some truth, be alleged against England." This dietetic monotony it attributes, first, to "want of imagination" (to which we unanimously agree), and, second, to "railway rates" (which statement seems obscure).

But however "shocking" may be the lack of variety in food at English tables, still more of a shocker is the redundancy in quantity of meat. Fifty millions of dollars' worth of breakfast bacon!—not to mention eggs, fried or omelette. No wonder the *Express* gravely asks, "Do we eat too much meat?" and in conclusion declares for answer that, "it is very doubtful whether the English habit of three meals is a sound one either for health or business." For the English business man, it says, not only partakes copiously of bacon and eggs in the morning, but refuses to forego a substantial allowance of meat for lunch, and tackles a goodly chunk of Old England's roast beef for dinner. We quite agree with the *Express* that he is thereby "handicapped."

Americans, of course, are also not beyond the suspicion of eating not wisely but too well. But among the carnivorous mammals, the American certainly ranks low in the list in comparison with his voracious British brother. Especially since we, in this country, have been assailed and taken prisoner by the innumerable army of breakfast cereals; while they, in Britain, are but just now fronting the attack.

Apropos of cereal foods, we note that another English paper, the *Daily Mail*, speaks of the "many and wonderful" varieties of cereal foods of late introduced by "divers advertisements, somewhat to the bewilderment of the public"; and that it also announces, in an editorial, its plans for a series of practical articles by an "athlete and brainworker" on the "bewildering" new comestibles. "That the public may be guided in choice by competent authority," says the *Mail*—w

great solemnity, "Mr. Eustace Miles has undertaken an heroic experiment." "An heroic experiment!" We sincerely trust that Eustace will survive the fourteen "new foods" which he proposes to test, one each day, during a fortnight.

But surely 'tis a long, long step for the British citizen from greasy fried eggs and greasier fried pork, to a light cereal breakfast. Perhaps, if he get through this successfully, he and all of us may later learn to listen heedfully to the wise words of the revered Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., the original No Breakfast Plan man—a person who strenuously contends that only he who omits the morning meal has really mastered "the true science of living." And perhaps he's right.

Thirty vacancies will occur in the United States Senate on March 4th by expiration of terms of the incumbents. Fourteen of these have already been filled by reelections or by caucus nominations which are equal to a reelection.

They are Perkins, California; Platt, Connecticut; Clay, Georgia; Fairbanks, Indiana; Allison, Iowa; McNery, Louisiana; Gallinger, New Hampshire; Platt, New York; Hansborough, North Dakota; Foraker, Ohio; Penrose, Pennsylvania; Kittredge, South Dakota; Dillingham, Vermont; and Spooner, Wisconsin. All these are Republicans except Clay and McNery, and all have been reelected without notable opposition, except in the case of Platt, of New York, where a strenuous effort was made by opponents of Platt led by the New York *Evening Post*.

The reelection of Senator Pettus from Alabama, and of Senator Mallory from Florida, may be added to the above as being most probable, though not yet assured.

Other seats which have been filled by changes in persons, but not in politics number four. Clark will succeed Jones in Arkansas; Hopkins will succeed Mason in Illinois; Stone will succeed Vest in Missouri; and Latimer will succeed MacLaurin in South Carolina.

There are five changes in politics practically assured. In Idaho, Heyburn, Republican, will replace Heitfield, Democrat; McCreary, Democrat, will replace Deboe, Republican, in Kentucky; Gorman, Democrat, will replace Wellington, Republican, in Maryland; Newlands, Democrat, will replace Jones, Republican, in Nevada; and Smoot, Republican, will replace Rawlins, Democrat, in Utah. In the latter case much feeling has been aroused because Smoot is an Apostle of the Mormon Church.

There remains but five other regular vacancies to account for. In Colorado the outcome of the contest is a puzzle. Ex-Senator Wolcott, Republican, and Senator Teller, Democrat, are the prominent candidates. Gross election frauds are charged against seventeen Democratic legislators, and the Republican contestants in the upper house have organized a senate of their own. Each claims to be the "regular" legislative body. So intense is the conflict that the governor is intimating that he will call out the militia to preserve the peace.

Kansas is prepared to elect a Republican senator, but is delayed by a strenuous contest between ex-Governor Stanley, Congressman Curtis, and Congressman Long. In Oregon, the legislature is safely Republican. There are several candidates, most prominent of whom are Governor Geer and State Senator Fulton. The State of Washington, though undoubtedly Republican, is divided between the followers of Governor McBride, who wants a railroad-commission bill passed prior to the election of a senator, and the railroad representatives who do not. Levi Ankeny is the candidate of the latter, and Harold Preston of the former. Senator Alger has taken the seat vacated by the death of McMillan, of Michigan, but the notorious Addicks fight is still depriving Delaware of senators, as it has done for two years.

Dispatches from Caracas, dated January 18th, relate that, on the previous day, the German gunboat, *Panther*, after sending three small boats to reconnoitre, opened fire on Fort San Carlos, which commands the entrance to the lake on which Maracaibo is situated. The fort responded, firing in all one hundred and seventeen shots, some of which are believed to have taken effect. Four Venezuelans were badly wounded, ten slightly, while the fort was little damaged. The *Panther*, after remaining in range all the afternoon, finally retired at six o'clock without effecting an entrance to the lake. It is reported that she was in search of the Venezuelan vessel, *Miranda*, which is in hiding. Another suggestion, which comes from Berlin, is that her action was to prevent trade with Colombia through the Cataumbo and Zulia Rivers, which enter Lake Maracaibo.

The fact that on the twenty-first a renewed attack was made on the fort, pretty well demonstrates that the *Panther*

was unsuccessful in accomplishing her purpose, whatever it was, on the seventeenth. She was supported at this time by the German warships, *Vineta* and *Falke*, and, according to the accounts, constant exchange of fire continued all day, some of the shells setting fire to the village of San Carlos, which was burned.

These hellicose actions on the part of Germany's vessels, one just prior to, and the other just after, the arrival of United States Minister Bowen in Washington with full authority to negotiate terms with the powers in settlement of all claims against Venezuela—even to offering the customs as guarantee—have been received in this country with considerable surprise and some resentment. Germany's technical right to bombard is admitted. But why this violence? Why increase the animosity of Venezuela just as everything was going smoothly? Why not a little more forbearance? If the burning of towns and destruction of forts are necessary to maintain the blockade, why is it that German vessels alone distinguish themselves in this way? Or is it true that Germany wants to pick a quarrel with this country? These are the questions that are being asked by press and people.

Meanwhile, Minister Bowen has called upon the representatives of the powers in Washington, and is ready to begin work. Baron Speck von Sternberg, *chargé d'affaires*, who succeeds Ambassador Von Holleben, has not yet left Berlin for his new post. It is expected, however, that negotiations will at once be commenced with the representatives of Great Britain and Italy. No steps have yet been taken toward raising of the blockade, and it is now stated that Castro has made that a condition precedent to the formal institution of negotiations. The defeat of the Venezuelan revolutionists in the engagement at Coro notably strengthens Castro's position as president of the republic.

News comes that the United Steel Corporation plan of profit-sharing with its employees is meeting with unexpectedly favorable responses from its workmen. Under the offer, limited to February 1st, by which any of its employees might subscribe for a certain amount of the capital stock, and to meet which provision had been made to set aside 25,000 shares, it is said that more than a week ago 26,400 shares had been applied for. These have been subscribed by 12,000 applicants. As the corporation has about 168,000 employees, to whom this offer has been made, it is probable that the stock may be largely over-subscribed. The corporation would then, it is presumed, set aside enough more of its shares to cover the demand. No such provision has, however, yet been made. These employees may purchase the stock at 82½, although it now stands at about 89½ per share. They may take three years to pay for it, the installments being deducted from their wages, and it is estimated that the investment will be worth, to them at least, 14½ per cent. per annum. Though the corporation has existed less than two years, its interests are so enormous that the figures which express them can best be grasped by comparison with the financial affairs of nations. Some statistician has pointed out that the capitalization of \$1,322,259,300 is larger than the national debt of any nation except France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, and the United Kingdom. Its net earnings, which were \$132,662,617 in 1902, are larger than the annual revenues of any of the smaller countries, Spain coming the nearest with \$170,998,000. The national debt of the United States is approximately \$333,000,000 less than that of the steel company as expressed by its capital. For nine months, ending December 31, 1901, net earnings of \$84,779,298 were reported, out of which \$19,414,497 were set aside for surplus and betterments. For last year the earnings were as stated above, and the sum of \$33,841,565 were similarly set aside. This does not include \$10,000,000 set aside last year as a special fund to cover depreciation of plants. The last statement shows \$50,000,000 cash on hand and an appreciation of \$33,000,000 in the value of net current assets. Total current assets at the close of the year were \$222,367,839.

One thing that tends to establish confidence in Marconi's almost unbelievable success in sending messages from the new station at Wellfleet, Mass., to England, is his frank acknowledgment that the English station is not able to forward return wireless telegrams. If Marconi were making claims not warranted by the facts, why should he be so particular and circumspect in stating this? For he might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. The newspaper accounts of the sending of President Roosevelt's message, by wireless, to King Edward are so worded that the impression conveyed is that King Edward replied by wireless. But close reading reveals the fact that he did not, and that Marconi made no claim that he did. But even though the Poldhu station is voiceless so far as Wellfleet is concerned, what has been achieved is sufficiently marvelous. Wellfleet sends the message to Poldhu, Poldhu announces to Glace Bay that she has received it, and Glace Bay floats the news along to Wellfleet again. Is not that enough to stagger the imagination?

According to the reports, Marconi is full of projects and predictions. He believes he will be in position to inaugurate a commercial transoceanic service very soon. News bulletins on ship-board is another probability, and he also has a scheme for simultaneous distribution of the world's news from a central station to the world's newspapers. Those are big contracts—even for a Marconi.

The Republican party of the State of California, through its delegates in convention duly assembled last September, embodied in its platform the following declaration of principle:

We declare our firm opposition to all reciprocity treaties inconsistent with the protection to American labor and industry, to which the Republican party stands pledged, and especially to any reciprocity arrangement with

Cuba or any other foreign country, as being destructive to the interests of beet-sugar, raisin, citrus, and dried fruit industries of California.

The Hon. George C. Perkins a few days after his reelection by the Republican legislature of this State to a term of six years in the Senate, has announced that he will vote in favor of the Cuban reciprocity measure to which California Republicans have declared a "firm opposition." Senator Bard, on the contrary, will vote against it, and in accord with the expressed desire of the Republican party in this State. It seems now quite likely that the Cuban reciprocity measure will pass.

The *Chronicle*, in an article discussing the subject, puts into the mouth of a San Francisco business man the following answer to a suggestion that Senator Perkins should be urged by telegraph to reconsider his expressed determination—"What's the use? Perkins has got all he wants out of California, and for the next five years will spend his time doing politics in Washington, standing in with the administration or standing out with it, as may best serve his personal advantage."

Is this the fact?

Very blue-blooded Southern gentlemen have greatly distinguished themselves in the past twelve-month. Last February Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, assaulted his colleague, Senator McLaurin, on the floor of the United States Senate. A little later, Senator McLaurin got in a fist-fight in a hotel lobby. Then Senator Money, of Mississippi, tried to carve, with a knife, a street-car conductor who, he claimed, had insulted him. Later, Senator Bailey, of Texas, tried his hest to choke Senator Beveridge, of Indiana. Now another chivalrous Southern gentleman, Lieutenant-Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, shoots down an unarmed man in cold blood. It appears that N. G. Gonzales, in his paper, the *State*, had opposed Tillman politically, and attacked his character during the fall campaign. Last Thursday they met on the streets of Columbia, and Tillman, without a word, pulled his revolver and shot Gonzales through the body. He has since defended his action by saying that he "thought Gonzales was armed." Gonzales died the third day. Now the question is, Can the Tillmans defeat justice in South Carolina? It will be a black blot on South Carolina's fair name if this murder is permitted to go unpunished.

It is quite common to hear those who have not taken the trouble to learn the facts assert that Americans live at such a rapid pace that they wear themselves out before their time, and die young. The facts are contained in the volume of vital statistics of the last census, and they prove just the opposite. In 1900, with a population of about 76,000,000, there were 3,536 centenarians. This may not seem a large number, but its significance becomes apparent when it is compared with the fact that Germany, England, France, Scotland, and Serbia, with a combined population of more than 135,000,000, had together not more than one-half as many people who had reached one hundred years of age. Of the centenarians in this country, 2,247 are women, and 3,117 are native born. The average length of life in the United States is also increasing. Ten years ago the average was thirty-one years. Now it is thirty-two, an enormous increase for so short a period of time. It is undoubtedly true that the people of this country live at very high pressure, but the census figures show that American rush does not interfere with longevity.

For many years the reports of our boards of health have shown a birth rate just about one-half as large as the death rate. Any person at all familiar with the facts knows that this proportion is not correct. All deaths must be reported before the body can be disposed of, and therefore this class of statistics is accurate. On the otherhand a birth may easily be concealed; in some cases there is cause for secrecy, in others there is merely indifference on the part of physicians. The law requires every physician, mid-wife, or other person in attendance at a birth to report it to the board of health, and makes it the duty of the board to enforce the law. Within the last two months there have been forty-two violations of this law as shown by the records of the board of health, and in no case has the delinquent been arrested. It is the duty of the board to enforce the law, and of the mayor to see that the board does so.

Representatives of health authorities of nineteen States, Indian Territory, and the District of Columbia, met in Washington on Monday last to consider the subject of the bubonic plague in the United States and Mexico. A telegram was read before the conference from Dr. A. P. Glennan, special agent of the Marine Hospital Service in San Francisco, in which it was alleged that eighty-seven cases of the plague had occurred in Chinatown, and six outside of it in other parts of the city. Several resolutions were passed, in substance as follows: 1. That the presence of plague in California is established beyond a doubt, citing names of investigators, and records of autopsies. 2. That suppression of plague reports is an injury to a community, while publication of the facts "is the surest route to popular confidence." 3. That the danger to California lies in the "persistence during nearly three years of a definite nidus of plague infection in Chinatown," due to "gross neglect" on the part of ex-Governor Gage, State board of health, and San Francisco city government. 4. That the conference will consider the safety of the country definitely assured if all health authorities of State and city are provided with ample

THE THIRTY
NEW U. S.
SENATORS.

AFFAIRS OF THE
GREAT STEEL
CORPORATION.

THE MIRACLES
OF
MARCONI.

GERMANY,
THE
BELLOCSE.

OUR SENATORS
AND CUBAN
RECIPROCITY.

funds and work together harmoniously "in the free exercise of their lawful powers." 5. The San Francisco board of health is commended. Other radical resolutions were offered, but not passed—one being in effect a warning to Secretary Root that there was danger in bringing troops through this city.

It is perhaps possible that Seattle's ardent desire for the transport trade influenced the votes of some North-West representatives on some of the resolutions passed or proposed. But it is certainly difficult to agree with Dr. Gardner, of San Francisco, or with the *Chronicle's* correspondent, that the whole thing was a star-chamber proceeding.

A saner view of the matter, it seems to us, is that taken by Governor Pardee. We think his comment, below printed, is good sound sense:

"What California wants is a clean hill of health as soon as possible. There is only one way to get it, and that is to do as the properly constituted authorities direct. The people of other States are firmly of the opinion that the hubonic plague exists in California, whether we believe that it exists or not, and for self-protection we must give them every assurance that everything requisite is being done, and will be done. If the hubonic plague is here we want to stamp it out absolutely, and if it is not here we want to have the world convinced of the fact without delay. So whatever the constituted medical authorities say is necessary, will be done, freely and willingly."

Arnold White, the usually well-informed London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, is sponsor for an interesting version of the Venezuelan imbroglio. He relates that it began with the German Disconto Gesellschaft financing a railway project for the construction of a line between Caracas and Valencia. The English at the same time were endeavoring to construct a line over a portion of the same route, and here sprang up a rivalry in which the Germans expended fifteen millions of dollars to beat the English. The earnings of the section completed by the Germans did not come up to the seven per cent. which Venezuela had rashly guaranteed on the stock. The latter defaulted, and the Germans, through their magic of diplomacy, inveigled the English into helping to collect the bill.

Another investigation has recently been carried on at Sacramento that promises to cause more trouble for Dr. W. M. Lawlor, the former superintendent of the Home for Feeble Minded Children at Glen Ellen. Dr. Dawson, who succeeded Dr. Lawlor as superintendent, has been looking through the accounts, and finds some apparent discrepancies. Some years ago, Mrs. Jessup left a fund of \$3,000, the interest on which was to be used for the benefit of her son. Last December, Dr. Lawlor drew this fund—which, with accumulated interest, then amounted to \$3,600—from the bank, and Dr. Dawson is unable to learn what was done with it. Dr. Lawlor denies positively that he has misappropriated any money belonging either to the home or to the Jessup trust. As to the latter, he says it was transferred to the general fund, by order of a majority of the board of directors, for the purpose of paying outstanding indebtedness for permanent improvements to the home, and the transfer was indorsed by John P. Overton, then treasurer at the home. As to any other funds, he says that before he left, the books were experted to the satisfaction of the board of directors.

A committee of the American Pharmaceutical Association, appointed to investigate the growth of drug habits in this country, has discovered some very startling facts. From their investigations they have learned that the demand for cocaine has increased more than four hundred per cent. during the last five years, while the sales of morphine and opium have increased five hundred per cent. during that period. Hospitals and sanitariums report that a considerable percentage of the cases treated are suffering from the drug habits, while physicians report an increasing number of such cases in their private practice. Dr. Crothers, who has been investigating the subject, attributes the increase to nerve strain and exhaustion, following the peculiar civilization of our times. The remedy he suggests is physical and moral training in the family and the school.

Our Nation's Friends and Foes.

Editors ARGONAUT: The *Chronicle*, commenting editorially upon the international imbroglio in South America, made the extraordinary suggestion that the United States recognize Russia and France as our true friends, and cultivate the closest relations with them consonant with the policy of no entangling alliance with any foreign power. This is, indeed, a remarkable suggestion to come from a prominent journal in this country. Russia, the most absolute and despotic monarchy in the world; France, a so-called republic, but actually a papal oligarchy supported by militarism dominated by papal officerdom! Think of the United States cultivating close relation with these powers, to the estrangement of such powers as England and Germany. And why, forsooth? Because, as the *Chronicle* fatuously reasons, Russia and France have no ground for antagonism toward the United States on account of the Monroe Doctrine. Such twaddle as this, coming from a journal of some influence in this country, is doubly disgusting. We have a great sight better let the Monroe Doctrine fall into "innocuous desuetude" than to estrange our nation from England and Germany politically and commercially, to link our fate with the Catholic despotism, Russia, and the papal oligarchy, France.

One important feature the *Chronicle* has entirely overlooked. Japan is one of the rapidly developing world-powers that can not be ignored, who is making up sides to contest for world dominancy. Japan is, and probably will ever be, hostile toward Russia. This is why Japan made a hard and fast alliance with England. Now, the United States could ill afford to court the enmity of Japan by siding with Russia as against England. This is made emphatic by reason of the Philippine archipelago being United States territory. Hostility between the United States and Japan, ripened into open warfare, would result in this country having to fight and fight hard on the far side of the Pacific to hold those islands. Talking about alliances, if the United States is to enter into actual or tacit alliance with any foreign powers, the logical course would be to ally England, Germany, and Japan. This would safeguard the Monroe Doctrine against infraction, and would strengthen our hold upon the Pacific islands now under our flag. And more, it would render our country, as the seat of Protestantism, secure against any possible aggression by a combative papal power. History teaches us that such a contingency should ever be reckoned with.

AMERICAN.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S NEW PLAY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

For some time Sarah Bernhardt has been working hard on a new play by Paul Hervieu, the Académicien. Her prodigious activity is indicated by these notes of a "day of repose," which she enjoyed just before the first performance. A Paris writer visited her in the theatre on this "day of repose," and was admitted to her *loge*, or dressing-room—for the *loge* of Paris stars is unlike the little cell dignified by that name in so many theatres. It is frequently an *appartement* in the French sense of the term—a suite of rooms—and contains facilities for dining. In effect, Madame Sarah was just sitting down to dinner when the scribe arrived. Madame Seylor, her faithful friend and companion, was her only guest at table.

While the dinner was being rapidly served, Madame Bernhardt, between mouthfuls, gave the scribe the information he sought. She told him that she had long desired a play from Paul Hervieu, and he finally found in *Théroigne de Méricourt* a heroine who pleased him. Madame Sarah was continually interrupted by all sorts of messages. A telegram comes from Clarkson, the London wig-maker; then the prompter enters to tell her that the experiments with the tocsin have succeeded, and that at last they have got it to work perfectly. Madame Sarah immediately drops her knife and fork, darts from the room, and the tocsin presently reverberates throughout the theatre. When she returns to her cold dinner, she is followed by a long procession of prompters, actors, actresses, costumers, wig-makers, hoot-makers, printers, and stage-hands, all of whom are demanding instructions. "No," she would say, "give me that cap, you must place the cockade here." Or to another, "Yes, this evening we will try the effect of the gendarmes in their new uniform." To another, "No, that is too dark a color, you must find a lighter red." And in the twinkling of an eye, the cold viands on the table are pushed aside, and the table covered with plans, sketch books, samples of stuffs, and little dolls dressed in elaborate costumes. It seems that there were four hundred and fifty costumes used in the piece, among them *conventionnels*, gendarmes, lords and ladies, *bourgeois*, insurgents, men and women of the people, musketeers, Swiss guards, and "dames of the market." There were also in the play twelve trees, which Madame Sarah insisted should be real trees, in order that the street boys might climb up in them.

It developed in this interview that Madame Sarah had purchased at the recent studio sale of the artist Kaemmerer large numbers of weapons, *bibels*, and costumes of the eighteenth century. You remember Kaemmerer, do you not? He was the artist who painted "The Christening Party" and "A Wedding Under the Directory."

When the wondering scribe left, after studying what Madame Sarah calls a "day of repose," he learned that she had been thus occupied for twenty-six consecutive days; that the day before she had rehearsed the play from ten till four, and again from eight o'clock in the evening till four in the morning. No wonder she needed a "day of repose." The last thing he heard her say as he left was that the costumes of the mob were too spick-and-span and new, and that they must be made artificially dingy—which she at once ordered to be done.

Something about the story of the play may not be amiss.

Mr. Paul Hervieu's heroine is not so well known to English as to French readers; she is one of the lesser characters in the great drama of the Terror. True, the events in which she figured make a picturesque background for a play, but so would they serve for a better-known figure, like Charlotte Corday. However, Mr. Hervieu picked out this Luxembourg peasant girl for his heroine. She was born in the village of Méricourt, in what is now Belgian Luxembourg, and which was then Austrian territory. She led a wild life at Paris, and was intimately acquainted with Siéyès, Miraheau, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Fahre d'Eglantine, and their ilk. She took an active part in the terrible doings of the summer of 1789, and was one of the sights of Paris streets, clad as an amazonian dragoon, *sahre* girt on her thigh, and pistols thrust in her belt. A young and beautiful woman, thus accoutred, naturally had a marked effect, both upon the populace and the soldiery. On the fifth of October she accompanied the hag-led mob to Versailles, and instigated a regiment of troops to mutiny. For these doings her arrest was ordered, but she fled into the Low Countries. There a certain Royalist journalist, one François Suleau, denounced her to the Austrian authorities. She was at once arrested and conducted to Vienna, where she was closely interrogated by the Emperor Joseph in person.

It is here the play begins. The emperor (brother of Queer Marie Antoinette) subjects her to a fire of pitiless questioning. At last he grants her her liberty on condition that she will hear to the Parisians this message—that if they harm their king or queen, the allied sovereigns of Europe will march against them, and that the royal revenge will be terrible.

The following act opens in the palace of the Tuileries, on the fateful evening of April 5, 1792. Here we see Queen Marie Antoinette, surrounded by her frightened ladies. There is a storm in the air; every few moments excited officers arrive, with stories of the mutinous disposition of the troops, and the growling of the mob may be heard from the garden. At this moment the weak and wavering king enters; his queen beseeches him to let the Swiss guards fire upon the mob, but he refuses. At last he consents that François Suleau shall take a file of National Guards, go to the mayor of Paris, and

bring that official to the palace, in order to insure the safety of the royal family.

In the next act we find ourselves in the apartment of Théroigne in the Rue de Tournon. Here are gathered a number of radical deputies, including Danton and his associates; at last there enters also the cautious, crafty, and weather-wise Siéyès. They have drawn up and signed a decree proclaiming the republic; even the shifty Siéyès has signed it. The fateful paper is confided to Théroigne, and she hides it in her bosom.

As soon as the conspirators have departed, an officer in the uniform of the National Guard obtains admission on some pretext. It is Suleau. He demands of Théroigne that she shall reveal the names of the conspirators. She denies all knowledge of them, whereupon he charges her with having their names in her possession, seizes her brutally by the throat, and attempts to take the paper from her by violence. She screams loudly for assistance, and answering cries are heard from the people in the street without. But Suleau summons his soldiers, who rush into the room; he bids them go to the window and shout "Hurrah for Théroigne!" which they do. This allays the suspicions of the mob in the street, and answering hurrahs come back from them, hailing Théroigne, while the robbery of her person is going on. Suleau carries away triumphantly the paper with the list of conspirators' names.

In the next act we find ourselves on the terrace of the Feuillants. It is August, 1792. Two lines of soldiers are drawn up on either side of the roadway; they with difficulty restrain the outbreaks of the furious mob. The king, the queen, the dauphin, and Madame Elisabeth enter on their way to the Assembly, where they are about to seek an involuntary asylum. Ever and anon red-capped *sans-culottes* break through the ranks of the soldiers, to hurl insults at king and queen. They even go so far as to kidnap the royal child, to his mother's intense terror; but he is discovered perched on the shoulders of a brawny butcher, who carries him in triumph into the Assembly. After the royal family are safely within the Assembly hall, fleeing members of the Swiss guard appear, pursued by the mob; they are hunted down like wild animals, beaten with bludgeons, kicked, stamped on, and stashed to death. One of them at last appears, who is making a brave fight for his life. It is François Suleau. He has seized a *sahre* which has fallen from a dead man's hand, and placing his back against a tree, he defends himself, with the odds of fifty to one against him.

Théroigne has been urging the mob to be merciful in their man-hunt, but when she sees that their belated quarry is Suleau she pauses, hesitates, and finally hides them do their worst. With bloodthirsty shouts, they hurl themselves upon the hapless man, and he falls, pierced with many wounds. Like a tigress Théroigne springs at his bleeding body and takes from his breast the fatal paper.

In the following act a year has passed. We are in May, 1793, in the height of the Reign of Terror. A filthy army of hags from the market are camped around the door of the Assembly, spitting insults at members who seem to them lukewarm in slaughter. The Girondists, who a year before were the idols of the mob, are now hissed and hooted as they make their way to the Legislative Chamber. Théroigne comes to their rescue, and tries to harangue the mob. But she, too, is a yesterday's idol, and the mob glomors that she be hanged. A rope is at once produced, a friend of liberty climbs a tree, a noose is fastened around her neck. But Marat, another friend of liberty, passing by, happens to pity her, and urges the crowd to let her go. This the men consent to do, but the female furies will not have it so. They strip her, and administer the public scourging which was one of the shameful features of the Revolution. Brutal public floggings were frequently administered by the "dames of the market."

The last act is all post-climax. We are in 1817, in the prison of the Salpêtrière, where Théroigne has been imprisoned ever since 1800. The unfortunate woman's public flogging led to the loss of her reason, and she has remained a lunatic ever since. In this scene we are in the early and peaceful days of the Restoration, and elegant ladies of the court, led by Siéyès, come to visit the prison and to gaze at this white-haired old lunatic, whom the prison warden exhibits to them as a curious animal. The mad woman, who is kept in a cage, is in an hysterical condition. She conjures up the spectres of those bloody days, and finally the face of Siéyès before her turns in her fevered brain from that of a ghost to a living man. She hurls herself at his throat in a paroxysm of rage, but the struggle of her conflicting emotions is too great, and she dies horribly.

It may be well to interject here the famous epigram of Siéyès in after years. Although he took a prominent part in the Revolution, he made haste to withdraw when Buonaparte loomed up. He received honors and titles from the young Corsican to get out, and like Barras he lived in luxurious retirement for the rest of his life. When asked in after years by a scoffing court wit what he had done in the Revolution, he replied, briefly and epigrammatically, "I have lived." There is more in the phrase than would appear at first glance, for all of his contemporaries were dead, and most of them had been buried with their heads severed from their bodies.

The comments on this play are various. One of the critics remarks: "This kind of historical play-writing is like a sort of game, in which the writer seeks for famous sayings, and puts them in the mouths of the historic persons who uttered them. Theoretically this ought to produce an intense and dramatic picture. But it is not so—this kind of play-writing seems cold and lifeless. The most anachronistic drama of Dumas père, with his peculiar kings and queer queens, his remarkable noblemen and odd great ladies, his deep-eyed traitors and metallic courtiers, all speaking the pur Dumas

EMIGRANTS
AND
CRITICISMS.

dialect—such a play gives a stronger impression of verisimilitude."

Another critic compares the play to a "revolutionary biography," and says humorously that he can hear the click of the electric shutter every few moments.

A bit of historic color which Mr. Hervieu has put into his play has not met with the approval of the critical fraternity. This is when the mob are attacking the Swiss guards on the terrace. A tall, slender, long-haired young man comes forward and adjures the mob to cease their bloody work. When one of the *sans-culottes* cries, "Who are you," the tall thin young man replies, dramatically, "I am Buonaparte," and walks away. I am sorry to say that when this took place, a faint giggle ran through the audience.

A word about Mr. Paul Hervieu, the author of the play. He is a comparatively young man—forty-five—to have reached the French Academy. He began his career as a barrister, but left the law for diplomacy. At last he wearied of that, and in 1881 he resigned while filling the post of secretary of legation at Mexico. Thereafter he devoted himself entirely to literature, and published a number of works, among them sketches, essays, and romances. But it is as a playwright that he has won his highest meed of praise. He has written some six or seven plays, of which the most notable are "Les Tenailles" and "L'Enigme"; the first of these was presented at the Comédie-Française in 1901. Mr. Hervieu was elected to the French Academy in 1900. He is one of the youngest members of that dignified body. Many a French man of letters reaches the age of sixty before he dares to aspire to the honor of occupying one of the chairs for which Balzac, Dumas, Daudet, Flaubert, and Zola struggled in vain.

Hervieu's success has brought out the usual attacks from unsuccessful rivals. No man can climb so high as he in early life without exciting the bitter envy of those who are still struggling along the thorny path. Naturally, therefore, his new play, "Théroigne de Méricourt," does not fail to receive some adverse criticisms. But the leaders in the critical fraternity, such as Gustave Larroumet of the *Temps* and Catulle Mendès of the *Journal*, praise it highly, as do most of the others. The discordant notes in the critical chorus seem sometimes due to the bitter partisanship of which I have before spoken. Politics figures even in this matter. The conservative and monarchical journals, such as the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and *L'Autorité*, condemn Mr. Hervieu's play on account of its treatment of the king and queen. Louis the Sixteenth is represented as a weak character, both physically and mentally, and the royalist journals abuse Hervieu for depicting him as a fat, flabby, commonplace-looking sort of king. But that is certainly what he looks like in all the portraits of the time. They also attack him for putting these words in the mouth of the queen when speaking of the king: "He is not a poltroon, but he is weak." Louis de Meurville in the *Gaulois* denies that such words were ever uttered by Queen Marie Antoinette. (He must be a mind-reader.) But Hervieu comes back at him and quotes from the memoirs of Madame Campan, in which she attributes these exact words to the queen.

To the accusation that his piece lacks vivid and contrasting pictures, Mr. Hervieu points out as instances of light and shade the two tableaux on the terrace of the Feuillants—the first showing the crime, the second the expiation; the first showing the Girondists acclaimed and idolized, the second showing them insulted and hooted.

It seems to me that Mr. Hervieu has the right of the controversy. In any event, he may rest assured that he has written a vivid, a striking, and a dramatic piece of work. This from a literary point of view. No one can tell what will be the fate of a play from the audience's point of view.

It is remarkable how often these smouldering fires of the revolutionary time burst into flame here in France. This controversy recalls the famous one over Sardou's "Thermidor." That play so incensed the radicals that they organized a cabal, and raised such a riot in the theatre for several nights that the government at last decided to prohibit the play.

All this literature of controversy is an excellent advertisement for Bernhardt. The golden-voiced Sarah is always in it when it comes to a good big "ad." From those distant days when she went up in a balloon, and wrote her impressions of Paris from her lofty perch, she has never failed to keep herself in the public eye. It is a cold day when the subtle Sarah gets left.

I observe, however, that she treats her Parisian audiences a good deal more courteously than she does those in the United States. Once in San Francisco she kept an audience waiting for an hour and a quarter while she was finishing a moonlight excursion on the bay. None of that in Paris. There, Sarah is on time. The Parisians know Sarah, and Sarah—well, she knows the Parisians.

Before putting on her new play, "Théroigne," Sarah had for some time been producing Sardou's old play, "Fédora." She first produced it in Paris over twenty years ago. Sarah is twenty years older now than she was then, and she looks it. Pierre Magnier—who was born in 1869, two years after Sarah made her début at the Comédie-Française—played the rôle of Loris Ipanoff, in "Fédora." In this rôle he has to make love to Sarah, and it almost seemed like making love to his grandmother.

Magnier is an excellent actor, ranking among the leading men of the Paris theatres; he is good-looking, carries himself well, and has ease of manner, but he wears dreadfully ill-fitting clothes. This, by the way, seems to be frequent with French actors. They wear badly cut coats and ill-fitting trousers. The modern dress of men is a very trying one when worn on the stage or in stone or marble. It is so difficult to make a gentleman look heroic in marble trousers that

sculptors usually put him in stockings or boots. But when an actor wears not only ill-fitting trousers, but trousers much too short for him, the effect is appalling. In modern plays the leading man generally expresses violent emotions, such as love, jealousy, or anger, by kneeling on divans, cocking his foot up on chairs, or standing with his feet apart and his hands thrust in his pockets; with this limited range of trouser gesture the effect of short trousers is singularly ludicrous. It is bad enough with the black trouser of evening dress, but when Magnier and the other men appeared in morning costume, in gray tweeds and lounge coats, in which London men look so well, these French actors looked like village shopkeepers in their Sunday clothes.

There must be a great many poor tailors in France. The men in Paris do not dress nearly so well as they do in London or New York. At the Longchamps race course you may observe the men in the Jockey Club private box; one would imagine that these, the pink of French swiftness, would be well dressed, but they are not—their clothes are ill-fitting.

Some years ago I went to a polo game at Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne. It was between the English and French team, and was very aristocratic, as may be imagined from the fact that the captain of the English team was a Belted Earl. It is true that he had run away with another man's wife a short time before, and that therefore the climate of France was better suited for the lady than that of England; but this did not seem to affect his social standing in Paris. Well, at this game, the French men present were all badly dressed; few of them wore a well-cut coat, and those few, I daresay, had their clothes made in London.

One of the worst dressed men there was the greatest nobleman, the Duke of Alva; he is the lineal descendant of the stern Duke of Alva who swept the Netherlands with fire and sword; he is a grandee of Spain, and is entitled to wear his hat in the presence of his sovereign. He has something like forty titles of nobility—in Spain, France, and Austria—and is enormously wealthy. Despite this fact, he is said to be rather a decent old chap, and yet I noted with pain that his grace wore a frock coat that fitted him like a gunny sack.

How different are our own actors. When one reflects upon their faultless tailoring, a justifiable pride fills the bosom of every American. When I see these French tailor-made monstrosities, I can scarcely think of John Drew with dry eyes. I have known of John Drew for many years, and I never knew any one to accuse him of wearing a top hat in the morning or a bob-tailed coat with a high hat. He has never yielded to those waves of unreason which sometimes sweep over tailors as well as lesser men. He has never worn a colored waistcoat with a dinner jacket. He always wears a black tie with a "Tuxedo." And he is in addition an excellent husband and father, and acts quite well. The only discreditable thing I ever knew John Drew to do was once to appear in evening clothes with bright scarlet silk socks showing over his pumps.

But even Jupiter nods. This was a momentary weakness, due, I believe, to thoughtlessly consorting with the younger members of the Knickerbocker Club. Drew subsequently reformed, and doubtless St. Peter will wipe away the scarlet socks from his otherwise spotless escutcheon.

PARIS, December, 1902.

Sir William Laird Clowes, in a column article on "Sleep and Sleeplessness," in the London *Daily Mail* advocates a novel remedy for refractory cases of insomnia. "I have recommended such people, after having ascertained what is likely to be the most comfortable position for sleep," he says, "to affix a small bright light two or three feet above the head, so that in order to see it without moving the head the eyes must be rotated upward. For this purpose an ordinary electric glow lamp, covered with opaque black paper, in which is cut a hole the size of a pin's head, is very suitable, provided, of course, that the hole be arranged so that it is in or near the imaginary line joining the glowing filament and the position which the eyes will occupy. The brighter and smaller the point of light the better. Let the upward-rotated eyes be directed steadfastly at this, a persistent effort being employed not necessarily to keep the eyelids open, but to keep the eyes themselves bent upon the required spot." This plan, Sir William Clowes declares, he has found "extraordinarily, nay, startlingly, efficacious."

In an effort to avoid the payment of a judgment of \$6,495, obtained by George Salem, a golf caddie, whom he struck in the face with a golf stick, David Fleming, of Philadelphia, will remain for six months within the jail limits of Elizabethtown, N. Y. He had the caddie taken to a hospital and operated on at his expense, and then, although wealthy, he refused to do anything more. At the expiration of the six months he can not be arrested for another six months, and then only when he is found within the limits of New York State. Meanwhile, the caddie is broken in health. His mother takes in washing to help support a large family, and his father is a gardener.

Criminal statistics for 1902 of the German Empire show an increase in crime over the previous year. The total number of convictions reached 497,300, which is 27,500 more than in 1901. The increase is also marked in the categories of ordinary theft and robbery, but this, it is said, is due to the want caused by the general trade depression. A large increase is noted in offenses against officials and public orders. Probably the largest increase is in the crimes where bodily injury is inflicted. These have risen from 93,000 in 1901 to 98,000 the past year. Juvenile offenders are also on the increase.

When Kaiser Wilhelm and the empress recently visited Posen, little brooches bearing the royal couple's portraits were given to the children. One little Polish girl from the town of Inowrazlay threw her brooch on the ground and stepped on it. She was imprisoned for fourteen days for the offense.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the Kansas "saloon smasher," has bought for seventy-five hundred dollars a fifteen-room house in Kansas City, in which she proposes to establish a home for drunkards' wives.

Earl Roberts, familiarly known in England as "Bobs," has promised to visit Boston next autumn as the guest of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. England's famous general will be cordially welcomed in this country, and it is certain that as the guest of the "Ancients" he will be given a royal time.

When Prince Cupid, delegate-elect to Congress from Hawaii, descends on Washington next December, it will be like the arrival of an embassy, if present plans are carried out. One of the plans is that the legislature, when it meets in February, shall be asked for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to aid the prince's own ample means in keeping up a royal establishment in Washington.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who has been engaged by Sir John Aird to make a painting of the Pharaonic temples, is now on the Nile taking the necessary sketches, and will be thus occupied for some weeks. This is the first time that he has visited the land of the Pharaohs. "When I saw him near the Pyramids," writes a Cairo correspondent, "he exclaimed to me, 'I have never seen so much sand, so much sun, and so much color!'"

The President seems to be in demand as a subject for famous foreign portrait painters. Theobald Chartran, whose paintings of Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt attracted much attention at the last Paris Salon, has just arrived in Washington, D. C., to paint the President, and John S. Sargent has come here on a similar mission. The latter will also supervise the installment of his decorative panels for the Boston Public Library, and will also paint a number of portraits which he has been commissioned to do.

The Right Rev. Dr. Davidson, Bishop of Winchester since 1895, has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in succession to Rev. Dr. Temple, who died on December 23d. Rev. Dr. Davidson is fifty-nine years old, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1877 he became domestic chaplain to Archbishop Tait, and on the latter's death, in 1883, continued in the same relationship to Archbishop Benson for a short time, leaving to become dean of Windsor and resident chaplain to the queen. In 1899 he was nominated by Lord Salisbury to the bishopric of Rochester, to succeed Bishop Thorold.

Count Robert de Montesquieu-Fezensac made quite a sensation when he arrived in New York from Paris last Saturday. His personal appearance was striking because of his attire, which included yellow shoes, brown overcoat and hat, and green neck cloth, set off by a bunch of orchids and maidenhair fern. He brought thirty-seven trunks with him. The count is considered one of the most "beautiful" men of Paris. He is very blonde, and has the daintiest pink cheeks imaginable. He has been painted by various artists almost every year, and there is rarely a Salon in which his portrait does not appear. He has published several books of verse, and is coming here to read his works—not before the vulgar who gather in public places, but for the delectation of audiences gathered in the exclusive drawing-rooms of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. He says he is no lecturer, but a "missionary of literature."

It is announced that Ambassador von Holleben was not recalled from Washington by the Kaiser, but learning that his government was not wholly satisfied with his work, and feeling ill and depressed, he cabled for a long leave of absence, which was immediately granted. It is said that he will not return to Washington, and that Baron Speck von Sternberg's temporary assignment as *chargé d'affaires* of Germany at Washington will be followed after a decent interval by his appointment as ambassador. The baron is no stranger to the national capital, having been an attaché of the German legation in Washington, when President Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. At that time the President, the baron, General Wood, and Sir Michael Herbert, now the British ambassador, were almost inseparable friends. All being fond of athletic exercise, they used to walk or ride together nearly every day. Walter Wellman says there was much rivalry as to who should outdo the other. First one and then another in turn would lay out the ride or the walk for the day, each trying to find the most difficult and roughest country possible over which to lead the rest as a test of their endurance.

Peter Marié, who was once a prominent figure in financial circles in New York, died last week at the age of seventy-seven. He retired from active business in 1864 with a considerable fortune, and had devoted himself since then to the cultivation of his hobbies and to the round of a society of which he was one of the eccentric and picturesque figures. He never married. He was a dilettante poet of some merit, and years ago when Sharon was a famous summer-resort, he used to spend his summers there and write verses inspired by the beauty of the scenery and the dancing of the young women in the ball-room. These souvenir verses of Sharon he afterward had printed for private circulation. Until driven out by the building of a large department store in New York, Mr. Marié lived for years at 48 West Nineteenth Street, where it was his custom to give small dinners for which he was famous. His Thursday night receptions were celebrated, and brought together all the prettiest women in society. One of Mr. Marié's hobbies was the getting together of a vast collection of the photographs of the beautiful women among his friends. He sent these photographs to Paris, where they were reproduced in ivory miniatures, and went into his collection which he called "The Gallery of Beauty."

THE WRONG WOMAN.

A Lesson in Letting Alone.

The Massons had come from somewhere "back East," their neighbors would have told you, and were "stuck up." Everybody could see that from the smart trap they drove and the feathers on Mrs. Masson's hat. Nobody could have told you of a specific instance of their stuck-up-ness, but as the neighbors all agreed, when a fellow—and a young fellow at that—held twice as much land as anybody in the valley, he was bound to feel his oats. Consequently, the Massons were severely let alone by the Middletowners, and not given a chance to "lay it over" anybody.

At first the Massons looked upon their ostracism from the Middletown Church socials and school picnics as a huge joke, and regarded the narrow-minded farmer-folk around them as of about the same importance as the Jersey cattle in their pasture, and the Brigadier stock in their stables. But after a time—when the novelty of country life was quite worn off; when the smart trap had clattered over every available foot of the great, monotonous valley; when the varying seasons were no longer new—a little human intercourse began to seem a sweet and needful thing. But the Massons did not know how to break down the barrier of feathers and silver-mounted harness. Jack Masson could not pull up his horse in the middle of the county road and talk an hour or two about the best time to plant pumpkins, or the cheapest remedy for hog cholera, because his horses were too mettlesome to stand. Mrs. Masson could not send her children to the public school, and thereby show her friendly feeling, for the simple reason that she had none to send.

Therefore was the ostracism of the Massons complete. Then, when the price of wheat began to drop, life on a great Western grain ranch began to show its sterner side. Masson found he could get along without his foreman by doing the work himself, and by degrees dropped into looking out for the machinery, devising means of saving labor, superintending the care of the horses, and even, in emergencies, taking a hand himself in anything that was to be done. In the house, matters were similar. As, year after year, the price of wheat continued to drop, the little chafing-dish arts, practiced on cosy evenings among her congenial Eastern friends, were called into use, and "A Practical Cook-Book for Beginners" bought and diligently studied.

As with each season's harvest conditions became worse, the smart trap ceased to be seen on the county roads, and the offending feathers became drabbed and were not replaced by new ones. Thrown back upon themselves for entertainment and diversion, the Massons found, to their surprise, how uninteresting they had become to each other. Books, to a man harassed by the care of an unprofitable ranch, had no charm; and music from hands stiffened by housework, lost its melody.

Hard manual work roughens a man's disposition and manners, but Masson was not the man to notice this degeneration in himself. Isolation from congenial company and a want of interest in her surroundings make a woman careless of her appearance; and long watching over a sear and yellow expanse of grain-fields hurns hair and complexion, of whatever hue, to a sallow, tawny sun-burn. And Masson was the man to notice this change in his wife keenly, and feel aggrieved.

At length, after the tenth long, dry summer in this sun-scorched, sun-cursed valley, things reached a crisis. Their domestic tranquillity was disturbed by a rupture caused by the intolerable monotony of their lives settling down on their nerves. Then, after more days, more discontent, more desolation, there was another rupture, until the existing state of affairs could be endured no longer.

It was then Julie Masson wrote for the little niece who had been the flower-girl at her wedding, to come out and spend the winter with them.

The prospect of having a child in the house, albeit a borrowed one, put new interest into both their broken lives. They grew less indifferent to their manners and appearance, and even tried to establish a better understanding with each other—for the child's sake. The trap was overhauled and re-painted, a pony was bought, and a kitten was saved from the drowning for a pet for 'Lisbeth.

But when 'Lisbeth arrived, with the added weight of ten years upon her curly head, she was not the little tot they had left behind ten years ago, and that they, in their blindness, had still expected to see. Elisabeth was now a woman, and keenly alive to the fact.

Julie Masson took 'Lisbeth to her arms, as she would have taken any human soul for the sake of companionship, but there was still an ache in her heart for the child she had expected to see. And Elisabeth, in her turn, took her aunt, her aunt's husband, and everything on the ranch, straight to her heart. And every live creature about the place felt the spell of her presence; the dear little pigs, the cunning little chickens, the sweet little calves, all brought gurgles of delight to her lips. The mettlesome horses Masson himself had difficulty in mounting were cajoled by sugar and kisses into carrying her safely. The great St. Bernards were unchained and allowed to romp with her through the halls. The out-of-tune piano was banged and thumped from morning till night, and buoyant, bubbling spring-time reigned supreme all winter long.

The trap, as smart and new as ever, was again heard clattering over the roads, for Jack somehow seemed always able to find time to show 'Lisbeth the great rolling valley, now growing fresh and young again under the touch of the winter rains. If Jack had to go down to the village, 'Lisbeth had to go too because she was the only one who could hold Prancing Billy steady. If he had to ride horseback over the fields, still 'Lisbeth must go along because Blackbird went so much better if some one rode Dick. And it was surprising, to Mrs. Masson at least, how many excursions of the sort seemed suddenly necessary.

As Julie Masson watched them day after day starting off together, Jack's shoulders growing straighter, his step brisker, his manner gentler, the ache in her heart took a different form and grew deeper. And when she met them on their return, 'Lisbeth sparkling and dimpling and Jack gallant and gentle, she signed for her old desolation *d'œuvre*.

That Julie seemed to grow frailer and thinner since Elisabeth's arrival, instead of better as they had hoped, Jack did not seem to notice. In fact, nobody seemed to notice Julie much any more. 'Lisbeth was sweet and thoughtful enough when they were alone together, but 'Lisbeth was not shrewd enough to keep her aunt from seeing her ear was attuned for a certain step on the walk, a certain whistle down the road, a certain voice in the hallway. She felt her superfluity with a poignance pressed down and running over.

"You don't look well this morning, old girl," Masson surprised her by saying one morning, when Elisabeth was kept in her room by a cold and they were eating their meal in cheerless silence.

Dredging her memory for some reason to which to ascribe this sudden solicitude on his part, she forgot to answer him. After a moment he repeated his observation—casual enough in itself.

"You are not looking well this morning, Julie."

Mrs. Masson looked up quickly. Was this the first time during the winter he had noticed her ill-looks, she wondered.

"I am as well as usual," she answered, quietly, still wondering at his sudden interest.

The meal was finished in silence. They had so long ceased to pretend to have a common interest that it was not necessary to sham. The child, as she insisted upon calling 'Lisbeth, had not seemed to notice their attitude toward each other, or had accepted it as a matter of course between people who had been married ten years, and did not know—or did she know?—it was her presence that was widening the breach. This was the question Julie asked herself every day as she watched her niece and her husband, and the lines around her mouth grew harder as she slowly formed an opinion.

A few hours later Masson rode back to the house.

"You looked so bad at breakfast, old girl," and again she tried to think his tones rang true, "I brought you some fine mushrooms to tempt your appetite. These are the first of the season; I found them around the irrigating ditch." Throwing his find on the table and springing back into his saddle, he was off.

Julie watched him out of sight. Was this the old Jack she had thought lost to her? or was it a new Jack she had scarcely allowed herself to suspect of being? As she looked off over the acres of isolation that spread on all sides about her, her eyes took on that hard, inscrutable look that had come into them these recent years.

It was late when Jack came home that evening. He did not whistle as he came down the road. Julie was composed enough to ask herself—"Why?"

He found the house cold, the fires were out. The dogs covered dumbly around the steps. The shades were drawn on all the windows. Julie, cold and inscrutable, met him at the stoop.

"What! you?" he cried; "what's the matter? How's 'Lisbeth?"

Julie led him silently into the house. "Elisabeth is dead," she told him, simply; "as the child had not much appetite either, I gave her the mushrooms you so kindly brought to me." Her eyes held his steadily. "They were not mushrooms—and the child is dead."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1903.

A Painter's Novel Suit.

M. Gérôme, the celebrated French painter, is suing M. Brandus, a picture dealer of Paris, on account of alterations alleged to have been made in his famous Salon picture entitled "A Court Promenade in the Gardens of Versailles." The painting was sold in 1896 to George M. Tyner, a resident of Holyoke, Mass., and was brought to the United States, where M. Brandus bought it two years ago on the dispersal of Mr. Tyner's collection. When he offered it for sale in Paris, M. Gérôme discovered that the remarkable effect of light produced by the setting sun and rising moon, for which the picture was famous, had been painted out and replaced by resplendent sunshine, which admittedly had been done skillfully. M. Gérôme applied to the courts to impound the picture, pending further action against M. Brandus, and the judges enjoined the latter from parting with the painting. M. Brandus, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun*, disclaims any connection with or knowledge of the alteration, which is ascribed to the eccentric Mr. Tyner, who first purchased it. Artists are much interested in the case. They contend that the painter alone has the right to sanction alterations.

"VAN FLETCH" AND THE SAVANTS.

The Argonaut's Correspondent Hears Professor Hammond's Lecture on the Discovery of King Solomon's Mines—Interesting Chemico-Physico Discoveries.

California may partly claim John Hays Hammond as a product by reason of his having expeted and operated within her borders. Now he holds the full professorial honors at Yale, and heads the department of mining engineering. For the instruction and delectation of the assembled scientists, his worthy colleagues, Professor Hammond read a lecture recently in Washington giving an account of his connection with the discovery of King Solomon's Mines—the Bible mines of Ophir—where the Queen of Sheba got much of her great wealth, and where the Phœnician miners employed by King Solomon to delve for his own and his sweetheart's profit, left traces of their civilization that show grandly in ruin even at the present day. These mines for centuries deserted, and architectural remains of Semitic civilization, lie in the heart of Rhodesia, in the middle of Africa. They are midway between Portuguese Africa on the east, German South Africa on the west, the Transvaal Republic—that was—on the south, and Darkest Equatorial Africa on the north.

Professor Hammond is an excellent reader; has a musical voice; and, except for a nervous shifting of his hands from his vest to his trouser's pockets in lieu of other gesture, is a finished and effective platform figure. Very likely, his residence in Pretoria was the cause of his nervousness about his pockets, and possibly his acquaintance with American financiers has tended more firmly to fix his habits of caution. When he gets settled in New Haven, and sits at "High Table" in the great dining-hall of the university, sense of security and repose will take the place of habits of self-protection. I never listened to a lecture that was more satisfactory, and a theatre full of savants, who remained over after the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to hear the lecture, expressed marked appreciation.

Some time ago, Professor Hammond gave an illustrated talk on Pretoria here in Washington. When it came to a picture of the jail at Pretoria, he assumed ignorance of what the slide represented, left his reading desk to more closely read the legend on the picture, and remarked to the audience, "Oh, yes. I see now what it represents; it is the jail at Prctoria; I am more familiar with it from the inside."

One of the significant showings of the moment relative to scientific development is the tendency to get down to first principles. The broad and inclusive term biology has become almost lost by diffusion; and crystallization in the branches of science is fast taking place. The most intimate branch of biology, as far as man himself is concerned, is physiology, of course, and its offshoot branch, psychology. But even in physiology, the anatomist and the histologist are not left in peaceful possession of the subject. The chemist has invaded the field and claims his victim as a chemical animal. Of the hundred or so papers that were read before the physiological section of the convocation-week session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, just passed, fully nine-tenths dealt with the chemical problems of physiology, and more than half with the important detail of human nutrition. It was only a few years ago when chemistry was too ethereal and æsthetic to deal with cadavers. But now it gets some of its best perfumes from that spooky source, and finds some of its most subtle poisons lurking within the outrid decomposition dealt out by the Beef Trust. Whether it is a triumph for chemistry or for physiology, a physiological-chemist (President Chittenden, of Yale) continues to occupy the presidential chair in the American Physiological Society, and pure and simple anatomists and histologists are compelled to hush up their chemistry to hold their own in the discussions. A lot of things that defy the search of the microscope make themselves evident in titration tests, and molecules that the knife of the most skillful operator can not divorce from each other get adrift under chemical temotiation, and elope with the first enzyme that happens to rub up against them. Between the mind-reader, the physiological-chemist, the wireless-telegrapher, and Sherlock Holmes, there will be no secrets, dear to masculine or feminine heart, left to romance about. It is a horrible revelation of non-privacy, but we will have to get used to it as we have to get used to other things. We will have to grin and hear it in the interest of Science, which is Truth.

VAN FLETCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1903.

A highly colored sample of red-tape comes from England in the news of the failure of Second Lieutenant Burke, of the Fourth East Surrey Regiment of Militia, to pass the medical examination for appointment to the regular British army. Mr. Burke served in South Africa, and stood high on the list of successful candidates at a recent examination. In Africa, he distinguished himself, and proved the power of his eyes by discovering that an approaching body of men was composed of Boers and not of British. Yet, when the learned doctors came to examine his eyes, they reported them as bad, because he could not read by electric light, in a London fog, the regulation "three lines of letters," and so his earned commission is not to be given to him.

"ACROSS COVETED LANDS."

A. H. Savage Landon's Journey Through Persia and Beluchistan—
The Shah and His People—A Brush with Brigands
—Trials of Camel Riding.

A. H. Savage Landon's insatiable thirst for adventure, and his fondness for exploiting out-of-the-way portions of the globe, led him to make a novel journey through Persia and Beluchistan recently, which he graphically describes in his latest book, "Across Coveted Lands." He visited the Shah at Teheran, and found him a very gracious ruler, whose remarks were charmingly direct, and free from the usual tawdry metaphor and empty compliment. The Persian monarch, he says, rides about in an automobile, and includes in the treasures of his palace a soda-water fountain and a printing press. An amusing institution in Teheran is the gas supply. One man is employed after dark to go the length of the two streets, lighting the lamps. As soon as he has finished, he turns back and methodically puts them out, so that by ten o'clock the city is plunged in gloom.

Mr. Landon also met the Shah's eldest son, a very intelligent, bright young fellow, who takes the keenest interest in the latest inventions and fads, and, like the Shah, fell a victim to the motor-car mania. Only, the Shah intrusts his life to the hands of an expert French driver, whereas the young prince finds it more amusing to drive the machine himself. The writer adds:

This, of course, he can only do within the palace grounds, since to do so in the streets of the town would be considered below his dignity and would shock the people. At the country residences he is said to have a good deal of amusement out of his motor, but not so the Shah's ministers and friends, who are now terrified at the name "motor." The young prince, it appears, on the machine being delivered from Europe insisted—without previous knowledge of how to steer it—on driving it round a large water tank. He invited several stout ministers in all their finery to accompany him, which they did with heaving faces, overcome by the honor. The machine started full speed ahead in a somewhat snake-like fashion, and with great destruction of the minor plants on the way; then came a moment of fearful apprehension on the part of spectators and performers alike. The car collided violently with an old tree; some of the high dignitaries were flung into the water, others though still on dry land lay flat on their backs. It speaks volumes for the young prince's pluck that, when the car was patched up, he insisted on driving it again; but the number of excuses and sudden complaints that have since prevailed among his father's friends, when asked to go for a drive with the prince, are said to be quite unprecedented.

The Persian army, Mr. Landon found a "painful sight," although there were some good Cossack cavalry which had been drilled by Russian officers. The infantry, however, were a ragged, lazy, shiftless lot. He asked permission to see the army drill. "We do not drill in summer. It's too hot," said a general.

"Do you drill in winter?"

"No, it's too cold."

"Are the troops, then, only drilled in the autumn and spring?"

"Sometimes. They are principally drilled a few days before the Shah's birthday, so that they may look well on the parade day before his majesty."

From the Shah's reception-room, which had a very large window overlooking the royal garden, Mr. Landon saw the birthday parade. A throne was placed close to the edge of the window on which the Shah seated himself, and then began the procession of native representatives:

The *kajars* in their grand robes and white turbans paraded before the window, and then forming a semicircle salaamed the head of their family. One of them stepped forward and chanted a long poem, while the Shah puffed away at the *kalian* and stroked his luxuriant mustache. Every now and then the sovereign bowed in acknowledgement of the good wishes paid him, and his how was repeated by the crowd below in the court. After the *kajars* came the *mullahs*. Again another recitation of poetry, again more hows, more *kalian* smoking. Then foreign generals stood before the window, and native officers, court servants, and eunuchs. The defile of troops, colleges, merchant associations, and schools came next, and was very interesting. Persian Cossacks, in their nice long white uniforms and formidable chest ornaments; handsmen with tin helmets and lineolium top-boots; hussars with plenty of braiding on cotton coats and trousers; infantrymen, artillerymen, military cadets—all were reviewed in turn by his majesty, who displayed his royal satisfaction by an occasional how. There were no shrieks of enthusiasm, no applause, no hurrahs, as they went, but they all walked past the royal window in a quiet, dignified way—no easy matter, considering the extraordinary clothing that some were made to wear. One had a sort of suspicion that, not unlike the armies marching on the stage, one recognized the same contingents marching past several times to make up for numbers, but that did not take away from the picturesqueness of the scene, in the really beautiful garden, with lovely fountains spouting and flowers in full bloom.

On his journey through Persia, Mr. Landon occasionally halted for a glass of tea at the Persian *khafekhanas*, and in one of them a very amusing incident happened, showing the serious effect that hallucination may produce on a weak-minded person:

I had got off the carriage and had carried into the *khafekhana* my camera, and also my revolver in its leather case, which had been lying on the seat of the carriage. At my previous halt, having neglected this precaution, my camera had been tampered with by the natives, the lenses had been removed, and the eighteen plates, most of them already with pictures on them—that were inside—exposed to the light and thrown about, with their slides, in the sand. So to avoid a repetition of the occurrence, and to prevent a probable accident, I brought all into the *khafekhana* room and deposited the lot of the raised mud portion along the wall, seating myself next to my property. I ordered tea, and the attendant, with many salaams, explained that his fire had gone out, but that if I would wait a few minutes he would make me some fresh *chah*. I consented. He inquired whether the revolver was loaded, and I said it was. He proceeded to the further end of the room, where, turning his back to me, he began to light upon the fire, and I, being very thirsty, sent another to my *fougon* to bring me a bottle of soda-water. The

imprisoned gases of the soda, which had been lying for the whole day in the hot sun, had so expanded that when I removed the wire the cork went off with a loud report and unfortunately hit the man in the shoulder-blade.

By association of ideas the attendant made so certain in his mind that it was the revolver that had gone off that he absolutely collapsed in a semi-faint, under the belief that he had been badly shot:

He moaned and groaned, trying to reach with his hand what he thought was the wounded spot, and called for his son as he felt he was about to die. We supported him, but he had turned as pale as death.

"What have I done to you that you kill me?" he moaned, pitifully.

"But, good man, you have no blood flowing—look!"

A languid, hopeless glance at the ground, where he had fallen, and sure enough, he could find no blood. He tried to see the wound, but his head could not revolve to a sufficiently wide arc of a circle to see his shoulder-blade, so in due haste we removed his coat and waistcoat and shirt, and after slow, but careful, keen examination, he discovered that not only there were no marks of flowing blood, but no trace whatever of a bullet-hole in any of his garments. Even then he was not certain, and two small mirrors were sent for, which, by the aid of a sympathizing friend, he got at proper angles minutely to survey his whole back.

He eventually recovered, and was able to proceed with the brewing of tea, which he served with terribly trembling hand on the rattling saucer under the tiny little glass.

"It was a very narrow escape from death, *sahih*," he said, in a wavering voice—"for it might have been the revolver."

There is nothing like *backshish* in Persia to heal all wounds whether real or otherwise, and he duly received an extra handsome one.

On the mountains between Kahrut and Soh, Mr. Landon and his party came in contact with the local brigands, who suddenly appeared in the roadway and attempted to rob them. Says Mr. Landon:

Before they had time to put up their rifles, they found themselves covered by my revolver and requested to drop their weapons or I would shoot them. They hastily complied with my request, and instead of ransacking my baggage, as they had evidently designed to do, had to confine themselves to polite remarks.

"You are very late on the road, *sahih*?" said one brigand, in a voice of assumed kindness and softness.

"Please put back your revolver. We will not harm you," said, suavely and persuasively, another, who displayed a most gaudy waistcoat, which he evidently did not want perforated.

Sadek was in a great state of excitement, and entreated me not to shoot. "Persian robbers," he assured me, with a logic of his own, "do not kill the master until the servant has been killed, because it is the servant who is in charge of the luggage. . . . They would not steal anything now, but I must be kind to these fellows."

As is usual with persons accustomed to stalk other persons, I did not fail to notice that, while trying to attract my attention by conversation, my interlocutors were endeavoring to surround us. But I checked them in this, and warned them that I had met many brigands before, and was well acquainted with their ways. I hoped they would not compel me to shoot, which I would most certainly do if they attempted any tricks. They well understood that it was risky to try their luck, so they changed tactics altogether. The conversation that ensued was amusing.

"*Sahih*," shouted a hoisterous robber, very gayly attired, and with cartridges in profusion in his belt, "there are lots of brigands near here, and we want to protect you."

"Yes, I know there are brigands not far from here," I assented.

"We will escort you, for you are our friend, and if we lead you safely out of the mountains, maybe, *sahih*, you will give us *backshish*."

I felt certain that I could have no better protection against brigands than the brigands themselves, and preferred to have them under my own supervision rather than give them a chance of attacking us unexpectedly again some miles further on. Anyhow, I resolved to let them come as far as the next pass we had to cross, from which point the country would be more open and a sudden surprise impossible. So I accepted their offer with a politely expressed condition that every man must keep in front of me and not raise his rifle above his waist or I would send a bullet through him. In the middle of the night we parted on the summit of the pass, and I gave them a good *backshish*—not so much for the service they had rendered me as for relieving for a few hours the monotony of the journey. They were grateful, and were the most civil brigands I have ever encountered.

Mr. Landon had great difficulty in forming his caravan to cross the Great Salt Desert, and his journey on camel-back was far from pleasant:

Camel riding is comfortable at no time. It is passable on the flat; just hearable going up hill, but dreadful going down a fairly steep incline. The wretched beasts assumed a kind of hopping, jerky motion on their front legs, with a good deal of spring in their knees, which humped the rider to such an extent that it seemed almost as if all the bones in one's body began to get disjointed and rattle. When the camel happened to stumble among the rocks and loose stones the sudden jerk was so painful that it took some seconds to recover from the ache it caused in one's spine.

In crossing the desert many peculiar electrical phenomena were noted:

The electricity with which the air of the desert is absolutely saturated is gradually absorbed by the human body and stored as in an accumulator. On touching the barrel of a rifle or any other good conductor of electricity, one would discharge an electric spark of some length. By rubbing one's woolen blankets with one's hands one could always generate sufficient electricity to produce a spark; and as for the cats, if one touched them they always gave out a good many sparks. At night, if one caressed them, there was quite a luminous greenish glow under one's fingers as they came into contact with the hair. Quite a brilliant flash ensued when the cats were rubbed with a woolen blanket.

Mr. Landon's route, after passing the desert, lay through Sher-I-Nasrya, Hormak, and then into northern Beluchistan through the cities of Robat, Mukah, Sahib Chah, Sotag, Chakal, Karodak, Yadgar, and Nushki. The most interesting thing he saw was the ruins of the dead city of Zaidam, which, according to the maps of Major Sykes, has a length of thirty miles. The author spent a good deal of time in threading and observing the ruins of this city, which was once as large as London. His description of Kali-i-Kakaha ("roar of laughter") is also striking. Here is a genuine legend of the christening of this city, which was related to him:

In ancient days there was in that city a deep well, the abode of certain godly virgins, to whom people went from far

and near for blessings. Visitors used to stand listening near the well, and if their prayers were accepted the virgins laughed heartily, whereby the city gained the name of Kaka-ha (roar of laughter). Silence on the part of the sanctimonious maidens was a sign that the prayers were not granted. The Sistan historical authorities seem to think this origin of the name plausible. There were, however, other amusing, if less reliable legends, such as the one our friend Mahommed Azin gave me, which is too quaint to be omitted. "In the time of Alexander the Great," he tells us, "Aristotle the famous had produced an animal which he had placed in a fort" (which fort Mahommed Azin seemed rather vague about). "Whoever gazed upon the animal was seized with such convulsions of laughter that he could not stop until he died." "When Alexander was 'in the West' (i. e., *maghreb zemin*)," continued Mahommed Azin, "he had seen this wonderful animal of laughter" produced by Aristotle, and some seventy or eighty thousand soldiers had actually died of laughter which they could not repress on seeing it. Plato only, who was a wise man, devised a ruse to overcome the terrible effects of looking at the animal. He brought with him a looking glass which he placed in front of the brute, and, sure enough, the demon, which had caused the hilarious death of many others, in its turn was seized with hysterical laughing at itself, and, of course, could not stop, and died too."

The narrator wound up by assuring his hearers that merely to tell this legend was dangerous, for some had heard it, and died of laughter.

Mr. Landon has supplemented his thoroughly readable text with a wealth of interesting snap-shots, which he himself secured, for he has all the persistence and interpidity of the true camera fiend, as the following incident proves:

I asked an old *beluch* and his two sons to sit for their photographs. They put on a sarcastic smile, and said they would rather die a natural death than he taken. The old man, who said he had heard all about "the black boxes," as he styled cameras, and all the mischief they could do, complained that since one or two *sahis* had passed along the route carrying "black boxes" a great many *beluch* had been taken ill, had misfortunes of all kinds, and those who actually had the camera pointed at them had died from the effects. One *sahih* had offered him, personally, a bag of silver if he would only sit for his picture, but "No, sir, not I!" said the father, as he shook his head and scratched his head; and "No, sir, not we!" echoed the grinning youths, "never shall we be taken!"

But before they knew where they were, and without any suspicion on their part, Mr. Landon, by a dodge of his own, had taken three photographs of them, the best of which he reproduces.

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The Fog.

The fog slunk down from Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow,
Southwardly shifting, far inshore, so never a man might know
How the sea it trod with feet soft-shod, watching the distance dim,

Where the fishing-fleet to the eastward beat, white dots on the ocean's rim.

Feeling the sands with its furtive hands, fingering cape and cove,

Where the sweet salt smells of the nearer swells up the sloping hill-side rove,

Where the whimpering sea-gulls swoop and soar, and the great king-herons go.

The fog slunk down from Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Then a stillness fell on crag and cliff, on beach and breaker fell,

As the sea-breeze brought on its final whiff the note of a distant bell,

One faint, far sound, and the fog unwound its mantle across the lea,

Joined hand in hand with a wind from land, and the twain went out to sea!

And the wind that rose spoke soft, of those who watch on the cliffs at dawn,

And the fog's white lips, of sinking ships where the tortured tempests spawn,

As, each to each, they told once more such things as fishers know,

When the fog slinks down from Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Oh, the wan, white hours go limping by, when that pall comes in between

The great, blue hell of the cloudless sky and the ocean's romping green!

Nor sane young day, nor swirl of spray, as the cat's-paws lunge and lift;

On sad, slow waves, like the mounds of graves, the fishermen's dories drift.

For the fishing-craft that leapt and laughed are swallowed in ghostly gray;

Only God's eyes may see where lies the lap of the sheltered bay,

So their dories grope, for lost their lore, witlessly to and fro,

When the fog slinks down from Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Oh, men of the fleet, 'tis you who learn, of the white fog's biting breath,

That life may hang on the way ye turn, or the way ye turn be death!

Though they on the lea look out to sea for the woe or the weal of you,

The ominous East, like a hungry heast, is waiting your tidings, too!

A night and a day, mayhap, ye stray, a day and a night, perchance.

The dory is led toward Marhlehead, or pointed away for France;

The shore may save, or the sea may score, in the unknown final throw,

When the fog slinks down from Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

Ah, God of the Sea, what joy there lies in that first faint hint of sun!

When the pallid curtains sulking rise, and the reaches wider run,

When a wind from the west on the sullen breast of the waters shoulders near,

And the blessed blue of the sky looks through, as the fog-wreaths curl and clear.

Ah, God, what joy when the gallant huoy, swung high on a sudden swell,

Puts fear to flight like a dream of night with its calm, courageous hell,

And the dory trips the sea's wide floor with the verve 'twas wont to know,

And the fog slinks back to Lahrador, stealthy, sure, and slow!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl in *Harper's Weekly*.

BEAUTIFUL JAVA.

How Tourists Pass the Day at the Hotels—Dipper Baths and Delicious Coffee—Dutch Cleanliness and Comfort.

Java is beautiful, interesting, and clean. The hotels and railway express trains are comfortable, and traveling in that country is a delight. We landed at Batavia on the evening of our twenty-eighth day out from Sydney, and were soon installed in the Hotel Nederlanden, and received our first introduction to dipper baths. Bath-tubs are unknown in the Dutch East Indies and, in fact, as we found later, on the Dutch steamers or in Singapore and Siam. Bathing, however, is practiced extensively, early and late. The thermometer ranges from eighty-five to ninety-five, and as the temperature of the water at daybreak is never low enough to give you a shock, hot baths are not indulged in.

The hotel bath-rooms everywhere are large, clean, and inviting. A cement tank in one corner holds a hogshead or two of water, but is not to be entered. You stand on a latticed wooden platform, and with a big dipper pour water over your head and shoulders, and the sensation is delightful and refreshing. Men, women, and children use the same bath-rooms, and when business is brisk, as it always is between 5 and 6 A. M. and 5 and 6 P. M., you may occasionally find all of the half-dozen rooms occupied. In your pajamas, you wait for a minute or two, as the operation is not long and very little cleaning up is necessary. Then you are likely to exchange greetings with some fair young Dutch girl, as she emerges in her *sarong* and *kabayah*, "with her golden hair hanging down her back." These bath-rooms are always in detached buildings connected with the rear or court of the hotel by a covered walk.

Nearly all the hotel rooms have broad verandas facing the court, which is always a beautiful garden, and on these, in easy chairs, the guests appear to spend the best part of the day in the lightest and airiest of costumes. The men do not retain their sleeping pajamas, but don a similar outfit, the trousers cut out of the loudest and gaudiest patterned cotton material, the coat being the white collarless cotton garment worn by the Chinese.

The women usually wear a *sarong* and *kabayah*. The *sarong* is the same as those worn by the native men and women, and consists of a hand-decorated strip of cotton goods a little more than three by six feet in size, sewn together to make a round skirt which is gathered and tucked into a belt at the waist. The *kabayah* is a white, loose sack, more or less trimmed with lace or embroidery. Every one goes barefooted, wearing only toe slippers to walk in, and these are generally discarded by the men when they sit in a lounging chair with their feet up on swinging extension arms. In these costumes the married women go out to drive or market in the mornings, but unmarried ladies don a Mother Hubbard and shoes and stockings.

The calling hour is from 6 to 7 P. M., and then every one is supposed to be fully dressed. The men then sometimes appear in dark clothes, but usually wear the white cotton suits so well known everywhere in the Orient—the closely buttoned-up coat, with standing collar, making unnecessary the usual starched shirt. The women often put on very warm and uncomfortable clothing for the calling and dinner hours, although a thin much-trimmed Mother Hubbard, called in Java a *bebe*, is admissible, and frequently worn. The *sarong* costume, which is all right for luncheon, is barred out for the formal hotel dinner. One of the rules posted up in the Hotel Belle Vue at Buitenzorg reads as follows: "The public are requested to be properly and suitably dressed at *table d'hôte*," meaning no pajamas and no *sarongs* at dinner.

At the first evidence that you are astir in the morning, even as early as 4:30 or 5 o'clock, your room boy brings your coffee. This comes in the form of a strong extract, served in a glass cruet, accompanied by a pitcher of milk, sometimes hot, but usually only lukewarm. The extract is supposed to be made fresh daily by leaching about a pint of water through a pound of finely powdered and closely packed coffee, which, after the first leaching, goes to the servants. We always made our own coffee every morning with a spirit lamp, and found in Java the best quality we have had in years. It is the product of the Arabian mocha plant, which is now cultivated extensively here.

Breakfast is served from 7 to 10 o'clock, and consists of cheese, which is always on the Dutch table, sliced sausage, cold meats, eggs—the only hot dish—and fruit. Bananas are usually eaten with cheese, and the com-

bination is not half bad. Dinner, from 8 to 8:30 in the evening at the hotels, and even later in private families, is the usual *table d'hôte*, after which every one goes to bed.

The meal of the day, however, is luncheon, or "rice table," as it is called by the Dutch, which is served about one o'clock. The popular impression prevailed in the early days that to keep healthy in Java you must eat plenty of rice. A huge bowl of boiled rice is the first dish passed, and you are supposed to fill your soup plate heaping full. Then, by actual count, twenty-two other dishes are passed as accompaniments and condiments. These consist of chicken, usually both fried and stewed, fried eggs, sausage meats, shredded, frizzled meat, then two or three dishes of curry hot with Spanish peppers, and eight or ten accompanying dishes of dried fish, coconut, and numerous other concoctions, which no passing tourist ever masters. After this steak and potatoes invariably follow, with more bananas and cheese. Then you take a nap of two or three hours.

At Buitenzorg, thirty-three miles from Batavia, at an elevation of one thousand feet or so, with towering volcanoes to the east and west, the climate is much cooler than at Batavia, and the place is a popular resort for Batavians. Here the governor-general's residence is located in what is claimed to be the finest hotanial garden in the world. It certainly is ahead of anything we have seen, greatly excelling those at Calcutta and Kandy in Ceylon, both of which are famous. There is an avenue of kanary-trees, each tall trunk covered with a different species of giant creeper, some of them orchids, which are wonderfully fine. The collections of palms, orchids, water lilies, bamboos, and innumerable other trees and plants embrace almost every known variety, and are beautiful beyond description.

The Dutch to us seemed splendid colonists. They keep a firm hand over the natives, and do not believe in spoiling them by teaching them too much of civilization. The Dutch learn the Malay and Javanese languages instead of forcing the natives to speak Dutch, as has been claimed, and they encourage them to work and till the ground.

Java is one vast garden, cultivated even more closely than is Japan, rice, sugar, coffee, and tobacco being the staple products, but the various palms and other tropical vegetation give great natural beauty to this charming country. The Dutch know better how to live in the tropics than other Europeans, as their loose and airy costumes and open, broad-verandaed houses attest, and their cleanliness reaches the native. The servants are clean and thorough, and the cottages and grounds of Malays and Javanese are alike usually neat and attractive.

It is an inexpensive side trip for round-the-world tourists to make from Singapore, and it is surprising that more do not compass it. May is the month to see Java at its best.

W. R. TOWNSEND.

BANGKOK, SIAM, December 3, 1902.

Julian Ralph, the well-known writer and war correspondent, died in New York on Tuesday, at the age of forty-nine years. During the fifteen years he worked as a reporter on the New York Sun, he was considered one of the ablest reporters in the metropolis. When he changed to special writing for the Harper periodicals he also made a hit, and was regarded as one of the best descriptive writers in the country. Of late years he had done much work in short stories, and he wrote an excellent history of the Boer War, in which he received injuries that shattered his constitution and led to his death. His published works include "The Sun's German Barber," "Our Canada's Frontier," "Our Great West," "Chicago and the World's Fair," "People We Pass," "Dixie," "Alone in China," "An Angel in a Web," "Toward Pretoria," "At Pretoria," "War's Brighter Side," and "The Millionaire."

The following is a list of the lectures to be given in the auditorium of the Cooper Medical College this winter and spring: February 6th, "Affairs of the Heart," Dr. William Fitch Cheney; February 20th, "Artistic Anatomy of Head and Neck" (lantern slides), Dr. George B. Somers; March 6th, "Medical Discoveries by Non-Medical Men," Dr. Emmet Rixford; March 20th, Salts and their Relation to Life," Dr. Walter E. Garrey; April 3d, "Queer Medicines," Dr. George F. Hanson; April 17th, "The Skin," Dr. J. O. Hirschfelder; May 1st, "Taking Cold," Dr. A. H. Taylor; and May 15th, "Bones," Dr. Stanley Stillman. These lectures are free to the public, and no ticket of admission is required.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

A Poet of the People.

Will Carlton, he of "Betsy and I Are Out" and "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" fame, offers a volume of new poems at this time, called "Songs of Two Centuries." He has essayed some patriotic verse, which is unimpressive, but the dialect poems all have the old-time flavor. Mr. Carlton's work is not of a high order, but it is healthy enough, and doubtless gives pleasure to a great many readers. We extract Ahab Adams's account of a dance that he and his six brothers surreptitiously got up one time when the old folks went away to quarterly meetin':

Cross-eyed Baker worked the fiddle:
Though no sweet professional beauty,
Couldn't he make a dancin' tune
Skip aroun' an' do its duty?
Wasn't his head chock full o' notes!
Yellin', moanin', cooin', glancin'—
Ef he'd tried, I almost think
He could set a graveyard dancin'!
Broke one string, the first dumbest thing;
But he rose to that superior
In a way that made our cat
Tremble fur its own interior!
What a voice he hed, besides!—
Half a roar an' half a ripple;
He could "call off" in a way
That would give legs to a cripple.
Not a dance he undertook,
But he made us all go through it:
Folks went trippin' 'mongst the figgers
That I never thought could do it.
People that was sick abed
When they got the invertation,
Now was with us in the shindig.
Dancin', too, like all creation;
Skippin' o'er the hard-wood floor—
All its cracks an' 'jints an' hummocks—
Givin' thanks there with their heels,
Ef they couldn't with their stomachs.

Recollect old Nathan Davis?
How he made the windows rattle!
Couldn't hev caused a bigger racket
Ef he'd hrought a drove of cattle!
Recollect Cordelia Close.
Of the spinsterette persuasion?
Little thing hadn't danced before.
Maybe, sence the Dutch invasion.
Recollect Lycurgus Straw?
Local preacher, full o' feelin':
Looked on: said he didn't think
It was half as bad as stealin';
Recollect old Gran'pa Purdy?
Worked up by that fiddle's mockin's,
He jest jerked off both his boots,
Prancin' roun' in white-toed stockin's;
Oh, I tell ye it was fine!
Full o' music, joy, an' clatter!
Not a morsel fur to eat,
But a pile to make us fatter!

An' when everything was gorgeouse.
An' our blood was still a-heatin'.
Dad an' Mam come happenin' in—
Unexpected home from meetin'.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

William Watson's Best Tenth.

It is Kipling—is it not?—who says that nine-tenths of any man's writing is bound to be bad. Evidently William Watson subscribes, in a measure, to this hard saying, for he has chosen from all his many books of verse a few poems—the good tenth—to make a not over-thick book, which he calls "Selected Poems." Enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Watson will feel no special thrill at this announcement, but those who have in him only a mild interest, may perhaps let this small volume suffice them.

By the way, we wonder if Mr. Watson had in his sub-conscious mind Swinburne's line, "They are half fool, being rather good than fair," when he wrote in "Ode in May":

"With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair."

We extract one poem, which, at this moment, seems timely:

THE WORLD IN ARMOUR.

ONE.

Under this shade of crimson wings abhorred
That never wholly leaves the sky serene—
While Vengeance sleeps a sleep so light, between
Dominions that acclaim Thee overlord—
Sadly the blast of Thy tremendous word,
What'er its mystic purport may have been,
Echoes across the ages, Nazarene:
Not to bring peace Mine errand, but a sword.

For lo, Thy world uprises and lies down
In armour, and its Peace is War, in all
Save the great death that weaves War's dreadful
crown:

War unenobled by heroic pain,
War where none triumph, none sublimely fall,
War that sits smiling, with the eyes of Cain.

TWO.

When London's Plague, that day by day enrolled
His thousands dead, nor deigned his rage to
ahate
Till grass was green in silent Bishopsgate,
Had come and passed like thunder—still, 'tis
told,
The monster, driven to earth, in hovels old
And haunts obscure, though dormant, lingered
late.

Till the dread Fire, one roaring wave of fate,
Rose, and swept clean his last retreat and hold.
In Europe live the dregs of Plague to-day,
Dregs of full many an ancient plague and dire,
Old wrongs, old lies of ages blind and cruel.
What if alone the world-war's world-wide fire

Can purge the ambushed pestilence away?
Yet woe to him that idly lights the fuel!

THREE.

A moment's fantasy, the vision came
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so
Mountain re-born, with vestal limbs aglow,
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame.
It fled; and a phantom without name,
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said: "Lo,
I am that ravished Europe men shall know
After the morn of blood and night of shame."
The spectre passed, and I beheld alone
The Europe of the present, as she stands,
Powerless from terror of her own vast power,
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown;
And round her the sad Kings, with sleepless
hands,

Piling the fagots, hour by doleful hour.

Published by John Lane, New York.

DEATH OF M. DE BLOWITZ.

Henri Georges de Blowitz, the famous Paris correspondent of the London Times, died in Paris on Sunday last of apoplexy, at the age of seventy years. For the past thirty years he has been regarded as one of the best-informed French writers, and one of the most powerful of the personal forces of the press. When he first took up his work for the Times, it is said he could not write an intelligible sentence in English. For a long time he wrote his communications in French, and they had to be translated for the printer. He soon acquired the language, however, and had long been able to use it with much ability and force.

Monarchs and statesmen frequently chose him as the means of conveying to the world messages and explanations which they were anxious should become known in an authoritative manner. When Thiers was president of the French Republic, he was so thoroughly accustomed to use De Blowitz's dispatches as the safest method of communicating his views to the public, not only of foreign countries, but likewise of France herself, that the leading organs of the Parisian press would either await the arrival of the Times in order to ascertain the attitude of their chief magistrate on the questions of the day, or else would have the contents of the dispatches telegraphed to them from London. Later on other French statesmen were wont to make use of De Blowitz in the same manner. Only one of them not only declined to hold any intercourse with De Blowitz, but was his openly declared foe. That was Gambetta, and had it not been for the fact that De Blowitz was a full-fledged French citizen by naturalization, he would undoubtedly have been expelled from France at the time when Gambetta became premier and minister of foreign affairs.

The secret of De Blowitz's great success is said to have been due to the absolute and complete confidence with which he inspired the statesmen, the politicians, and the diplomats with whom he was brought in contact, and which he never betrayed. They all felt that they could depend absolutely on his discretion, no matter how great the temptation from a journalistic point of view to do otherwise, and when the Duke Decazes, while playing billiards at the Quai d'Orsay after dinner, one evening, suddenly received the news of the purchase by the British Government of the Khedive's stock in the Suez Canal Company, and, wild with rage, broke forth into frantic threats against the English Government, charging M. de Blowitz to make known his indignation and the fact that he was bent on retaliation, the correspondent of the Times, who had been one of the party present, although he saw the value of the news, made no use of it. The next day he met the duke, who had recovered his senses, and who, grasping him by both hands, exclaimed: "I shall never forget what you have done for us. You have sacrificed journalistic success to your sense of duty and to the cause of peace."

When he severed his connection with the London Times last January, or rather was dismissed, De Blowitz seemed to have lost heart, for he confided to Vance Thompson, who has been preparing his memoirs for American publication, that he felt grieved at being cast off like an old horse when he was of no further use. During the Spanish-American War, De Blowitz made many bitter enemies in the United States by his ardent support of the Spanish monarchy. His attacks upon the Americans reached a climax when he cabled to England a report of an interview he had with Señor Rios, in which he quoted the Spanish diplomat as saying that the American peace commission resembled a horde of clerks and attachés who had apparently been sent to Paris to gloat over the humiliation of the Spaniards. The speech was indignantly denied by Señor Rios, and its publication subjected the correspondent to severe censure from his paper.

LITERARY NOTES.

Napoleon's Brutal Jailer.

A melancholy fact it is that the Emperor Napoleon should have had his life shortened, his last days made miserable, through the brutal tyranny of his jailer. That he who had all Europe at his feet should have lacked even decent care and proper medical attendance in his mortal sickness on St. Helena is surely one of the ironies of fate. It is a thing that will always remain a black blot on the 'scutcheon of the English Government. The facts are again emphasized at this time by the publication in English of Paul Frémeaux's book, "With Napoleon at St. Helena," based upon the memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, an English surgeon, who, too late, attended the stricken general. The work which comes to English readers in this curiously roundabout way has been translated from the French by Edith S. Stokoe, a grandniece of Dr. Stokoe.

The facts regarding Napoleon's treatment on St. Helena have been threshed over a great many times. Immediately after the general's death there was a revulsion of feeling toward him, and his keeper, Sir Hudson Lowe, was socially ostracized on his return to England, and in order to hush up the matter, was persuaded to accept an obscure post in the Far East. He died a disappointed and broken-hearted man. Shortly after his death, however, one William Forsythe published a book, based on Sir Hudson's posthumous papers, vindicating him, and another revulsion of popular opinion took place. Napoleon, for some time thereafter, was generally held by Englishmen to have been an intractable prisoner, requiring bars measures for proper control. The tales of ill-treatment were discredited. Gradually, however, the one-sidedness of Forsythe's book became evident to students of the subject. French writers adduced much unimpeachable evidence in refutation of Forsythe's conclusions, so that Lord Roseberry, and other late English writers, have frankly acknowledged Forsythe's untrustworthiness, and admitted that Napoleon was subjected to numberless indignities at the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe. Now comes Dr. Stokoe's testimony, clinching the matter. It is to-day practically proved that Lowe was a harsh, narrow-minded, incapable, suspicious, petty tyrant, and that his obstinate persistence in the foolish belief that the emperor was shamming sickness greatly shortened Napoleon's life.

Published by John Lane, New York.

Keeler's Fine Book on San Francisco.

Even the most critical and reserved reviewer could not fail to bestow upon Charles Keeler's "San Francisco and Thereabouts" warm and generous praise. That the book is published by the California Promotion Committee, and is, therefore, primarily an advertisement, does not prevent it from being literature. It has none of that sloppy inaccuracy and foolish superlativeness that commonly characterize books intended to present the merits of a city. Mr. Keeler is poet enough to appreciate that San Francisco's history and qualities are in themselves, respectively, so marvelous and attractive as to need no "laying on" of color. He has sought only adequate presentation, and has achieved it. The author describes how the first settlement was made by the padres of St. Francis, tells of the coming of the Argonauts, of the railroad and honanza kings. He pictures the peerless bay, and presents vignettes of city streets, the Barbary Coast, Chinatown, the beach. Chapters are devoted to the awakening of the city, the eastern shore of the bay, South San Francisco, Mt. Tamalpais, and "through the Golden Gate." Of well-executed and really very discriminatingly selected page-pictures there are twenty.

The make-up of the book deserves a word. It is printed in clear, black-faced type, on a good quality of deckle-edged paper, and is bound stoutly in gray. The full cover-design is a masterpiece in its way. It represents the ferry slips and ferry building as they appear, to one on the transbay boats just before this side is reached. The ferry tower is silhouetted against a bright sunset sky and the dark hills of the city, while in the foreground are circling gulls and a bit of blue water. This design is flanked on either hand by two stately hawks. The name of the author of this eloquent bit of work is modestly withheld.

San Franciscans should need no urging to procure as many of these books as possible for distribution to Eastern friends. In the words of the circus harker, "You will never regret."

Published by the California Promotion Committee, San Francisco.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Owen Wister intends to write another Western story of a somewhat earlier day than "The Virginian." It will be a border story, too, he says, taking in the whole of pioneer life—Indians, hunters, first settlers, cowboys, desperadoes, and all.

Irving Bacheller is to follow his novel, "D'ri and I," with a book of poems, and then will come a new novel called "Darrell o' the Blessed Isles."

Eden Phillpotts, the author of "The Children of the Mist" and "The River," has written his first historical novel, to be called "The Farm of the Dagger." The story is to run serially, and will then be brought out in book-form. The scene is laid both in England and in America, and the action takes place during the time of the War of 1812.

The volume of short stories and studies by Henry James, which Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication this month, is to be entitled "The Better Sort."

"The Untilled Field," a new book by George Moore, will be published early next month. This is Mr. Moore's first work since his "Sister Teresa" was issued. It is said to show the influence of his special study of Celtic life, habits, and language.

The second volume of Mme. Adam's autobiography, to be called "My Literary Life," will be issued in May. The volume tells about her literary work, of her experiences during the Franco-Prussian War, during which time her husband was prefect of police in Paris, of her connection with the *Nouvelle Revue*, which she started about thirty years ago, and other literary efforts. The first volume dealt with "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth," and succeeding volumes will tell about her "Political Life" and "The Siege of Paris."

Sir Arthur Sullivan's biography is to be written by Vernon Blackburn, an English musical artist of considerable prominence.

The announcement comes from England that Bret Harte's personal estate is valued at only eighteen hundred dollars.

A "National Edition" of the works of Daniel Webster, in eighteen volumes, is announced by Little, Brown & Co. It will be bound in crushed levant morocco, and accompanied by a special set of India proofs of the portraits and views.

A novel by Vance Thompson will be published early next month under the title "Spinners of Life." Mr. Thompson has been in this country for the past two months arranging for the publication of this book, and for the staging of a new play by him which David Belasco will bring out.

The central figure of Francis Churchill Williams's new novel, "The Captain," is Ulysses S. Grant.

Viscount Goschen has written a biography in two volumes of his grandfather, the celebrated Leipzig publisher, George Jacobim Goschen, who started business in Leipzig in 1785, and had friendly as well as business relations with the poets and writers of that period in German letters. He published the first collected edition of Goethe's works under the author's supervision. Many of their letters are included in this volume. Goschen numbered among his friends also Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and Körner.

"The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert," by Arthur Coslett Smith, author of "The Monk and the Dancer," are to be published in book-form.

Maurice Hewlett has written a new story of Italy, with the scene set in the time of Dante.

Among the notable books which the Macmillan Company will publish this spring are "A Week in a French Country House," by Adelaide Sartoris, illustrated by Lord Leighton; "Bethlehem: A Nativity Play," by Laurence Housman; and the "Life of Queen Victoria," by Sidney Lee, editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography."

A unique work by the Boer prisoners of war, who have been in the camp at Ahmednagar in India, is to be published in England. Among these prisoners were men who had been present at almost every fight in the campaign. To while away time they decided to club together their various experiences, and appointed Commandant Bresler, of the Orange Free State, to act as editor of the common stock. When the manuscript was put in shape it was read over to the seven hundred authors, and so took definite form. De Wet, Krieger, and other Boer generals are contributing introductory chapters.

Kipling's "The Rowers."

Rudyard Kipling's poem on the Anglo-German alliance has been scored in Germany. Herr Block, in the *Tageblatt*, writes a scathing answer to "The Rowers," which is called "The Other Boat," that is, Germany's. Germany hails the British boat in which Kipling is declaiming, and says that she sympathized with the Boers as the weaker party, but, with England, thanked God for peace. The rowers in England's boats she bids close their ears to the poet of discord:

Peace, men! and trust not the word of shame
That a fool hawls in your ears—
He rhymes at ease of the rude war game
At a desk, where no foe he fears.

Not he, the rogue, who gives to the bold
The praise that is theirs of right;
How call you him who this lie hath told
And doth our peace despite?

Speak out! We "Huns" love bluster not—
To others that proud device,
Let your Indian drummer drum till he rot,
But—pack his head in ice.

The following French translation of "The Rowers," appeared in a Paris paper. It is by George Villiers, and follows the original closely:

LES RAMEURS.

Les rames, une centaine, fendaient l'eau avec force
En arrière, en avant, en grincantes,
Mais amer était le chant des rameurs,
Comme ils manœuvraient leur bateau.

Ils chantaient: Que leur prend-il donc
Et sur quelle étoile guident-ils leur course?
Nous étions revenus saufs des mers du Sud:
Et voilà qu'ils nous jettent sur un hanc de sable
De la Baltique!

Cette nuit on nous jurait que notre voyage était fini.

Mais voici que nous reprenons la mer,
Et on nous parle du pacte secret
Conclu avec l'ennemi avéré.

Nous devons garder une côte sans phares,
Croiser, manœuvrer, virer,
Aux ordres de cette race qui le plus nous a nui
Des années, des années, des années.

Jamais, en pays chrétien, infamie ne se commit
Sans qu'ils nous l'imputassent
Et maintenant il nous faut reprendre la mer,
Pour faire encore cause commune avec eux!

Regardez au Sud! La tempête s'est à peine apaisée
Qui nous désempara et nous épuisa. . .
Pendant que nous allions à la dérive, eux restaient à terre,

Faisant des vœux pour notre destruction.

Les morts qu'ils bafouèrent sont à peine refroidis,
Nos blessures saignent encore.

Et voici qu'on nous dit que nous nous sommes vendus

Pour les aider à se faire payer une dette.

Sous les drapeaux de toutes les nations
Qui pareourrent les océans,
N'y avait-il donc pas une autre flotte,
Que nous mettions nos mains dans les leurs?

Oh! le pire moment qu'on prit choisis
Pour aboutir à un tel malheur.
Quelle fatalité avez-vous donc déchainée,
Qu'entre tous les peuples vous ayez choisi le pire?

Si près de la paix—et être obligés
De parcourir la moitié du monde
Avec un équipage mystifié pour nous allier enco
Au Goth et au Hun ébonté. —Rudyard Kipling

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LITERARY NOTES.

Important Essays by John Fiske.

The one demerit against the two stout volumes of "Essays: Historical and Literary," by the late John Fiske, is that most of us have long ago read these articles, with avid interest, in the various places of their periodical appearance, and so they are now a tale that is told. But Fiske's many admirers—and who is not his admirer?—may now with satisfaction place the books on their library shelves. The sub-title to volume one of this collection is "Scenes and Characters in American History"; of volume two, "In Favorite Fields." The latter is not an illuminative description. With one exception ("John Milton") all these essays fall readily into divisions headed "Historical" and "Scientific." Regarding Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and "Evolution in the Present Age," about all of whom and which he here writes, there was no weightier authority than John Fiske. Primarily, indeed, he was a scientist, not an historian. At one time, he was, in a way, the voice of Herbert Spencer in America. Him he interpreted to the people, and defended against attack—but with one divergence from Spencerian philosophy. Fiske never acknowledged, as Spencer has and Huxley did, that life beyond the grave was, in the light of science, improbable. To the last he remained firm in the belief that immortality was his and every man's.

The historical essays include articles on Thomas Hutchinson, Charles Lee, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, and Webster. All are marked by that clear and lucid style which has done so much to win readers from all classes for Professor Fiske's voluminous and broadly sympathetic works. There is an admirable frontispiece-portrait.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price (two volumes), \$4.00 net.

An Up-to-Date Commercial Chesterfield.

The success of George Horace Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" is well deserved. We note that it is already among the "best-selling books" in the lists from many cities—and it ought to be. The "Letters" are supposed to be written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Co., pork-packers in Chicago—famously known on "Change as "Old Gorgon Graham"—to his son, Pierrepoint, facetiously known to his intimates as "Piggy." To the publishers' claim that the book is a masterpiece of humor and sound sense we subscribe. Here is a characteristic paragraph from the Old Man:

There are men who are always howling that Bill Smith was promoted because he had a pull, and that they are being held down because the manager is jealous of them. I've seen a good many pulls in my time, but I never saw one strong enough to lift a man any higher than he could raise himself by his hoot straps, or long enough to reach through the cashier's window for more money than its owner earned.

When a fellow brags that he has a pull, he's a liar or his employer's a fool. And when a fellow whines that he's being held down, the truth is, as a general thing, that his boss can't hold him up. He just picks a nice, soft spot, stretches out flat on his back, and yells that some heartless brute has knocked him down and is sitting on his chest. A good man is as full of hounce as a cat with a small boy and a hull terrier after him.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Housekeeping Amid Revolution.

Amelia E. Barr, the popular author of "A Bow of Orange Ribbons," will no doubt please her admirers by her latest hook, "A Song of a Single Note." This story, like its predecessor, is also of colonial times, its scenes being laid in New York at the time of the Revolutionary War, and during the occupancy of that city by the Royalist army. During the progress of the tale, Whigs and Tories are thrown closely together, and the author has a happy faculty for reviving, in simple and unaffected wise, the ways, the speech, the daily gossip, and interests of a past epoch. The hook is full of atmosphere, and the reader is able to enter freely into the daily worries concerning supplies and graver considerations which filled the minds of New York householders at that fateful time.

Woven in with the graphic recital of larger issues, are the parallel threads of a couple of love-stories, which are, however, more a peg upon which to hang descriptions of the social diversions and formal courtships of young people of that epoch than tales which are offered for their variety of incident or plot. In fact, the writer is slightly open to the suspicion of needlessly prolonging the hero-

ine's agony in order to add further details to the very successful colonial atmosphere in which the story moves.

A few great names appear, but the principal charm of the story lies in the faithful presentation of the family life, with all its varying interests of age, maturity, and youth, in a well-ordered, prosperous, dignified household. General calamities bring private ones in their train, and events move rapidly with the fall of the Tories, although there is some lack of inventiveness, and a degree of mechanical arrangement evident in the unfolding of the troubled tale of young love. But for the truth and freshness of interest attached to its historical coloring, the hook can be safely recommended.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Sur les Bords du Rhin," being selections from Victor Hugo, edited by Thomas Bertrand Bronson, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Letters of an American Countess" is yellow journalism between covers. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Four Little Indians; or, How Carroll Got Even," a story for boys of eight or nine, by Ella Mary Coates, is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, 80 cents.

A first-rate tribute to the excellence of Malcolm Bell's "Sir Edward Burne-Jones" is the fact that it has passed into a third edition. This little hook is very handsomely bound in paste grain roan, contains several good illustrations, and belongs to Bell's Miniature Series of Painters. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Stories of Old France" (60 cents), by Leila Wehster Pitman, has been added to the series of Eclectic School Readings. It is well suited to serve as an introduction to French history. Another volume of the same series is "Stories of Humble Friends" (50 cents), by Katherine Pyle, intended for children in the third-reader grade. Both hooks are illustrated. Published by the American Book Company, New York.

A portfolio entitled "Birds of God: Angels and Sundry Imaginative Figures from the Pictures of the Masters of the Renaissance," selected for children by J. B. Radcliffe-Whitehead, with an introduction by R. Radcliffe-Whitehead, has appeared. The eighteen pictures are well reproduced in a photogravure tint, and each measures eleven by fourteen inches in size (with border). Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$3.00.

Those who have already purchased volumes of Dent's edition of the prose works of Thackeray, ably edited by Walter Jerrold, and admirably illustrated by Charles E. Brock, will be pleased to learn that three more volumes are now ready, containing "The Virginians." As we have already said in these columns, this edition is one of the best, if not the best, low-priced one on the market. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price (three volumes), \$3.00.

Close observers hold that there is a renaissance in household artistry. It indeed seems so, and is something much to be desired. Basket-weaving, lace-making, wood-carving, hook-holding, leather-working—these are all household arts whose development can not be too strongly urged. A well-written, very thorough and direct little hook, exactly described by its title, is "How to Make Rugs," by Candace Wheeler. It should give added impetus to that art. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Heart of the Doctor," a "first hook by a new author," is written in an easy, clear style, is in no way new in thought, or striking in treatment, but still possesses a certain charm—perhaps because of its very simplicity. The scene is Boston, the hero a young physician, an interne of a dispensary in the Italian quarter. He wins the love and affection of the people of his district, but an obdurate father stands in the way of his complete happiness. In a novel of this sort, however, it is superfluous to say that everything turns out happily. The author is Mahel G. Foster. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Since E. P. Roe, the religious, sentimental novel has not been so much in evidence. "A Daughter of the Sea," however, has all the Roe traits, and is, for a novel of that sort, very good. The heroine, Una Carteret, is a

Maine Ida Lewis—pulls a strong oar, and even plunges into a roaring sea and saves a drowning sailor. Her guardian marries her to a man she does not care for, and subsequent events remind one of "He Fell in Love with His Wife." Girls of sixteen or seventeen, we think, will like the hook. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

To the World's Epoch-Makers Series, edited by Oliphant Smeaton, has been added a volume entitled "Euclid: His Life and System," by Thomas Smith, D. D., LL. D. The author endeavors to steer a middle course between such abstruse handling of the subject as would make the hook of interest only to mathematicians, and such popularizing of it as would make it appear trivial to the initiate. He seems to have succeeded. It is rather interesting to note that Dr. Smith wrote this hook during his eighty-fifth year. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Effie Adelaide Rowlands is the author of several hooks which have been moderately successful. Her last, "Love and Louisa," marks an improvement. It is a romantic story in English setting of true love's troubled, course, but finally auspicious end, in the case of Lady Deevendish. She loves, she is beloved, but cruel fate and the crueler author conspire to prevent the happy consummation until the hook has reached the proper bulk. A medical charlatan, who makes way with Sir Henry Deevendish, and a beautiful (of course!) American girl figure in the tale. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

In writing hooks on topics connected with the history of music, George P. Upton has the better of most American writers on the same subjects, in that his private musical library is one of the most complete in the country. There have already appeared from his hand a number of opera-goers' handbooks, and another volume, "Woman in Music." Now appears "Musical Pastels," a series of sketches about curious and little-known musical matters. Some of the chapter-headings are: "Nero, the Artist," "The Musical Small-Coals Man," "Music and Religion," "The First American Composer," "Some Musical Controversies," etc. The hook is handsomely bound and is illustrated. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.20.

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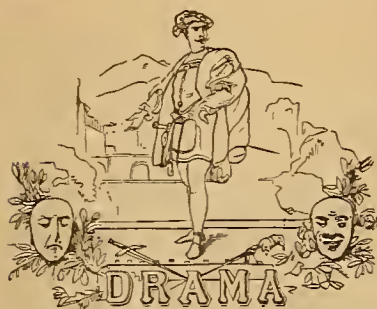
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They put things on remarkably well at the Grand Opera House, and the sombre and magnificent tragedy in which Nance O'Neil has elected to appear, has a setting worthy of its name and fame. So far as is possible and judicious, they have cut down the number of scenes, but even in the briefest do not slight their proper setting.

In the short scene, during which Lady Macbeth welcomes the doomed Duncan as an honored guest, the spectator beholds in the dim twilight an ancient stone castle, whose massive drawbridge descends slowly for the passage of the group of waiting guests without. Within the frame of the castle gate (whose anachronism in stone need not trouble the spectator), Lady Macbeth and her ladies appear, lighting up with the lovely and gracious presence of womanhood the dim and dusky archway behind them. The beauty of the picture, the grace of the hostess, and the splendor of her festal robes glow through the twilight of the scene as poetry illuminates with a solemn, beautiful light the dark onward sweep of the tragedy.

It is always extremely important in the representation of this tragedy that the part of Macbeth should be assumed by an actor accustomed to the legitimate, and one who, consequently, has gained some approximation to the "grand style." Or, failing that, the Scottish chieftain should be portrayed by one who can depict a haunted man. For Macbeth was haunted, at first by his guilty dreams of royalty, and later by the spectres of those he had murdered.

The character of Macbeth overshadows in the play that of his terrible consort, because he was, in spite of his crimes, a man of imagination and of conscience. Like Herod, in Stephen Phillips's tragedy of that name, Macbeth was, to a degree, the slave of destiny. But, unlike Herod, his creator gave him a chance to escape from the meshes of crime by using conscience and free will.

Banquo rejects, with disdain, the evil suggestions of the weird sisters. Macbeth accepts them with superstitious faith, ponders over them, recoils at first from the dark issues that face him, and then, casting conscience to the winds, abandons the counsels of his better hour. He accepts the prophecy as one that must be fulfilled, with guilty aid, and from that hour his downfall is swift and terrible. Yet always, except in the moment of weakening before the murder, and that of horror and remorse that follows it, there is a rugged grandeur about this criminal of criminals, who compasses the murder of women, and puts tender babes to the knife. Like Romeo, that other inspired poet of Shakespeare's, he welcomes each dark tangle in the web of his fate with hursts of exquisite poetry—with moving apostrophes full of a melancholy philosophy, expressed in words of sublime beauty.

It is vain to expect any one man to put into this many-sided nature all that the play would seem to demand. Lady Macbeth fears that he is too full of the milk of human kindness to murder the gentle king. Macduff, even before he knows of the slaughter of his own wife and babes, declares:

"Not in the legends
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth."

But, as John Forster once intimated, no player, even though he be a man of genius, can quite master the character.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Ratcliffe's representation was inadequate. It had its good points. For one thing, the actor has an exceedingly clear and distinct utterance, and the listener does not find himself unconsciously abstracting his thoughts, as was the case with several of the gentlemen in the cast who were notably deficient in the art of stage elocution, and each of whose hursts of declamation was merely a noisy blankness. The principal defect in Mr. Ratcliffe's portrayal was a lack of the imaginative quality. He acted from the surface only, with melodramatic emphases, with commonplace elocution, and with too much monotony of gesture and of facial play in depicting the turbulent emotions that shook the soul of Macbeth. Mr. Ratcliffe's robust style showed him at his best during the last act, at the stage when Macbeth was a desperate warrior, facing perilous issues, hurling contumely at his timid servitors, and defiance at his enemies.

In Miss O'Neil's portrayal of Lady Macbeth there was dignity, but scarcely conviction. Few women can give perfect sincerity to the representation of that character. The woman nature is antipathetic to it. Nance O'Neil, with her dauntless imagination and her capacity for intense emotional expression, seems well fitted to portray the woman of iron nerve, who deeply loved her partner, and who yet was so unsexed by ambition and the lust for power, as to urge him on to crime, and his own undoing. Yet, except in the sleep-walking scene, she impressed me as one who acted out the letter, rather than the spirit. She is, as might be expected, lacking in the chiseled and beautifully varied elocution, which formerly characterized players in the poetical drama. It is, in fact, an art that is almost dead. The style of rapid colloquialism in the drama of the day does not tend to preserve it. It is melancholy, but natural and inevitable. The preservation of this art means thought, study, vocal development, the intellectual weighing of meanings, solitary rehearsal, much time snatched from the breathless rush of work. In the constant change of hills and rôles in Miss O'Neil's continual flights across continents, life is too strenuous, perhaps, to acquire it, but her great, grand voice, with its remarkable modulations from manlike strength to womanly softness, would be a splendid vehicle with which to travel to such a consummation.

As to the thrilling quality in her portrayal, I must admit that I was not thrilled. The tragedy of "Macbeth," for obvious reasons, is more thrilling in the reading than in the acting. The supernatural elements, the incorporate presences, to me, lose in stage representation. This may be my own individual lack. At all events, Nance O'Neil is the fourth Lady Macbeth I have seen, and I have found none of them particularly thrilling. None, it must be added, were women of universally admitted genius. Ellie Wilton was my first Lady Macbeth. She was the leading lady for many years in the old California Theatre Company, and her training in the legitimate served her well when she was cast for the part of Lady Macbeth in the production gotten up a goodly number of years ago by McKee Rankin himself, with the tremendously effective aid of the Edgar Kelley music. It was a great success. Harkins was Macbeth, McKee Rankin was Macduff, and Mordaunt was Banquo. Ellie Wilton was a remarkably effective Lady Macbeth, and Mabel Bert, afterward McKee Rankin's first wife, was a charmingly pretty and pathetic Lady Macduff. The town flocked to see it, and every one to a man enjoyed everything—music, acting, stage pictures (for it was produced with great attention to detail) to the last degree; but, as I remember it, it was an exceedingly fine stock presentation. The merit of no one principal seemed to rise and over-top that of the others.

Miss O'Neil, however, in physical and dramatic impressiveness, has no one to approach her in the company. In her lily-green draperies she looked like a handsome Egyptian, and her mien held the grace and authority of a lady of high station. In the court-yard of the castle, however, I very much questioned the taste that would sanction the use of the itinerant searchlight which lit up Macbeth and his wife during the fateful moments preceding and following the murder. During this time Lady Macbeth stood with her pale face set in its broadest and most brilliant beams, her eyes rolling horribly, and no doubt stirred up primitive sensibilities to a delicious horror. But I thought this touch in bad taste, and crudely theatrical. The mind on the other side of the footlights, however, can never duly restrict the limits of the lime-light. With that to band, the usual theatrical manager is like a child playing with a garden hose.

What a weird and unfamiliar sensation it is to see once more comic opera that represents genius in its composers! I went to the Tivoli on Monday night to witness "The Mikado," and the piece took hold of me with the old irresistible spell, and with as fresh a delight as if it were composed but yesterday. Everything in it is so radical a departure from up-to-date comic opera with which we are so tediously familiar. In the opening chorus, for instance, "We Are Gentlemen of Japan" (remarkably well posed, costumed, and sung, by the way, as was, in fact, with trifling exception, the whole opera),

I found myself gloating on every sentiment and phrase. I would not have missed it for worlds, whereas I bear up with the utmost equanimity if I arrive late for the Miss Simplicities, the Gypsy Girls, etc.

I was delighted to see, too, how the opera took with the audience. They enjoyed Gilbert's irrepressible and original humor, and the fresh and spontaneous charm of Sullivan's music with the greatest zest, and hung on to encores like bulldogs, even occasionally against the wishes of the performers. There were, of course, lines that failed to win a response. But certain ones, gotten up for the delectation of a British audience, always did miss fire in America. The topical songs were pieced out by extra stanzas containing numerous timely local allusions, which delighted the house. This is natural. There must always be something in comic opera which reflects the joviality of the present epoch to make it popular. But the rest of it went almost as merrily. The music was delicious, the choruses were spirited and merry. The work of the principals was admirable.

Edward Webb was a genuinely funny Koko, as active and tireless as a monkey, and he made much of the humor in his lines. Ferris Hartman, except for the usual wide heaving Hartman smile, kept within his rôle, and was an excellent Mikado. Arthur Cunningham's heaviness of voice and style suited the part of Pooh-Bah admirably, and all three of these actors acquitted themselves exceedingly well in the gravely burlesque verisimilitudes of the dialogue.

Oscar Lee is a new tenor, whose voice is untrained and who hasn't the ghost of an idea how to use it. Yet there is so sweet and plaintive a quality to his voice that he succeeds in giving genuine pleasure.

Carrie Roma enriched the part of Katsuba—which is not as humorous as the remaining characters, and is consequently often put in incompetent hands—with an exceedingly pretty and well-managed voice.

Miss Bertha Davis, as Yum-Yum, displays an uneven soprano of very light quality and imperfect execution, but the part is a comparatively small one, and calls for little vocal display.

It is as a whole that the performance was so enjoyable. The rose-wreathed choruses looked as gay as butterflies in their Japanese costumes (Gilbert always did show a master mind in looking after the aesthetics of his operas), and the men in the male chorus, who, by the way, excelled the girls in their singing, were excellently made up and costumed. Annie Myers showed her usual hurlesque ardor as Pitti Sing, and, in fact, if any one is sighing to see comic opera performed in which they are sure of genuine humor, delicious music, the lightest, daintiest, and most dexterous of orchestral accompaniments, spirited singing, handsome costumes, aesthetically pretty mountings, and the performance given in surprisingly faithful accord with the original intentions of the composers, go and see the Tivoli company during their good hour in "The Mikado."

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TUESDAY NIGHT, January 27th,

Assisted by Miss Gertrude Wheeler, contralto.

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Mrs. Belle Haralson, dramatic soprano.

Mr. GYULA ORMAI at the piano.

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VANITY FAIR.

The family hotel and the apartment-house craze is raging violently in San Francisco, and so many new buildings of this character are springing up that one begins to wonder where enough people will be found to fill them all. Hitherto a central location, conveniently accessible to the theatres, the clubs, and the fashionable restaurants has been regarded as indispensable to the success of the family hotel; to-day those which have invaded the residence portion of the city on the other side of Van Ness Avenue seem to be almost as popular, and the prices demanded are every bit as high. Some pessimists are inclined to think that this habit we are acquiring of living in hotels and apartment-houses is an indication of a diminishing respect for home, for family life, and all that it implies. They call attention, too, to the fact that the tenantry of these modern dwelling places consists almost entirely of bachelors or childless couples, and foresee in this popular form of housing a har to matrimony and an almost invincible temptation to childless marriages. On the other hand, those whose families are grown and scattered, and those who can not afford an expensive household, and are desirous of living well on a moderate income, look upon the family hotel as a blessing. It simplifies the humdrum routine of life, abolishes the kitchen, solves the servant-girl problem in the only satisfactory way, and banishes such homely essentials as the butcher, the gardener, and the gasman.

Since early days, the hotels of San Francisco have always been patronized by society. One of the most fashionable of the 'sixties was the old Oriental, which occupied the lot at the junction of Market, Bush, and Battery Streets. It was a two-story, square-frame building, with broad verandas in front, and had its advantages and disadvantages. One of the drawbacks was the constant din that went on among the boilers which were being riveted in the empty space where the Donahue fountain has been erected to the memory of the early-day foundryman, Peter Donahue. Another fault was that many of the walls of the hotel were mere partitions of cloth, covered with paper, so that conversations held in any of the rooms were open to the public. By way of compensation, however, the parlors were of huge size and many public and private balls were given in them. The boarders included many of the elite of those days, so that to say you were living at the Oriental at once stamped you as a social eligible. Among the permanent boarders there were the families of William M. Duer, Judge J. G. Baldwin and Judge J. B. Crockett, of the supreme court, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Squire P. Dewey and their sons, Will and Eugene; and the list of single men included William Alvord, W. S. Jewett, the artist, Governor Edward Stanley, and William T. Coleman. The International Hotel, on Jackson Street near Montgomery, promised to be a formidable rival to the Oriental when it opened its doors. It was a brick building, the rooms were all "hard finished," and the dining-room was a bright and cheery one. But it did not succeed in luring the people away from the other house, and soon gave up the attempt. Among its guests in its palmist days were Postmaster C. L. Weller and his family, Senator and Mrs. J. B. Weller, and Colonel Swords, U. S. A., and his wife, who resided there for several years. The army and navy affected the old Tehama House, which was a familiar landmark on the present site of the Bank of California. When it was moved away the naval and military heroes transferred their allegiance to the new Cosmopolitan Hotel, a fine house on the corner of Bush and Sansome Streets, which had a great vogue during the years 1864 and 1865.

As places of residence, the early-day hotels divided the honors with the numerous boarding-houses which dotted the town. The Brennan House, on Sansome Street, which, when first opened, was kept by a Mrs. Tracey (mother of the actress, Helen Tracey), was an essentially Southern house, and when Mrs. Tracey gave it up, many of her boarders transferred themselves and their families to Mrs. Ham Bowie's residence away up on Sacramento Street Hill, and for several years it was considered the fashionable boarding-house of San Francisco. Mrs. D. S. Turner, who was from North Carolina, was her successor, and her house was known as a Southern stronghold. Among her boarders were Dr. R. P. Ashe (also a North Carolinian) and his family, George McMullin and his pretty daughter, Miss Mollie, afterward Mrs. Milton S. Latham, and P. C. Lan-

der and family. Virginia Block, on Stockton Street, kept by Mrs. Yates, was a close second to Mrs. Turner's, although her boarders were principally the beaux of the period, among whom were John H. Wise, Edward J. Pringle, La Fayette Hammond, I. Lawrence Pool, E. W. Leonard, and Dr. Charles G. Bryant. Senator and Mrs. McDougall also lived there for several years. Another boarding-house of this period was on California Street, just below St. Mary's Cathedral—where, by the by, it still stands. It was kept by a Mrs. Petit, and here lived in the first years of their married life Lloyd Tevis and his wife, newly arrived from Sacramento, where their marriage had taken place.

By this time there were so many large hotels in the city that boarding-houses were no longer popular. The Russ House—which was the first one opened of the new houses—never claimed to be "fashionable," and the only hoarders of any prominence were the families of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort and Dr. and Mrs. Victor Fourgeaud, who occupied corresponding suites of apartments at the two ends of the house. The Lick House and the Occidental both became known as family hotels, and were both fashionable places of abode. The Occidental—then as now—was much affected by the military and notable tourists from all over the world. The Lick House was the first hotel on the Coast to have what was known as "bridal chambers," and was, therefore, very popular with newly married couples from the interior who came to spend their honeymoon "at the Bay." Among the permanent guests here were Eph Leonard and wife, Judge H. A. Lyons and his daughter, Miss Cora Lyons, afterward Mrs. R. C. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Redington, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Williams and their daughter, Miss Mollie, Dr. and Mrs. Jim Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Brewster, George H. Ensign, James Freeborn, Fred Mason, General Seawell, U. S. A., retired, and his daughter, Miss Mary Seawell, Señor José Godoy and family, and others. The Grand Hotel was the last of the quartet of big houses to open its doors, which it did in 1870, and it soon became more of a family hotel than either of the others. Mr. and Mrs. William Norris, who made it their permanent home for several years, had beautifully fitted rooms on the corner of Market and New Montgomery Streets; Judge H. A. Lyons and his daughter also seceded from the Lick and made the Grand their home until the judge acquired the Hall McAllister residence on First Street. Here, too, lived Mrs. William H. Coghill and her daughter, Miss Mamie, Collis P. Huntington and his first wife, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Payne and her sons Warren and Theodore, and Mr. and Mrs. Dewey.

The election of 1902 marked no advance in the matter of woman suffrage, but there was a considerable increase in the number of women elected to office and in the number of women voted for various places. In Idaho, which swung back to the Republican columns after a lapse of several years (points out the New York Sun), May L. Scott was the Republican candidate for superintendent of schools. She received 31,342 votes, and was elected. Luella Kraybill, the Socialist candidate for school superintendent of Kansas, received 4,200 votes. Wright County, Ia., gave nearly 2,000 Republican majority, and elected Miss Jennie G. Keith, of Goldfield, recorder by a majority of 1,341 votes over her Democratic opponent. Miss Keith is an advocate of the industrial rights of women on a basis of merit. She is a newspaper woman by profession, having been engaged in that line five years, three of which were spent in Wright County. She was born in Western Illinois in 1872, and is of Scotch parentage. Mrs. Helen Grenfell is superintendent of public instruction in Colorado, and Anna F. Smith received 11,439 votes for superintendent of public instruction in California at the recent election, running on the Socialist ticket. It has been found to be frequently the case that the first nomination of a woman for elective office is made by one of the minor outside parties in a State. If the experiment succeeds, the woman may be nominated by one of the regular parties at a succeeding election, and ultimately by the dominant party, a nomination which carries with it a practical assurance of election.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett have installed quite a unique table in their New York home. In appearance it is much like any other table, with carved mahogany legs and a conventional cover. The top of the table, however, is in reality a deep box. The cover of this box, which is also the top surface of

the table, is a single plate of heavy glass. Inside the box, running on each side the length of the table, are twenty-four electric lights of different colors, connected by wires that run down to the floor inside one of the legs. The glass top is first covered with a heavy oiled cloth, which serves both to soften the surface and dim the glare of the lights. Then at night, when a dinner-party is given, this cloth is in turn covered, not with the ordinary covering, but with a Japanese cloth of rich design, which is translucent. Beneath the table rim, in front of Mrs. Hackett's seat, is a series of buttons which may be pushed to change at will the color of the light. Red, green, blue, white, or a rich amber shade are possible, and also a combination of these colors. As a rule, when the dinner begins, the room is lighted from the chandelier of amber agate, which hangs above the table, and by wall lights. As the dinner draws near a close, the wall lights are first turned out. Then, when coffee is reached, the chandelier is also darkened, and no light remains but the soft glow shed up from the table itself.

Deferred: Mrs. Peachblow Vase—"How long has your bill been running?" Tradesman—"Two months, ma'am, and I hope—" Mrs. Peachblow Vase—"Only two months? Take it away. I never look at anything that is not old. I am a collector of antiques."—Tit-Bits.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 21, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 3%.....	500	@ 108		108
Los An. Ry 5%.....	3,000	@ 119 1/2-119 5/8		
Los An. Lighting 5%.....	1,000	@ 106		
Market St. Ry 4%.....	7,000	@ 121 1/2	121 1/4	121 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	14,000	@ 121 1/2	121 1/4	
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	20,000	@ 107 3/4-108	108	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 101 1/2		102
Oakland Transit Con				
5%.....	7,000	@ 105 1/4-105 1/2		106
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	50,000	@ 109 1/2-110	110 1/4	110 3/4
Sac. Elect. Gas &				
Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 103		103 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 123	122 3/4	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	18,000	@ 110 3/4-111	110 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	21,000	@ 119 1/2-120	119 1/2	120 1/4
S. P. of Cal. 5%.....				
Stpd.....	7,000	@ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	110 1/4
S. V. Water 4 1/2 2d.....	12,000	@ 103	102 1/2	103
S. V. Water 4 1/2 3d.....	30,000	@ 102 1/2		103
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Spring Valley.....	165	@ 83 1/4-84	83	84
Insurance.				
Firemans Fund.....	10	@ 310	312 1/2	
Banks.				
German S. & L.....	1	@ 2,150	2,150	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	390	@ 63-67 1/4	67	
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	375	@ 4 1/2-4 5/8	4 1/2	5
Hawaiian C. & S.....	370	@ 43 1/2-45 1/2	45 1/2	46
Honokaa S. Co.....	430	@ 13 1/2-14 1/2	13 1/2	14
Hutchinson.....	1,520	@ 14-16 1/2	15 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	30	@ 29-29 1/2	28 1/2	
Paauhau S. Co.....	875	@ 15 1/2-17 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gas.....	200	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2
Oakland Gas.....	340	@ 72-77	76 1/2	78
Pacific Gas.....	25	@ 34 1/2		35
Pacific Lighting Co.	25	@ 52 1/2	52 1/2	53
S. F. Gas & Electric	165	@ 41 1/2	41 1/2	42
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	170	@ 155-159 3/4	158 3/4	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	15	@ 95-95 1/2	95	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	170	@ 100-100 3/4	100 3/4	101 1/4
Oceanic S. Co.....	10	@ 20		25
Pac. A. F. Alarm.....	100	@ 3 1/4	3 1/4	3 3/4

The sugars have been active, and on sales of 3,600 shares made gains of from two and one-quarter to one-quarter points, but closed off easy with small losses in price.

Giant Powder was strong, and on sales of 390 shares advanced from 63 to 67 1/4, closing at 67 bid, with little stock offered.

There has been a very good demand for the gas stocks, with small offerings. Oakland Gas selling up from 72 to 77, closing at 76 1/2 bid, 78 asked.

Spring Valley Water sold off three quarters of a point on sales of 165 shares, closing at 83 bid, 84 asked.

Alaska Packers on sales of 170 shares sold up four and three-quarters points to 159 3/4, closing at 158 3/4 bid.

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTAB- lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB- lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The other night an Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark: "It has just struck one." "Be jahers," retorted Pat, "Oi'm glad Oi didn't ax yees an hour ago!"

It is related that a certain prominent politician recently left his umbrella in the stand at his hotel in Washington, D. C., with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back."

During an engagement in the Transvaal war, General De Wet was amused by a Jew who came up to a burgher who was lying behind a stone on a piece of ground where howlers were scarce. "Sell me that stone for half-a-crown," whined the Jew. "Get out!" the Boer cried; "I want it myself." "I will give you fifteen shillings," insisted the Jew. De Wet adds that although the Boer had never before possessed anything that had risen in value with such surprising rapidity, at that moment he was anything but ready to drive a bargain with the Jew, and without any hesitation he positively declined to do business.

Balzac was once asked by a French publisher to write an article on the Rue Richelieu. He named his terms, which to-day would not seem excessive, but the publisher considered them outrageous, whereupon Balzac replied: "If I am to describe the Rue Richelieu in a way worthy of the street and of myself, I must know it thoroughly, and must not upon any account fail to investigate all that specially characterizes it. I shall have to commence by lunching at the Café Cardinal, then I must buy a gun and a cravat pin at the two shops next door to each other. After that I must go to the tailor's at the corner of the Rue St. Marc—" "Oh, don't go any further than that," interrupted the publisher in alarm; "you would come to the Indian shop next, and things there are a fabulous price."

Apropos of the recent death of his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Fremont, a characteristic anecdote is revived of Senator Benton, of Missouri, showing his tenderness and devotion to his invalid wife. It seems that during her later years her mind became impaired by a paralytic stroke, but she never failed to recognize her husband, and was fond of being near him. Once, when her distinguished husband was entertaining a foreign prince in the drawing-room, Mrs. Benton came to the door, in a state of undress, and stood gazing at her husband. The attention of the company being attracted in her direction, Benton turned to see what the attraction was. On perceiving his poor wife, he immediately rose, went to her, took her tenderly by the hand, and, leading her into the room, said: "My dear, Prince So-and-So; prince, Mrs. Benton, sir." Then affectionately placing a hassock for her by the side of his chair he resumed his seat, and, leaving one of his hands in hers for her to toy with, he went on with the conversation. The prince was quick to take in the situation, and adapted himself to the occasion with consummate tact, while all the Missourians were deeply affected.

Nat Goodwin, Daniel Frohman, and several other men were standing in the lobby of Daly's Theatre in New York the other day before the matinee, when some one suggested to Goodwin that he would be afraid to go on the stage in the second act of "The Billionaire." In this act the scene represents a theatre, with a stage, seats, and boxes. There are people in the seats and boxes and a performance on the mimic stage. Goodwin was dared to occupy one of the boxes of the mimic theatre. He said he wasn't afraid, and, when the second act began, walked out on the stage, much to the surprise of every one, including the actors. "Don't get frightened," he said to the leading comedian, Jerome Sykes, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the theatre; "it's only your old college chum. Aren't you glad to see me? I was looking for Mrs. Osborne's play-house and drifted in here by mistake; that's all. Now, go ahead with your little show. Don't

mind me. I'll be good." On the mimic stage the players were trying to continue the performance, but the real audience would not have it so. They had recognized Mr. Goodwin, and the ovation he received was tremendous. Finally a little page was able to announce that "Mme. Patti has disappointed—" "Fortunately, I am prepared," broke in Mr. Sykes, in his part as manager, rising and leaning toward the box in which Mr. Goodwin had been sitting, but it was a moment too late—too late, too, for the green calcium light to be thrown on the face of Mr. Goodwin, innocent as it was of make-up, as Mr. Sykes had hastily given instructions should be done. But the bird had flown, and this bit of hy-play was lost to the audience.

In his "Random Recollections," Charles H. E. Brookfield, a highly esteemed actor on the London stage, says: "I remember a piece which we produced at the Comedy Theatre, written by a popular author, and very strongly cast, which amused us all so much that we could hardly rehearse it. Charles Hawtrey used every now and then to warn us: 'Now don't speak too soon on that; there's certain to be a big laugh, and we don't want them to miss the next line.' We rehearsed for six weeks. On the first night nothing went wrong—but the piece. There was not one laugh nor one round of applause from start to finish. We took off the comedy in ten days, during which we rehearsed as a stop gap a conventional three-act farce with no literary pretensions. I think it ran for a year."

How a Clever Lawyer Convinced a Jury.

Not long ago, Bert Norton, a Missouri lawyer, won a lawsuit for one of his clients in the Federal Court at Hannibal in a rather novel way. Mrs. Martha B. Phipps, of Macon, sued the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway Company for fifteen thousand dollars. She claimed that a spark from one of its engines caused the burning of her deceased husband's business property at Ethel. The testimony showed that the Santa Fé train stopped at Ethel four minutes the night of the fire, but also that the fire was well under way before the train pulled out, and the road's attorney argued that it was ridiculous to maintain that a fire could be started by a spark and get well under way in such a short time.

Mr. Norton devoted practically his entire argument to this point, and to prove that his client's claim was not preposterous, he took out his watch and handed it to Jurymen L. S. Harlan, and requested him to signal when four minutes had passed. The jurymen leaned over and looked down at the watch. "Then (according to the Macon Republican) 'they got tired, and settled back in their seats. Mr. Harlan lowered his hand and rested it on his knee. The attorney shifted his feet a few times, and sat down in a chair. Judge Adams looked at the clock, and then out of the window. A deputy marshal put his head in at the door to see what was the matter, and waited the result of the curious scene. Nearly every man in the room that had a watch was studying its face. The speaker was sacrificing four minutes of his allotted time, but he felt that it was well invested.

At last Juror Harlan announced the four minutes had expired, and handed the watch back to Mr. Norton. Only four minutes, and yet to every man in the room it had seemed, under the suppressed tension, to have been twice as long. The court remarked after the case had been decided that it appeared fully fifteen minutes. The wearisome suspense was an effective object lesson to the jury, and was a startling exposition of what might transpire in that time. The jury found that the defendant's engine had ample time in four minutes to fire the restaurant building, and they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for fourteen thousand, one hundred and ninety-eight dollars and twenty-eight cents—the exact sum her proof showed her loss to be. The case had been pending in the courts ten years.

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An Exception.

She'd won no prize at any school,
She'd taken no degree at college,
A sweet exception to the rule,
She was the woman without knowledge.
And hence, she proved a Mecca-stone
To pilgrim men, oppressed and dreary,
By too much smartness overthrown,
Of learning, wit, and wisdom, weary.
They crowded round her, 'mid the whirl,
While brilliancy sat by, unbedded—
Each man rejoiced to find a girl
Who did not know as much as he did.
—Madeline Bridges in Collier's Weekly.

The Chauffeur's Farewell to His Machine.

My auto, my auto, thou stand'st meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy front—with eagerness to fly.
Fret not to roam the boulevard, and as a streak to go—
I may not enter thee again—thou'rt sold, my auto.
Vent not thy strong and gassy whiffs that scent the breezy wind;
The further that thou fleest now, so far am I behind.
The stranger bath thy steering-gear—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet, strong, and beautiful, farewell, my auto, thou'rt sold.
Farewell! Those not untired wheels full many a mile must roam,
O'er tacky, rough, and rocky roads to reach the stranger's home.
Some other hand less fond must now thy gasoline prepare;
Thy motor that I've greased so oft must be another's care,
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I burry through the city streets and see men vainly flee.
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the asphalt plain
Some other steed, a lagging bike, shall bear me home again.
Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, a stupid hand may fool
With thy machinery delicate, or break a wrench or tool,
Or let thy stock of oil run low till thou canst not refrain
From squeaking loud and getting hot in thy indignant pain.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it can not be—
But if they should 'twill ruin them to make repairs on thee.
My auto, when thou'rt gone will my heart lonesome yearn,
And shall I weep and be downcast and sigh for thy return—
For thy return, my auto? What shall thy master do
When thou who wast his main expense shall vanish from his view?
Oh, will be look with gathering tears when in his clutching band
He sees the gold they paid for thee—the pile of glittering sand?
And shall I say indignantly: "Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my auto, I fling them back their gold?"
No, no, I'll let them enter thee, and score the distant plain.
Thy loss to me, my auto, will be a welcome gain.
—Harper's Weekly.

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The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.

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COMMONWEALTH, Feb. 14th.
VANCOUVER, Feb. 21st.
NEW ENGLAND, Feb. 28th.

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Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York, Vaderland, January 24; Zealand, February 7; Kronland, January 31; Finland, February 18.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Jan. 28
Doric, Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic, Thursday, March 19
Gaelic, Tuesday, April 14
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Hongkong Maru, Thursday, Feb. 5
Nippon Maru (via Manila), Tuesday, March 3
America Maru, Friday, March 27
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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Sierra, 6200 Tons
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S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, January 29, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Albatross for Honolulu only, February 7, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, February 16, 1903, at 10 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
for Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Jan. 2, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Feb. 5. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Pomona 1:30 P. M., Jan. 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, Feb. 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Jan. 27, 13, 19, 25, 31, Feb. 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara: Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneque and Newport (Ramona only).
Ramona, 9 A. M., Jan. 1, 9, 17, 25, Feb. 2.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Jan. 5, 13, 21, 29, Feb. 6.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Manzanillo, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—to A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Genevieve Clare McNeill, daughter of Mr. D. R. McNeill, to Mr. Hugh I. McIsaac, of San Rafael.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva Belle Higgins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higgins, of Piedmont Heights, Oakland, to Mr. Du Ray Smith.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Church, daughter of Mr. T. R. Church, and Mr. Charles Francis Jackson.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Genevieve Green Hamilton, daughter of Mr. William S. Green, of Colusa, to Mr. Garrett W. McEnerney.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alma H. Sherman, daughter of Dr. W. N. Sherman, of Fresno, and Mr. Allen L. Chickering.

The marriage of Miss Daisy Parrott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, and Mr. J. Parker Whitney took place at the Palace Hotel on Monday afternoon, Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, officiating.

The wedding of Miss Emma Poulter Brown, daughter of Mrs. J. Earle Brown, and Mr. Charles Orville Pratt will take place at the home of the bride's mother, 1502 Pacific Avenue, on Monday, February 2d. The bride's cousin, Mrs. John Chase, will be matron of honor. Mr. Sidney Salisbury will act as best man, and Rev. Frederick Clappett, rector of Trinity Church, will perform the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Edith McBean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, and Dr. Kiersted, U. S. A., will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Tuesday, February 24th.

The wedding of Miss Susanne Hayes and the Rev. Burr M. Weeden, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, will take place at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, February 24, at noon. Bishop William Ford Nicholls will perform the ceremony.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Spreckels will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon at their residence on Pacific Avenue and Laguna Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Hazel Noonan, Miss Helen Wagner, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will give a dinner on Tuesday, February 17th, in honor of the Prince and Princess Poniatowski.

Miss Marie McKenna was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Kohl at the Palace Hotel. Others at table were Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Hazel King, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Nichols, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Frances McKinstry, and Miss Emily Carolan.

Miss Mary Harrington and Miss Louise Harrington gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Knickerbocker, complimentary to Miss Keith, of Boston, a sister of Mrs. Daniel Higbee Kane, who, with Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Lawrence Adams, and Mrs. Carey Friedlander, assisted in receiving.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels will be the guest of honor at a dinner to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker on Wednesday evening, January 28th.

Mrs. Mee and Miss Margaret Mee gave their first "at home" last Friday at their residence on Broadway. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert C. Hall, Miss Reina Maillard, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Marian Hall, Miss Helen Murison, and Miss Florence Cole.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a luncheon on Monday complimentary to Mrs. F. M. Hatch, of Honolulu. Others at table were Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mrs. James W. Oates.

Mrs. Henry Sonntag will give a luncheon on Wednesday, January 28th, in honor of her niece, Miss Mabel Toy.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and Miss Marion Huntington gave a dinner-dance on Monday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Hazel King, Miss

Rachel Peabody, Miss Hazel Noonan, Miss Helen Murison, Miss Louise Redington, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Gladys McClung, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Virginia Nokes, Lieutenant Murphy, Baron von Horst, Captain C. A. Penn, Mr. William Goldsborough, Mr. Brockway Metcalf, Lieutenant E. R. West, Mr. William Day, Dr. Morton Gibbons, Lieutenant D. H. Curry, Lieutenant Bettison, Lieutenant Shinkle, Mr. Dupont Coleman, Mr. Jack Carrigan, Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Jr., Mr. Emson, Warfield, Mr. Carr, Van Fleet, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Mr. J. O. Burrage.

Miss Reina Maillard was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. James H. Follis at the University Club on Tuesday night. Others at table were Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. George A. Martin, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Elizabeth Center, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Julia Tompkins, and Miss Florence Cole.

Mrs. Christian Reis, and her niece, Miss Frances Harris, were "at home" at their residence on California Street on Tuesday. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, Miss Porter, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Alice Owen, and Miss Katherine Robinson.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten gave a tea on Thursday at her new residence on Washington Street. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. James L. Martel, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. Charles Wood, Mrs. William Willis, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. Eli Hutchinson, Mrs. George Bucknall, Mrs. Charles Stovel, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. Charles Bandmann, Mrs. William F. Perkins, Mrs. Isabella Brittain, Mrs. James W. Oates, Mrs. Joseph Spear, Mrs. James Morton, Miss Viola Piercy, Miss Adele F. Martel, Miss Eleanor Warner, and Miss Carmelita Brittain.

The fourth Friday Fortnightly dance was given at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening. Miss Gertrude Josselyn and Mr. Knox Maddox led the cotillion.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnard will entertain about thirty friends on January 29th at a house-warming at the apartment on Clay Street, which they have leased for three years.

The second dance of La Jeunesse took place at Native Sons' Hall last Friday night. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. H. Voorbies, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, and Mrs. Salisbury.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

Through the death of Alice Boalt Tevis, the ten-year-old daughter of the late Hugh Tevis, by his first wife, Alice Boalt, last Friday, Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis will inherit a second fortune as large as the first one left her by her husband, Hugh Tevis, who died in Japan in 1901. By the terms of Hugh Tevis's will his estate was divided into two portions, the one exceeding the other by about \$60,000. The smaller portion went to his second wife. The larger portion was to go to his child, Alice, to be held in trust until her twenty-first birthday. In the event of her death without issue, and before the expiration of the trust, however, her part of the estate was to revert to Cornelia Baxter Tevis, free and discharged of any trust. The Tevis fortune was appraised at \$1,250,000, but was believed to be worth more. About \$65,000 was said to be the share of the infant son, for whom Hugh Tevis did not provide in his will. Besides the money left to his wife, Mr. Tevis had deeded her the residence at Monterey, which had just been completed when he departed for the trip to Japan, which ended in his death.

The will of Henry Pierce, who died in this city on January 13th, has been filed for probate. In a voluminous typewritten document he disposes of his vast estate to relatives and friends. His brother, Ira Pierce, and his two nephews, Orestes Pierce and William P. Johnson, receive the major portion of the estate, but many relatives and friends are remembered. The will was executed June 20, 1900, before B. F. McBain and Edward C. Harrison, and makes the following bequests: Ira Pierce, a brother, \$10,000; Orestes Pierce, a nephew, \$75,000; Miss Henrietta Pierce Watkinson, a niece, \$25,000; Miss Josephine Pierce, a niece, \$25,000; S. S. Richardson, all debts that may be owing to the estate and \$500 in cash; Horatio Stebbins, \$2,000; Mrs. Lucy Stebbins, \$2,000; to the wife of his nephew, W. P. Johnson, \$5,000; Mrs. Hattie Wilson, \$1,000; the Misses Marie and Grace Wilson, \$500 each; Miss Rebecca Usher, of Bar Mills, Me., \$1,000; Miss Bly McDonald, \$2,000; Miss Laura McDonald, \$2,000; Mrs. Mollie S. Kirpatrick, of New York, \$1,000; Miss Josephine Bailey, of Oakland, \$1,000; Miss Catherine White Randall, of Portland, Or., \$2,000; Miss Mary E. Snell, of Oakland, \$2,000; J. K. Wilson, all debts and \$1,000; Mrs. Sophia G. Pierce, wife of Ira Pierce, \$5,000; Miss Sophia Pierce, \$15,000; Mrs. Edward Robinson (née Ivers), \$3,000; Mrs. Carrie M. Rodolph, wife of Dr. Charles Rodolph, \$6,000; Alfred Pierce, a cousin, \$2,000; William H. Mead, \$10,000; Mrs. Jennie Bowers, \$1,000; to J. K. Wilson and William P. Johnson, in trust for Mrs. Jennie Bowers during her life, with remainder to her son, Wilder Bowers, \$12,000; H. F. Watkin-

son, \$10,000; George Juchler, \$300; William P. Johnson, \$75,000, and 252 shares of the Willamette Pulp and Paper Company; Rufus B. Lane, of Stockton, \$1,000; Howard P. Johnson, \$10,000. His nieces, Henrietta Pierce Watkinson and Josephine Pierce, are given, besides the legacy, \$75,000 each in a trust to Ira Pierce, Orestes Pierce, and William P. Johnson. A block of real estate bounded by Montgomery, Washington, Jackson, and Sansome Streets is devised to his brother, Ira Pierce, in fee. The San Marco and Tepiquiz ranches in Santa Barbara County are also given to Ira Pierce. The Yerba Buena ranch in Santa Clara County is devised to Ira Pierce, Orestes Pierce, and William P. Johnson. William F. Bowers, a business associate, is bequeathed 300 shares of the Bowers Rubber Company, and a trust fund of \$3,000 is created for the education of Wilder Bowers. A special trust of 2,400 shares of the Willamette Pulp and Paper Company is created for the residuary legatees, who will share the income in one-fifth parts. They are Ira Pierce, Orestes Pierce, William P. Johnson, Henrietta Watkinson, and Josephine Pierce.

The appraisers' report of the value of the personal estate of the late John W. Mackay was filed in New York last week. All of this estate goes to the son, Clarence H. Mackay, the gross value being given as \$2,501,726, and the net value as \$2,451,726. The property consists of 279,500 par value bonds of the Sprague Electric Company; 3,112 shares of American Telephone and Telegraph stock, \$513,480; 6,676 1/2 shares Commercial Cable Company, \$1,071,378; 1,639 1/2 shares Commercial Union Telegraph Company, \$47,135; 56 shares Maurice Grau Opera Company, \$27,500; 750 shares New York Quotation Company, \$71,250; 425 bonds Commercial Cable Company, 50 bonds Commercial Cable Company, \$50,000; cash in bank, books, pictures, etc., \$16,302. Mackay left no real estate in New York. His will was probated in Nevada.

Walter S. Martin has been granted letters of guardianship over his four-months-old daughter, Mary C. Martin. On Monday, Mr. Martin appeared before Judge Coffey and stated that at the time of his daughter's birth she received about four thousand dollars' worth of presents, mostly in the form of money, and properly to invest them for her benefit it was necessary for him to secure letters of guardianship from the courts.

The Bostonians have decided upon their next new opera. The book will be written by Charles Bradley on a Venetian subject, to be entitled "The Queen of the Adriatic." The part to be played by H. C. Barnabee will be that of a Doge of Venice. W. H. MacDonald will have the rôle of an Italian bandit. Grace Van Studdiford will probably create the part of the daughter of the Doge. The chief spectacle of the opera will be the carnival of Venice, four hundred years ago, introducing the famous festival of the Wedding of the Adriatic. The scenes will be laid on the Grand Canal, in the Doge's palace, and in an old Venetian garden, when Venice was the leading republic of the world. The name of the composer of "The Queen of the Adriatic" is not yet given.

Mrs. J. R. Clark, who defeated Miss Houghton in the final round of the competition for the Council's Cup for women of the San Francisco Golf Club on Friday last, with a score of 5 up and 4 to play, will have her name, with the date of the competition, engraved on the trophy, which will become the permanent possession of the player who first has three victories to her credit. The names of Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Hoffman both appear twice on the cup. The former did not enter the competition this year, and the latter was beaten in the opening round.

The soothing atmosphere, fairy coves, sheltered glades, and sylvan nooks, the harmonious contour of the mountain, the charming gradations of color of the gentle slopes, all tend to make the trip up Mt. Tamalpais a day's outing that will long linger in the memory.

—"THE PIT," THE EPIC OF THE WHEAT, A story of Chicago, Frank Norris's last novel, \$1.20 at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, Diamond-Jeweler, 10 Post Street, will move March 1st, 1903, into his new store, No. 712 Market and No. 25 Geary Streets—Mutual Savings Bank Building.

SAUSALITO

For sale the large handsome residence of Wm. G. Barrett, situated within five minutes' walk of ferry. Beautiful marine view, large grounds, private gas-works, fine well of water. House modern and partially furnished. Will sell cheap, apply to owner,

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We have just received a large stock of Rown-tree's English Candy, formerly carried by Wm. Greenbaum & Co. Your patronage is respectfully solicited

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It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

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EXTRA DRY
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Now coming to this market is of the remarkable vintage of 1898, which is more delicate, breezy, and better than the 1893; it is especially dry, without being heavy, and recognized as one of the finest vintages ever imported.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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The new hotel is the finest of its kind on the Pacific Coast, first class in every respect. Two trains daily S. P. Co., foot of Market Street, 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

We have an interesting little booklet, entitled "How to Gain and Preserve Your Health," which will be sent on application.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin have taken the Moffitt house on Broadway for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl will depart for Santa Barbara within a fortnight.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday. They are en route to Egypt, where they will spend the winter months.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. F. M. Hatch, who has been visiting in this city for two months, sailed on Tuesday on the steamship *Korea* for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have returned to Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick returned from their visit to Southern California Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wallace (*née* Loughborough), after a short stay in town, have departed for New York, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have returned from New York, where they have been since the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore E. Tomlinson (*née* Keeney) have left the Hotel Netherlands in New York, and have taken an apartment in the Ansonia on West Seventy-Third Street.

Miss Martin, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, in Fruitvale, has departed for her home in Philadelphia, where her marriage to Mr. David Edwards will take place in May.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Easton sailed for the Orient on the steamship *Korea* on Tuesday. They expect to be absent several months in Japan and China.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is expected back this week from her visit to Southern California.

Miss Lucie King was the guest of Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at Burlingame last week.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills left on Wednesday for a month's stay in Southern California.

Mr. Charles Baldwin has returned from a visit to Colorado Springs, where Mrs. Baldwin is spending the winter.

Mr. Fred Greenwood expects to leave for Los Angeles next week.

Miss Bertha Runkle, the popular young author of "The Helmet of Navarre," is visiting Miss Eva Madden at her residence, 1622 Jackson Street. Before coming to San Francisco, Miss Runkle spent a short time in Southern California, and plans leaving here in the spring for Japan.

Miss Ethel Tompkins, of San Anselmo, has been the guest of Mrs. James H. Follis, at her residence, 2604 Jackson Street, during the week.

Mrs. Edward P. Pond, who sailed for Honolulu on the steamship *Korea* last Tuesday, expects to spend several months in the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby and her daughter, Miss Annie Selby, are spending the winter in Rome, Italy. Mrs. Selby's granddaughter, Miss Coralie Selby, is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckenridge are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Paris.

Mrs. J. W. O'Connor, who has returned from the East, is registered at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Senator J. P. Jones and family have taken a house in New York on East Seventeenth Street for the winter.

Miss Bertha Dolcher and Miss Warren are sojourning in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour have returned from the East.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe will depart for Santa Barbara soon on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale has returned from her visit to the East, and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Sidney Smith.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. John Marquis, of Santa Cruz, Mr. Henry C. White, of Ireland, Mr. E. H. Fritch, of Tahiti, Mr. T. C. Felter, of Chicago, Mr. Frank Vail, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lim, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Fritch, Mrs. M. G. Ewing, Miss Jean Ewing, Miss M. McCaffrey, Mr. George Scarfe, Mr. L. M. Hancock, Mr. Theodore Lowe, and Mr. A. Hand Winn.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Uriel Sehree, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval station at Tutuila, Samoa, and ordered to command the *Wheeling*. Commander Edmund B. Underwood, U. S. N., has been ordered to succeed him at Tutuila.

Rear-Admiral Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., sailed for Yokohama on Tuesday on the *Korea*. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., famous for services during the Spanish-American War. Admiral Cooper goes to the Orient to be second in command of the Asiatic squadron.

Colonel Edward M. Hayes, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been nominated by the President to be a brigadier-general. Colonel Hayes entered the army as a bugler at the age of thirteen years, and is the officer of longest commission in the United States army.

Captain Richmond P. Hohson, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty in charge of the construction department at the Puget Sound naval station at Bremerton. Hohson has been for some months past on waiting orders, having declined an assignment to Pensacola, pending an action by Congress upon a bill authorizing his retirement. The special action of this

nature was regarded as necessary, in view of the failure of two naval examining boards to find him physically disqualified for active service. The Navy Department concluded that the straits it is in through the resignation of Constructor Frank W. Hihhs, leaving vacant the important post at Bremerton, justifies their action in appointing him to duty there. Hohson is now in a position where he must resign from the naval service altogether or undertake active duty, for which he feels himself unfitted by reason of an eye trouble.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Kopta Concerts.

Wenzel Kopta, the Bohemian violinist, will present two interesting programmes at Steinway Hall next week. On Tuesday night, he will play Tartini's sonata, "The Thrill of the Devil," Paganini's "Witches Dance," Beethoven's romanza in G-major, Ernst's Hungarian airs, and other interesting compositions. Miss Gertrude Wheeler, a contralto with a rich, sympathetic voice, will sing numbers by Chadwick, Secchi, Fisher, and Nevin, and a song written for her by Lyle C. True, a young local composer, entitled "Love Me if I Live." At the Friday afternoon concert, which has been arranged so as to give professional musicians employed at the theatres an opportunity to hear the artist, the violin numbers will be Paganini's second concerto with its famous campanella, a group of Sarasate's Spanish dances, and Lauh's "Polonaise de Concert" and a group of smaller numbers. The assisting vocalist will be Mrs. Belle Haralson, a dramatic soprano, who will make her San Francisco debut, singing the grand aria from the fifth act of Verdi's "Don Carlos," and songs by Chadwick and Lamar.

Gablrowitsch, the Russian Pianist.

Daniel Frohman is one of the busiest theatrical managers in the profession, and when he can take the time to manage the tour of a pianist, one can rest assured that the artist is something out of the ordinary. In his long career, Frohman has handled but two such attractions, the first being the violinist, Kuhlke, and the second, Ossip Gablrowitsch, who is to appear here soon in three concerts at the Alhambra Theatre, which will be thoroughly heated and made comfortable for the occasion. The dates are Tuesday and Thursday nights, February 3d and 5th, and Saturday matinee, February 7th. Gablrowitsch will play a number of his own compositions and works by modern Russian composers, besides the standard classics of the pianoforte. Complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of reserved seats will open on Wednesday, January 28th. Following this attraction, Manager Will Greenbaum announces Mlle. Zeile de Lussan, who made such a favorable impression here several years ago with the Ellis company in the title-role of "Carmen," and as Musette in "La Bohème."

Dr. H. J. Stewart's concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday, February 3d, promises to be one of the most interesting events of the musical season. The following artists will take part in the programme: Sopranos, Miss Alma Berglund, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Lily Roeder Apple, and Miss Bowen; contraltos: Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. C. L. Parent, and Mrs. M. Fitzgibbon; tenors: J. F. Veaco, C. Henley, T. G. Elliott, and H. M. Fortescue; basses: S. H. Henley, C. L. Parent, C. B. Stone, and Walter Keiss; violinist: Mr. Nathan Landsberger. The programme will consist entirely of selections from Dr. Stewart's compositions.

Dom Perosi, the Italian priest-composer, whose oratorios were the rage on the Continent a few years ago, has proved a failure as the director of the Sistine Chapel. The Pope appointed him to the place which had become vacant through the retirement of Mustafa, who is now eighty years old. The older singers, however, were so obstreperous in their resistance to the reforms to be introduced, that the new conductor, who received no remuneration for his services, stepped aside, and Mustafa once more has the field.

The fifth musical service at Trinity Church will be given on Sunday evening, January 25th, at eight o'clock, under the direction of Louis H. Eaton, the organist. Gaul's oratorio, "The Ten Virgins," will be rendered, and the soloists will be Miss Millie Flynn and Mrs. Max Warshawer, sopranos; Miss Gertrude Wheeler and Mrs. Nelson Lawrence, contraltos; Frank Onslow, tenor; and Otto Wedemeyer, baritone.

The next Zech Symphony Concert takes place at Fischer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, January 29th.

The engagement is announced of Charles Francis Bryant, the popular stage director of the Alcazar Theatre, and Miss Marion Conner, the clever young actress, who played leading rôles at the Alcazar last season. Miss Conner's sister, Lila, it will be remembered, became the wife of Francis Bruguière about a year ago.

Furnished House Wanted

in Western Addition—a modern, well-furnished house of twelve rooms; willing to pay high rent for one year or longer. Address "S. F.," Argonaut office.

Another Farewell Patti Tour?

Mme. Adelina Patti, known in private life as the Baroness Cederstrom, may be heard again in this country before this year is ended. So, at least, says Maurice Grau, who for months has been endeavoring persistently to induce the great singer to come here once more before she ends her musical career. Grau declares that negotiations are now nearly completed with her, by which she agrees she will sing in sixty concerts in the principal cities of the United States, in Canada, in the City of Mexico, and in Havana. The trip is to take no more than six months, and for each appearance she is to receive \$5,000, making a total of \$300,000 for her whole season. One of her first requirements is that \$10,000 shall be deposited with the Rothschild Brothers in London to bind the contract, and that, thirty days before her tour begins, \$40,000 more is to be placed with the same firm. This is to assure her of payment for at least ten of her concerts. Besides the \$5,000 for each concert, wherever the receipts of a concert exceed \$7,500, she is to receive fifty per cent. of the excess.

Patti stipulates that she shall not be required to sing in more than ten concerts in one month—that when she sings three times in one week two concerts will suffice for the next week. She is to select her own songs, the artists who are to be with her, and the musical director. At each concert she is to sing one solo, one concerted number, and to appear in a scene from "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," or "Linda di Chamounix." She agrees she will want no pay for any concerts she may miss by reason of indisposition, and Mr. Grau is to have his own physician for her and her suite of six persons, and there is to be a private car furnished for her, her husband, and their servants.

As planned at present, her tour will begin in New York on November 3d, with two concerts, a matinee, which may be given in the Metropolitan Opera House, and an evening performance, probably in Madison Square Garden. Then she goes to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Galveston, Dallas, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Columbus, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto, Rochester, Syracuse, Montreal, Albany, Brooklyn, and then back to New York for two more concerts, one in the afternoon and the other at night. Then she will visit the City of Mexico, where she will give four concerts, and, if it is before February 15th, she will go to Havana, and give four concerts there.

Ellen Terry is to appear in London before long in Ibsen's play, "The Vikings," and one of the leading male characters will be played by her son, Gordon Craig.

The Waldorf Hair Store.

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In the centre of the hotel is the famous court, and off of this are the equally famous grill rooms. For your convenience telephone and telegraph offices, writing and reading-rooms, barber-shop, billiard-parlor, carriage-office, news-stand, and typewriter offices are directly off the court. Outside—the wholesale and shopping district, theatres, clubs, banks, and railroad offices are a step from the entrance.

JAPAN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME.

The Collier party, personal escort, small and select, will leave San Francisco in March, returning in June. Honolulu, Manila, China; an ideal trip. Address the NIPPON-CALIFORNIA TOUR COMPANY, 301 Examiner Building, San Francisco, Cal., or 368 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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32 GOLD AND PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

In a late number of *Social News*: Mr. S. C. Hall, the venerable apostle of total abstinence says:—"I have looked about for something to drink, and I think I have found it—pleasant, palatable, healthful. I refer to the Ginger Ale manufactured by Cantrell & Cochrane (of Dublin and Belfast.) I know of no drink so delicious, and I believe it to be as healthful as it is agreeable." This is praise from the Sir Hubert Stanley of temperance, and where he leads the public may safely follow.—*Court Circular*.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at
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LEAVE	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25 P
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Kinnear	7:55 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25 P
7:30 A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, and from San Jose	7:25 P
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7:55 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 P
8:00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25 P
8:00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Yuba City, Colusa	5:25 P
8:30 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Colusa, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25 P
8:30 A	Oakland, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Toulumne and Angels	4:25 P
9:00 A	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	1:25 P
10:00 A	Vallejo	1:25 P
10:00 A	Crescent City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Los Angeles and New Orleans	11:35 A
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	5:25 P
10:00 A	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	5:25 P
11:00 A	Sacramento, Stockton, Lathrop, Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55 A
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25 A
4:00 P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25 A
4:00 P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lathrop	4:25 P
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irwin, San Jose, Livermore	11:55 A
5:00 P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Stockton, Modesto, Barstow, Los Angeles, (Golden State Limited Sleeping Car) to San Francisco	8:55 A
5:00 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Colusa, Los Banos	1:25 P
5:30 P	Niles, Local	7:25 A
6:00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7:55 P
6:00 P	Vallejo	11:25 A
6:00 P	Oakland, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Toulumne and Angels	4:25 P
7:00 P	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez, Westbound	10:25 A
7:00 P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A
7:00 P	Vallejo	7:55 P
8:00 P	Oregon Coast Limited—Eugene, Medford, Astoria, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55 A
9:00 P	Hayward, Niles, Local	11:55 A
9:00 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	1:25 P

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

(Foot of Market Street)

6:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	10:50 A
9:30 P	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations	7:20 P

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Ship St.)
1:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—7:00 5:00
1:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

(Third and Townsend Streets)

6:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations	8:30 P
7:00 A	New Almaden	10:10 P
8:00 A	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10:45 P
10:00 A	Pacific Coast Express—New Orleans, Los Angeles, and East	11:35 A
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10 P
10:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations	3:30 P
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:00 P
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00 P
2:00 P	San Jose and Way Stations	10:00 A
3:00 P	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15 P
3:30 P	Barclay, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:35 A
4:30 P	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45 A
5:30 P	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	19:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18:00 A
6:15 P	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	15:46 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	6:36 A
7:00 P	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	10:25 A
11:45 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	15:45 P
11:45 P	San Jose and Way Stations	15:45 P

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"Gracious, Mr. Halton, you have eaten all the birdseed." "You don't say? I thought it was a new breakfast food."—Chicago Daily News.

"Henry, why do you smoke continually, from morning until night?" "It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning."—Tit-Bits.

It heats the Dutch: "Well, that heats the Dutch," said the Amsterdam schoolmaster, as he fondly gazed at his well-worn hirc—Princeton Tiger.

Rodrick—"You say he has faced hursting shells. What battle was he in?" Van Alberi—"None. He is a chestnut roaster."—Chicago Daily News.

Brown—"That sermon did me a lot of good." "Reverend Longwind—" "I'm glad to hear it, young man." Brown—"Yes; I'd been up every night for a week."—Judge.

Mr. Rogues (severely) "John, did you drink that alcohol I gave you to clean the windows with?" John—"Why, no, Mr. Rogues. I breathed it on the wind-hic-s, sir."

He—"I don't see how you can say such terrible things about another woman." She—"You don't understand, you silly. Why, Carrie is my dearest friend."—Boston Transcript.

Led astray: St. Peter—"Which wife do you want to live with?" Shade—"Are they all here?" St. Peter—"Yes." Shade—"I thought you said this was heaven?"—Detroit Free Press.

Generosity: Father (visiting son at college)—"Pretty good cigars you smoke, my boy; I can't afford cigars like these." Son—"Fill your case, dad; fill your case."—Harvard Lampoon.

Carelessness: Wiggle—"He has one foot in the grave already." Woggle—"Why he looks young enough; explain yourself." Wiggle—"He left it in the Philippines."—Harvard Lampoon.

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A cheerful chap: Maud—"Dick proposed to me last night." Ella—"What did you tell him?" Maud—"I said he had better ask mamma, and what do you think the wretch said?" Ella—"Goodness knows!" Maud—"He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him."—Tit-Bits.

Just kitchiness: "Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown; "dey goes back on you on de slightest provocation." "What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Alice Jefferson Tompkins. "Mr. Rastus Pinkley come around tryin' to kiss me, an' so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious I smashed 'im wif a flat-iron, an' jes' foh dat he jilted me!"—Washington Star.

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He had some rights: "Back! Back!" shouted Castro, as the dauntless little army of foreigners attempted to disembark. In the offing the forms of the warships of the different nations loomed ominously. "You can not land," declared the doughty South American. "I wish it distinctly understood that I retain all dramatic and historical rights in this incident." Baffled, the army of writers, rowing moodily back to their dispatch-boats, threaten all sorts of diplomatic vengeance.—Judge.

The other side of the story: Singleton—"What's that trouble, old man; you look all broke up." Woderly—"You would doubtless look broke up, too, if you had a mother-in-law like mine, and she—" Singleton—"Ha! The old, old story; she's coming to spend a few weeks with you. I suppose." Woderly (sadly)—"No; on the contrary, she has been with us two months, and to-day she was compelled to return home. She nursed my wife through a bad case of fever, took care of the baby, attended to the household duties, mended my clothes, and loaned me five dollars on three different occasions. Oh, I tell you, that woman is an earthly angel if there ever was one."—Ex.

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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Novato.
		7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Rosa.
		7:35 p.m.

7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland	10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	and Ukiah.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.

7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Guerneville.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.

7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma	9:10 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 p.m.	6:20 p.m.

7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.		10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Sebastopol.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.

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" Fresno	3:20 p	3:00 p		3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	3:51 p		5:00 a
" Visalia	4:48 p			5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p		7:35 a
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King Edward, some time ago, offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best dissertation on the erection of a sanatorium for consumptives. Notices of this competition were printed in all the medical journals of the world, and aroused great interest everywhere, which is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that theses in competition were received from all the countries of Europe, and from America, and numbered one hundred and eighty. The successful contestants, however, are Englishmen, the joint work of Dr. Arthur Latham, of St. George's Hospital, London, and of Mr. William West, an architect, having been awarded the prize. These gentlemen, besides submitting their plans for

the sanatorium, and outlining the course of treatment for the patients, proposed an inscription to be placed over the doors of the building. They chose it from Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth"—"Give him air; he'll straight be well."

This motto was not only well chosen for presentation with an essay on the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, such as was Dr. Latham's, but it is deeply significant of the changed attitude of the medical world, not alone toward consumption, but toward all disease. There appears to be more and more reluctance among doctors to dose and drug the patient, together with an increasing reliance in time and rest, pure air and sunshine, to heal most ills. The day of drugs, the shut window, and the stuffy room, appears to have passed. Only recently, a noted contributor to a symposium on typhoid fever, published in the *Medical Record*, half humorously declared that in the typhoid ward of every hospital in the country there ought to be a big sign up, "Let the Patient Get Well." In other words, "Don't meddle." As a like injunction to the medical fraternity, Dr. Latham might well have taken (rather than the clause), the whole sentence from "Henry the Fourth," which runs, "Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well."

The end aimed at by Messrs. Latham and West, in their plans for sanatoria, is such isolation of the patient as shall eliminate the danger of transmission of the disease to others. All sputum is collected in special vessels. Crockery, silver, linen, rooms, all undergo special and complete methods of disinfection. Glazed tile is extensively used for walls. Every "corner" is so rounded that no dust may lodge therein. The treatment is excessively simple. It seems to consist of a shower bath in the morning, a rest at noon, three light meals, a couple of long, deliberate walks, pure air, sunshine, and early hours for retiring.

It is interesting to note the opinion that sanatoria are not, however, the last word in the treatment of tuberculosis. "These one hundred and eighty essays," says the London *Lancet*, "lead to the belief that the ultimate treatment of consumption will not be in sanatoria." Pure air and long walks may not be monopolized, and when the efficacy of such methods of treatment shall have been amply and conclusively demonstrated in model, scientifically managed institutions, such principles will be put in practice by physicians and individuals everywhere. Indeed, the *Lancet* ventures upon the broad, general statement that, "Pure air, sunlight, pure water, good food, and healthy environment could, if procurable in a great city, banish most diseases or cause them to be as rare in this country as leprosy, plague, or cholera."

Cats! Let us discuss cats. Cats are the issue of the hour. It is a venerable subject; therefore a respectable subject. For consider. When Joseph cornered Egypt's wheat supply some time back, there descended upon his many bulging granaries multitudinous mice, and threatened his undoing. Thereupon the crafty Jew sent slaves into all the country round about, who captured all the skulking feral felines, and caged them in the mousey wheat-bins, thus ending Joseph's troubles, and Joseph's mice. This is the true history of the beginning of all good mousers. Dost shake thy head thou graybeard unbeliever? But 'tis true. We defy anybody to prove the contrary. Besides, they deified the cats. Hieroglyphics, of the summer of 1684 B. C., mention the cat. A Leyden museum, so 'tis said, has a tablet of the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, with a cat. At Beni-Hassen by the Nile, is a temple dedicated to the Goddess Pasht, the supreme She Cat, worshiped of Egyptians, and Queen of all lesser and subsequent

Thomases and Tabbies. Pasht reigned in feline glory, say the savants, when Thothmes the Fourth taxed the fardel-bearing fellaheen, that is, about 1500 B. C. Besides all which, Herodotus, that old romancer, says that when an Egyptian family's champion rather died the whole household shaved their eyebrows in token of their grief, and when there was a fire, the first thing they saved was puss! These were the halcyon days of the cat. This was her golden age.

But Egypt fell. So did the cat. The temple of the Goddess Pasht crumbled. Cold grew its altars. From being deities in their own right, the cats, the black ones, were companioned with the devil and his dark deeds. From being petted by princes and fondled by Pharaohs, the jettie cat came to form the third in the trio with evil witches and aerial broomsticks. In the Middle Ages, cats were always to be found in nunneries. Last of all, poor puss came to be an accompaniment to frigid spinsterhood. Write it in the chronicles, spread it on the record, these were the Dark Ages of the Cat. Poor puss.

But, behold, day dawneth for the cat. Mark the stages of progress. The cat and the devil. The cat and witches. The cat and nuns. The cat and spinsters. The cat and—aha!—the club-woman! The club-woman has ceased her delvings in Danish history, and has taken up the cat.

We speak with authority and knowledge. Have we not watched the rising tide of felinomania? Did we not observe how the book, "Concerning Cats," of Miss Helen M. Winslow (editor of the *Club Woman*, mark you!) went into a dozen or more editions? Do we not read the magazine *Our Cats* with avid interest? And even as we write has there not reached us another book, "Cats and All About Them," by Miss Frances Simpson? Well, we guess! Why, only a few years syne, all cats, to our common or garden mind, were either black, spotted, gray, striped, or maltese. Now black cats, to be *à la mode* must, we know, have amber eyes; white Persians, blue eyes; blue Persians, orange eyes; smokes, amber eyes; silvers, green eyes; browns, yellow eyes; orange cats, hazel eyes; cream Persians, golden eyes; and so on, and so on. Cat fanciery is a science. For the ladies not only collect 'em, and cuddle 'em, and feed 'em, but they breed 'em. Shades of Cranford! Shades of those female progenitors of ours who pantaletted the piano's legs! (For minutest details all about it consult Miss Simpson's book). And what would Will Shakespeare say could he know that the speech of his Touchstone to his Corin would one day be a pat warning to the American club-woman! You remember it? Or do you not? Let us quote. "That is another simple sin in you," says Touchstone, up to date, "to bring the Tabs and the Toms together; to be bawd to a Thomas cat, and to betray a poor puss of a ten-month to a worm-eaten, old, cuckoldy Tom, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no cat fanciers." Them's the sentiments of Shakespeare, gentle and too timorous reader, not ours. We wash our hands of them.

And now let us turn, apologetically, to what we started to tell of in the first place, namely, the strange story of the mousers, the mice, the mayor, and Mrs. President Homer S. Cummings, all of Stamford town, in the State of Connecticut. Thus the tale runs: Stamford has a Cat Club. The Cat Club arranged to have a Cat Show. The great feature of the Cat Show was to be a mouse-catching contest for cats, a sort of "field trial of kittens." These facts were published abroad. Among those who read about it was Mayor Leeds. He is, it seems, a young man, a very young man, and he has a tender heart. Also he is a reformer. The more he read about the mouse-catching feature of the Cat Show, the more was his tender heart touched and

his reformer instincts aroused. So at length he wrote a letter, as follows:

JANUARY 10, 1903.

MRS. HOMER S. CUMMINGS, STAMFORD, CONN.: *Dear Madam:* It seems to me that a mouse-catching contest, as a feature of the Cat Show, would tend to promote cruelty in the community. Please do not have any such contest on the programme. Very truly, CHAS. H. LEEDS, Mayor.

The next day Mrs. Cummings intrusted this communication to the care of the United States mails:

JANUARY 11, 1903.

HON. CHAS. H. LEEDS, STAMFORD, CONN.: *Dear Sir:* It seems to me that a mouse-protecting mayor as a feature of the Cat Show would tend to promote levity in the community. Please do not fail to have the police force on the grounds. Very truly,

MRS. HOMER S. CUMMINGS, President.

The mayor collapsed. What else could he do? With a sickly smile he said he "reelly hadn't the slightest idea of calling out the police." Perhaps he did not realize what an irrepressible conflict exists between mice and womenkind. Perhaps he never read of the sad fate of rodent-ridden Hamlin town. But he knows better now, though we agree with the *Sun* that this nice, downy-lipped, very young man of Stamford, politically is as dead as Cæsar.

While the authorities of the United States—legislative, executive, judicial, and otherwise—are at their wits' end over the trust problems, the benevolent despotism which rules in Mexico, being unhampered by red tape and the formulas of law, has discovered a short cut in the business of "trust-busting." President Diaz has even succeeded in taming the oil monopoly—that octopus of world-wide proportions. A few months since a Mexican, while boring for water near Tampico, struck oil. An American, recognizing the value of the find, went into partnership with him, and, in a short time, the two were doing a flourishing business in oil. But the oil monopoly pervades Mexico as elsewhere, and that argus-eyed corporation does not let such things escape its attention. Its first move was to offer to buy out the partners. That having failed, the next attempt was to buy the Mexican Central Railroad, and so manipulate the carrying schedules for oil that the business of the partners would be confined to a small circle about their well. This plan succeeded—temporarily. The Standard Oil secured the railroad and fixed the tariff to suit themselves, with the result that the firm of oil producers was soon "on its uppers," and had to suspend operations. They took the odd trick, however, thanks to the aid of Diaz. They didn't bother with the courts, but went straight to the President of Mexico and laid their case before him. He promptly ordered that the oil rates be at once restored to the former basis, under penalty of forfeiture of the railroad's charter if it refused. The oil magnates speedily perceived that they were "up against something real hard," and succumbed with what grace they might. The old rate on oil was reestablished, the well again put in operation, and it continues to do the oil business of that section to the chagrin of the great monopoly, whose only consolation is that the railroad they bought is a dividend-paying investment. Mexico has evidently applied to trust-taming Mark Twain's recipe for carving a chicken in the German fashion—"Use a club and avoid the joints."

Early as it is, there is much discussion going on relative to Presidential candidates in 1904. In it is discovered a growing note of opposition to President Roosevelt as a candidate to succeed himself. It thrives on his independent handling of such matters as the trusts and reciprocity, and his growing unpopularity in the South. It is said that he will not be the choice of the Republican senators, whose influence in making Presidential candidates is acknowledged. Not being able to bind him to what they consider party exigencies, they will look elsewhere for more pliable material. In this connection, Senator Hanna is again talked of. He understands the Senate, and knows what it wants in the White House. He is credited with strength enough to insure his carrying at least ten important Northern States, and is strong in the South. Alabama is about to rescind its indorsement of Roosevelt, and instruct delegates for Hanna. Should Hanna fail to accept, the same authority looks upon Senator Fairbanks as his political residuary legatee. Another and conflicting story which has cropped up, is that Senator Hanna will champion the candidacy of Judge Taft, now civil governor of the Philippines. In this connection it is surmised that Roosevelt's offer to Taft of a Supreme Bench judgeship was for the purpose of shelving him, and that failing, that General Wood would be sent to the islands with the intention of eventually having him supplant Judge Taft there.

Democrats are doing considerable talking also. It would appear that the chances of Patison, Hill, Tom Johnson, and others have been badly injured by the recent elections. Richard Olney still leads a small clique. He favored Bryan

in 1900, and in return is said to be favorable to Bryan and some of his Western adherents, because the latter sees in his choice a chance to beat New York and the South, where Bryanism has been distinctly turned down. But Bryanism is becoming badly split up, and can not be counted on as a concentrated force. Bryan's personality, which held it together, is now ineffective, and he can no longer direct the choice of his whilom followers, either by leaders or by sections. Judge Parker, of New York, is now most prominent as a Democratic candidate, and his cause is warmly espoused by such Southern Bryanites as Senator Carmack, of Tennessee. In fact, Judge Parker's boom is a Southern product. It arose from the fact that his candidacy for governor of New York was nipped in the bud by David B. Hill, and the apparent possibility that he would have beaten Odell if he had been nominated. It is worthy of note that so far Judge Parker's boom remains in the South, and has not spread to the North or West. New York Democrats are singularly silent concerning it. There is even some reason to think that it is based on fictitious values of his strength in that State, where success is considered vital to a Democratic aspirant. He carried New York in a judgeship election by 60,000, a year after McKinley had carried it by 268,000, but some one has pointed out that his total vote was over a hundred thousand short of the Democratic normal vote. There is doubt in New York also that delegates to the convention could be instructed for him.

Recently some charitable ladies of the city or Oakland conceived the luminous idea that calendars, embellished with extracts from the works of Rudyard Kipling, could be sold at large profit, said profit to be used for the support of an old ladies' home. One of these charitable ladies thought her to write to Kipling for his permission to use the quotations. Kipling replied that he had already entered into a contract with a certain publisher, ceding all calendar rights, and that, therefore, he could not comply with the request. The Oakland ladies are apparently unversed in law or business ethics. They got mad and loquacious about it. The *Examiner* printed the pictures of some of the maddest and loquaciousest, and three columns besides. It was not without effect. Give ear to the Astoria *Astorian*:

This churlish display on Kipling's part reveals a trait in his character that had not heretofore come to public notice in America. His works have been liberally purchased by the people of the United States, but henceforth the name of the author on the cover of a book should suffice to condemn it with fair-minded people.

That's the talk! There's true Americanism for you! If Rudyard Kipling, Rottingdean, England, wont contribute to the support of the Old Ladies' Home of Alden, California, the American people ain't goin' to read his works, no sirree. Us Americans believe in protection and reciprocity.

We fancy that since the story of Kipling's woes and Oakland's woes reached Astoria, the number of Rudyard's readers has fallen from 57,000,000 to 56,999,999. Let the good work go on.

At a meeting, this week, of the directors of the Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the San Francisco Board of Trade, the Manufacturers and Producers' Association, the Merchants' Exchange, and the State Board of Trade, a health committee was appointed by Chairman Frank J. Symmes to investigate the alleged bubonic plague. It was made up as follows:

Merchants' Association, F. J. Symmes, L. M. King, A. M. Davis; Chamber of Commerce, George A. Newhall, E. Scott, W. J. Dutton; San Francisco Board of Trade, A. A. Watkins, H. L. Smith, Lippman Sachs; Merchants' Exchange, G. W. McNear, T. C. Friedlander, R. P. Schwerin; Manufacturers and Producers' Association, A. Sbarboro, C. E. Bancroft, J. P. Currier; State Board of Trade, N. P. Chipman, J. A. Filcher, A. R. Briggs.

It is understood that the committee will at once confer with Mayor Schmitz and Governor Pardee, and will communicate with the authorities of Mexican and Australian towns which have quarantined against this city, and others which threaten such action.

The stubborn fact that this committee faces is this: that whether or not plague exists in the city of San Francisco, the people of the United States believe that it does. Within a day or so there have reached us issues of the *New York Herald*, the *Savannah Morning News*, the *New York Sun*, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, and the *New York Times*, containing editorials on the plague, calculated to alarm every reader of these papers. Editorials in our own daily papers will never suffice to destroy this impression. What the committee does, it should do quickly. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving the greatest publicity to its investigation. The unjust suspicion that "San Francisco is suppressing something" is what has hurt the city most.

Colonel Arthur Lynch, whose approaching trial for high treason under curious old English laws was noted in these columns several weeks ago, has been adjudged guilty by the court and sentenced to death. This extreme sentence, however, was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life. It will be remembered that Colonel Lynch, an Australian of Irish descent, possessing landed property in Galway County, Ireland, went to South Africa ostensibly as a war correspondent. Soon after, however, he entered the Boer army and commanded an Irish brigade. In November, 1901, while serving the Boers, he was elected to the English Parliament from Galway. He was warned that should he set foot on English soil he would be arrested for treason. These injunctions he disregarded, and he was taken into custody in June, 1902. Resolutions of protest against the life sentence have already been adopted by Irish societies in this country, and no doubt Lynch will figure conspicuously among English political issues from now on. Colonel Lynch was educated in Melbourne,

Berlin, and Paris; is an engineer by profession, and taught mathematics at Melbourne. Later he went on the staff of the *Petit Journal*, and has served as correspondent for London newspapers. He is the author of a number of books, and is forty-one years old.

Last week there was another of the periodical outbreaks in the perpetual war of the highbinders in Chinatown. As a result five Chinese are now lying in the emergency hospital, the victims of one night's work. Though the tongs do not object to accepting the white man's medicine for their wounded, they are unalterably opposed to accepting his laws for the government of their able-bodied. Therefore, they do nothing to assist the police in their efforts to suppress lawlessness, but, on the contrary, the rival tongs are encouraging further lawlessness by offering rewards for the maiming or murder of more victims. The advocates of exclusion have repeatedly urged the fact that Asiatic civilization differs so radically from Western civilization that the differences can not be reconciled, and the two can not live harmoniously side by side. Here is a vivid exemplification of the fact. Yet Eastern people, with a confidence and positiveness born of ignorance, contend that the Chinese are peaceable and law-abiding. Some Eastern publications have asserted that this city fosters Chinatown because it attracts tourists, as the leper nurses his sores for the sake of the revenue their exhibition brings in. Unfortunately, Chinatown is a permanence because of the laws protecting vested interests, particularly in landed property. The evil may be restricted within its present limits by exclusion, and this is what California has asked, asks, and always will continue to ask of the Congress of the United States.

The dispatches from Washington this week have contained much important news. The canal treaty with Colombia has at last been signed and transmitted to the Senate, where, the reports indicate, it will promptly be ratified. Minister Bowen has begun negotiations with the powers in behalf of Venezuela, and it is announced that the blockade will shortly be raised. The omnibus Statehood bill has been discussed in the Senate all the week. Quay claims for it a majority of senators, and has repeatedly asked for a vote. The ratification of the Cuban reciprocity treaty has been rendered more doubtful by the appearance of indications that England as well as Germany will look with extreme disfavor upon such discriminative action by the United States. Another important matter is the signature of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States providing for submission of the Alaskan boundary dispute to arbitration. Sensational and contradictory evidence continues to be given before the committee appointed to investigate the charges made by Representative Lessler, of New York, that money had been offered for his vote on the naval-appropriation bill. It does not yet appear, however, who is doing the lying.

Nearly a year ago the *Argonaut* proposed the construction in this city of "isles of safety," such as have proved of such convenience and value in European cities, and particularly suggested the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain as a favorable location for such a structure. The Merchants' Association has now taken up the suggestion, and proposes to erect one at that place, and at its own expense, for the benefit and safety of citizens. The structure will be fifty feet long and six feet wide, and will be raised five inches above the level of the pavement. Placed to the south of the fountain, it will be within two feet of the tracks of west-bound cars, enabling passengers to step easily upon the projecting step of the car, and leaving, on the north side, a clear passage eighteen feet wide. This will enable vehicles to pass in single file, which they are already required to do at this point. The floor of the platform will be of concrete, and it will be surrounded by granite kerbs for protection against careless drivers. For further protection there will be a raised stone buffer at each corner, and on the inner side of these seats will be furnished. This improvement would be a great assistance to the police, who now find the handling of the congested traffic at this point extremely difficult.

As is usual, the first weeks of the legislative session have passed without anything of importance being done. The senatorial election, the organization, and the introduction of bills consumed the greater part of the time. The presiding officers of the two houses have stated as the important matters that will receive attention a reform of the ballot law, irrigation, improvement of rivers, and appropriations for public institutions. Of the bills introduced, the great majority will never be enacted. Two bills providing for ballot machines have been introduced, one authorizing boards of supervisors to purchase such machines; the other providing for a qualified State commission to examine such machines, and only such as are approved may be purchased by the supervisors. The expenses of the commission are to be paid by those submitting machines. An irrigation bill has been drafted by the water and forest society and introduced. It is opposed by the National Irrigation Association, and also by the representatives of Southern California, one of whom humorously threatens State division if the bill is passed. A measure has been introduced for the regulation of trusts. It is the Sherman anti-trust law with such changes as are necessary to make it applicable to local conditions. Some years ago a law was enacted intended to enable farmers to sell their products on the city front without the intervention of middle-men. In practice, this has been twisted into a measure for the benefit of commission merchants. A measure has been introduced to give the harbor commission power to prevent these abuses. The regular bill providing for free textbooks in the public schools has appeared. For the improvement

FROM OPERA TO CIRCUS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Deep-seated in the heart of every human being is a strong love for the favorite dish of his childhood's home, divided with an adoration for the circus. No Philadelphian can talk of "scrapple" with dry eyes. A genuine Southerner blows his nose when he babbles of "old mammy, chicken fixens, and corn pone." Even a cultured Bostonian attempts to mask his emotion under scientific phraseology when he maintains that "the most perfect food, dietetically speaking, because containing the proper proportions of carbo-hydrates and hydro-carbons, is pork and beans." But Southerner, Westerner, and Bostonian are all made akin by one touch of nature when it comes to the circus.

In these letters I have written at some little length of opera. But I think I am more at home at the circus. In fact, I know I am. One of my earliest recollections is of going to the circus unbeknownst both to my elders and to the door-keeper. As a punishment for some high crime and misdemeanor, I had been refused the necessary coin of admittance and ordered to stay at home. I climbed out of the window, I shinned over the circus fence, and I crawled under the circus canvas. Several other youthful patrons came in with me by the same way. At the moment of our entrance I was surprised and shocked to see the small boy at my right suddenly disappear, jerked backwards with great rapidity. I wriggled forward myself just in time to escape the insertion of a large hooked cane-handle into the waistband of my little knickerbockers. It was a close call. From without the tent I heard sounds of anguish, and surmised that the Cerberus with the hooked cane had removed it from the little waistband and was applying it—well, where it would do the most good. But I did not tarry. I took my seat upon a hard pine board, and regarded with guilty pleasure the pranks of the painted clown.

Here comes the strange part of this simple story. *The Clown in the old circus on this fateful night of years long since performed exactly the same pranks as The Clown in the New Circus of Paris in December, 1902!*

And another strange thing is that I laughed just as much at the new clown as I did at the old one.

There are in Paris four circuses in permanent buildings: The New Circus, the Summer Circus, the Winter Circus, and the Medrano Circus. All seem to be filled continually. Why would not a permanent circus pay in San Francisco? One of the old panorama buildings there would serve admirably for such a purpose.

The Paris circuses give the usual programmes—acrobats, clowns, trapeze gymnasts, trained animals, and horse-bare-back riding and high-school riding. Concerning this latter, it is held in higher repute on the Continent than in England or America. I have never understood why it is contemned with us. A horse certainly has a very rudimentary brain; why, then, mock at trying to teach him something? Why sneer at elaborate training for him? The American method of "training" a harness horse seems to be to leave him in the habit of shying with equal impartiality at a train of cars or a load of hay. That reckless masters should drive so many half-trained horses in our country would be matter of less regret if it were only the fool masters whom the fool horses killed.

But the Paris circuses do not confine themselves to horses alone. They add various up-to-date acts. At the Nouveau Cirque, for example, there is a furor over the "American Cake-Walk." The act, billed as "The Joyous Negroes," is advertised as "a perfect representation of African life in America." If the French audience can believe the evidence of their eyes, they will have very curious ideas about Afro-American life. A mining man in Mexico some years ago told me that the only American newspaper circulated there was the *Police Gazette*. The Mexicans scanned it with keen interest. At the time the *Police Gazette* consisted almost entirely of large and inflammatory pictures of remarkable happenings to short-skirted ladies invariably clad in striped stockings. There were full-page pictures of rival lovers fighting duels over weeping maidens—in striped stockings; of jealous husbands stabbing faithless wives—in striped stockings; of housemaids falling out of seven-story windows—with streaming hair and upside down—but still in striped stockings; of millionairesses hurled from carriages by runaway steeds—also in striped stockings. (I mean the heiresses, not the horses.) As a result, the Mexican population came to believe that the great Republic of the North was inhabited by possibly fair but certainly frail ladies, subject to remarkable adventures, of peculiar morals, and all clad in short skirts and striped stockings.

It is painful to learn the fate of the *Police Gazette*, which once had a prosperous career and diffused enlightenment and striped stockings throughout the United States and the South American Republics. It has been seriously injured by the growth of the yellow daily press. As it came out only once a week, the yellow picture dailies have been able to print seven times as many short skirts and stockings per week, thus ruining the infant industry of Mr. Richard K. Fox, editor of the *Police Gazette*.

Like the Mexicans, the Parisians will come to entertain singular ideas concerning life in America. It will not be all African life either, for this band of "Joyous Negroes" includes a number of whites as well. All these persons speak the pure American dialect, beginning each speech with "Ho, I sigh," which, as every one knows, is the phrase "Oh, I say," as pronounced by both whites and negroes in America. They also speak of "newspeyers," they "arsk a feyevor of yer," and in other phreyeses smack of the soil of America. The

young woman who plays the Tough Girl drops all her h's in singing "On the Bowery"—thus: "H'I went into a hauction store"—and they are picked up by a har-keeper who was certainly horn within sound of Bow Bells. This couple, by the way, dance a tough waltz, exactly as it is danced at Coney Island and at El Campo. A number of the troupe are beauteous maidens of the "Tottie Coughdrop" variety; they look like British bar-maids, and probably came from the Alhambra. These are called "The American Cocktails." Cockney cocktails, I should call them. Talking of cocktails, the bar is adorned with those weird labels called in Europe "American drinks," of which no American ever heard.

But however much the French audience may be deceived in this picture of "genuine American life," the fact remains that the Joyous Negroes are extremely amusing. Paris has gone crazy over their cake-walk. The managers are adroit enough to interlard the dancing of their American Negroes with that of their British beauties. The Negroes go through the cake-walk, and the girls go through an etherealized sort of ballet imitation of it which is quite droll. The cake-walk music which most catches the Parisians is a coon song called "Down South," by Myddleton, and no one can deny its terpsichorean proclivities when one sees how the French feet all over the circus go jiggling to the rag-time. I speak only cold and sober truth when I say that this cake-walk has fascinated the Parisians. It is the talk of Paris, and it is being danced at the cotillions in the Paris 400. There are even advertisements in the papers announcing that lessons will be given in the American cake-walk. In the last number of *Femina*, a woman's fashion weekly, there is an illustrated advertisement in which a Monsieur and Madame Sosia announce that they are prepared to "give lessons to ladies at their residences in the intricate steps of the new American dances."

There are many strange things to be seen in Paris, but not the least peculiar is to be seated in a Paris "Grand Restaurant," listening to an orchestra which is composed of gypsies, which hails from Hungary, and yet is called Tzigane; to note the effect upon a fascinated audience of Frenchmen, Russians, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Mexicans, and South Americans; and then to reflect that these gypsies are playing coon-songs, cake-walks, and rag-time melodies from Dixie's Land.

Apropos of orchestras, I spoke in a recent letter of the orchestra at the Opéra, and remarked that I had counted seventy-five musicians there one night. I also commented on the predominance of the strings and apparent small number of brasses when they were playing Mozart's "Don Juan." I have since had the curiosity to look up these matters. I find that the total number of employees connected with the Grand Opéra orchestra is 150, and that the number performing in front of the footlights is generally about 75. Naturally, the instruments vary with the operas. As to the small number of brasses and the absence of trombones in "Don Juan," I find that Mozart left out the trombones entirely in his original manuscript score (which is still in existence), and that the opera was so played for a time. Subsequently, however, he added trombone scores to the partition, and these appendices in his handwriting are now fastened in at the back of the original score.

It will be interesting to musicians in the United States to note the salaries received by the members of the Paris Opéra orchestra. Here is a list of their monthly salaries—in dollars—taken from the Opéra books:

Leader of orchestra	\$210
First assistant leader	100
Second assistant leader	66
Violins, soloists, from	\$57 to \$46
First violins, from	\$30 to \$29
Second violins, from	\$49 to \$28
Altos, solos, from	\$57 to \$47
Altos, from	\$40 to \$23
Violoncelles, from	\$57 to \$28
Contrabassos, from	\$49 to \$28
Flutes, from	\$57 to \$33
Hautboys, from	\$30 to \$28
Clarionettes, from	\$57 to \$24
Bassoons, from	\$57 to \$29
Horns, from	\$57 to \$36
Trumpets, from	\$57 to \$35
Trombones, from	\$57 to \$30
Harp, from	\$44 to \$28
Battery (Bass Drum, etc.), from	\$44 to \$18

Mayor Schmitz, who was born in San Francisco, was formerly an orchestra leader. He is a prominent member of the San Francisco Musicians' Union, of which doubtless many other members are native-born. The next time he speaks before them, he might read over these figures. It would serve to show them how much better paid a musician is in America than the members of one of the finest orchestras in the old world. But, for that matter, all men who work for their living are better off in the new world than in the old.

It is only fair to add that many of the Opéra orchestra are in continual demand as soloists at concerts. For there are continual concerts given in Paris during the season. One recent series included the one hundred and fourteenth performance of "The Damnation of Faust"; another is now giving a chronological rendering of all the Beethoven symphonies. The "Philharmonic Society," the "New Philharmonic Society," the "Artistic Association of Concerts-Le-Rey," the "Matinee Artistique," the "Association of Grand Concerts," the "Lamoureux," and "Colonne Concerts" all give fine programmes at frequent intervals. At many of these it is impossible for a stranger to secure a seat, unless a regular subscriber returns one at the last moment.

Some idea of the enormous number of musical and theatrical attractions Paris offers may be had from a glance at the following list of bills put on at the different theatres during the early part of December:

OPERA—Les Huguenots.—Faust.—Rigoletto.—Les Barbares.—Roméo et Juliette.—Samson et Delila.—Paillassa.—Bacchus.—Don Juan.—Salammbô.
OPERA-COMIQUE—Cavalleria Rusticana (with Calvé as Santuzza).—Le Médecin Malgré Lui (the comedy by Molière, the music by Godecin).—Mignon.—Carmen.—La Fille du Régiment.—Nanon.—Louise.—Mme. Dugazon.—La Vie de Boi.

of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, it is estimated by the experts that \$750,000 will be required for the lower parts of the two rivers. The water is held back by the windings of the stream near their mouths to such an extent that last March it was backed up to a height of fourteen feet at a distance of fourteen miles up the river. In effect, this backing up is equivalent to a dam, and its removal would render available a large tract of the finest farming land in the State. A bill has been introduced to repeal the law making vaccination compulsory, on the ground that it is an invasion of personal liberty. Any law requiring people to refrain from filth of any kind is an invasion of personal liberty, but those who object to such laws are better fitted for solitude than for human society. A controversy has arisen over the State dairy school, now at Berkeley. It is claimed that the space there is too cramped, and it is proposed to remove it to the university property at Menlo Park. Yolo and Kings Counties have already put in an application for it on the principle of getting all you can, and other counties will probably be heard from. The St. Louis exposition is responsible for a bill appropriating \$200,000 to enable the State to make a suitable exhibition. The university has shown that it is getting along on less money, for the number of students, than any other leading college in the country; and that it must have more money or curtail its work. The question of finances has not been taken up seriously, but the controller's report shows that the regular State expenses will come within \$750,000 of the limit of taxation, and this is absurdly inadequate to the demands that are being made.

The London Times, the stronghold of conservatism, has been attempting to prove, by a long series of articles, the failure of municipal ownership in England. In support of its contention it adduced an array of figures proving beyond controversy that municipal ownership has, in practically every instance, increased expenses. Any informed advocate of the policy would have admitted this fact in advance. Public ownership involves extension of the service that would be refused under private ownership, and this necessarily involves increased expenses. But this tells only a part of the story, and there have not been wanting people ready to tell the remainder to the Times. It has been shown that the increase of expense has been more than balanced by the increase of receipts and of efficiency of service. The New York Sun, always antagonistic to governmental extensions, admits that "on a comparison of facts and figures the defense [i. e. the champions of municipal ownership] has undoubtedly the best of the argument," and says in conclusion that "the Times' attack has had the effect, while calling attention to some evils of the system, of emphasizing its advantage, and of awakening new enthusiasm for it."

The public is so accustomed to regarding the Chicago people as the leading "hustlers" in the world, whatever their other shortcomings may be, that it is somewhat of a surprise to find them falling behind, particularly when this is the result of shortsightedness. It is a fact, however, that Chicago is steadily losing ground in lake shipping, and the cause is the failure of Chicago to make due allowance for the growth of that business. The statistics published by the Federal Government place Chicago in the fifth place among lake shipping ports, though Chicago was the leading city only a few years ago. Duluth now stands in the first place, with Cleveland, Buffalo, and Milwaukee following in the order named. The cause of Chicago's shortcoming is the new era in lake shipping inaugurated by the building of larger vessels. Chicago had built tunnel crowns for some of the streets crossing beneath the river channels, and these crowns were too high to admit of the passage of the larger vessels. The other cities which could use these larger vessels forged ahead, and Chicago dropped behind in the race for supremacy.

With this number of the *Argonaut* goes an index for Vol. LI, July-December, 1902. Its preparation requires considerable labor, but the *Argonaut* has the satisfaction of knowing that such a record, besides being in the highest degree useful, is unique of its kind. No other similar weekly publication in the United States, we believe—with the single exception of the New York Nation—is indexed in this manner. Under "Society," besides the record of golf matches, art exhibitions, and musical notes, may be found an index of the notable weddings that have occurred during the half year. The "Obituary Notices" contain the names of distinguished men at home and abroad. "Drama" should prove invaluable as a refresher of recollection to the theatre-goer. Besides which, every department—"Storyettes," "Vanity Fair," "Verse," "Communications," "Individualities," "Stories," "Correspondence," "Miscellaneous Articles," and "Editorials"—is thoroughly indexed.

But it is to the "Book Reviews" that we desire to direct particular attention. This department contains 662 titles of books reviewed during six months past. Very few literary periodicals in the United States notice half this number. The *Critic*, for instance, reviews only 377, the *Bookman* gives formal reviews to only 36. The *Independent* noticed between July and December last 330 titles, the *Literary Digest* 110, the *Nation* 620, and the *Outlook* 650. Needless to say, no other periodical on the Pacific Coast reviewed anything like such a number. The *Argonaut*'s book-index for the year is practically a list of new books published in this country—everything from encyclopedias to children's picture books. Readers of the *Argonaut*, who keep a file of the paper—as a large proportion of them do—by means of the book-index can at once turn to an impartial review of any volume. Such a hook-buyer's guide should be invaluable to every person who reads. The files of no other paper, we believe—with the single exception, again, of the *Nation*—offer such a literary directory.

A TENNESSEAN'S ANTIPATHY.

How It Vanished on a Philippine Battle-Field.

"Buck" Perry, private Forty-Third United States Volunteers, was from Tennessee. Being a Southerner, he did not feel kindly disposed toward the negro. "I aint got no use fuh niggus, Fil'pino niggus or 'Merican niggus," was the way he delivered his sentiments on the race problem.

The first battalion of the Forty-Third had been ordered to deploy as skirmishers. A company of the Forty-Eighth United States Volunteers, colored, was held in reserve. Imagine Buck's consternation when he found that the soldier on his immediate right was colored. Most men would have buried their race prejudices under such circumstances, but Buck didn't.

"I aint got no use fuh niggus; ahmy niggus caint travel with me."

The man of the Forty-Eighth next to Buck was tall and lithe—a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was engaged in adjusting his sword bayonet, his company having been ordered to "fix bayonets."

"Say, nigguh," said Buck, "doan't try tuh mix up and be socible like with me. I doan't need the likes uv yuh heah."

The colored man made no response. He merely went on with the adjustment of the bayonet.

"Doan't yuh heah what I say?"

The one addressed, grinned and said: "I aint uh goin' tuh bothuh yuh, boss."

"See that yuh doan't, or yuh will stand fuh bein' rough treated by Tennesseean."

The Americans were drawn up at the edge of a rice field. The Filipinos had built a line of trenches on the other side of the field, in front of a bamboo thicket. The former had not yet fired a shot, but the sharpshooters of the latter had wasted considerable ammunition. In a few moments there would be a "chasun uv niggus," as Buck put it.

"Give the yell, boys," shouted some one. The regimental yell was given.

"Advance by rushes. First platoon forward. Second platoon fire two volleys," shouted a hoarse voice.

The men of the first platoon ran forward for about fifty feet, like foot racers, and dropped to the ground. There were two crashes from the rifles of the second platoon. There was a sound of heavy firing from the insurgent trenches. The air was full of whirring Mauser and Remington bullets.

"Second platoon forward. First platoon fire two volleys." The second platoon dashed forward past the first, and dropped to the ground about fifty feet in front of the latter.

"Crash, crash," from the first.

Buck Perry was in his element. He was never so happy as when in a bayonet rush.

The blue-shirted line worked forward with dauntless courage. First one platoon would rush forward and lie down, covered by the volleys of the other one, and then the latter would dash forward covered by the volleys of the former. Now and again a man would fail to rise from his crouching position, and blood would trickle from a wound. The hospital corps men, in such event, dashed up to the wounded and commenced their ministrations.

The line was now within one hundred yards of the insurrecto trenches. The tall young colonel looked over his shoulder. The reserves of the Forty-Eighth were near enough to be able to reach the trench in time to turn the tide.

"Forward the whole line," shouted the colonel. The eager men sprang up, and with a mighty yell leaped forward to storm the trench. Pandemonium held high carnival. Rifles cracked, men yelled, officers shouted commands, bugle calls could be heard above the rest of the racket. Buck Perry was in the van, firing and yelling. The enemy began to waver; their fire slackened. Some ran away with the speed of frightened jack-rabbits. A few, however, remained firm, firing steadily. Buck dropped his rifle, put his hand to his side, tottered, and fell over.

"Damn the niggus. Kill them all," he yelled.

The line swept by. The reserves of the Forty-Eighth came up. One of the colored men fell near Buck.

Far off in the bamboo thicket Buck could hear shooting and shouting. Evidently the "felluhs" had routed the "goo-gooes." Would they come back soon? He hoped so, for he was beginning to feel weak. One instant he felt as though reposing in a cold-storage vault, the next as though in a furnace. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. He tried to get up, but the pain was so great that he desisted. The sun beat down in all of its tropical ferocity. The colored man who had fallen near Buck began to claw around.

"Whv doan't th' felluhs come back? What makes 'em so long," thought Buck.

The sound of the firing became fainter and fainter. Buck raised himself on his elbows, and glanced around. The rice-field over which they had charged did not contain a living figure. He looked toward the trench. Three or four blue-shirts lying very still were under its shadow. Buck tried to move toward the trench by digging his elbows in the ground and pulling forward, but soon gave up the attempt on account of the pain. That shadow cast by the trench was very alluring. If he could but reach it! God! how hot the sun was. He took a pull at his water bottle. Wouldn't the "felluhs" ever come back? The shouting and shooting had died away.

"Bang!" A bullet struck the ground near Buck.

"Damn un goo-goo that hasn't got no moh sense an' tuh shoot at uh wounded felluh."

"Bang!" The bullet went close to his head.

"I've got tuh git out 'en heah without stoppin'," said Buck to himself.

"Say, boss, what's that shootin'?" asked the colored man.

"None uv yuh business, nigguh. Wait till yuh's spokun tuh."

The colored man turned over; he raised himself on his elbows. He slowly rose to his feet.

"Bang!" The sniper had turned his attention to the standing figure, but scored his usual miss.

"I wish I was in tuh shade uv that theyuh trench," said Buck, faintly, to himself.

"Does yuh really want tuh be theyuh?" was the question that saluted Buck's ears.

Buck looked up. It was the same colored man with whom he had had words not an hour before. He couldn't accept any favor from a colored man and retain his self respect.

"Bang!" The sniper was still at it.

Buck was getting weak.

Without a word, the colored man, who had been hit in the shoulder, picked up the wounded man and carried him over to the shadow of the trench. Buck's head swam. He saw a train of shooting stars. His eyes closed. He heard music; he was floating down a languid river.

When the "felluhs" came back from their "chasun uv niggus" they found Buck lying in the shadow of the trench, in a dead faint. The colored man was dead. A bullet had struck him in the throat.

Upon Buck's regaining consciousness the first object he saw was the dead body of his preserver.

"Boys," he said, "uv tuh now I aint nevuh had no use fuh any darned nigguh, but aftuh this, yuh can put me down as th' frien' uv all ahmy niggus."

GEORGE S. EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1903.

MORE DOOLEY PHILOSOPHY.

F. Peter Dunne's Latest Book.

Those who follow the weekly installments of Mr. Dooley's utterances on current affairs in the Sunday supplements, will welcome "Observations by Mr. Dooley," which contains the best articles which F. Peter Dunne has contributed to the newspapers and magazines during the past six months. Those who have missed them, and enjoy a hearty laugh, should not fail to secure the volume, for it mirrors public sentiment in a merry way, and is liberally sprinkled with felicitous phrases and witty epigrams. One can open the book at any of its two hundred and seventy-nine pages and be certain to find something amusing, for the inimitable sage of Archey Road is equally droll and convincing, whether he discusses politics, literature, art, matrimony, woman's rights, newspaper publicity, sport, or the law's delays.

In his defense of profanity, for example, Mr. Dooley declares that "swearing belongs to some trades like printin', bricklayin', an' plumbin'," and he adds:

It is no help at all, at all to tailors, shoemakers, hairdressers, dintists, or authors. A surgeon needs it, but a doctor niver. It is a great help in unloadin' a ship an' sailor men always swear—th' cap'n an' mate whin wurruk is goin' on an' th' men hefore th' mast at meals. Sojers mus' swear. They're no way out iv it. It's as much th' equipment iv a sojer as catridges. In vigorous sport it is nices's'ry but niver at checkers or chess an' sildom at dominoes. Cowboys are compelled to use it. No wan cud rope a cow, or cinch a pony without swearin'. A strickh grin'g' up is th' same as havin' a wooden leg on th' plains. Profanity shud he used sparingly if at all on childer—especially girls—an' sildom on women, though I've knowed an occasional domestic: "Damn ye'er eyes" to wurruk wondhers in ree-latin' a family. Women can't swear. They have th' feelin' but not th' means. Western men swear hettier thin Eastern men, though I mus' say th' mos' lih'ral swearers I iver knew come fr'im Boston.

Mr. Dooley, however, doesn't believe in using profanity the way you would ordinary words:

Ye've got to save it up an' invist it at th' right time or get nawthin' fr'im it. It's hettier thin a doctor f'r a stuhhed toe, but it niver cured a broken leg. It's a kind iv a first aid to th' injured. It seems to deaden th' pain. Women an' childer cry or faint whin they're hurt. That's because they haven't th' gift iv swearin'. But as I tell ye, they're no good wastin' it. Th' man that swears at ivrythin' has nawthin' to say when real troubles come. I hate to hear annywan spillin' out th' valuable wurruks that he ought to save to be used whin th' shovle-pipe comes down. Not that it shocks me, I'm a dimmy-crut. But I know th' foolish man is hurtin' himself. Put a little profanity by fr' rainy days, says I. Ye won't miss it, an' at th' end iv th' year, whin ye renew ye'er lease, ye'll he surprised to find out how much ye have on hand. But if ye hurl it broadcast, if ivry time ye open ye'er mouth a hot wan laps out, th' time will come whin ye'll want to say something scorchin' an' ye'll have nawthin' to say that ye haven't said fr' fun. I'd as soon think iv swearin' fr' pleasure as iv lindin' money fr' pleasure.

Of the futile attempts of Arctic explorers to find the North Pole, Mr. Dooley remarks:

In th' arly days whin an explorer wint off to find th' Pole, he hought himself a sheepskin coat, a couple iv dogs, a pair iv skates, an' a bottle iv pickled onions an' set out bravely, an' th' people watched th' family to see what other form th' lunacy wud take. Aftur awhile he ayther come back or he didn't. Sometimes th' Esquemo lady didn't care to lave her pleasant home in th' land iv perpetchool blubber, an' in that case th' hardy mariner remained in th' frozen north. I niver cud see th' advantages iv life in th' Artic regions. 'Tis thure th' nights is six months long, an' sleep is wan iv th' spoorts that age hasn't deprived me iv. It mus' he a gr-reat country fr' burglars. But fr' a plain wurruk'n man it's v'er thryin'. Think iv a six months' wurruk'n day. Ye get ye'er breakfast at sun-up in March, an' ye don't set down to dinner till th'

first iv June. Thin comes a long afternoon, an' I tell ye whin th' whistle blows at six o'clock October, it's a welcome sound it sinds to ye'er ears. Ye go home an' all th' childer has growed up, an' th' news in th' mornin' pa-per is six months' old. Ye lie around readin' an' playin' cards fr' a month or two, an' thin ye yawn an' set th' alarm clock fr' March, an' says: "Mah, it's th' fifteenth iv Novimber, an' time th' childer was abed," and go to sleep. About Christmas th' good woman wakes ye up to look fr' th' burglar, an' aftur ye've paddled around in th' ice floe fr' a week, ye climh back into bed grumblin' an' go to sleep again. Aftur awhile ye snore, an' th' wifes iv ye'er bosom punches ye. "What time is it?" says ye. "It's a quarter past th' fifteenth iv Janoary," says she, an' th' siren iv ye'ers has heern goin' since New Year's Day." At March ye ar-re aroused by th' alarm clock, an' ye go out to feed th' seals, an' I tell ye, ye need a shave. It mus' he a quare sinasation to wake up in th' mornin' an' find that th' kid ye tucked into hed th' night before has grown side-whiskers in his sleep, an' his feet has pushed out th' foot iv th' cradle. Not fr' my money, Hinnissy. Th' Artic regions fr' thim that likes thim, but give me a land where ye don't tell th' time iv day be th' almy'ac.

One of the advantages of poverty, Mr. Dooley says, is that if you are sick, one doctor is sufficient, while if you are great and wealthy, an operation is always necessary, and then "Dr. Pinchers operates, Dr. Smothers administers th' annyesthetic, Dr. Hygeen opens th' window, Dr. Anodyne turns on th' gas, Dr. Aluompaine turns th' pitchers to th' wall, Dr. Rambo looks out th' window, Docthors Peroxide, Gycal, Cephalgern, Antipyreen, an' Coltar take a walk in th' park, an' Dr. Saliclate figures up th' bill." And then there is the interviews with the attending physicians to contend with. Here is a sample of the disclosures Dooley would expect them to make if he fell into their clutches:

"Cap Dooley cut up terribly undher th' chloryform, singin' songs, swearin', an' askin' fr' Lucy. His wife's name is Anamariar. She was in th' adjinin' room. It seems they have had throuhle. Th' room was poorly furnished. Th' Cap's clothes was much worn, as was most iv him. He must have led a shockin' life. It is doubtful if he will iver raycover, fr' he is v'er, v'er old. He has been concealin' his age fr' many years. He is a notorious profligate, as was well shown be th' view we had. Th' flash light pitcher iv th' Cap will appeal to all who know his inner history."

Think iv a man comin' out in th' light iv day aftur all that. He can't get on clothes enough to cover him. He may hear himself with a haughty manner, but he feels that ivry man he meets knows more about him thin he knows himself. Th' fellow on th' threet has been within th' walls. He's sayin' to himself: "Ye're a hollow sham, composed akelly iv impaired organs an' antiseptic gauze." To th' end iv his life, he'll niver be anything more th'n an annymotical chart to his friends. His privacy is over fr'iver, fr' what good can it do annywan, Hinnissy, to pull down th' blinds iv his hed-room if ivrybody knows exactly th' size, shape, an' loca'tion iv his spleen?

Mr. Dooley has little usc for the way history is served up in books nowadays. He remarks:

If any wan comes along with a histhry iv Greece or Rome that'll show me th' people fightin', gettin' drunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' th' grocery man, an' bein' without hard-coal, I'll helieve they was a Greece or Rome, but not before. Histories are like doctors. They are always lookin' fr' symptoms. Those iv them that writes about their own times examines th' tongue an' feels th' pulse an' makes a wrong dygnosis. Th' other kind iv histhry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a country died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv.

Commenting on the changes that have taken place in courtship and marriage since he was a boy, Mr. Dooley says:

Whin I was a boy all a man needed was a little encouragement fr'im th' family, an account with a liveryman, an' a small pull with th' parish priest, an' there he was. 'Twas well if he had a job, too, but if he hadn't it wasn't a bar. A married man can always find wurruk to do. He's got to. But no wan iver thought iv askin' him to skin open his hand-hook. They wasn't anny such things. They wasn't anny hanks. He didn't have to pin a cashier's check to th' proposal, an' put in a sealed hid. If th' girls in my time an' this part iv town had to wait fr' an opulent business man with twenty-five or thirty dollars, many iv thim wud be waitin' at this minit.

And when Mr. Dooley is questioned by his friend Hennessey: "D'ye ra-ally think a man ought to marry on twenty-five dollars?" he replies: "If he's that kind iv a man, more money thin that wud be wasted on him."

Among the other interesting topics discussed are "Sherlock Holmes," "European Intervention," "White House Discipline," "Prince Henry's Reception," "The Philippine Peace," "King Edward's Coronation," "Newport," and "Home Life and Geniuses."

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

General Francis V. Greene, the new head of New York's police department, has inspired a wholesome fear among the clique of law-breakers that in the past has considered itself altogether immune. Already a great change has taken place in the short time that he has held office. Offenders realize that he "means business"; inspectors know that laxity will result in decapitation. General Greene is a scholar, a scientist, and a soldier, having been graduated from West Point in 1870, first in a class of fifty-eight. When the war with Spain broke out, he was sent to Cuba, as colonel of the Seventy-First New York Volunteers. Elevation to brigadier-general followed, and he then assumed command of the Third Division of the army in the Philippines. His many large business interests forced him to resign from the army at the close of the war.

Harry Lehr, who is considered the rightful successor of the late Ward McAllister in the metropolis, declares that New York's Four Hundred is no more. The upper crust of New York's society, he says, should hereafter be referred to as the Five Hundred and Fifty. Mr. Lehr takes no credit to himself for this addition, but blushing admits that Mrs. Astor had increased the number of her personal friends, and as she is the admitted leader of New York society, he considers that her revised list must, for the present, remain the only authoritative one.

LA DUSE.

The Famous Tragedienne and Her Repellant Plays—Tour not a Financial Success—Changes in Her Personality and Acting—How She Played "Magda."

The second part of the two Duse seasons is just coming to an end. There will be one more performance—a *mélange* of "La Città Morta," "Magda," and "La Femme de Claude"—and then La Duse will turn her face to the sea and depart for other lands and other triumphs.

There is a rumor abroad that it may be the last time the illustrious and melancholy star will be seen in the land of great pecuniary rewards. This is not like "the positively last appearances" of other and more mercenary ladies. La Duse is not mercenary; her managers wish that she was, or that, at least, she had a little more consideration for their mercenariness. She is alike scornful of box-office and press. It is said that the managers of her present tour have lost money. Her contract protected her against possible frosts by settling on a lump sum for the season. Then, when it came to advertising her according to our well-known, flamboyant methods, she protested. She would have no new photographs taken, no interviews, no placards on dead walls. Even the newspaper advertisements were all of the most meagre proportions. In fact, she insisted on a dignified and stately reticence, meeting her public only in the place where it had a right to meet her—on the stage. That such stars exist, refusing to allow their inmost lives to be exploited for the profits of Jew managers, not caring that their photographs, underclothes, diet, and love-affairs should furnish tit-bits for the yellow journals, proves that there are still actresses who regard the stage as a Temple and Thespis as a Goddess.

If the present Duse tour has not been a financial success I should set it down, not to the lady's dislike of advertising, but to the choice of pieces. She played little else (in New York, during the first half of the season, nothing else) but the three D'Annunzio dramas, "La Gioconda," "La Città Morta," and "Francesca da Rimini." In the first place, the average American theatre-goer does not know these pieces, as he does "Magda," "Camille," and "La Femme de Claude." In the second place, if he does know anything of them, he is so disgusted and scandalized by the two former that he has no desire to see either of them, or the better-known and less-revolting tragedy of the lovers of Rimini.

Neither D'Annunzio nor his type of genius is attractive to the people of the United States. We are a sane and healthy nation, with the strain of the Puritan strong in us yet, and the savagely brutal subjects chosen by the greatest modern writers of Italian prose repel and horrify us. We hear that D'Annunzio is said to have restored the Italian language to what it was in the days of Dante, but as we don't speak it, that is a side of his genius that has little influence upon us. If we have read him, we are fain to admit that what might be called his "literary gift," is unsurpassed today. No modern writer, except, perhaps, Maupassant, could better build, develop, and vivify his theme. But these pieces of perfect craftsmanship are like the pearl—flawless formations gathered round a centre of decay.

He is not a great dramatist, though one can not predict what he may become, as he is an indefatigable worker, still young, and burningly ambitious. His plays, even with La Duse to interpret, are not interesting. And then the bloody and detestable nature of the stories repels that portion of the audience which might have felt that Duse compensated for the dullness. Altogether, the D'Annunzio season has neither added glory to the author nor to the star. People who are literary, who aspired to culture, who spoke Italian, and who were curious to hear Duse and D'Annunzio in sensational combination, went and came away variously impressed, while the conservative critics thundered their enraged disapproval, and the progressive ones fairly shrieked their defiant delight. And one of the most remarkable features of the occasion was that the young, the innocent, the ingenuous went to see "La Città Morta" in family groups, and discussed it, and fought over it, and loved it, because it was D'Annunzio interpreted by Duse, and the correct thing to see and talk about.

During her short second New York engagement, the star condescended to give a few performances of "Magda." She was playing at the Metropolitan Opera House, a truly awful place for acting. I sat well down in the orchestra chairs, and could only see the variations and subtleties of her facial expression by using a very powerful opera-glass. The enormous place was crowded to the roof, with nearly every box full. Those who were in the centre of the horseshoe could have seen little more than the pale oval of Magda's face, crowned with black, rippled hair, while those in the upper balconies could have seen nothing but a suggestion of a white-draped figure, with a black-and-pink dot for a head.

La Duse is said to have changed—not alone with the passage of the years—but a subtler change has been wrought in her. Some think it an improvement; others a detriment. Some say a touch of the calculated spectacular has crept into her art; others would have it that her elusive and spiritual fineness has given place to something warmer, more of the earth and the woman. The veil of glamour and mystery that shrouded

her like a sad-eyed Undine yearning for her unfound soul, has melted away, and she has found her soul and with it suffering and tempest. She still looks, when her face is in repose, the most melancholy woman in the world. We have all seen pensive and picturesquely sad faces. La Duse's has nothing of this fancy-tickling charm. Neither is she like a tragic mask—the type of face Rachel had—beautiful, rigid, sometimes awful. She is sad, steeped in sadness, dyed to the soul with it. Her eyes look as if they had wept an ocean of tears, and were sodden and heavy with them; her mouth has a suggestion of a continual, controlled quiver.

I have seen a good many Magdas, but only one that seemed to me to approach Sudermann's ideal. This was Modjeska when she first played it, before her illness. But Modjeska did not suggest the force of revolt that lay in old Schwartz's eldest daughter. She was winning, proud, impatient, womanly. A creature brilliant, supple, sparkling—an artist, a Bohemian, irritated by control, irked by any form of restraint, but a being still full of *joie de vivre*, with more in her of the spoiled child than of the turbulent, rebellious daughter of a father whose will she had inherited.

Duse's Magda is an unhappy woman, full of darkly troubled depths. The gayety and excitement of her life have been only palliatives, drugs to a conscience which has never died. The traditions and instincts of her ironily respectable stock have not been completely stifled. She has plunged into her life with its ambitions, its intoxicating successes, its frantic struggles, with the force of her impassioned nature. She has been true to herself, she says, and so she has to part of herself, but not to all. There is a restlessness, a question, a harassed unease, always underneath. Her maternal passion, in which she finds most solace and forgetfulness, does not fill the soul that is disturbed and ever yearning like the sea.

In her hands the showily brilliant entrance of Magda is a very different thing from that to which we are accustomed. She enters swiftly, and yet without confidence. The past is in her mind, curbing the curiosity, joy, and audacity of this uncertain home-coming. Then at the sight of the little sister, so touchingly unlike herself, a wave of memory and tenderness sweeps over her, and she leaps the gulf of eleven years and clasps Marie in her arms. Her bravado in this scene is light and, though delicately insolent, is tempered with the careless *bonhomie* of one who can afford to be generous and forgive past scores. It is when she meets her father that all the old feelings—the fear, respect, love cramped by rigid laws of subservience, obedience yielded with angry reluctance—re-assert themselves. Her bravado dies, her eyes implore, we feel that she trembles, melts, and in a gush of pity for the white head that will not bow, the pride that can not break, the paternal love that is not allowed to speak, she sinks on her knees and kisses the paralyzed right hand. She understands him—for they are alike, built of the same blood and bone, this father and child who are doomed to be forever antagonistic.

The two scenes with Von Keller were superb. At the first meeting the consciousness, the shame of old memories, paint themselves on her face in living colors. As she becomes more mistress of herself, she watches him, almost amused at his unconscious revelations of the narrow meanness of his nature. She has little animosity toward him, more of bitterness in the thought that this was the man she once loved. But when she comes to tell of agonies of her desertion, the privations, the despair, the struggles of the days when she faced life, penniless and alone, with a child to provide for, her careless contempt blazes suddenly up into a quivering heat of scorn. Pity for the deserted girl of seventeen, so different from the triumphant woman of today, lends force to her words, and the bland and smirking counselor is shriveled by the flame of her rage.

In the second scene with him she is very quiet and motionless throughout. The spell of the house and its associations has broken her. She is trapped. The stifling influences of this home that she has never loved, and yet that has always stretched a hand after her in her farthest wanderings, has subdued her will. When she realizes that Von Keller's offer of marriage means separation from her son and denial of his relationship, she gives a suppressed cry, an animal sound of maternal fear and rage, and then stiffens; her will re-awakening, once more herself. Her order to him to go is quiet and decisive. The matter is closed. She could no more marry Von Keller than she could live again in this old, terrible home, from which she must escape.

In the scene with her father when she is at bay, she gives an impression of dread and distraction, but in a subdued key. Finally the last pregnant sentence: "How do you know that there were not others?" is not a phrase thrown out in a moment of desperation, not the frantic challenge of a woman driven into a corner. It is a confession. Eyes, lips, the whole face, speak. She says it with difficulty, stumbling, tearing the words out, trying to soften them for him and for herself by putting them in the form of a question. It was a confession that might well have killed Schwartz. It was hardly necessary for that face, full of shame, full of pleading, full of anguish at delivering such a blow, to have its expression explained by words. Magda had told all before she spoke.

Regarded from the surface point of view, her playing is marked by a curious, quiet naturalness, entirely unlike any other form of stage realism I ever saw. She never poses, never is in the centre, seems to shrink

from rather than court telling attitudes, effective points, and striking moments. It seems rather *bonole* to mention such a thing, but is there any other actor but the great Salvini of whom this can be said?

As to her looks—what are they? She is certainly not beautiful—few very gifted women are. Yet her Magda gave an impression of something handsome and carelessly splendid, always dimmed by a suggestion of a great spiritual destruction that the soul has never recovered. I think if one had met such a woman in a drawing-room, everybody would have stared and hung on her words, not because she was so beautiful to look at, but because she had the quality of the unusual, the arresting, the holding and compelling force that the mentally and spiritually distinguished alone possess. She has a noble head and gracefully growing black hair, dark eyes that reflect every mood, and that are full of tragedy and passion. In figure she is on the border line between the slimmest of girlhood and the *embonpoint* of middle age. She appears to wear no corset, and her movements from head to toe are the embodiment of soft and somewhat listless grace, not in the least feline, as Bernhardt's movements are, more grave, noble, and classic.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, January 18, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, has entered the ranks of journalism, having become a member of the staff of the *Saturday Review* of London. She intends to contribute a weekly article on social matters.

During his visit in Chicago, Sir Philip Burne-Jones has been exhibiting his painting, "The Vampire," which inspired Kipling's verses of that title, and also a portrait of Kipling. In an interview, he remarked that there was no truth in the story that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, had posed for "The Vampire." The model, he declares, was a Brussels professional.

King Oscar of Sweden, whose health is so poor that he has temporarily decided to intrust the government of Norway and Sweden to his son, the Crown Prince Gustavus, contributed an article to the Christmas publication of the Swedish Authors' Union, in which he discussed his own writings in fiction and poetry. He states that he loved verse from childhood, and that as a member of the royal navy he was inspired to attempt to produce it. He adds that formerly he was very proud of his lyrical productions, but now finds they can not be considered first class.

J. S. Drakeford, editor of the *Yorkville* (S. C.) *Yeoman*, printed a four-column editorial article recently, in which he announced that the paper would suspend publication with the current issue. He says he will go to another State to seek a divorce, having been driven to desperation by the lying gossip of women in his town. "In this unhappy emergency," he says, "three courses are open to me—suicide, whisky, or divorce. I have too much respect for God to take the first, too much for myself to take the second, and, with all its horrors, divorce is more preferable." Drakeford declares that his town is infested with social vermin, and their gossip has made him prematurely gray at the age of thirty-four.

After attending his exhibition of paintings in New York, most of the art critics have advised Frederick Macmonnies to stick to sculpture. His paintings are said to be all pitched in a high key, and most of them fairly riot in color. They are beautiful in detail, well drawn, and are full of vitality, but they are theoretical and entirely lacking in repose, and show too strongly the influence of the present school of younger French painters. They are also very uneven in merit. The *pièce de résistance* of the exhibition was to have been a full-length nude figure of a woman reclining on a couch, and with head raised on one arm, holding out at arm's length a black mask. This canvas created a sensation in Paris, but in view of the heated discussion over his sculptured Bacchante, which, after stormy protests from the citizens of Boston, was removed from the Boston Museum a few years ago to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, it was decided at the last minute not to place it on exhibition.

King Edward and the Duke of Orleans are friends again. The latter was received at Buckingham Palace a fortnight ago, and is said to have made sufficient explanations to secure King Edward's pardon for his unfriendly attitude toward Queen Victoria. At the height of the Boer War, it will be remembered, when feeling was running strongly against Great Britain in the Continental press, a French comic paper published a vulgar caricature of the late queen, by the artist Willette. A few days afterward M. Willette, it was stated in Paris journals, had received a letter from the Duke of Orleans in approval of his work and offering congratulations. When this was denied, the text of the alleged letter of the duke was published in London, and raised a storm of indignation, considering the circumstance that the Orleans family had received an asylum in England for more than fifty years, enjoying the close personal friendship of the royal family, and that the duke had himself been born at Twickenham, on the Thames. Speculation is rife as to whether the English clubs, which expelled him when he insulted the queen, will now reverse their action and re-admit the duke because King Edward has administered to him a coat of whitewash.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the late "Tom" Reed was first talked of for the Presidency, he was asked if he thought the party would put him in nomination. His reply was: "They might do worse—and I think they will."

Once, when Tennyson went to dine with Sir Arthur Sullivan, his wide-brimmed felt hat and long, flowing cloak greatly impressed a new servant at the composer's house. At the end of the evening, when Tennyson had departed, she gave vent to her feelings, after asking whether that was "really the poet," in these words: "Well, he do wear clothes!" "Yes, so do most poets!" answered Sullivan; "and then you must remember that he is the Laureate." The girl thought it over for a few minutes, no doubt cogitating on his official position, before she remarked, with a sigh: "What a uniform!"

Bishop Watterson tells a story of how he was once taken for a "drummer" by a traveling salesman who was riding on the same train. "What house do you represent?" he was asked. "Lord & Church," replied the hishop. "H'm!" mused the drummer; "never heard of it. Any branch house?" "Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God, easily. "That's queer!" went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a hoastful representative of some small concern. "Er—boots and shoes?" "No," said the hishop. "Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation. "Well, no," said the hishop, "some folks call 'em notions."

Atkins Lawrence, in recalling his appearances with Mary Anderson, when she was a youthful aspirant for stellar honors in the East, says: "I was getting a little stout in those days, even though I was a young fellow, and, as Claude Melnotte, I had a vest that I had supplied with three powerful huckles in the back. These I would draw as tightly as possible to make myself slim. One night I had just finished my description of my palace, and knelt down to say: 'Likest thou the picture, Pauline?' when suddenly all three of the huckles gave way with a snap that set the people in the orchestra tittering. 'What's the matter, Atkins?' Mary Anderson said, in a stage whisper. 'My vest buckles have broken,' I answered. 'That's all right,' she replied, 'I was afraid it was your suspenders.'"

When John S. Sargent, the famous portrait painter, studied in the atelier of Carolus Duran in Paris, his teacher showed his fondness for him by painting in his head in the great ceiling of the Luxembourg Palace. Even after he branched out for himself, his master often sent for him to come over to his studio and pose, his hands having especially won the admiration of Duran. The time came, however, when Sargent could no longer answer the heck and call of his teacher, for he was getting work of his own to do, which would not allow him to leave his studio at a moment's notice. One day, it is related, Duran sent a burry call for him, and when he received a note saying that Sargent was compelled to decline his request, owing to pressing work, Duran was furious. A few days later, a friend, to whom he had confided his anger at his recalcitrant pupil, asked him: "Well, how is it with Sargent? Have you made up? How is he?" "Ah, no!" said Duran, and he looked sad, and his shoulders went up; "how is it with Sargent? *C'est fini!* [another sbrug] *c'est fini!* It's all over! I have been to the Luxembourg. I went and I got a ladder, and I painted out his head!"

A. H. Savage Landor, in his latest book of travel, "Across Coveted Lands," relates an amusing railway incident that occurred in Russia while he was en route to Persia. "Unable to get at my towels packed in my registered baggage, and ignorant of the Russian language," he says, "I inquired of a polyglot fellow-passenger what was the Russian word for towel, so that I could ask the guard for one. '*Palatinski*,' said he, and I repeated '*Palatinski*, *palatinski*, *palatinski*,' so as to impress the word well upon my memory. Having enjoyed a good wash and a shampoo, and dripping all over with water, I rang for the guard, and sure enough when the man came, I could not recollect the word. At last it dawned upon me that it was '*Palatinski*,' and '*Palatinski*.' I asked of the guard. To my surprise the guard smiled

graciously, and putting on a modest air, replied: '*Palatinski niet, paruski* (I do not speak Latin, I speak only Russian),' and the more I repeated '*palatinski*,' putting the inflection now on one syllable, then on the other, to make him understand, the more flattered the man seemed to be, and modestly gave the same answer. This was incomprehensible to me, until my polyglot fellow-passenger came to my assistance. 'Do you know what you are asking the guard?' he said, in convulsions of laughter. 'Yes, I am asking for a palatinski—a towel.' 'No, you are not!' and he positively went into hysterics. Palatinski means 'Do you speak Latin?' How can you expect a Russian railway-guard to speak Latin? Look how incensed the poor man is at being mistaken for a Latin scholar! Ask him for a palatensi, and he will run for a towel. The man did run on the magic word being pronounced, and duly returned with a nice, clean *palatensi*, which, however, was little use to me, for I had by this time got dry by the natural processes of dripping evaporation."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Trail of the Skirt.

(With apologies to Tom Hood.)

Skirt, skirt, skirt,
Mode of woman's attire,
In it she walks with footsteps trite,
Picking up dust and mire.
Sweep, sweep sweep,
Through filth and flood and dirt;
It needs must be, 'tis Fashion's decree!
So she trails the trail of the skirt.

O England's sisters dear!
O England's mothers and wives!
It is not your dresses you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Germ, germ, germ,
Lurks in that murky dirt;
You carry to-day with a double tread
A shroud as well as a skirt.

Trail, trail, trail,
The labor you never shirk,
Through filthy flood and slush and mud,
Doing but scavenger's work.
Trail, trail, trail,
Gather microbes, as doctors assert;
Fit style with stealth, 'gainst comfort and health,
This is the song of the skirt.

—Westminster Gazette.

Two a. m.

Sing a song of sixpence, a stomach full of
'rye';
Four-and-twenty keyholes dance before his eye.
When the door is open his wife begins to chin,
'Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in!"
—Judge.

Ubiquitous.

You step into a railway train at Penge or Peckham Rye,
You jump into a casual 'bus that's trotting past the Cri',
You go into an eating shop, you walk, or drive, or ride,
And you find a beaming German always sitting at your side.

Oh, it's German here, and German there, and German out and in,
But it's "Murderer of Babies" if you're walking in Berlin;
It's "Murderer of Babies" when you leave your native Strand—
But they grow quite fond of England when they quit the Fatherland.

A German takes your hat and stick, a German brings your chop,
He simply seethes in Capel Court, he serves in every shop.
He's in the 'bus, he's in the train, the concert hall and street,
And now he's putting in his oar with naughty Britain's fleet.

Oh, it's German here, and German there, and English crowded out,
But it's "Cowards, Thieves and Cut-throats" when their raving windbags shout;
It's "Cowards, Thieves and Cut-throats" when they've left the busy Strand,
And they're spending English money in the "Christian" Fatherland.

—London Globe.

Dake's Agency Moved.

The E. C. Dake Newspaper Advertising Agency has moved from the Merchants' Exchange, where it has been located for the last twenty-three years, to the Eyre Building, 124 Sansome Street, new and larger quarters. This is the leading agency of the Coast, in fact, it is the only agency, for it places advertisements almost anywhere, and by telegraph if necessary. This agency is now known as one of the solid institutions of the West, and many who wish to do business through a reliable source hunt up Dake's Agency when wishing to place advertising.

Authors will happen, even in the best-regulated families.—Carolyn Wells in *Life*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Publicity Wanted.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 28, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is a general and marked demand from the so-called minority stockholders for information as to the inside or majority management of the many oil, sugar, electric, realty, and varied other industrial corporations that are being dealt in through the medium of Stock and Bond Exchange, or otherwise.

Stock and certificate holders who have invested, or who desire to invest, in these corporation obligations, are fairly and justly entitled to every and all information and protection that our law-making power can afford them as much so as the law extends to any member of a business in the matter of partnership rights.

We now have the following laws: "An act for the better protection of the stockholders in corporations formed under the laws of the State of California for the purpose of carrying on and conducting the business of mining," approved March 30, 1874; and "an act for the further protection of stockholders in mining companies," approved April 23, 1880, which, among other things, provide for certain publicity of the operations, monthly, of such companies; but an examination will show that they are too limited in their requirements to be of much benefit to the small or minority stockholders, though they are on right lines, and have doubtless done much good.

Like and additional legislation is necessary for the information and protection of stock and certificate holders in nearly all corporations other than mining, banking, and railroad, for which we now have some protective legislation. These corporations, through their respective secretaries, should be compelled to keep on file in their offices available for inspection by any stockholder, statements in detail of the monthly receipts and disbursements, regular balance sheets, and other pertinent information, all duly sworn to.

A stockholder's rights to this information certainly can not be questioned. Publicity of the accounts and transactions of these corporations can but aid in the upbuilding of the legitimate and reputable associations which aim to treat their shareholders honestly and equitably, and will tend to defeat the selfish ends of those who undertake to control such corporations to the injury of the minority holders.

Great industrial activity now prevails and corporations galore—good, doubtful, and had—are being constantly organized, which promise large profits to the confiding subscriber. Every safeguard should therefore be provided by law for the protection of small investors, even to criminal prosecution for misrepresentation of facts.

Hoping that this communication will prompt some of the members of our legislature, now in session at Sacramento, to undertake the needed work outlined, I am,
Yours truly, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"Ardent Socialistic Letter-Writers."

BERKELEY, CAL., January 3, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest your article entitled "What Shall We Do with Our Old Men?" If it be true that our "highly organized economic system" makes such "ruthless demands" on those who do the world's work, that it were kinder to take the workers at the age of, say, fifty, and shoot them carefully and painlessly to death than to allow the form of modified starvation that seems to be coming to be the custom, is it not about time to propose some radical change in the "system"?

If it be a fact—and I think it is—that it is untrue that the situation is due to the "hard-heartedness of employers" who are confronted constantly by the "inexorable necessity" of meeting competition, then why not devise some means either abolishing competition or the employers who are confronted by this "inexorable necessity"? If there is no "logical remedy" save that suggested by the "ardent socialistic letter-writers" referred to, then may we not hope that the *Argonaut* will discuss this scheme? If we could find some way to substitute for the present employers, one or more who could do business without profit, such an one would be freed from the "inexorable necessity" of meeting competition, would he not? Yours truly,

W. S. V.

Shall Women Smoke?

SANTA BARBARA, January 23, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some months ago there was published in one of the daily papers of San Francisco an article by Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, regarding the practice of smoking by women.

In this article mentioned, Dr. Jordan stated that any woman who smoked put herself on a level with a woman who drank, or words to that effect, and there was nothing so vulgar or repulsive to his mind as seeing a woman smoke—it was degrading, degrading, etc. He makes this narrow assertion without taking into consideration any of the facts or surroundings pertaining to the filthy habit, and I want to state that I disagree most emphatically with him on the subject.

Does Dr. Jordan not know that women of the finest families of Spain and Mexico smoke?—women whom he would no doubt be pleased to know. And yet he says that no self-respecting woman would lower herself by smoking.

I certainly do not approve of a woman smoking in public, but if she desires to smoke in the presence of her husband or immediate family, I can see no great harm or degradation in it. Being connected with one of the oldest Spanish families in California I most naturally take exception to Dr. Jordan's article.
Truly yours,

AN ARGONAUT READER.

LITERARY NOTES.

Danny, the Beloved.

Few who read Alfred Ollivant's "Boh, Son of Battle," have forgotten it. Few who read his "Danny" will soon forget it. This story of a dog has a luring poetic charm. The author throws over it an imaginative glamour that sets it apart from practical, work-a-day books. Vague indefiniteness, stimulating to the imagination, is the one striking characteristic of the tale. For instance, the author uses hits of descriptions repeatedly, like refrains in verse; the characters are referred to constantly as "the woman," "the lady," "the Englishman," and "Her," instead of by proper names. This, to Philistines, may appear to be affectation. But it is so finely done that we think it justified.

Danny is a little terrier, described in his puppyhood as "a knightly hahe in tabard of clouded silver," with "eyes of love." He comes as a gift from Andie Campbell to the twenty summer, lily fair wife of the sternest, grimest Calvinist Laird in all Scotland, a man who held the souls of his parish in the palm of his hand, and whose word was law. Into this household, whose only other members were an old serving-woman and the older serving-man, comes the wee, almost human, loving dog. He is the beloved of the lonely, frail, young mistress of the house. But she dies, and all the affection of the Laird's great, grim, tender heart goes out to Danny. So that, at last, the villagers come to say that "there is but one soul between them," and the Laird himself, as he stands beside the grave of Danny at the end, cries: "He was my soul to me!"

For all our grand airs, the supernatural still charms. The spirit of the Greeks, which gave sentience to trees and rocks and personality to the elements; the spirit of our forefathers, whose eyes saw fairies dancing on the green, and gnomes in the cavern, is still ours, though in changed form. In place of gnomes and fairies we have Mowgli and his talking heasts of the jungle, we have Danny, to whom this prose-poet gives soul and human feeling. And the writer who tells us these things we believe, naturally, simply with childlike credulity.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Lilian Bell's First Novel.

"Hope Loring" is an alluring title. The slender, girlish figure, wind-blown, bolder a hull-pup in leash, is a charming frontispiece. And so with pleasant anticipation one reads the first few pages of Lilian Bell's latest. But the promise is not fulfilled. One soon misses the humor and simplicity of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," or even of a later and lesser hook, "Abroad With the Jimmies."

Hope is a self-willed, healthy young person, who flouts conventionalities. She is the daughter of a blue-blooded Southern family, and attends an aristocratic, exclusive boarding-school for young ladies in the South. Here she plays the hoyden, and winds up by winning a fifteen-thousand-dollar prize in the Louisiana lottery to the extreme horror of parents whose offspring are fellow-students of Hope's. This part of the book is told with spirit. But from the time when Hope leaves the outraged boarding-school for New York, where her father has gone into business, the author's theories as to the best methods of bringing up a child in the way he should go are continuously on exhibition, and the story is made tiresome, not to say ridiculous. Besides, it is improbable. We fancy there are people who would demur at having a football projected among their Dresden china and cut glass. And effective as are the escapades of this gussy young woman in the drawing-room, on the stage, and in Wall Street, there remains a lingering feeling that society is not to be turned over to the unrestrained impulses of sixteen-year-old girls; that stage-successes are not so easily won as appears, and that indulgent fathers are not commonly pulled through financial crisis by madcap daughters.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

G. W. E. Russell, author of the witty and satirical volumes, "Collections and Recollections," and "An Onlooker's Note-Book," which were reviewed at length in the *Argonaut*, has published a volume of religious papers under the title of "The Household of Faith."

Howard Pyle, who is best known by his pictures, has just written a serious novel entitled "Semper Idem." Its main theme is the second coming of Christ.

LITERARY NOTES.

William Morris and His Art.

The dominating idea in Elisabeth Luther Cary's admirable biography, "William Morris: Poet, Craftsman, Socialist," is that the man was greater than anything he did. The first page of the work expresses this thought, and the final sentence of the last chapter reads: "But the last word to be said about him is that he was greater than his work." This striking thought is singularly in accord with Emerson's dicta about other great men. "The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes," he said, "do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure, and of few deeds. . . . somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance." The performance of Morris was large, indeed astonishing in variety and excellence, but in his case, also, somewhat resided in the man which begot unfulfilled expectation. Morris, the man, was one of the great, never-to-be-forgotten figures of the last century. His influence upon his contemporaries in many lines of thought has been profound.

But William Morris was, withal, the prince of paradox. This is well brought out by Mrs. Cary where she says that although "art was a word continually on his lips, though the future and fortunes of art were constantly in his mind, yet for the greatest art in the world he had few words and the most passing interest. The names of Raphael and Leonardo, Giotto, Dürer, Rembrandt, Velasquez, were seldom if ever on his lips." Morris was a worshiper of the Gothic, his norm was English mediæval art. With that everything had to square. Take one example: In San Francisco to-day, doubtless largely because of Morris's teaching, almost every pretentious residence being built is furnished with some small, usually leaded, window-panes. Twenty-odd years ago every pretentious residence being built was furnished with as large panes as could be procured. More than that, people who wanted to be up to date were having the old-fashioned window-sashes replaced by broad-paned ones. And so it happens that the oldest unaltered houses and the newest of the new are now the most "up to date" in the matter of windows. What was Morris's reason for strenuously proclaiming the "artisticity" of leaded panes? "For everything," says Mrs. Cary, "Morris had a persuasive reason." His real one for espousing the cause of the leaded pane was that it was mediæval. He utterly ignored the fact that the reasons why our forebears used small-paned windows were the costliness of glass, the inability of supporting large panes by leads, and that the style was a survival of defensive building—all of which reasons no longer obtained. Certainly as a matter of abstract beauty, a single broad sheet of glass has quite as good claims to merit as a half-dozen small ones in wood or leaded frames. And the former is much more easily kept clean. Here, then, is one of the many instances where Morris's mediævalism resulted in a revolution based on no real reason. He liked small panes because he liked old things. That in 1875 the reasons for the use of leaded panes in 1630 had disappeared, did not concern him. "What we don't like," he once said, "is bad." And so large window-panes were condemned because they let in a flood of light "in a haphazard and ill-considered way!" Yet nothing is more certain than that no such reason would ever have been adduced had not the leaded panes been mediæval. "Politics is curious," saith the sage, but Art, Art with a big A, is a whole lot curiouslyer yet.

Mrs. Cary's book deserves great praise. It contains many excellent reproductions of Morris's designs, and is printed and bound very handsomely indeed.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: price, \$3.50.

A Romance of Puget Sound.

Ella Higginson's new novel, "Mariella of Out-West," is a wholesome, homespun tale of the Puget Sound country. It brings with it the atmosphere of fir forests, the long wash of the waves, gay upland apple-orchards, through all of which runs the odor of soap-suds and axle-grease. The romance deals with the awkward complications that arise when love is a game of three, being a chronicle of the "calf love" of two trusting young hearts in the backwoods until an English school-teacher inherits a fortune and trumps in with a winning hand.

Before she learns of this windfall, the large-hearted Mariella, we are told, "throws both arms round her humble lover's neck, leans her slender body upon his breast in a rapturous abandon of love," and says solemnly:

"Mahlon, as long as you love me that way and want my love, I promise to be true to you." A few days later, we read, she weeps upon her rich lover's shoulder because he didn't write during his long absence, and says: "You were all the world to me. I worshiped you, you were the only one who seemed—I say seemed—to love me." Great-hearted Mariella! After a heroic struggle to eat her cake and have it too, the situation is summed up by her strenuous mother with: "Well, I guess if you married him [the rich man] you wouldn't have to fry potatoes the rest of your life." So the heroine's noble resolve to be true to her first love goes down before the fried potatoes. She marries the rich one, and it is inferred, lives happily ever after.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York: price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Edward W. Townsend's novel, "Lees and Leaven," a story of New York City life, is to be published this spring. He has also just completed another book, which may be expected soon. It is called "A Summer in New York."

It is announced that Sidney Colvin has resumed his plan of writing a critical biography of Stevenson. He was to have done the official biography, which Graham Balfour finally completed, but gave up the task on account of ill health.

Mark Twain is putting the finishing touches to his papers on Christian Science, which are to be brought out in book-form this spring.

President Roosevelt has written an introduction to "A Woman That Toils," the story of practical experiences by Marie and Bessie Van Vorst, which is soon to be published. The introduction is of considerable length, and contains observations by the President, which can not fail to add materially to the interest of the book.

Max Pemberton's next book is to be an American story, and will be called "Daughter of the States." This is Mr. Pemberton's first essay in writing about this country or its people.

James Lane Allen is busy on what is described as the "longest and most important novel that he has yet written," and there is a prospect that it will be ready for publication late in the spring.

Robert Chambers is still pursuing his plan of writing a history of the American Revolution in the form of fiction. He has calculated that his scheme will be completed in four books, the first and second of which are already published—"Cardigan" and "The Maid-at-Arms."

Mrs. Fremont Older's first novel, "The Socialist and the Prince," which deals with Californian life during the days of the anti-Chinese labor agitation, is to be published this month. It will contain a striking frontispiece by Harrison Fisher.

E. W. Hornung will issue a new novel in March, through Charles Scribner's Sons, called "No Hero."

Justus Miles Foreman's new forthcoming novel, "Journey's End," is a romance of today, and the outcome is said to be as provocative of speculation and conjecture as "The Lady and the Tiger."

Clara Louise Burnham's "The Right Princess," having received the approval of Mrs. Eddy and other prominent Christian Scientists, has run through edition after edition, and another Christian Science novel is now announced for early publication.

The title of Beatrice Harraden's new novel will be "Katherine Frensham." It is a story of Norway.

Sidney Lee's biography of Queen Victoria is announced for early publication in this country by the Macmillan Company.

A special subscription edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," is to be published. There will be three hundred and fifty numbered sets, issued in two volumes, autographed by Mrs. Ward, and containing sixteen illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. The binding will be in pale blue and gold. There will be two other editions of this novel at a lower price.

The Macmillan Company has just issued Professor Gardner's "Ancient Athens." This is a companion volume to Mau's "Pompeii."

The English literary reviews give much space to the deaths of notable writers during the past year. All agree that the greatest figure on this list is Zola. None fail to mention with regret Bret Harte and Stockton.

Among the younger writers Lionel Johnson in England and Frank Norris in America receive the most appreciative notice. Lord Acton and Lord Dufferin are included rather for their general prominence and influence than for their actual achievement in literature.

"Nova Solyma," the romance supposed to have been written anonymously by John Milton, has been brought out in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT VERSE.

Slumber Song.

All is so still now,
Little one, sleep thou,
As, floating from heaven,
The soft wind of even
Just sank to rest.
Sleep at thy mother's breast.
Wee one, sleep at thy mother's breast.

All is so still now,
Little one, sleep thou.
Hark! the breeze tender
Its death-song doth render
To linden and stream.
Slumber, thou zephyr, dream;
Sleep on, my zephyr, sleep and dream.

All is so still now,
Little one, sleep thou.
Down by the strand
The waves on the sand
Calm their loud rush.
Slumber, thou wave, O hush!
Sleep too, O sleep, my wave, hush, hush!

All is so still now,
Little one, sleep thou.
Butterfly stoopeth
To rose that droopeth
Night tryst to keep.
Slumber thou too, rose, sleep.
Slumber thou too, my rose, O sleep!

—Herman Montagne Donner in "English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp."

Lullaby.

They are fluttering and fluttering, like birds upon the tree—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
Then shut them tight, my precious, one for you and one for me—
Bye oh! Baby bye—

Away down in the sheepfold, all the lambkins are at rest—
The little chickabiddies in the feathers soft are pressed—
And good old Mammy Nature holds them all upon her breast—

Bye oh! Baby bye!
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

We say we're men and women at the early dawn of day—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
But the sunset finds us children, with tears to wipe away—
Bye oh! Baby bye!

No shame to us that stumbled, if we tried to do our part,
No blame to us for failing, if we made an honest start—
Then take it all to Mammy—lay it all upon her heart—
Bye oh! Baby bye!
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

—Virginia Fraser Boyle in February Harper's Magazine.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Artist's Western Novel.

"John Ermine of the Yellowstone," Frederic Remington's first novel, tells the story of a boy stolen by the Crow Indians—a boy with "turquoise" eyes, and hair like "sundried grass." He is known as "White Weasel," is given the training, and lives the life of the other Indian children, and, as the old chief says, has the heart of a true Crow; when he becomes a man he wears an eagle-feather upright, and adorns his belt with a scalp—he is then a warrior. But meantime "Crooked-Bear," the white medicine-man, has sought to turn his Crow heart to the color of his skin, and when he has taught him his mother tongue, he induces him to go with Wolf-Voice down the valley of the Yellowstone to enlist with the white men as a scout. Of that unique epoch of the country's development the author says: "These two figures crawling, sliding, turning, twisting through the sunlight on the rugged mountain were grotesque but harmonious. America will never produce their like again. . . . Buckskin and feathers may swirl in the tan-bark ring to the tune of Money Musk, but the meat-eaters who stole through the vast silences are no more. Their gaunt, hammer-headed, grass-bellied, cat-hamned, roach-backed ponies went with them. The wheels and chimneys of the white man have crowded them off the earth."

Upon his reception into the camp, the world of the new scout—John Ermine as he is then called—is enlarged to millions of white men and one white woman. The white woman, naturally, is impossible to him, and the end is foreordained and logical. While looking through a window at the girl, he is shot by a hostile Indian, and one's sympathy goes out to him, for Mr. Remington's graphic pen makes the reader see the vastness of the Plains, feel the boundless stretches of loneliness, hear the flying hoofs of Indian ponies, and John Ermine becomes a live man. The illustrations are in the artist's usual happy vein, and supplement the text admirably.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Revolution Seen from the Ranks.

The impression left with the reader by Charles K. Bolton's book, "The Private Soldier Under Washington," is that he has made an historical study of a side of the Revolutionary struggle which there have been few, if any, attempts to treat by itself. Readers know, in a general way, the sufferings and privations of the patriot army. A great deal of such information is scattered through the histories of the time, or is to be found in public documents or private memoirs and letters. Washington gave a succinct description of the conditions at Valley Forge, and little else has been directly added in such shape that it can easily be found. Mr. Bolton has scraped everything together, and made a comprehensive picture of life in the Continental army, which is a valuable addition to the history of that strenuous period. One finds there how the army was raised, how it was paid when it was paid, how fed when it was fed, and how it was kept together when possible. One is shown what the soldiers wore and how they wore it, what arms and implements they used and how they used them. Pictures are drawn of the amusements as well as of the pains and punishments of their camp life. Probably the most striking fact which stands out from all others is the disclosure, which runs through the whole account, that the exigencies of the rank and file in war are always comparable in one period to those of another, being varied or accentuated only by the differences in the condition of the time. They fought and died, suffered and died, and in short "met the things that we meet on our pilgrimage road," when that road leads to war.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

"The Story of Athens."

In the preface to his important volume, "The Story of Athens," Howard Crosby Butler, lecturer on architecture in Princeton University, frankly states that his book is shorn of "dry details, disputed facts, and figures," the addenda of the archaeologist and historian proper. He makes no attempt to write a critical review of the history of the classic city, but, as his title suggests, confines himself to a simple sketch of the life and art of Athens. With the care of a scholar and the fervor of a devotee, Mr. Butler follows the building of the Marble City from the inception of its first great monument, the Acropolis wall, conceived by a primitive people best known in Homer's verse, to the "Golden Age" of Pericles, then down through the

corridors of history, redolent with war and politics and commercial enterprise, to the present period of restoration and preservation. Against this glowing background, he pictures with "the simple lines of dignified repose typical of the Greek temperament," the prominent characters that have made Athens the "mother city" of the world's education. Men like Cimon, Pericles, Socrates, Phidias, Sophocles, and Demosthenes, and such women as Aspasia and Irene are treated with a personal touch that annihilates time and distance, and makes them living realities. Their daily life, loves, pastimes, and, above all, their indefatigable pursuit of knowledge and art, are brought vividly before the reader. Mr. Butler's later chapters deal with "Christian Athens," "The Dark Age," and "Modern Athens: The Age of Recovery."

The volume is liberally and handsomely illustrated in line drawings and half-tones, and is artistically bound in Pompeian red, with Greek decorations in gold.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.40 net.

New Publications.

"The Heart of Woman," by Harry W. Desmond, is an "historical" novel of no value whatsoever. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Book of Pears and Plums, With Chapters on Cherries and Mulberries," by Rev. E. Bartrum, D. D., F. R. H. S., rector of Wakes Colne, Essex, is the eleventh in the Handbooks of Practical Gardening Series. Like its predecessors, this volume is brief, to the point, and rather well illustrated. Published by John Lane, New York.

The publisher of the Lover's Library has added to this series of dainty little duodecimos the love poems of W. S. Blunt. There are greater names than Blunt's on this list of lyrists, but none more worthy of a place in a "lover's library." It is especially pleasing to find him thus honored. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Mental Guide to Health," by the Rev. De Witt Talmage Van Doren, is partly a treatise on "mental healing" and partly an advertisement of Van Doren (who styles himself "doctor of psychology") as a "mental healer." Our lay mind is not educated up to entire comprehension of Dr. Van Doren's language, but the testimonials to his success seem to be as convincing as are those of the patent-medicine ads. Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, \$1.50.

The successful play, "Tom Moore," in which the title-part was taken by Andrew Mack, has been rewritten by the author, Theodore Burt Sayre, in the form of a novel. It is clever, perhaps too clever to be quite natural, and ends happily. From among the many witty sayings which abound in the facile love-making speeches of the author's Tom Moore, we extract one: "The smaller a woman's mouth, the greater the temptation." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

What appears to be a well-written, well-illustrated, well-indexed, and well-printed historical work for the use of secondary schools has been prepared by Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph. D., in consultation with Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D., of Harvard. The book covers the period from the earliest times to Charlemagne, and is entitled "Essentials in Ancient History." Its aim is to bring out only the things which have been really significant and vital in the development of the race. Published by the American Book Company, New York.

One of the great literary enterprises of the time, the "Jewish Encyclopedia," appears to be progressing prosperously. The third volume, covering subjects from Benchemero to Chazanuth, is now from the press, and equals, if not excels, the standards set by volumes one and two. The complete work, according to the publishers' statements, will contain 8,000 pages and 2,000 illustrations, while the number of editors and contributors will number 660. The total cost is estimated at \$600,000, and the date of issue of the twelfth and last volume is fixed at January 1, 1906. The editor-in-chief is Rabbi Isidore Singer, Ph. D. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, per volume, \$6.00.

To a valuable series of reprints in the Commonwealth Library has been added the Hon. Cadwallader Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada" in two volumes. We regret to say that in comparison with other numbers of this series, the press-work of these two books is decidedly bad. The publishers have also fallen into deplorable carelessness in making up title-pages and

introductions. For instance, there is nothing whatever on the title-page of this work to show that the "History of the Five Indian Nations" was ever published before, much less that it was published in 1727. Neither does the introduction give the date, and that the work was published at all can only be inferred. Further, the knowledge of Mr. Robert Waite, who boldly signs the introduction, is plainly of the scantiest. Seldom have we run across a more disjointed lot of quotations. These things detract from, but do not destroy, the value of this really important and interesting work on the most intelligent Indian race that the "pale-face" found on this continent. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price (two volumes), \$1.00.

Elinor Glyn's Literary Methods.

Elinor Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," writing lately of her methods of work, protested that she had none, and continued:

I have never met any literary people, and do not belong to any "societies," so I have no notion of the manner in which real authors write books. . . . I only wrote "The Visits of Elizabeth" to amuse myself, without any idea of publishing it. I was ill with rheumatism and felt sad, not being able to walk, so wrote to divert myself, taking my ideas from old journals of mine that my mother had kept, which I used to write for her when visiting about when I was a girl. I do not care the least about money, and would never write a word, no matter how tempting the offer, unless the mood happened to take me, and it amused me to do so; otherwise I should write rubbish. . . . I would never promise anything to be finished by a given time, nor even that I should ever write again. . . . I can not tell, I might never feel inclined.

Frank T. Bullen told the Authors' Club the other evening that he turned author because he had been earning only ten dollars a week, and it wasn't enough to live on. He wrote "The Cruise of the Cachetot" on the kitchen table, for there was no other place to write it, and he got five hundred dollars for it. He had never seen so much money before, and he thought his fortune was made.

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Dr Flint's new work is a valuable and interesting complement to his widely read and much discussed "Theism." The book is at once a history and a criticism of agnostic and partial agnostic positions. Peculiarly interesting are its discussions, among others, of the views of Hume, Kant, Huxley, Roberty, Leslie Stephen, Paulsen, Spencer, Balfour, Sabatier, and Ritschl.

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"There can be very little doubt that it is the work of Milton."—W. L. Alden in the *New York Times Saturday Review*.

"The internal evidence that he (Milton) did write it is unmistakably strong."—*Academy and Literature* (London).

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"Judith," Nance O'Neil's piece for this week, was, in the original Italian, one of Ristori's plays, written for her by Giacometti, the author of "Queen Elizabeth" and "Marie Antoinette." In her liquid native tongue, the speech of the Italian tragedienne had graces which were partially sacrificed when she played in their own language to French and English-speaking audiences, added to which, her genius gilded the heavy pretension of the diction, and made it shine with a horrowed light. And besides, hers was in an earlier day, when audiences sat patiently under torrents of verbiage, and, on the whole, rather liked it. For a modern audience, however, "Judith" is rather an over-large commission.

Holofernes alone, even divested of his mighty sword—which had a tendency to recall Koko's snickersnee in "The Mikado"—is emphatically a man to fly from. He could, with one hand tied behind him, easily out-talk a Chicago drummer, always provided the topic was himself. Elkim, the Judean high-priest, and the two elders are also endowed with a terrifying impetus when the conversational flood-gates are once opened, and Judith, although she has a commendable fit of taciturnity in the fourth act, is at times given to unduly lengthy periods of speech. Yet the play, from the point of view of dramatic tableaux and picturesque spectacle, has rich possibilities. Giacometti showed in his plays the possession of a strong dramatic instinct, but his hand was heavy, and he lacked nimbleness and grace of execution.

In its present form, the play calls lustily for further cuttings. It can not, from the nature of its intrinsic faults, be made into trenchant drama, but it is a good vehicle for the exploiting of Nance O'Neil's special range of talent, and for the effective exhibition of her style of beauty, and her challenging personality.

The play opens with an extremely striking picture of the suffering Judean people, who are gathered at the gates of Bethulia, debating as to the expediency of surrendering to Holofernes, whose army is encamped without the city's walls. With their loose, sad-colored garments, their Jewish headgear, and the strange, Oriental, skirted robes of the slingers on the walls, the scene had the Biblical quality, both in looks and atmosphere. Unluckily, when the colloquy between warring factions became most animated, attention was weakened by the over-redundancy of discourse. But Judith, still in mourning robes for her husband, enters and re-gathers the scattered threads of attention. She is young, beautiful, a picturesque fanatic. The people reverence her, and for the constancy of her religious observances, her secluded life, and her vow of chastity, she is called "The Lily of Judea."

Nance O'Neil made the Judean lady a strong, significant figure on the stage, but she pictures her in a mood too continuously strenuous. Her voice maintains throughout the stormy breath of exalted sorrow, her eyes are continually dilating to their widest extent, her hand is ever clutching her heart, her mouth opens as if seeking vainly to give expression to the surging emotions that sway her. In fact, the part at one and the same time reveals Miss O'Neil's unusual capacity for maintaining, at great length, a mood of strong dramatic tension, and a certain lack of variety in the technique of her emotional expression. This trick of dilating the eyes to the glaring point that Miss O'Neil has, is rapidly becoming a mannerism; practicing it too much has a tendency to weaken its effect. I can not resist, too, a feeling of discomfort when I see it. Whether pertinent or not, it recalls the fact that Ristori permanently injured her eyesight by maintaining a fixity of the eyeballs during the sleep-walking scene in "Lady Macbeth."

But Judith was in a different mood in Holofernes's tent. She had "put off her the garments of widowhood, and put on her the garments of joy." Holofernes saw her, and "he beauty made his soul a captive." The chaste widow, however, upheld by her high resolve, does not wear a mien to match her arguments. A modern wooer, even though a

great general, would have been reuffed by the queenly reticence of the imposing Jewish captive, a reticence which Holofernes is unable to imitate. He hags, he threatens, he commands, he waves his over-grown sword. He is mortally tedious in his conversational windings, and shows himself to be a bragger, puffed up by power. It is the kind of rôle that Gadd, the actor in "Trelawney of the Wells," would have thought desirable. He would have found something to "dig his teeth into." An actor must either rant in it, or fall flat. Mr. Ratcliffe chose the former, and did the latter. Poor fellow, I think it was partly the fault of the huge sword which hoodooed his performance, and which the audience insisted on regarding as an equally huge joke. And besides, the actor would converse in a sustained growl which kept one sympathetically clearing one's throat, until one jumped at the variation of an occasional haritone shriek. Yet, when the curtain had risen, revealing the voluptuous warrior on a lofty dais, throne on a mighty heap of cushions, grimly surveying the dance of his female slaves, he was a sufficiently striking-looking figure, and the scene promised very well. It is pretty safe to wager, however, that the scissors have, by this time, considerably diminished the inflated volume of Holofernes's discourse.

In this scene, the contrast between Judith in her mourning garments, and Judith in gala dress, was very marked. Miss O'Neil, with her heretofore streaming locks coiled daskily around her head and starred with diamonds, looked to be a handsome, stately Jewess, whose somhre beauty glowed richly beneath her silver-broidered veil. She had to express divers emotions in by-play during the delivery of Holofernes's terrifically long periods, a feat which is difficult to one who displays such prodigality of physical effort in her acting, but hers was always the figure that dominated the scene, and that maintained its dignity even in face of the audience's hilarious reception of Holofernes's thunderous monologue.

Under the play of fairy fancy in "The Tempest," lovers of Shakespeare may draw whatsoever conclusion they may as to the real significance of its underlying symbolism. The calm, noble figure of Prospero typifies, to many of Shakespeare's commentators, the hard himself hidding a long farewell, during his last months on earth, to the exercise of his magic power, and to the thronging shapes that he had summoned by its might.

But no man knows whether or not "The Tempest" was Shakespeare's last work. Its delicate and airy fancies would seem to mark it as the fruit of an earlier and more joyous period which saw the birth of "The Winter's Tale" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." However, manifold as are its beauties, managers have always been rather shy of producing this exquisite fantasy. It is poetry first and drama afterward, and calls for a liberality of thought and expenditure in its production that is somewhat daunting to the business mind. Except, however, for the fact that the fairies are disenchantingly solid and stolid, and that the music falls disastrously short of producing upon the ear the effect of entrancing melodies, this delicately fanciful romance is very completely and effectively put on at the Columbia as a fairy spectacle.

The first scene, disclosing the ship tossing in the breakers, is the *pièce de resistance*. In the dim light, with an accompaniment of wild, hurrying, agitating music, with halls of fire fluttering startlingly through the air, with strange cries resounding above the roar and whistlings of the storm, and with the brilliant, white shape of Ariel appearing mysteriously from overhead as if borne of the tempest, and poising itself with delicate grace upon the tossing prow, the ship seems hest by strange and magically woven perils. Fairies of human shape and size, however, seen in full light and revealing themselves to be solid young women of questionable grace and elephantine tread in the dance, and exceedingly dubious as to time and tune in song, are prone to be disillusionizing. Hence, the magic scenes invoked by Prospero failed somewhat of their effect. Not altogether, for many of the stage settings were exceedingly successful from the theatrical standpoint, in giving the effect of a strange enchanted land—a place which

"... wonder and amazement
Inhabits here."

The costumes, too, were notably handsome, richly fashioned, and of graceful design. Thus, there were many things to please the eye, although the ear was occasionally vexed during the singing, not only with untrained voices, conflicting tune, and dissonant strains, but by that ever-irrepressible and un-

escapable Middle West accent which is never so fiercely ugly and intolerable as when its presence mars the delivery of Shakespeare's noble and beautiful lines.

One must tutor one's self to expect this at all times from the subordinate members of a theatrical company. But it is a sad pity to see it clinging so pertinaciously to the speech of a young actor like Norman Hackett, whose tastes incline him to act in the legitimate. He would have been a very acceptable Ferdinand could he have spoken the lines more musically. And what magnificent nerve this young man has publicly to lift up his voice in song.

James's most Jamesesque traits are eliminated in the part of Caliban with unusual thoroughness, and his presentation was faithful to the spirit of the hag-horn monster. His make-up was excellent, and his demeanor in keeping. Warde's Prospero, too, was—well, "nice," as I heard a young lady put it. It struck me as the right phrase. Except for the over-unction which this actor is prone to put into his delivery, his reading of the lines was eminently satisfactory. As to the majesty and air of intellectual grandeur which should encompass Prospero like an invisible halo, the ordinary player may not expect to indicate the presence of these qualities. That would be a feat as hard to attain as for the stage Ariel to dive into a lily-hell, and suck honey with the bee. And speaking of Ariel, Miss Fassett invested the pretty part with a very fair approximation to the blitheness of spirit and tripping grace of motion so essential in depicting the nature and motions of that airy sprite.

Miss Maxwell's Miranda was to me a pleasant surprise. I had absolutely no hopes of Miranda being other than a commonplace young woman done up in the traditional costume, clinging doughtily to Prospero, and dutifully, uninterestingly, and soullessly intoning her lines to order. But Miss Maxwell is not only graceful and picturesque, but she possesses that vague, elusive, but unmistakable spirit of poetry, romance, imagination, which makes her, in this prosaic day, fit into the drama of beautiful fancy as into her natural place. To my mind, this young actress, with that bearing of gentleness and graciousness which so happily matched the nature of the lovely Miranda, was more truly in the right environment than any of the players.

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Matinées Saturday and Sunday. Week beginning Monday evening next, February 2d, second week of Hall Caine's great play
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Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, and 1.50. Matinées, 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c.
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GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Week beginning Monday evening next, the young American tragedienne, Miss Nance O'Neil in
INGOMAR
Notwithstanding the magnitude of the production the following prices prevail: Orchestra, 50c, 75c, \$1.00; dress circle, 25c, 50c; box seats, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Thursday afternoon, February 11th, first of the Ibsen matinées, Miss O'Neil in *Hedda Gahler*.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 1st—European and American Stars: Les Dumonds; Lottis Gilson; Joe Maxwell and Company; Nelson's Comiques; Hill and Silvan; Collins and Hart; Morrissey and Rich; The Biograph; and last week of Filson and Erroll.
Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co., where sale of seats is now open. Reserved seats, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75c.
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Admission, \$1.00; reserved seats, 25c extra, at Sherman, Clay & Co. Monday, Feb. 2d, and Tuesday, Feb. 3d.

STAGE GOSSIP.

At the Theatres Next Week.

It is a long time since San Francisco theatre-goers could boast of as varied a list of excellent attractions as have been current at the theatres during the past week. And they have showed their appreciation by so crowding the playhouses that most of the hills are to be retained another week. Nance O'Neil will offer the only novelties. She will follow "Judith" with an elaborate revival of "Ingomar," in which she will play the rôle of Parthenia to E. J. Ratcliffe's "barbarian," and on Thursday afternoon she will give what should be a remarkably interesting performance of "Hedda Gahler." This will be the first of a series of Ibsen matinees which she has planned.

Warde and James were to have devoted their second week to "Francesca da Rimini," and other plays of their repertoire, but their spectacular production of "The Tempest" has been so successful that they have wisely decided to continue it another week. "The Christian," at the Alcazar; "The Mikado," at the Tivoli Opera House; and "Barbara Fildgety," at Fischer's Theatre, are also potent attractions that will be run for another week.

The Orpheum's bill will be practically new. The Dumond Parisian Minstrels, a trio of clever musicians, who are great favorites here, will present their novel musical act; Lottie Gilson, "The Little Magnet," who has won fame in the East as a singer and originator of popular songs, will make her first appearance here; Joe Maxwell and his company promise a distinct novelty in their original creation, entitled "The Fire Chief"; and the Nelson's Comiques, comprising four of the world's greatest comedy acrobats, will present their original skit, styled "Frolics at the Zoo," introducing all of the best tricks known to the acrobatic world. Filson and Errol have reserved for their second and last week "A Daughter of Bacchus," by far the best thing that they do, while Hill and Silvano will continue their daring bicycle act. Collins and Bart, "the two strong men" will vary their amusing skit, and Morrissey and Rich, the clever comedians, will present a new sketch. The biograph, which has been resting for a week, will show a complete change of motion pictures.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is announced as one of the big attractions for this season at the Columbia Theatre.

Sydney Grundy's comedy, "The New Woman," is to be the next production at the Alcazar Theatre.

William Gillette's engagement in "Sherlock Holmes" at the Columbia Theatre is near at hand. Ida Conquest is his leading lady.

According to the dispatches, Maurice Maeterlinck has just married Georgette Laslane, a favorite Paris stage beauty, now starring in Bucharest in the play "Mona Vanna," which the London censor last year prohibited on the ground of its impropriety.

Welcome news indeed is the announcement that for the first time in ten years E. H. Sothern—now playing at the Garden Theatre, New York, in "Hamlet," and Justin Huntley McCarthy's costume play, "If I Were King"—is going to appear in San Francisco for two weeks in June. He will then play in other California cities for a short season.

Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, is soon to make his appearance as a dramatist. Mr. Austin has written a romantic, semi-historical, blank-verse drama, in three acts, called "Flodden Field," and it has been accepted for future but not immediate production by Beerbohm Tree. James the Fourth of Scotland is the leading character, but the Earl of Surrey also plays a prominent part. Lady Heron supplies the feminine interest.

Anna Held will appear at the Columbia Theatre this month in "The Little Duchess," which was provided for her by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith, whose collaborations have been prolific of the best that modern American musical comedies can boast of. In her support will be Joseph W. Herberth, George Marion, Edouard Durand, Frank Aushworth, Knox Wilson, and Franz Ebert, the Lilliputian, not to mention a big chorus of male and female voices, prominent among which are the "Sadie girls," who are rivals of the famous "Florodora" sextet girls.

The New York critics are very enthusiastic over Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new play "for children and grown-up children," "The Little Princess." It is acted for the most part by little folk, and promises to rival in popularity her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which swept the country like wild-fire about fifteen years ago. It tells the story of a little girl who is first worshipped on account of her wealth, then subjected to all kinds of trials and mortifications, because of her supposed poverty, and is then restored to prosperity and happiness. Millie James, a daughter of Louis James, has made a big hit in the title-rôle.

Ada Rehan is to part with many of the objects of art and stage properties left to her by the late Augustin Daly. Scenery, hric-à-hrac, and costumes that cost many thousands of dollars, and to which sentimental interest attaches because of long association with the Daly theatres, are to be sold under the hammer. In his will, Mr. Daly left to Miss Rehan the greater part of the stage furnishings for many of the plays he produced in New

York and in London. Much of the fur of antique pattern he and Miss Rehan selected together at the shops of dealer this country and abroad. This has all stored since Mr. Daly's death, and he constantly deteriorating in value, it has a source of considerable expense for. For this reason Miss Rehan decided to hy with it. She will still keep many young smaller articles and those more highly because of their associations. Among the articles she will dispose of are a set of furniture of Louis the Fifteenth style, which was used in an elaborate production of "The Taming of the Shrew," furniture of Louis the Thirteenth, Louis the Fourteenth, Henry the Second, and Louis the Sixteenth periods, and of Empire and Dutch styles and costly Beauvais tapestries. The scenery used in the "School for Scandal," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and many other of the Shakespeare plays will also be sold.

Jean de Reszke holds the record for male singers, having been paid \$36,000 for sixteen appearances. Regarding Patti, F. J. Crowst states that she has earned \$5,000,000 with her wonderful voice. During one year she netted \$350,000, a sum much greater than many a successful lawyer or doctor earns in a lifetime. Day after day, during one part of her career, she made within two or three hours over \$5,000, and was coining money at a rate which, if it could have been maintained, would have made her a millionaire within three years. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was \$48,000, paid to Mme. Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, of \$3,000 for each appearance. She has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she has obtained, as she did at New Orleans in the 'eighties, as much as \$6,000 a night. Her fees for singing have been "princely"; but she probably "hears the palm" in her profession for being paid for not singing, for at one season at Covent Garden, besides her \$4,000 a performance, she was paid a "retainer" of \$60,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period.

At the Races.

One of the important events of the racing season will be decided at Oakland this (Saturday) afternoon. It is the California Oaks, for three-year-old fillies, with two thousand dollars added, and much interest is manifested in the outcome, especially as it is exclusively a filly race. The distance is a mile and a furlong. Among the promising horses which will figure in the event are Gravina, Dainty, Nigrette, and Antura, a St. Andrew filly, Gaviota, Honiton, Esherin, Sylvia Talbot, Mi Reina, Quatre, Ball Room Belle, St. Winifride, Salver, Distrust, Alice Cary, Leash, Dottersel, Figardon, Gorgalette, Mary McCafferty, and Lady Rowell.

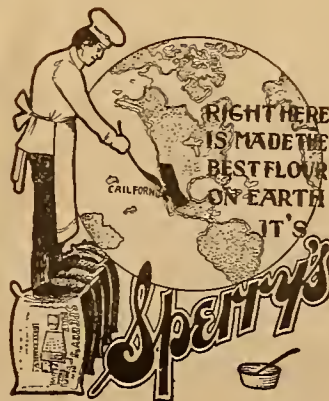
Dr. Tyndall's Interesting Lectures.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, the popular thought-reader, has met with great success in his efforts to interest the people of San Francisco in the study of psychic science. Last Sunday night Steinway Hall was crowded with people anxious to listen to his lecture on "The Power of Thought," and the demand for tickets for Sunday night's lecture on "Palms" is very large. It will be illustrated with stereoscopic views of hands of famous people, including the palms of many well-known San Franciscans. The following Sunday, February 8th, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will talk on "The Force of Suggestion: The Art of Self-Defense."

The panoramic view of the bay and ocean from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais is incomparable. Every point of interest stands out as clearly as on a map—Goat Island, with its whale-like profile; Alcatraz, with its prisons; Berkeley, with its universities; Alameda and the Encinal; Oakland and its wharves; Point Richmond and its railroad.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune declares that a great deal of false sentiment has been elicited by the elopements of the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, with the captivating young woman named Wilhelmina Adamovic, and of the archduke's sister, Louise, wife of the Crown Prince of Saxony, with the youthful Belgian professor, André Giron. It appears that, from their infancy, the archduke and his sister have been a source of bitter disappointment to their parents, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Tuscany, members of the non-reigning branch of the Hapsburgs. They have always hated court etiquette, and practically repudiated the religion of their parents, and became free-thinkers. They regarded family restrictions as galling censorship and domestic tyranny. They used to speak of their home as an "inquisitorial prison." The brother and sister made a solemn pact to stand by each other in their common "struggle for freedom." The Grand Duke of Tuscany and his simple hearted, old-fashioned Grand Duchess exhausted all their efforts, and together with the family abbe, Father Kolh, only hoped that the Archduchess Louise by marriage and the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand by his entrance upon the sober realities of military life, would some day mend their ways. The Archduchess Louise, by her marriage with the Crown Prince of Saxony, a serious-minded soldier, without artistic or literary tastes, found that she had merely exchanged one tyranny for another. Instead of emancipation she found that the rigid etiquette of the Saxon court was even more distasteful than the simple, humdrum life of the parental abode at Salzburg. With the energy of her young womanhood, she declared a triple war—against the religion of her two families, against the propriety and decorum becoming her rank, and, most unfortunately of all, against her duties as a faithful wife. She declared her belief in free thought, in free religion, and in free love, and called the king and the rest of the royal family of Saxony "stupid old fools, vegetating like blind people and far behind the times." At the theatres, balls, and dinners her misbehavior was notorious. Her passion for sports became almost a folly, and was used to conceal many an adventure of clandestine gallantry. On this point it is affirmed that the young Belgian professor, M. André Giron, is merely the latest episode in the most recent chapter of a novel where pages have been silently turned over many preceding chapters.

As to the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, his military career was one long struggle against his chiefs and against the Emperor Francis Joseph. He was transferred to the navy, but he was found to be a "ne'er do weel" and was always in trouble. The captain of his ship pronounced him "incapable, dissolute, and lazy." He was put back into the army. He served in a dozen regiments, and his superiors were forced to make such reports of his conduct that he changed garrisons with extraordinary rapidity, for after a sojourn of a week he invariably became the talk and scandal of the town. Every year he was summoned before the emperor, who severely punished him. Recently, when quartered at Przemyśl, the emperor heard that he was living openly with his latest playmate, who was everywhere spoken of as "Archduchess Mina." When admonished by the emperor to renounce a manner of life forbidden to all officers, the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand replied to his august and venerable sovereign by a request for permission to marry Wilhelmina Adamovic. The emperor categorically refused, and the archduke's name was quietly and discreetly removed from the army list. Thus the brother and sister found themselves in awkward predicaments at the same moment. They exchanged letters, and the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand aided his sister to elope from the Court of Saxony to rejoin her Belgian lover, and the archduke summoned to the party his innamorata, Wilhelmina Adamovic. In Geneva there was a separation, for the Crown Princess Louise did not find in Wilhelmina a congenial companion. Such is the latest version of the double elopements, which has hitherto been utterly ignored, owing to the sensational and romantic legends with which the public in all countries have been fairly deluged by the correspondents of the yellow dailies.

The recent deaths in England of a prominent lawyer, an eminent churchman, and several other persons from typhoid fever, of which the germs are supposed to have been allowed in oysters served at a civic feast, has given rise in the English press to one of

the periodical discussions upon the merits of hivalves as diet. A great show of wisdom has been made, but the sum of it all seems to be the ancient axiom that if you eat shellfish taken out of contaminated water, you are almost sure to suffer for it. In himself, the oyster is a harmless, nutritious, and seductive morsel, but he is deadly when he has been compelled to swallow sewage. The moral is, "Take pains to find out where your oysters come from." In case there should be uncertainty on this point, a lady, with many capital letters following her name, writes to the London Times to tell how the purity of oysters may be insured. "First," she says, "immerse the shells in a large tub of pure, cold water, and allow some to run over them for a few minutes, perfectly cleansing them. Then drain the water off, give them a fresh supply, placing in the tub a large lump of salt, and leave them for twenty-four hours. The oysters will then disgorge any unpleasant fluid they may have imbibed. They have practically had an emetic! Again pour away the fluid and place the shells in fresh water, with a small quantity of salt and a handful of oatmeal, and now the fattening-up process has begun; leave as before for one day. Throw away the water when this is completed, again immerse in pure, cold water, and the oysters, in a perfectly hygienic condition, are ready for consumption." All this (remarks the New York Evening Post), is simple and sensible, but two days is a long time to wait for oysters when you are hungry.

The new law which has been approved by the king of the Belgians is sweeping in its scope, the first sentence reading: "The exploitation of games of chance is forbidden." The penalties vary from eight days to six months' imprisonment, with fines in case any one is convicted of keeping a public gambling house for profit, and shorter terms of imprisonment if the offense is committed without a view to gain. To Ostend will be paid \$1,000,000 indemnity to make good for the loss occasioned by the stoppage of gambling there, and to Spa \$400,000.

It is doubtful if there is another such collection of miniatures in the world as the late Peter Marié bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York. It was one of Mr. Marié's chief pleasures for many years to add to what he called his "Gallery of Beauty," which, in reality, is a gallery of the miniatures of many of the better known and more beautiful leaders of society in New York, Boston, Newport, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and other cities during the last twenty years. The only instance when the miniatures were seen by any but Mr. Marié's friends was in 1894, just before he moved from his home in West Nineteenth Street to the house where he died, in East Thirty-Seventh Street. At that time he allowed a part of his collection to be shown at a loan exhibition for charity. When he first began to make his collection, Mr. Marié planned to include in it only the most strikingly beautiful women in America. "The loveliest thing under the sun is a beautiful woman," he had said, and he acted on that idea, but limited the subjects of his gallery strictly to women of unquestioned social position. His manner of forming his collection was unique. Whenever he met a debutante or matron entitled to a place in his "gallery of beauty," he asked her to sit to some noted miniature painter at his expense. The miniature became his property, but often he had a copy made which he presented to the fair subject of the painting. His request never was refused, as it was an honor eagerly sought to be included in his

collection of beauties. It was one of the great tributes looked forward to by young women of society to have this invitation extended to them. The portraits of more than a hundred beautiful women who are or were leaders in the social world are in the collection, and it is sure to prove a potent attraction at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 28, 1903, were as follows:

		Bonds.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	3,000	@ 108			
Market St. Ry 5%.....	13,000	@ 121 1/4		121 1/4	121 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 108 3/4		108 3/4	109
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	10,000	@ 108 1/4		108 1/4	108 3/4
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 101 1/4		101 1/4	101 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	4,000	@ 122 1/2		122 1/2	123
Oakland Transit 5%.....	2,000	@ 113 1/2-113 3/4		113 1/2	
Oakland Transit Co.					
5%.....	14,000	@ 105 3/4-106		106	
Oceanic S. Co.....	2,000	@ 77 1/2		78	
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	10,000	@ 127 1/2		127 1/2	
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	20,000	@ 110 1/4-111 1/2		110 1/2	111 1/4
Park & Ocean R. 6%.....	2,000	@ 118 1/2		118 1/2	118 3/4
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 102		102 1/2	103
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909.....	3,000	@ 111		110 3/4	111
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 112		111 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1903.....	26,000	@ 106 3/4		106 3/4	107
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....	3,000	@ 107 3/4		107 3/4	108
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1910.....	3,000	@ 120 1/2		120 1/2	120 3/4
S. P. of Cal. Stpld. 5%.....	12,000	@ 109 3/4		109 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	35,000	@ 109 3/4		109 3/4	110 1/4
S. V. Water 4 1/2%.....	13,000	@ 103 1/2-103 3/4		103 1/2	
S. V. Water 4 1/2%.....	12,000	@ 102 1/2		102 1/2	102 3/4
		Stocks.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	10	@ 66		65	67
Spring Valley.....	360	@ 83 1/2-85		84 1/2	84 3/4
		Banks.			
American Ntl.....	20	@ 125		125	
Anglo Cal.....	10	@ 97		96	98
		Powders.			
Giant Co.....	440	@ 64 1/2-66 1/2		65 1/2	
Vigort.....	225	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4		3 1/2	3 3/4
		Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	300	@ 44 1/2-45		44 1/2	45 1/2
Hookah S. Co.....	100	@ 13 1/2		13 1/2	
Hatchinson.....	330	@ 15 1/2-15 3/4		15 1/2	15 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	110	@ 27 1/2-27 3/4		27 1/2	27 3/4
Pauhan S. Co.....	600	@ 16 1/2-16 3/4		16 1/2	16 3/4
		Gas and Electric.			
Central L. & P.....	100	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	
Equitable Gas.....	215	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4		3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas.....	140	@ 76 1/2-77		76 1/2	
Pacific Gas.....	120	@ 34 1/2		35	
Pacific Lighting Co.	45	@ 53 1/2-53 3/4		53 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,050	@ 42 1/2-44 1/2		43	43 1/2
		Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	245	@ 152 1/2-158 1/2		152 1/2	153
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	55	@ 96 1/2		97	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	75	@ 100 1/2-100 3/4		100 1/2	
Pac. A. F. Alarm.....	50	@ 3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4

The Sugars have been fairly active, and have held their own in price.

Alaska Packers sold off five and three-quarters points to 152 1/2, on sales of 245 shares, closing at 152 1/2 bid, 153 asked.

Spring Valley Water on sales of 360 shares, sold up one and one-half points to 85.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and on sales of 1,050 shares sold up two and one-quarter points to 44 1/2, closing at 43 bid, 43 1/2 asked.

Giant Powder sold up to 66 1/2, a gain of two points, closing at 65 1/2 bid. At the annual meeting of the company held to-day, the following directors were elected: C. C. Bemis, C. H. Phillips, L. F. Montague, C. H. Crocker, T. B. Phehy, T. B. Bishop, and James B. Smith. The statement rendered shows that business has been good for the year, and that the company have earned their dividends, have material on hand at cheap rates, with every prospect for a good year's business.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Sierra Railway Company of California will be held at the offices of the company, No. 229 Crocker Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the ninth day of February, 1903, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.
S. M. RICEY, Secretary.
Dated January 26, 1903.

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

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Elgin Watch

the timekeeper of a lifetime—the world's standard pocket timepiece. Sold everywhere; fully guaranteed. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,

ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE — FROM JANUARY 15, 1903. — A. M. — P. M. —

LEAVE	FROM	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Eureka and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey, etc.	7:55 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	8:25 P.
7:30 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	San Jose, etc.	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Oroville, etc.	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	8:25 P.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams, Red Bluff, Portland, etc.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels, etc.	8:25 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	Crescent City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, etc.	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	Sacramento River Steamer, Lodi, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Suisun for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, (Golden State Limited Steamer carried on Owl Train for Chicago), etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Niles, Local, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Vallejo, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Oroville, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Port Angeles, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Mendota, Martinez—Westbound, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Vallejo, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Oregon & California, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Hayward, Niles, Local, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, etc.	8:25 P.
10:30 A.	Martinez, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	8:25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM	ARRIVE
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	8:50 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations, etc.	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, etc.	8:50 P.
4:30 P.	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:20 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (N. 10 P.)

—17:18 9:00 11:00 A. M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P. M.

From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway (N. 10 P.)

19:03 10:00 A. M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P. M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	FROM	ARRIVE
8:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:50 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:50 P.
7:00 A.	New Almaden, etc.	7:50 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations, etc.	10:45 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Calistoga, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, etc.	11:35 P.
10:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Calistoga, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, etc.	11:35 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	1:30 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	5:30 P.
12:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:00 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	10:00 P.
3:30 P.	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose, etc.	10:45 P.
4:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.
5:00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	San Jose, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	8:45 P.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	San Jose, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	8:45 P.
8:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.
11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:45 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

X Saturday and Sunday only.

S Stops at all stations on Sunday.

S Sunday excepted. S Sunday only.

S Saturday only.

S Connects at Goshen Jc. with trains for Haeford, Visalia. At Fresno, for Visalia via Sauger.

S Via Coast Line.

S Tuesday and Friday.

S Arrive via Niles.

S Daily except Saturday.

S Via San Joaquin Valley.

S Stops Santa Clara south bound. From Hollister and Salinas connects Sunday only north bound.

The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY

will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Tim Cards and other information.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.

Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York.

St. Paul, etc. February 4. Finland, etc. February 14.

Zealand, etc. February 7.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York.

Zealand, etc. February 7. Vnderland, etc. February 21.

Finland, etc. February 14.

Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.

CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In Kentucky: With all its faults, I love the still.—Cornell Widow.

Instructor—"Mention some of the by-products of petroleum." Shaggy-haired young man—"Universities."—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—"Have you heard of Mr. Blank's death?" Friend—"No. Are you sure he's dead?" Doctor—"Positive. I treated him myself."—Chicago Daily News.

Mamma—"Why, Bobbie! Crying at the table? What is the matter?" Bobby (quite sobbing)—"The's four kinds of cake, an' I'm only hungry enough to eat two."—Brooklyn Life.

Tom—"Say, you're a friend of Harrison's, aren't you?" Dick—"Well, I should say so. Why, I've drunk his whiskey, smoked his cigars, and made love to his wife for years."—New York Town Topics.

Blind man (who has just been given a penny)—"Thank you, and wish you a Happy New Year, beautiful lady." Lady—"D' you hear what he says to me? The wretch must be able to see!"—Punch.

Positive testimony: "You needn't tell me," averred Miss Batchgill, "that golf isn't good exercise. It makes the young men so strong in the arms—that you can scarcely breathe."—Chicago Tribune.

She—"You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you?" He—"Of course not. Neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid merely because she had money."—Chicago Daily News.

"You are charged," said the Billville justice, "with stealing two gallons of whisky. Why did you do it?" "Kaze I couldn't git away with a barrel, yer honor—I never was very strong!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Trouble in store: Young husband (to wife)—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" Young wife—"I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!"—St. Louis Mirror.

Detained: Mrs. Smith—"We missed you so much at our party!" Mrs. Jones—"And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables."—Detroit Journal.

Hoping against hope: Gayboy (time 1 A. M.)—"I say, old chap, isn't this a little late for you to be out? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Enpeck—"I hope she will, but she can throw pretty straight for a woman."—Chicago News.

The Rev. Goodman—"You are a very noble little fellow, Tommy. Now tell me what deep underlying principle prompted you to forgive those wicked boys who called you ugly names?" Tommy—"They was all bigger than me."—Town and Country.

Unendurable: "Deah boy, is it true that you have discharged your valet?" "Ya-as, the doosid scoundrel was too dem'd fresh! When I took him out with me he managed to make people think he was the mastah and I was the man, baw Jove!"—Chicago Tribune.

Fallen off: A colonel of an infantry regiment, while inspecting his command, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a brother-officer, who ran to his assistance: "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off."—Illustrated Bits.

The widower: "A widower," remarked the elderly female, "always reminds me of a baby." "How's that?" queried the young girl. "During the first six months he cries a good deal, the next six months he begins to take notice, and the odds are against his getting safely through his second summer."—Chicago News.

The bride (weeping)—"Oh, J-Jack, we've—we've got to, j-just got to give up b-board-ing, and g-go to b-house-keeping-g." Hubby—"Why, lovey, what's the matter?" The bride—"Mrs. Worrits has been telling me all afternoon about the trouble she has with cooks, and I didn't have anything to tell her."—Harper's Bazar.

Uncomfortable: Finniss—"I wonder why it is that those who attain the pinnacle of success never seem to be happy?" Cynicus—"Because the pinnacle of success is like the top of a particularly tall lightning-rod with a particularly sharp point, and those who succeed in perching temporarily upon it usually find that they are targets for all the world's lightning."—Town and Country.

In a Southern State the other day a gentleman, who was waiting for his train at a country station, asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station-master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two-and-sixpence." The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."—Tit-Bits.

All over the world, babies have been benefited, during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Ethel has improved wonderfully in her music, I believe?" "Yes; both the flats adjoining hers are now rented."—Judge.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The Kipling Procession.

An important feature of the Durbar ceremonies, which seems to have escaped notice, was the grand Kipling procession. It was only fitting that one whose name and fame is so much associated with our Indian empire should have a prominent position in the celebrations, and it will be seen from the following details that the procession was on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

The order of the stately progress was as follows:

A Phantom Rickshaw containing Mr. Kipling's laurals.

A cart bearing an exhibition tank in which is discovered Mr. Swinburn swimming in samples of the Seven Seas.

Soldiers Three.

The Oaf hearing the Mud.

The Chief Jingo hearing the Banjo.

The Fool bearing the Flannel.

The Cat who walked by himself.

Bodyguard of Stalky & Co.

A Duke's Son. A Cook's Son. A Son of a Hundred Kings.

No. 1 Big Gun Carriage drawn by The Camel (led by Mr. Stephen Phillips), The Baby Elephant (led by Mr. Thos. Hardy), The Python Rock Snake (led by Mr. J. M. Barrie), and The Crocodile (led by Mr. Wm. Watson), and containing

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Alfred Austin.

Mrs. Jane Oakley.

Detachment (very much detached) of Absent-minded Beggars.

—Punch.

How to destroy germs with lemon juice:

Grasp the germ firmly between the thumb and forefinger and pour down its throat about half a teaspoonful of the juice.—Chicago Tribune.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

—NO SIDEBAR IS QUITE COMPLETE WITHOUT—

a bottle of "Jesse Moore" rye or bourbon whisky. It is better than the kind you have always considered best.

DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the

MEDITERRANEAN

From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.

COMMONWEALTH, Feb. 14th.

VANCOUVER, Feb. 14th.

NEW ENGLAND, Feb. 28th.

CAMPBROMAN, March 14th.

Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool. Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Doric.....Saturday, Feb. 21

Gaelic.....Thursday, March 19

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14

Doric (Calling at Manila).....Friday, May 8

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.

Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, Feb. 5

Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, March 3

America Maru.....Friday, March 27

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Sitka, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2.

Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2.

Change at Seattle to

Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. F. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):

Pomona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, March 5.

Corona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 6, 12, 18, 24, March 2.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo):

Santa Clara, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 5, 11, 17, 23, March 3.

Santa Rosa, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 5, 11, 17, 23, March 3.

State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro),

Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneume and Newport (Ramona only).

Ramona, 9 A. M., Feb. 3, 10, 18, 26, March 6.

Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Feb. 6, 14, 22, March 2.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder.

Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel),

Freight Office, 10 Market St.

C. D. DUNN, General Passenger Agent,

10 Market Street, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

TO CHICAGO DAILY



An ideal train for those who seek the best

Trains Leave Market Street Ferry Depot

Local	Limit'd	Local	Overl'd
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Lv. San Francisco.....	8:00 a	9:30 a	4:00 p
Ar. Stockton.....	11:10 a	12:08 p	7:10 p
" Merced.....	1:20 p	1:40 p	11:15 a
" Fresno.....	3:20 p	3:00 p	1:28 a
" Hanford.....	5:00 p	3:54 p	3:15 a
" Visalia.....	10:25 p	4:43 p	7:56 a
" Bakersfield.....	7:10 p	5:50 p	7:35 a
" Kansas City.....	2:35 a	7:20 a	7:20 a
" Chicago.....	2:15 p	8:47 p	

a for morning. p for afternoon.

8:00 a m daily is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7:30 a m daily.

9:30 a m daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 p m daily.

4:00 p m is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

Offices—641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a m; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p m. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 7:30 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:35, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m; 12:30, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p m; Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a m; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p m.

Leave San Francisco, In Effect May 4, 190

The Mardi Gras Ball.

In deference to the generally expressed wish, a change in the rules has been made, whereby the gentlemen will be allowed to mask as well as the ladies, who have hitherto had a monopoly of this privilege. As a result of this action, the attendance of gentlemen wearing fancy costumes will no doubt be increased to the enlivening of the carnival character of the great hall. The invitations, which are said to be unusually artistic in design, will be issued during the coming week. A great many requests for boxes have already been received, and from the experience of past years, those who desire to avail themselves of these places of vantage would do well to make early application.

Notes and Gossip.

caps as favors: "Clowns," with sticks and clown caps; "Cake Walk," with sunflowers and hankies; "Florodora," with parasols; "Outdoors," with baskets and rackets; "Cupid," with wings and court-plaster cases. In addition to these the other favors were bat boxes and cuff-boxes, round French boxes

Miss Emily Wilson and Mr. Percy King will lead the cotillion at the next Friday day Fortnightly dance, which will be given on February 6th. The last of the Friday Night Club's dances will take place at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 17th.

—“LETTERS FROM A SELF MADE MERCHANT
to His Son,” full of homely wisdom. Price \$1 20 a
Cooper’s, 745 Market Street.

Dedication of the Stanford Memorial Church.

University Memorial Church is a splendid addition to the buildings which adorn the university grounds. It is architecturally a modification of the Moorish and the Romanesque and is more than 200 feet long, through vestibule, nave, and apse, and more than 50 feet wide through the transept. The material is buff sandstone, which harmonizes admirably with the buildings around the quadrangle over which it dominates. The exterior is beautified with ornate columns and flying buttresses, and the interior is embellished with many heroic marble figures, mosaics and stained-glass windows illustrating the life and deeds of the Saviour, and a magnificent organ, operated by electricity, that boasts nearly 3,000 pipes and 46 stops. The seating capacity of the church is about 1,700. The tower, which can be seen from every part of the campus, is furnished with bells that were tuned to correspond in pitch with those in Westminster, London. The great bell strikes the hours, and the others call aloud the passing of the halves and quarters.

Robert Planquette, the composer, died in Paris on Wednesday. Few operas have had such a run in the United States as his "Cendrillon of Normandy," which rivaled in popularity the most admired of Offenbach and Lecocq. Strange to say, none of Planquette's other operas, "Riquet Van Winkle," "Paul Jones," "The Talisman," or "Mam'selle Quat' Sous," were successful in this country.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, Diamond-Jeweler, 10 Post Street will move March 1st, 1903, into his new store, No. 712 Market and No. 25 Geary Streets—Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Rheumatism

BYRON HOT SPRINGS HOTEL
Byron Hot Springs P. O., Calif.

FOR REASONABLE RENT

1601 GOUGH STREET.

LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Laundry on 12th Street, between Howard and Folsom,
ORDINARY MENDING, etc.. Free of charge.
 Work called for and delivered free of charge.

We manufacture Tricycles, Tricycles, Invalids' Reclining-Chairs, etc. See our illustrated catalogue for these and many other articles.

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Pears'

The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

G. H. MUMM & CO.'S
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

Now coming to this market is of the remarkable vintage of 1898, which is more delicate, breezy, and better than the 1893; it is especially dry, without being heavy, and recognized as one of the finest vintages ever imported.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine
and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Claret, and
Burgundies.

OTARD, DUPUY & CO., Cognac, Brandy.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York.
Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

SAUSALITO

For sale the large handsome residence of Wm. G. Barrett, situated within five minutes' walk of ferry. Beautiful marine view, large grounds, private gas-works, fine well of water. House modern and partially furnished. Will sell cheap. apply to owner.

1101 Green St., city, or
S. G. Hindes, 330 Market St.

JAPAN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME.

The Collier party, personal escortage, small and select, will leave San Francisco in March, returning in June. Honolulu, Manila, China; an ideal trip. Address the NIPPON-CALIFORNIA TOUR COMPANY, 301 Examiner Building, San Francisco, Cal., or 268 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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No let down in the uniform
standard of highest quality of

Hunter
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No variance in its

Age, Purity,
Flavor.

With one and all it
leaves no fault be-
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For the physical needs of women it is a pure tonic.

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ROYAL

Baking Powder

Makes pure food and
thus saves health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Annie Louise Ide and Miss Margery Ide, who have been their guests at Burlingame for the past fortnight, were at the Palace Hotel for a short stay early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott will leave for Southern California next week for a stay of several months.

Mr. Horace Platt has been in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington has been in Los Angeles during the week.

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski came up from San Mateo on Monday and were at the Palace Hotel for a few days stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney (née Parrott) have departed for the Whitney ranch, at Rocklin, where they will reside for the present.

The Baroness von Schroeder and her two children, with Baron Alexander von Schroeder, after spending several years abroad, are expected here in a fortnight, having sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart have leased the Elliott McAllister place for several months. Mrs. Hobart's sister, Mrs. Lilley, and her brother have been visiting her.

Mrs. Joseph McKenna and Miss Marie McKenna will return to Washington, D. C., in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, after an extended wedding journey abroad, sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday.

Miss Patton, who has returned from Los Angeles, is visiting Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb at her residence on Gough Street.

Mrs. Horace Hill has returned from her visit to New York, where she has been visiting since last October.

Miss Rachael Peabody, of Evanston, Ill., has been visiting Miss Genevieve King at her residence, 1893 Broadway.

Mrs. Henry L. Wagner is anticipating a visit in the near future from her sister, Mrs. Pritchard (née McAllister), who, since her marriage to Professor Pritchard, is a resident of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, who have been spending some time at Burlingame, registered at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday.

Captain A. F. Rodgers, Mrs. Rodgers, and Mrs. Randall Hunt have returned from their six weeks' visit to New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald (née Crelin), who have been sojourning at Coronado, will make a short stay at Del Monte before returning to Oakland from their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have moved into their new apartment on Pacific Avenue, near Pierce Street.

Mrs. Helen Hecht is spending the month of January in Paris, previous to going to the Riviera.

Miss Elise Gregory, who recently sailed on the *Korea* with Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, expects to spend several months in Japan and China.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry and Miss Helene Fry have returned from Europe and are occupying their city residence for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Kahn will leave on February 4th for a six months' trip to Europe.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. Buckmeyer, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bond, Miss Jean Bond, and Mr. J. G. Bond, of Boston, Mr. H. Wells, Mr. E. Barney, and Mr. M. Yorke, Jr., of New York, Mr. W. R. Hamilton, of Palo Alto, Mr. T. Cassidy, of Honolulu, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, and Captain and Mrs. Nelson.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Davis, of Oakland, Mrs. Grafton, of Napa, Mr. H. A. Klyce, and Mr. A. L. McLeod, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Schawbacker, Mr. Willis B. Fry, Mr. Charles Baum, Mr. R. P. Rithet, Mr. W. M. Rhodes, Mr. George H. Hass, Mr. Edward B. Daldam, Mr. J. E. Hayden, and Mr. James Laurins.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Edward S. Bragg, who arrived in San Francisco early in the week en route to China to be consul-general in Hong Kong, has had a notable career. He commanded the famous "Iron Brigade" in the Civil War, served four terms in Congress, was minister to Mexico, governor of Wisconsin, and United States consul-general to Havana. General Bragg is accompanied by Mrs. Bragg.

Paymaster Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray are spending the winter at Paso Robles Springs for the benefit of Paymaster Ray's health.

Colonel Francis H. Harrington, U. S. M. C., who has been ordered to the Philippines from the navy-yard at Mare Island, will sail for Manila on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

Captain David J. Rumbough, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Eugene R. West, U. S. A., will sail with their command, the Eighteenth Field Battery, for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

Commander C. Thomas, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the *Albatross* and ordered to duty in connection with fitting out the *Bennington*, which he will command when that vessel is placed in commission.

Captain Henry O. Bisset, U. S. N., has been placed in temporary command of the naval recruiting office at 40 Ellis Street, relieving Captain C. M. Perkins, U. S. N., who has been

ordered to command Company A of the battalion of marines which sail for the Philippines to-day (Saturday), under command of Major George Barnett, U. S. N.

Captain Carl F. Hartman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., will sail for Manila on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

Mrs. Hall, wife of Captain Newt H. Hall, U. S. M. C., is visiting her parents, Colonel F. H. Harrington, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Harrington, at Mare Island. In September she will join Captain Hall at Cavite, where he is to be stationed.

Lieutenant J. E. Palmer, U. S. N., has been assigned to the *Marblehead*. Mrs. Palmer expects to go south on the departure of that vessel on its southern cruise.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick C. Bowers, U. S. N., who has recently returned from the Asiatic station, is under waiting orders at his residence, 188 Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ninth and Seventeenth Field Batteries, U. S. A., under command of Lieutenant Edgar H. Yule, Lieutenant William E. de Sombre, and Lieutenant W. H. Wilson, of the Ninth, and Captain George G. Gasley, of the Seventeenth, sail for the Philippines to-day (Saturday). They arrived from Fort Sheridan and from Fort Sam Houston last week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The De Lussan Song Recitals.

Zelie de Lussan, the popular diva, who appeared here several years ago with the Ellis Opera Company in "Carmen" and "La Bohème," will give three recitals at Steinway Hall on Tuesday, February 10th; Thursday, February 12th; and Saturday matinee, February 14th, when she will sing numbers from the favorite rôles in her operatic repertoire and song classics of various countries. Her first programme will be made up of the "Habaneas" from "Carmen," "Knowest Thou the Land," from "Mignon," and the waltz song from "La Bohème," as her operatic offerings, while the songs will be favorites by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Denza, Arthur Nevin, Schumann, and the popular Spanish song, "La Paloma," which De Lussan sings with charming effect at every concert. Angelo Fronani, a young Italian pianist, will assist, and one of his numbers will be the Capriccio by the great modern Russian composer, Glazanow. Complete programmes for the three concerts may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats begins next Wednesday morning. The prices for this engagement will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

The Stewart Concert.

The following programme, made up entirely of selections from his own musical compositions, will be given by Dr. H. J. Stewart at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening:

Part song, "The Singers"; aria ("Bluff King Hal"), J. F. Veeco; songs, "Secrets" and "Out in the Open Meadow," Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup; violin solos, Romance in G, and Bourree in G-minor, Nathan Landsberger; part songs, "The Brook" and "Slumber Song"; songs, "Were I the Rose" and "Awake, Dear Heart," Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; pianoforte solos, "Spring Time," scherzo in G-minor, "A Song of Happiness," and "Menuet Heroique," Dr. H. J. Stewart; quartet, "Ave Maria"; songs, "What Said the Wind?" and "The Sun has Kissed Your Eyes," Miss Alma Berglund; violin solo, "Legend in D," Nathan Landsberger; songs, "O Like a Garden Is My Heart" and "The Lords of Song," S. Homer Henley; song, "A Little While," Miss Ella V. McCloskey; part songs, "The Chamber of Sleep" and "Sweetly Blows the Breath of Spring."

Gabrilowitsch, the Russian Pianist.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist, who is touring under the management of Daniel Frohman, will give his first concert in this city at the Alhambra Theatre on Tuesday night. His programme will include Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuse," Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, three Chopin numbers, Rubinstein's "Le Bal," Arensky's "Esquise," Glinka-Balikareff's "L'Alouette," and a caprice-burlesque by the young artist himself. On Thursday night he will also play a gavotte of his own, besides Schumann's "Carnevale," the "Marche Militaire," and numbers by Bach, Tchaikowsky, Rubinstein, and Henselt. At the Saturday matinee Brahms's variations on a Handel theme, and Beethoven's wonderful sonata, op. 110, will be the principal numbers. Complete programmes for all the recitals may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where seats are now on sale.

The Kilties Band, the famous Gordon Highlanders of Canada, with headquarters at Beelville, Hamilton County, will give a week of concerts at the Alhambra Theatre, beginning on Monday afternoon, February 23d. This organization consists of some forty musicians, a choir of eighteen voices, vocal and instrumental soloists, six Scotch dancers, two pipers, and other novel features of a Scottish regimental band. The selections will range from Wagner to Sousa, with plenty of Scotch music and rag-time sandwiched in.

During the first week of March, the remarkable boy violinist, Kocian, is to be heard here in concert.

Champagne Importations in 1902

aggregated 360,708 cases, of which 125,719 cases were G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry, being over one-third of the total. Quality alone is responsible for this phenomenal showing, and the 1898 vintage now being imported is unsurpassed.

Maurice Grau's Retirement.

The New York Metropolitan Opera House is on the market and awaits a new *impresario*, for Maurice Grau, yielding to the strain of over thirty years of almost uninterrupted labor, has been forced to retire for an absolute rest, by the advice of his physicians. Grau will continue in charge of the opera till the end of the present season, or about May 1st, and he will then retire from all business for at least a year. At the end of that time he hopes to return to his old field of labors, but what arrangements will have then been made by the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House remains to be seen. It is considered doubtful by many if they will grant a lease of the house for one season only, on the chance of Grau's return. A new *impresario* is yet to be picked, although the Frohmans and Walter Damrosch are already talked of as probable successors.

Maurice Grau was born in Brunn, Austria, in 1849, and came to this country when five years old. He was graduated from the Free Academy in '67, and went to the Columbia Law School, afterward remaining for two years in a law office. But in 1872 he took up the work of managing musical and theatrical tours, and has never since retired from that field. His first enterprise was the American tour of Aimée, a then popular operabouffe prima donna. His next enterprise was the American tour of Rubenstein and Wieniawski, which he was called on unexpectedly to arrange owing to the sudden illness of his uncle, Jacob Grau, who was seized while in Europe with an attack of paralysis. This was the real beginning of his theatrical and musical career.

Since that beginning Grau has introduced to American theatre-goers Salvini and Ristori; Theo; Judic, interpreting the prose of Meilhac, Halévy, Millaud, and others, accompanied by the music of Offenbach, Lecoq, Hervé, and their younger followers; Offenbach himself; Capoul and Paola Marié in opera comique; Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, Jane Hading, and Mounet-Sully in the classic rôles and the romantic dramas of Hugo. Between times he has exercised the management, either alone or with others, of some of the largest theatres.

Grau's management of the New York Metropolitan Opera House has extended over a term of eleven years, a task that required labor winter and summer, in this country and on the Continent, and was full of worry and trouble. Nevertheless he found time to succeed Sir Augustus Harris as director of the Covent Garden Theatre, in London, a post that he relinquished, however, last year. Some weeks ago he suffered a nervous shock in a cab-accident, which proved the last straw needed to bring on serious illness. He is now convalescent, but he has been warned by his physicians that he can not survive another strenuous operatic season; hence his decision to rest a year. This will doubtless result in a postponement or abandonment of the proposed Patti farewell tour, arrangements for which had nearly been completed.

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All the news and the rumors from China point to the probability of another Boxer uprising in the empire, and the early spring is the time set for the event. Numerous warnings have been given to the missionaries in the interior and to foreigners generally, and some of them are already moving to places of greater security. The three men who are supposed to be responsible for the threatening conditions are Yung Lu, Yuan Shih Kai, and Tung Fu-hsiang. The former, as a farcical generalis-

simo of Chinese troops, is well known to be responsible for the headway made by the Boxers two years ago. His record has since been whitewashed in true Chinese style, and he is now the most influential adviser of the empress, whose hatred of foreigners has not abated. In fact, so great is his present power that a correspondent of the *Celestial Empire*, an English paper published at Shanghai, refers to him as the real ruler of China. One of the tools of Yung Lu is Yuan Shih Kai, who is governor-general of Chih Li, and commands one of the best bodies of Chinese troops—a force of some twelve thousand five hundred men, who have been drilled by German officers. He is the man who betrayed the emperor in 1900 in the interest of Yung Lu and the empress, and now holds his forces at their disposal. Tung Fu-hsiang is at the head of the revolutionary movement in Kan-su. He is operating with about ten thousand men, and has had considerable success of late. The suspicion that he is secretly encouraged by the government rests on some significant movements. Recently the empress disbanded a body of four thousand soldiers. They retained their arms and went over in a body to Tung Fu-hsiang, whose troops are supposed by some to be paid from the imperial treasury. It is not less significant that, under the direction of Yung Lu, the leading Chinese officials of Kan-su friendly to foreigners have been discharged, and their places filled by new men with pronounced anti-foreign views. There are other rebellions going on in the north and west of China, the secret springs of which are presumed to be the same as those of Kan-su. The whole affair appears to revolve about two designs, to both of which Yung Lu is directing all his energies. One concerns the question of the heir-apparent, and the other the extermination of the hated foreigner. The son of Prince Tuan has already been proclaimed as the new emperor by the rebels in Kan-su, a move to which Yung Lu is believed to be privy. On the other hand, his daughter is the wife of Prince Chun, and a son born of that marriage would be equally gratifying to his ambitions. If an heir-apparent can be selected who will be the tool of the empress and her adviser, Yung Lu, everything will be ripe for the uprising that is dreaded. The present emperor will be easily disposed of, and the power of the empire and the army will be in the hands of Yung Lu. Then the prediction is confidently made that there will be Boxer troubles in China which will cast those of 1900 far into the shade, and the powers will have all their work to do over again.

There is to us considerable pathos in the recent news item regarding the death in Oakland of Amos Mecartney, pioneer. Amos Mecartney was in his life a nonconformist. Those who knew him called him eccentric. When he died, he bequeathed by will to his wife and to his five children, Pearl, Meda, Myrtle, Mignon, and Amos, his property, amounting in value to a half-million dollars. He also directed that one thousand dollars should be contributed to the Woman's Protective and Relief Society of San Francisco.

But Amos Mecartney, in his will, besides devising his generous estate to his wife and children, and leaving one thousand dollars to charity, asked one thing, made a single request.

In the codicil, dated May 13, 1902, being then of sound mind and memory, he wrote:

I do not desire any preaching at my funeral. [Religion] having had nothing to do with my existence, I do not desire any one to talk on the hereafter, of which he knows nothing more than I. The future, for a proper purpose, is left a mystery which no one can reveal. If a small band of music can be engaged to entertain those who come to the funeral, it is all I require.

This request, these reasons, to us ring true, sincere,

honest. And his request is consistent. Since during his life the doctrine of no creed had appealed to the reason of Amos Mecartney, he asked that over his dead body no sad-garmented exponent of any creed should be permitted to explain, after his particular fashion, whither the spirit of Amos Mecartney had fled. "Of which he knows nothing more than I," wrote the testator. Who will dispute it? Do the great theologians of Christendom any longer teach of a new Jerusalem of actual golden streets, genuine jasper walls, and pearly gates? And if not, what else do we surely know? Would not the answer to that question by great preachers like Abbott and Hillis and Potter be in just the spirit of the reverent words of Amos Mecartney—"The future, for a proper purpose, is left a mystery which no one can reveal." And so honest Amos Mecartney, pioneer, asked that no preacher should aimlessly "talk on the hereafter" over his corpse. And being a rough man of simple tastes, he asked also that a "small band" should discourse music to the old comrades who should gather to do him a last honor. That, he added simply, is "all I require."

It was little to ask, but it was less than was granted him. The Rev. F. S. Brush, of the First Presbyterian Church, "talked on the hereafter" over dead and unresisting Amos Mecartney. There was no band; there was a genteel quartet.

We hold no brief for agnosticism. We hold none for any religion. We level no shafts at individuals. But most of us have got to die. Some millions of us in the land believe, as did Amos Mecartney, that of the hereafter no man knoweth. Our flocks and herds, our houses and lands, the law lets us dispose of much as we list. But our outworn carcasses, when we are done with them, we are compelled to relinquish to the tender or untender mercies of our relatives. Has a dead man no rights? If in life he adhered to no creed, was convinced by no doctrine, must he yet, in death, submit to having priest or parson "talk on the hereafter" over him? Is "what the neighbors would say" of more importance than what he would say, could he speak? Besides, what, over an "unbeliever," can even the most honest clergyman say that is not either an insult or a hollow mockery? Or is it that the clergy rather glory in explaining and expounding, without fear of protest, over those who once flouted them?

When the Ahkoond of Swat died, he stayed dead. But the Sultan of Jolo, after being mourned over by the whole American press, and a good-sized fragment of the American people, has indecently come to life again. Like Mark Twain, the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated. It appears that it was the sultana that died.

But even she was a person of distinction. Like many American millionaires and all American statesmen, she rose from the ranks. She started life a poor girl. She was once a slave. But through exercise of her wits, and other agents known to Oriental intriguers, she rose to power, and her career has been compared to that of the Empress Dowager of China. It is said that she once asked the Filipino Commission for an assortment of poisons for the proper protection of her son, the Sultan of Jolo.

The sultan himself was a more expensive acquisition for Uncle Sam than the other two million Malays, whom, according to Tom Reed, we bought for two dollars a head, unpicked. His Highness Hadji Mohammed Wolomol Kiram gets from the United States Government a salary of \$188.88 (Mexican) *per mensem*, which is \$37.78 more than niggardly old Spain paid him. For this his sole, but important, service is to "be good," and to keep the peace among his 120,000 subjects. So far,

H. R. H. the Sultan of Jolo has kept the contract, and listened not at all to the siren war songs of the Sultans of Bacolod, Dangupan, *et al.* Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, the Sultan of Jolo lives peacefully in his bamboo palace, with his one phonograph, his thirty-seven Waterbury clocks, his hundred odd dusky wives, his several hundred dusky offsprings, and several thousand dusky slaves. Over the flag of Jolo it is the sultan's right to fly the Stars and Stripes, which signifies that Uncle Sam will protect from foreign attack the sultan, his palace, his wives, his heirs and his slaves. May the shadow of our good friend, the Sultan of Jolo, never grow less.

The popular estimate of the career of General John C. Fremont as a military idol, a "pathfinder," and a Presidential candidate of a past generation, will possibly suffer somewhat from a dubious light turned upon it in the House of Representatives lately. The subject arose in the discussion of an ancient war claim of B. F. Moody & Co., of Keokuk, Ia., for the equipment of a cavalry regiment in 1861. One of the firm was a brother-in-law of Colonel Bussey, who commanded the regiment, and who made the contract for equipment upon the authority of a telegram from General Fremont. Before the bill was paid, St. Louis, the headquarters of Fremont's department, became known to the government as a hotbed of scandals, peculations, and irregularities connected with the matter of government supplies. A commission consisting of David Davis, Joseph Holt, and Hugh Campbell was sent there to investigate. They examined all the hills, contracts, and vouchers, and in their report scaled down the claims to the extent of some millions of dollars. By these reductions the Moody claim was reduced almost out of existence; they were paid the balance, and gave a receipt. Then the matter slept for about twenty-five years, when the Moody claim was again pressed in Congress, and has been regularly reported from term to term, but has only now been reached on the calendar. The claim was opposed by Mr. Hedge, of Iowa, who explained that all the participants in the investigation were dead, except Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, who was at the time the stenographer of the commission. Mr. Hitt said that the report was in his handwriting; that he remembered the claim; and that the report had never been made public, because Lincoln and Stanton believed that the disclosures of greed and fraud under the Fremont administration of the Department of the West at St. Louis would dishearten the people. There is no indication that General Fremont profited peculiarly from the contracts made under his authority. The disclosures, however, throw a strong light on the character of the man. He was puffed up with the vanity of his position; susceptible to flattery; and impatient of regulations which he called "the red tape of Washington." He has been characterized by at least one historian as a man "possessing all the qualities of a genius, except ability." In short, he was just the sort of official for the purposes of dishonest contractors, and they took full advantage of his weakness. He assumed command at St. Louis in July, 1861, and was removed in consequence of the scandals in the following November.

The Congressional Record account of this incident in the House is somewhat dramatic. The original never-printed report of the commission which investigated the Fremont scandal was brought in—a great bundle of dusty, musty, yellow manuscript. Venerable Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, who had written the report with his own hand in 1861, rose and said that for the first time in forty years the matter had been called to his attention. He vividly remembered reporting the testimony before the commission. He related incidents of unbelievable fraud which he recalled. He told how he had taken the report to Secretary Stanton, and how he had said, sorrowfully, that there was no money to publish a report showing greed in its blackest form which would discourage the people. "That is why," concluded Mr. Hitt, "that great bundle of faded manuscript lies there now on the gentleman's desk unprinted and tied with the red tape which I suppose was put around it in 1862."

The divorce industry of certain Western States, among which South Dakota was most prominent, has received what is liable to prove a serious blow. It has been delivered by the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles H. Andrews, a citizen of Massachusetts, went to South Dakota for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from his wife. He remained there six months to acquire a domicile, and in due time returned home a single man according to the laws of South Dakota. He married again, and shortly after died. Then the two wives entered into a legal contest for the possession of certain property devised by his father. The case reached the Supreme Court, and the decision of that tribunal is that in matters of marriage and divorce each State has jurisdiction over its own citizens, and that a temporary residence in another State for the purpose of divorce is of no avail. South Dakota, for instance, could not make laws which would conflict with the jurisdiction of Massachusetts over her own citizens. Another feature of the decision will have interest for those who are anxious to reform the divorce laws or replace them with a national statute. It is that Congress has no power to regulate or prohibit divorces. The right remains with the States, as they have never surrendered it. Consequently, a national divorce law would be impossible without a previous amendment of the Constitution, and to that the States are not likely to agree. The only thing that remains is to make the laws in the several States similar, and that is almost impossible. The present decision will have the effect, no doubt, of breaking up the traffic in divorce which has been

flourishing in States like South Dakota for a decade or more. Massachusetts has a statute declaring that if a citizen goes to another State to procure divorce, its courts shall not recognize the decree as valid. As that statute was passed upon, it may limit the application of the decision to States with a similar law.

Recent reports of observers in Cuba give good accounts of the island, both politically and materially. The Havana correspondent of the London Times writes that Cuba is becoming "flourishing and prosperous." The main staples, sugar and tobacco, are doing well. The output of sugar had dropped from 1,100,000 tons to 300,000 by the close of the war, planters were without capital, and labor was exhausted. Cultivation was resumed, however, and new mills built on borrowed means. The estimated crop for this season is 950,000 tons, while owing to the removal of the bounty by the Brussels convention the price has risen 75 per cent. Tobacco exports are back to the normal in quantity if not in quality, and the large amount of American capital which has gone into its production has assured its future. Minor industries, like the cultivation of bananas, oranges, pineapples, and grape fruit, are said to be flourishing on a greater scale than ever. New railroads are opening up vast tracts where lumbering, mining, and grazing will be developed. The trunk line from Havana to Santiago is in operation, and numerous branches are being constructed. Formerly the route between these important cities was by rail to Cienfuegos from Havana, and thence by water to Santiago, and the transit consumed five days. Now the time between the two points is eighteen hours. Similar improvements in communication are being extended from Havana through the western end of the island, and will soon present a startling contrast to the old Spanish method by caliche and mule. President Palma is either having good luck or showing marked ability. He has not only succeeded in suppressing strike riots in Havana, but he has evoked some order out of the financial chaos which confronted him six months ago. Instead of being bankrupt as predicted, the republic has funds enough for legitimate expenses and \$2,500,000 surplus in the treasury. Congressman Babcock has been down there, and brings back a similar story. He uses the facts as an argument for ratifying the Cuban reciprocity treaty. Once it was the woes of Cuba that demanded the treaty of us as a matter of honor. Now the prosperous independence of the island is adduced to the same purpose. "For," says Mr. Babcock, "we need the trade of Cuba, and without the aid of some treaty concession on our part it will fall into the hands of England and Germany, both wide awake to its importance."

So it is a clear case of the Eastern traders against the beet and cane sugar and fruit-growers of the West and South. It is significant that bananas, oranges, pineapples, and grape fruit are "flourishing on a greater scale than ever."

During the last week or so, medical experimenters have been simply showering us with remedies for the ills that mortal man is heir to. A Dr. Adolph Razlag, an American citizen resident in China, announces, via the consular report of Robert M. McWade, that he has a sure cure for leprosy, and has already been successful with three cases. He wants the government to give him an island and a free hand, when he promises great results. A more easily credited account, this time of a new remedy for acute septicemia, or blood-poisoning, comes from New York. In the case of a woman at Bellevue, suffering from puerperal fever, temperature 108, pulse 160, and apparently at the point of death, a 500-cubic-centimetre intravenous injection of a 1 to 5,000 formalin solution was tried by the physician, Dr. Charles J. Barrows. The patient rallied at once, and is now convalescent. The president of the New York Obstetrical Society calls the discovery "the most important contribution to medical science of this generation." Chicago holds the balance true with a remedy for typhoid fever. That city's energetic health commissioner proclaims the bacilliferous virtues of lemon juice and grape juice. A teaspoonful of either in a glass of water will, he avers, scotch every bacillus of typhoid. Besides all which, a fellow-countryman of Marconi announces the discovery of a specific serum for pneumonia. Here is, indeed, a veritable embarrassment of therapeutic riches. All except the New York discovery, however, must be set down in the important-if-true column. Only time will prove whether they have practical value.

The horror of the Byron wreck was still fresh in the public mind when news came of a more terrible disaster in Arizona. Two trains—one twelve hours late and running sixty-five miles an hour, and the other two hours late and running at a high rate of speed—crashed together and were crushed into kindling wood. The number of the dead can not be determined, for fire added to the horror of the situation, and the bodies of the victims are burned beyond recognition. The evidence shows that the direct cause of the disaster was the failure of one of the conductors to receive the order telling him where to meet and pass the other train. The responsibility for this failure lies between the night telegraph operator and the conductor. The operator stated that he had left his office to look after the baggage and freight, and the conductor, contrary to rules, took one of the orders and left the other without waiting for him to return. After making his statement the operator disappeared and has not been found. At the investigation it was brought out that the operator reported both orders received for by the conductor before the wreck, while the conductor reported that he had received only one. Whether the conductor or the operator is responsible for the accident, there are some points in connection with it that suggest the necessity for a more

sweeping investigation. Both trains were late, one so late that it had been "annulled," that is, it was being run as an advance section of a later train. It is said that the trains there, almost without exception, are late, which means that however hard the trainmen work they can not keep up to time, and that they are constantly working under a strain trying to accomplish the impossible. Moreover, when trains are not run according to a schedule, the danger of accident is increased. The operator declared that the rush of other duties prevented his attending to the important duty of delivering the orders to the conductor. Further, it appears in evidence that the operator was only twenty-two years of age, yet he had held the position for several years. The frequency of train accidents points to something other than mere carelessness of the employees, and these facts may help to indicate the direction in which a remedy is to be sought. The figures issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission show that railway accidents are increasing. During the three months ending with September of last year, 263 persons were killed and 2,613 injured. For the first three months of last year the figures were 212 and 2,111, and for the three months before that they were 274 and 2,089. That such wholesale destruction of life may be prevented is proved by the fact that on European railways such accidents are comparatively uncommon. It rests with the authorities to enforce regulations to make them so in this country, for it is evident that the railroad companies will not do so voluntarily.

As stated in these columns two weeks ago, the position taken by Senator Perkins on the Cuban reciprocity matter after his election was, and is, in direct antagonism to the desires of the Republican party of this State, as expressed in its platform. When the fact became known, Senator Perkins was petitioned by several commercial bodies of the State to reconsider his intention. He at once replied that if the California legislature would pass a resolution requesting him to vote against the treaty he would do so, but not otherwise. He thereby shifted the burden from his shoulders to those of the senate and assembly. We do not know whether or not he expected them to take the matter up; but they immediately did so. The assembly promptly passed the resolution, and it went to the senate, where it has been the subject, this week, of hot debate—not upon the merits of the treaty; it is agreed that the treaty is inimical to California interests—but the friends of Senator Perkins consider such a resolution an affront to him, and oppose it. The proceedings this week have been much mixed. The first vote showed 19 for, 16 against the resolution. As, however, 21 votes were required to pass it, the resolution was called up for reconsideration the next day by a vote of 23 to 15. Then the senate split into two parties, those who wished to "instruct" Perkins and those who wished to "request" him. The latter prevailed, and, under the rules, the resolution had to be sent to the printer, and final action has not yet been taken. The intentions of the law-makers, however, are plain, and doubtless Senator Perkins will return to his original pre-election position.

The Senate has finally laid the wrangle over the transport service at rest. The army appropriation bill, as it came from the House, provided that the Secretary of War should not sell or dispose of the transports, nor should he discontinue the present service, unless directed to do so by Congress. In the Senate an amendment was offered by Senator Perkins authorizing the Secretary to charter the transports, and contract with private firms to do the government business for five years. The Senate committee on military affairs refused to accept the amendment, being influenced partly by the possible developments of the Venezuelan difficulty, and so the House provision will stand when the bill is reported back to the Senate. Senator Perkins has announced that he will not renew his amendment in the Senate, and so, despite the efforts of the steamship companies, the transport service will remain for the present at least.

The largest and most successful exhibition of automobiles ever held in this country, or, indeed, in any country, has recently ended at Madison-Square Garden, New York. It is stated that the value of the exhibits amounted to a half-million dollars, while sales for the week were variously estimated from one million to two millions—about three times the estimates for the 1901 show. During the past five years American manufacturers have rapidly forged to the front, until now the agent of a French firm is quoted as saying that in three years the French will be coming to America to buy automobiles. The conflict between advocates of the three different motive powers for autos—steam, gasoline, and electricity—is as keen as ever. The champions of steam motors say that the gasoline motor is a "box of tricks," and that in reliability, simplicity of construction and operation, and safety, the steam motor excels. The gasoline men lay great stress on the lightness of their motors, while the advocates of electricity declare that for city and town work steam and gasoline can not compare with the battery. Undoubtedly the sharp competition between the makers of different kinds of motors redounds to the advantage of the public by stimulating the development of a more perfect machine. But, even now, the auto is well past the experimental stage, and its manufacture is one of the world's great industries.

Perusal of the article on hühonic plague in Mexico, printed elsewhere in this paper, should convince every one that the pest at Mazatlan is very different from what has been diagnosed as hühonic plague in San Francisco. There, it is a virulent, hideous scourge, carrying off scores within a week. Here, during three years, according to the figures pre-

SIDELIGHTSON THE CHARACTER OF GEN. FREMONT.

PROSPEROUS CONDITIONS NOW RULE IN CUBA.

EMBARRASSMENT OF THERAPEUTIC RICHES.

THE LEGISLATURE AND SENATOR PERKINS.

TRANSPORT SERVICE WILL REMAIN.

THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

THE DISASTERS, THE RAILWAYS, AND THE PUBLIC.

THE "HÜBONIC PLAGUE."

presented before the plague conference in Washington recently. There have been 93 cases, "not one proved to have originated in this country." Out of San Francisco's population of more than 400,000, there have been two cases a year among white persons. There has not been a single case among Chinese or whites since early in December. There is more real danger to San Franciscans from falling off ladders, or out of windows, than from the so-called huhonic plague. And if we have the genuine plague in San Francisco, what have they got in Mazatlan? The worst thing about the huhonic plague, so far as San Francisco is concerned, appears to be its name; the least alarming thing is the record of alleged cases. Two facts should be impressed upon Eastern readers: (1) that many reputable physicians do not believe that the plague exists at all in San Francisco; (2) that, even admitting that it does exist, the figures of those most interested in demonstrating its existence indisputably show that cleanly white persons stand not one chance in a million of contracting it. And to the objection that it might in the future become more virulent, it may be replied that the fact that no cases have been found for forty-five days by the "huhonic board," which keeps a vigilant watch for them, does not so indicate.

It is to be hoped that the investigating committee will present the convincing facts regarding the so-called plague in convincing form, especially as the Eastern press seem to believe that every San Francisco paper is in a conspiracy to "suppress something," and is therefore not worthy of credit.

During the week Senator Matthew S. Quay has continued his great, spectacular fight in the Senate for the admission of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma as States. This bill, by agreement, comes up every day at two o'clock. There are votes enough to pass it. It passed the House last session. But the Senate minority are determined to talk the bill to death, and propose to do it, if they have to read the history of the United States to the Senate in order to hold the floor. This has been the situation for more than two weeks. But Senator Quay is a past-master in political craft. He has introduced the Statehood measure as an amendment to two appropriation bills; has secured a favorable report on the amendments from the Committee on Organization and Conduct of Executive Departments (which had not met for many years), and may force the bill through in this way, though it is an almost unheard-of proceeding. Just at this writing there is a rumor abroad that a compromise may end the battle. It is proposed to admit Arizona and New Mexico as one State, under the name of the former, with the capital of the latter, and to admit Oklahoma alone.

But while the Statehood bill is taking the time of the Senate, other legislation waits. Only three weeks now remain before Congress must adjourn. There are numerous appropriation bills that must be ratified by the Upper House. There is the canal treaty and the Alaska boundary treaty. And then there is a trust measure, which the President wants. Unless Congress does something quickly, an extra session—of the new Congress—is at least a possibility.

This port can now boast of a dry-dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat. No other dock in the United States could receive the *Cedric* or the *Celtic*, the White Star Company's immense liners, which are 700 feet in length. The battle-ship *Ohio* was placed in this dock last week, and its immense hull seemed small compared with the ample berths. The new dock, which is the property of the San Francisco Drydock Company, is located at Hunter's Point, near the old one, and has been two years in construction. It is 750 feet in length, 122 feet in width at the top, sloping to 74 feet at the floor, and has a depth of 35 feet. When filled with water there is a depth of 28 feet over the sill. The only dock in the world that compares with this is that at Southampton, in England, which is of the same length, but 13 feet wider on the floor, and with a depth of water of 30 feet. The United States Government is now constructing four docks that will be slightly larger than the one at Hunter's Point, as they will be 80 feet wide on the floor, and 39 feet 3 inches deep. One of these is to be located at Mare Island, and the other three on the Atlantic coast at Portsmouth, Boston, and League Island. The completion of this dock will be of great advantage to this port at the present time, when the tendency is to increase the size of vessels in the merchant service.

In the Venezuela matter the whole week has been spent by United States Minister Bowen, acting for Venezuela, and the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy, in endeavoring to decide whether these three nations shall have preferential treatment from Venezuela over the other seven or eight national claimants. At this writing the matter is still unsettled. Venezuela has offered to let 30 per cent. of her customs receipts apply on her debts. The three allies' latest demand is that they receive 20 per cent. and the rest of the creditors 10 per cent. This Bowen has refused, at the same time expressing his willingness to grant some such proposition for three months only. Here the matter stands. If no agreement can be reached, the case will doubtless go to the Hague, probably involving tedious delay, and, of course, a continuance of the blockade. Meanwhile, the disgust of the English people at having been drawn into a German entanglement by Foreign Minister Lansdowne and Premier Balfour has grown so great that when Parliament meets, on March 7th, the Ministry may have to step down and out.

Later dispatches say that President Roosevelt will be asked to arbitrate the one point at issue before the case is sent to the Hague, also, on vague authority, that the blockade will be raised at once. It is sincerely to be hoped that both these correspondential predictions will come true.

WEALTHY NEW YORK.

Great Cost of Living in the Empire City—Flats Versus Houses—Bohemians Get Along Well—Marriage a Luxury—Men Responsible for Extravagance in Dress.

One hears so much about the expenses of living in New York, so many wails going up from so many peaceful firesides about the house accounts, so many husbands groaning over dressmakers' bills, and wives making the welkin ring with their grievances against cooks and housemaids, that the subject is bound to take a prominent place even in the mind of the spinster stranger, who has no house, has to pay her dressmaker's bills, and never aspires to the heights of having a cook.

The Empire City is, we hear, an impossible place to enjoy the comforts of home under an income of ten thousand a year. One can live in a Bohemian manner well and reasonably in New York, my artistic friends tell me; and they certainly have large, well-furnished studios on attractive old squarcs, though I must confess their manner of eating does not commend itself, being either a series of meals snatched at neighboring restaurants, or a domestic commissariat department, the integral parts of which are a tea-pot and a tin cracker-box. A newspaper woman I once met here told me Bohemia was cheap and good in New York, and life was very well worth while in the big studio buildings in the old parts of town, or in one of the French pensions that are hid in the mazes of South Fifth Avenue.

But I was principally thinking of the region that is far removed from Bohemia, the region of brownstone fronts and burnished door-bells, of white-capped maids and immaculate lace curtains—the region where women play "bridge" and spend money on their clothes, and no one has cheap china on the dinner table, or economizes in the laundry bill—the region where the people go to all the new plays, and sit in the best seats as a matter of course, have hansoms when they go shopping, like to walk on Fifth Avenue in the morning, and take dinner at Sherry's on Sunday night.

There are thousands—hundreds of thousands—of such people in New York now. Ten, fifteen years ago their wants were fewer, their tastes simpler. Many of them lived in suburbs on three thousand a year, went to the matinee now and then, and did their shopping on Fourteenth Street. In the wave of prosperity that has swept over the country, their satisfaction with the old order of things has been carried away. Their incomes have doubled and trebled, and their tastes have expanded at an equal rate. Habits of luxury are easy to learn, but no woman in the world acquires such habits as quickly as the women of New York. The enormous increase in the cost of living here is partly due to the ever-growing desire for finer surroundings on the part of the women, and the raise in house-rent and servants' wages. To get enough room is becoming one of the great problems of existence here. The larger the city grows and the more prosperous its inhabitants, the more they hate the suburb, which is the only place where they can get space, light, and air. Land is growing so valuable in town that the time is approaching when nobody but a millionaire can have a house. The apartment—which in the West is still regarded as suggestive of genteel pauperism—is the resort of the newly wed, the moderately rich, and the wealthy bachelored and widowed.

Nobody aspires to a house in New York unless their income is well up in the twenty-thousands. There are, it is true, twelve and fifteen-foot houses on many of the side streets, in which one may find sanctuary for from ten to eighteen hundred a year. But a house of twelve or fifteen feet from wall to wall is really rather a narrow place in which to stow a family away. So almost everybody short of the twenty-thousand-income mark goes into apartments. These, as the simple Westerner imagines them, built on sunny corners, with wide-spreading views and windows thrown out to catch the light and air, are not so bad after all. But, bless you, a good apartment on a corner costs as much as a twenty-five foot brownstone front!

You get this kind—splendidly finished in truly magnificent buildings of the most modern description—for from three to ten thousand a year. They will be in the best part of town, of a completeness and commodiousness unknown in the West, where land is not yet of such appalling value. The apartment that one can get for twelve hundred is a very different matter—apt to have one or two dark rooms, not always in a desirable part of the city, and not invariably possessing an attractive entrance, a point which is vital to the New Yorker who has a canny respect for impressive exteriors. There are good flats to be had for seventy-five dollars a month, and even for sixty. These are generally a little out of the sacred area which radiates for a few blocks east and west of Fifth Avenue, and in which almost everybody in the city wants to live. You can get fine apartments up on the West Side for these prices and less, but the true denizen of Manhattan looks upon the West Side as he does upon Brooklyn—"Did any good thing ever come out of Nazareth?"

I was talking to a tried and seasoned New Yorker the other day, who told me that any man was a fool who married here with an income of less than eight thousand a year. Since then I have heard it stated by those who know, that a man and a woman, the latter being economical and thrifty, can dare to face matrimony on five thousand per annum. The person who made this statement went into details, gave, as it were,

an itemized list of the monthly expenses. The chosen residence must be a twelve-foot house or a reasonable apartment. Two servants could be employed, and a very modest amount of entertaining be judiciously sprinkled through the twelve months. For dress and pocket money the man could have five hundred, the woman one thousand a year. When the itemized list was complete there was nothing left for doctor's bills, traveling expenses, amusements, or any outside contingencies. "And," said the person who had made it out, eying it thoughtfully, "if they should have a baby they would have to pawn the piano."

The suburbs offer for the same sum a large house and garden, plenty of room, light, air, and half as many temptations in the way of spending money. But the real New Yorker abhors a suburb. He would rather be jammed into six tiny rooms so dark his wife has to light the gas every time she puts on her hat, and his children have for view a brick wall, and for playground the pavement by the front door. The climate is really some excuse for his strange preference. In the biting days of winter the suburban morning and evening trip is not a tempting experience, and the means of transportation to most of the suburbs are so bad that the crowding of boats and trains is simply inconceivable.

I am inclined to think, however, that it is the women who like living in town. There are an enormous number of young wives (and middle-aged ones, for that matter) in this city who live for amusement. Many are the spoiled daughters of rich homes. Some are girls who have matured under the influences of the sudden and startling prosperity which has heaped wealth upon New York. They have grown to womanhood in an atmosphere of money-spending and pleasure. They will not consider any life which curtails these two main pursuits of their days. They are the most extravagant women I have ever come in contact with, spending thousands with a royal freedom from consideration that may well make the thoughtful bachelor pause on the threshold of marriage and shake his head.

The luxury surrounding them—a luxury that their mothers, women of birth and wealth, never thought of—they have come to regard as necessary. Everything has not only increased in price, but the article employed must now serve its purpose and also be costly and beautiful. All the appointments of the dinner table must be rare and of worth. The linen must be of choice weave and design. The furniture throughout the house must be in keeping, and everything that is of the newest and most expensive is what is bought. Wall paper is not *en regle*, and so rich materials are stretched on the walls at some enormously increased cost because it is the fad of the hour. Silverware, glassware, crystal, are all to be of the latest and most exclusive patterns. The servants must be well-trained and high-priced. The day when the young metropolitan housekeeper went thriftily to Castle Garden and engaged "green girls" that she carefully trained are long past. The purlieus of Fifth Avenue never see a "green girl" now. She is as extinct as the dodo in that stately section.

As may be guessed, dress is a serious item in the expenses of the rich and well-to-do males. The expenses of the wardrobe are increasing annually. New York women of average means are openly scornful of ill-dressing and the ill-dressed. And worse than this, many men are. The man of Gotham is very observant of the clothes of his women-kind, and very quick to find fault if they fall below his standard. He likes and encourages his wife, his daughter, and his sisters to robe themselves magnificently. If he has the money he will pay for it without much grumbling. He doesn't like to take a girl out to the theatre who looks dowdy. He will notice quickly if she does; his trained eye will take in points that his less sophisticated brothers of other cities fail to heed—if she is neatly shod, if her clothes hang correctly, are well cut, if her hair is prettily arranged, if she has a Frenchwoman's art in disposing the adornment—bow or ribbon or stock—of her neck.

To all these fine points of costume the man of Gotham gives attention. I am of the opinion that a nicety in their treatment attracts him more than a pretty face. Mere beauty of color and line has never had a very potent hold over him. The woman who is stylish, who has a tall, slim, well-poised figure, and a gracefully set head, and who knows how to garb the former and adorn the latter, is the woman who will have his allegiance every time. Simple rustic brand of the Maud Muller type has no charm for him. He likes the proud, studied elegance of the tall, thoroughbred girls, who walk up Fifth Avenue of an afternoon, perfectly turned out, from their hats to their shoes, and who pass him with a complete chill indifference to his existence, which is a part of the careful finish he so much admires.

I am inclined to blame him for the reckless expenditure on clothes which marks the women of the Empire City. For that he is responsible. No men in the United States are so particular about the clothes of the female members of their families, notice them so closely, and criticise them so keenly, as the New York men of means. If their wives and daughters complain of a too small allowance they will heighten it, only the woman must repay their generosity by always looking well dressed. Most of them are more than willing to do so. If a father or a husband will pay, the ordinary female of the species will spend, and when the holder of the purse strings finds fault with a seventy-five dollar tailor suit, a new one costing double will quickly replace it if the purse strings open that wide.

GERALDINE BONNER

NEW YORK, January 25, 1903.

THE GREAT EUCHRE BOOM.

A Social Comedy of Southern California.

To Euchretown, Los Angeles County, came Mr. Stoker and his wife. He bought ranches, and, strikingly dressed, drove about in the rubber-tired buggies of real-estate agents; while Mrs. Stoker, a handsome young woman, sniffed the social air. Just what should she do to win, with *éclat*, the commanding place in the local feminine view? For her no slow progress to social supremacy! Rather the Napoleonic sweeping away of rivals.

At that stage of its rise from a desert to a paradise Euchretown was belied by its name. A sombreness hovered over the thought of the place; the method of life was Puritanic. Euchre? One would have thought there was never a deck in the town.

"I don't want to be un-Christian," snapped the wife of Reverend Hummel; "but I wish that Mrs. Stoker had never stuck her foot in this town."

Mrs. Hummel was out of place linked to a preacher. Fairly well had she clothed her mind in the prevalent Puritanic mood; but in her heart she was different. As for social leaders, she was the one, and she knew it.

"Why, Jennie," complained the Reverend Hummel, a pale gentleman with eyes that ever bespoke a receptive surprise at his debts; "your words ring evil. And then the term you employed—stuck. How, pray, could Mrs. Stoker stick her foot?"

At this moment the maid (employed despite the mortgaged condition of Hummel's real estate), ushered in Mrs. Banker Wheelock.

"And have you heard the news about Mrs. Stoker!" cried Mrs. Wheelock, as Mr. Hummel, wandering away, hummed "Throw Out the Life Line" in a tumbling voice: "Oh, haven't you got an invitation?"

"What is it?" said Mrs. Hummel, darkly.

"A euchre-party! Everybody!"

Mrs. Hummel's arms dropped limp.

"But of course," she said, "nobody will go."

"They're all wild about it!" ejaculated Mrs. Wheelock; "Mrs. Stoker is said to have struck the psychological moment."

Mrs. Hummel started up.

"There hasn't been a card-party for years!" cried she; "where'll she get her decks? Does she carry around a trunk full? Or will she clean out the saloons? But—" and the tears leaped up to her lashes, "I wouldn't be un-Christian about it."

Mrs. Wheelock arose, and laid her hands on Mrs. Hummel's arm.

"Of course, dear, you know the only reason you wouldn't be invited is that you're the preacher's wife," soothed she; and then, with a puzzled air, "that must be the reason."

Now the maid brought in an envelope. It was Mr. and Mrs. Hummel's invitation to Mrs. Stoker's euchre-party. The eye of Jennie met that of Mrs. Wheelock, as a partial relief made its way into the breast of the preacher's wife.

"Did you ever hear of such impudence?" she breathed.

Mrs. Stoker had a new green cottage with nine Corinthian pillars (capitals enormously ornate) along her front porch. Within, electric lights, white pine woodwork, brilliant floral tributes of Axminster carpets, and bird's-eye maple furniture combined to produce an effect luxurious, irrefutable.

"Oh, yes," natty Stoker was saying to the men, "I gave him three thousand for his ten acres. Wheelock, run over to the city with me to-morrow and look at the Pasadena Villa Tract. I've a mind to pick up a bunch of those lots."

"O Mrs. Hummel!" came Mrs. Stoker's winning voice, and everybody listened. There was the purple-draped hostess flowing toward the preacher's wife. "I was dreadfully afraid you wouldn't come! I'm so" (powerful kiss) "glad you did! And dear Mr. Hummel?"

"To-night he works on his sermon," said Mrs. Hummel, beaming about on the faces of the alert and delightfully surprised company. "I persuaded him to run in for me later; for I just came to look on. Of course," here she turned the sweet lips toward Mrs. Stoker, "you couldn't expect us to play."

Mrs. Stoker put new fuel in her smile to Mrs. Hummel; and Mrs. Hummel did likewise further fire up her smile to Mrs. Stoker; and the edified company sat down.

The games went on with a vim that made it seem some hungry gambling spirit, dormant in the town, rose up and reveled. Mrs. Stoker had risked it all on her belief in the psychological moment—and won! The town was ready for sin.

"And that little statue is the prize," now said Mrs. Stoker, moving about. "Mrs. Hummel, would you hold it up?"

All eyes came round in sneaking way toward Mrs. Hummel, who grew pallid. There, on the mantel, near her hand as she stood to watch, was the statuette—a nude Greek maid.

"Would you mind holding it up? They can't see," repeated Mrs. Stoker, louder, fires in her eyes.

Hypnotized, Mrs. Hummel lifted it and saw a price tag, \$7.50.

"Why," said she, forcing into her voice the daring exclamation of a note of censure, "I didn't know there was to be a prize!"

"Oh," echoed Mrs. Wheelock from a distance, instilling into her tones a strain of triumph, "I didn't know there was to be a prize!"

"No!" chimed all the women, in mutually sanctioning delight, "we didn't know there was to be a prize!" "Just a cheap little thing," said Mrs. Stoker.

A new brightening of eyes fastened on euchre decks. The games went on with strange excitement; for lo, all the women had suddenly resolved to win or ruin their nerves in the fight.

"Would you punch—while I look to the sherbet?" whispered Mrs. Stoker to Mrs. Hummel, with new, bald patronage.

The preacher's wife stared round. The fascination of the game was influencing her. She felt her footing go; she saw the Stoker triumph, the reins gone from her hand. Desperately did she leap at this only chance to cling to the victorious vehicle of pleasure which her rival from this night on was to drive headlong through the Puritanic mood of Euchretown.

Mrs. Hummel punched the cards.

More fierce became the spirit of gaming, until, with final shriek of delight, Mrs. Wheelock won the statue. Followed by jealous eyes she took it.

"Splendid!" she cried, examining the tag and seeing \$7.50. Then she passed it round. "Beautiful!" said the women, seeing \$7.50.

And the corruption of Euchretown was accomplished.

We pass hastily to the strange fury in its later vigor. From the night of the initiative prize an extraordinary inflation went on apace. Scarcely had a week elapsed (full of gossip at the Stoker's indubitable success) when Mrs. Wheelock gave a second euchre-party. And when the guests flocked to the banker's two-story house in the mission style (on the fifty-foot lot which he bought for \$1,400 of Jeffreys Sassy) they were yet more morally poisoned to observe, on the cut-glass dish which she awarded to shrieking Mrs. Botts, the half-extinguished price-mark, \$9.65.

For six days, \$9.65 was a sort of tag to the town's mental status; when, to the thrilling of all, Mrs. George Botts did suddenly cast out invitations; and at Mrs. Botts's brilliant affair, Mrs. Stoker, after a dashing race neck-and-neck with six women who all but beat her, won a clock on the bottom of which, mysteriously blurred, the figures \$13.75 could, after careful scrutiny, be distinguished.

The value of the prize at the fourth party was \$15; at the sixth, \$19; at the ninth, \$25.50. Agape, the town stared ahead at its coming dizzy course. Then Mrs. Samuel Lethwait, taciturn woman, stupified the inhabitants of the place by making one flying leap from \$25 to \$50. Out of the ranks, out of the number of the unfearful, had Mrs. Lethwait made her daring rise.

There was an instant's recoil. Could Mrs. Stoker, Mrs. Wheelock, Mrs. Botts pause now? Their shoulders were at the wheel, their hands on the flying plow which tore up such amazing furrows in the social field. The recoil was but momentary. At the very hour when Mrs. Botts was putting on her hat, sworn to buy a prize worth \$60, there fell into her agitated hand an invitation. Mrs. Stoker had sprung to the breach.

A scramble for the cottage of the nine pillars. And behold on the golden lamp there displayed as prize, were the shameless figures, \$75.00.

Now had the insanity taken general root. He who fails to understand knows not California. The dangerous mania once contracted, no matter what its form, must continue till the collapse. If the gold fury of '49 and the equally furious land boom of '87 are not object-lessons enough, let the sociologist recall the Belgian hares. And if yet he doubts the historical verity of such a cast in the California mind, let him give this euchre boom his careful consideration. As men bid for twenty-five foot lots in San Diego in the insane days of '87, so did women now bid, under the thin disguise of euchre prizes, for choice positions in the social field of Euchretown. It was the old disease.

In two more leaps the prizes had advanced to a hundred. And, most significant of all, seldom was the price of a prize now paid down. The credit system had saved the day. The people of Euchretown were not millionaires. Few felt able to toss out a hundred with this rapid periodicity. So small first payments, contracts, "the rest in six and twelve," became the rule.

In the rear dust of this race, panting, tagged Mrs. Hummel. Again and again, contrary to the will of pained Mr. Hummel (who to himself sang "Throw Out the Life Line" in despair), did she attend, punch cards, look on with jealous eye; yet she did not play. She was a buffer whom the sinners held between their gaming and their consciences. Oh, how she longed to give a party that would stagger the general mind!

Now for a fatal three weeks Mr. Hummel was in Oregon. Two sleepless nights his wife spent tossing, then arose feverish, stood on the high pinnacle of temptation, and plunged down.

First she went for a prize. The price had risen to a hundred and forty; she must act quick; now!—lest she be ruined, for the boom waited for no man. At a furniture store she asked information on the contract system. The dealer (who had furnished prizes) was confused; he could not accept the Hummel's contract. Why? she gasped. Oh, he hastened, it was not for doubts of the Hummel honesty; it was for doubts of the honesty of the community. In the present furious state he did not believe the Hummels would get their salary! Infinitely sorry, infinitely polite was he; and she went away dazed.

But she would do it or die. One more hour of suffering brought her back.

"I'll mortgage our household goods," said she, dry-eyed, "till Hummel returns." And he agreed.

So Mrs. Stoker's old slain rival rose up astonishing over the horizon. The chill that ran through the community with Mrs. Hummel's invitations, gave way to to white heat, and everybody, euchre mad, now rushed to the preacher's home.

Mrs. Hummel's struggles had been heroic; the house was decorated as never before, the refreshments were beyond any that Mrs. Stoker had conceived. And on the portières (given as a prize) the mark one hundred and fifty dollars stood forth a challenge.

Mrs. Stoker, playing recklessly, lost; and her drawn face suggested nervous collapse and thoughts criminal. But a crisis in the social life of Euchretown was now imminent. There was yet another element to Mrs. Hummel's victory; a murmur went round of the coming ruin of Stoker. As ladies moved to tables they eyed Mrs. Stoker, and whispered gossip; as men sat down they hinted at revelations, speaking in one another's ears.

"What is it?" whispered Mrs. Hummel, huskily, to Mrs. Wheelock.

"They say that Stoker is found out; that he gave false title to some land!"

At that moment Stoker's wild, unnatural laugh was heard.

In the final neck-and-neck sprint to the goal, Mrs. Stoker, gone to pieces, wretched, was distanced; Mrs. Botts carried off the portières; the party broke up, and Mrs. Hummel's night of sinful conquering passed into history.

When Hummel returned, the news emaciated him. He went to bed, and lay ill for a week; and nobody threw out the life line to him. Nay, even the bed he lay on came near to being snatched from under him. And now, with the boom trembling on the verge of collapse, with everybody's contracts coming due, bills began to rain upon the preacher's head.

"Jennie," groaned he, "you have ruined me. See, they haven't paid my salary, and the furniture man is mad. We will be cast into the street!"

Then there fell into Mrs. Hummel's hands an envelope—"Mrs. Stoker—at home—Friday night—euchre!"

"Why," cried Mrs. Wheelock, bursting in with Mrs. Botts, "everybody knows that the Stokers are on the brink of ruin. They say he is fighting like mad to keep his head up—maybe to keep out of jail! This is their final fling. And everybody has learned about her prize. Guess what is it!"

"And guess what it cost!" shouted Mrs. Botts.

"I wouldn't be un-Christian about it," declared Jennie, "but I do think swindlers had better hide their heads. What is the thing, then, and what does it cost?"

There was an impressive hush.

"A bedroom set worth two hundred! And she's let everybody know that she paid cash down for it."

They all gazed at one another, the fire of gaming in their eyes.

"She is making one last grand play," said they.

One day of gloom did Mrs. Hummel pass in Hummel's bedroom, arguing, pleading. To Hummel, he and the whole town were gone to the devil.

"No! Never!" cried he, receiving more duns, and shaken.

But at last toward night he arose and, hunted, went to the furniture store. In the window was the bedroom set, and over it a sign, "The prize for Mrs. Stoker's euchre-party." Staring, the emaciated Hummel lost his soul.

"Would it cover the bill," he whispered, hoarsely, in the dealer's back room, "if we won it?"

"About," mused the dealer; "Hummel, since it's you, I'd call it square."

And Hummel returned, unsteady on his feet.

Once again the cottage of the Corinthian pillars shone with the brilliancy of a euchre evening. Stoker was making a high play to-night to keep his footing with the men. Mrs. Stoker had rouged to hide the pallor of her cheeks. The house distanced all previous efforts in its decorations, the refreshments were beyond the experience of the most high-rolling citizen of the town. Behold, in came Mrs. Hummel, her blood up.

"And dear Mr. Hummel?" asked Mrs. Stoker, taking Mrs. Hummel's hand in both of hers.

"Hummel's in bed," said Jennie, tersely; "Mrs. Stoker, I'll play to-night."

A moment's silence, as of a solitude; then a great hubbub, the guests making for tables.

"So glad!" cried Mrs. Stoker; "we've always hoped you would!"

"So glad!" shrieked all the women into Mrs. Hummel's ear; and the games began.

Why dwell on the mad scramble? That night was the culmination. Disgraceful as was the thing in itself, it pales before the disgrace incident to a mood of reckless confession which seized the company. Somebody blurted out that she'd win that two hundred or die. Then a nigh insane man in a corner shouted across the room, to the shocking of all: "Let's make it poker!"

The laugh that greeted this was spasmodic; and all at once right before Mrs. Hummel on the central table, Mr. Stoker, as though he had lost his mind, and grown wild and cynical, began to deal out—ten-dollar bills from his deck. These Mr. Wheelock snatched up, and shook aloft with fearful merriment under the chandelier.

In that instant the boom collapsed. Who could predict the psychological moment? The sight of the ten-dollar

bills was too much. Shame rushed into every breast; the reaction began; and henceforth in the hands of everybody but Mrs. Hummel (who, brain on fire, had failed to catch the significance of the moment), euchre fell a limp and lifeless thing.

And that alone is why the preacher's wife, who scarcely knew her bowers, won the bedroom set.

A sudden fierce knocking at the door, and in burst an officer.

"I have a warrant for the arrest of John Stoker," said he.

"I'm here," said Stoker, sneering and white; and Mrs. Stoker fainted.

Everybody stared; all seized hats; like rats the euchre players slunk away; the Corinthian cottage, like a bedizened but deserted courtesan, stood gaudily shining in the night, alone.

Later, the town awoke, as the high roller awakes next morning with a suffering and repentant head; and the readjustment began. Everybody owed somebody for prizes, as, in '88, everybody owed somebody for lots. Everybody was a buffer to everybody. The thing let itself down and evened itself up, and nobody was hard on anybody. And thus the euchre boom passed into history.

Now the church people began to rehabilitate their consciences. And Banker Wheelock hit upon a scheme. As financier of the bankrupt soul, Wheelock will ever stand out a genius.

"Why," said he to Botts; "we did it to help Hummel."

"True," said Botts, dazzled; "let's go and tell him." And on a Saturday evening a score of citizens came to Hummel's house.

Hummel was lying pallid on a lounge.

"We've come," said Wheelock, blandly, "to felicitate you. We couldn't bear to see you carry that debt, Hummel. We fixed the little thing in what was, I agree, an unprecedented way. But, when we schemed beforehand with Mrs. Stoker to give a party and pass the victory on to your wife—Hummel, my friend, our hearts went with it!"

And Hummel, seeing this astonishing loophole for them all, arose to greet the general smile.

"Kind friends," said he, in trembling relief; "more blessed is it to give than to receive."

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1903.

THE PLAGUE IN MEXICO.

Precautionary Measures That Have Been Taken to Stamp Out the Epidemic in Mazatlan—How the Natives Spread Diseases—The "Tifo" Scourge of 1896.

So many garbled accounts are appearing in the newspapers—particularly those of the United States—in reference to the plague in Mexico, that it may not come amiss to put out a few reliable facts as to the real spread of this dread disease.

There is no doubt that the sickness which is fast depopulating Mazatlan, the great west coast port of Mexico, is the bubonic plague: so it is pronounced by both Mexican and foreign medical men. Some time before December 13th, news was sent to Mexico's board of health that a strange sickness had appeared on the west coast, the symptoms of which were a high fever and inflated ganglia, which occasionally suppurred. No name was applied to the mysterious sickness, and there is no telling how long it had raged before the authorities were advised. But the health officers at Mazatlan were directed to take the same precautions as though the disease were known absolutely to be the bubonic plague. In the fullness of time, these instructions were complied with. Meantime, the situation on the west coast had become serious, to say the least: added to which, it is reliably reported that cases have spread to Guadalajara, and other points in Jalisco. It is stated, though it seems less probable, that there are one or more cases in the City of Mexico, while the writer has heard of two Chinamen, lately arrived from Guaymas, who are sick, and being taken care of by fellow-Chinamen, in the state of Chihuahua.

The start of this business is put down to newly arriving Chinamen coming to Mexico from heaven knows what sort of plague-infested spots in China. In Mazatlan, the Chinese quarters are the dirtiest quarters imaginable, even for Mexico, and that is saying a great deal! They live there twenty, thirty, and forty in one room, which is never cleaned; they eat all sorts of loud-smelling messes, and putrid fish, decayed vegetables, etc., are always lying about in their alleyways. And Mazatlan is a hot, damp place, in which germs quickly develop and thrive. All this, combined with the fact that the natives themselves are almost as unsanitary in their lives as the Chinese, makes one marvel that a great epidemic of plague has not before now laid hold of the country.

Cholera did reach this same west coast in or about the year 1850, but records do not seem to show that it did very great harm. And then, some five or six years ago, a great wave of that terrible fever, "tifo," swept the land, being especially severe in the City of Mexico, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, Aguas Calientes, Zacatecas, and other large towns. Hundreds of people died at that time, many of them being "white people," or foreigners. Then, it was decided that precautionary measures would be taken to prevent such epidemics again, but little has been done to this end. I do not be-

lieve that any earthly power can make, or keep, a Mexican of the lower class clean! They will not wash; they will not keep such houses as they have clean, or fresh-aired, and nothing can prevent them from mingling with the crowd when they are sickening with such small illnesses as the smallpox, typhus, or even the plague! It is no uncommon thing for a Mexican, in the first stage of any of these diseases, to repair himself or herself to church or cathedral (preferably the most largely attended), for the purpose of bending the knee to a saint or the Virgin and making vows to present candles, provided said saint or Virgin will help them to health again. This is how these things spread in Mexico. More than once have I left a street-car more speedily than gracefully because a being, already smallpox-erupted, calmly occupied a seat close by; in fact, if you mingle with the giddy throng in Mexico, it is a toss-up as to what particular disease or diseases you are in direct contact with.

However, in so far as the plague is concerned, there is some balm in Gilead, for it is said not to attack foreigners, as a rule, or people of at least decent habits. With the tifo, it is a different thing; this fatal scourge seems to carry off white people and brown—doctors, nurses, priests, and sinners, with utter impartiality. A noted doctor, who had fought plague, cholera, and everything else in the way of human ills and diseases, once told me that he ran from one thing only, and that was the Mexican tifo, or typhus!

Fighting the plague in Mazatlan is rendered doubly difficult from the fact that afflicted natives resort to all sorts of tricks to keep away from the lazarets, even attempting, in their sick or dying condition, to flee the town itself. In one case a woman escaped surveillance, got out of the city limits, and was later found dying alone on the plain. In another case, two fugitives, already sickening, were found escaping in a boat, while families hide away their sick ones until the entire circle catch the epidemic, in which way entire families are wiped out.

Fortunately (though it is rather late in the day), constant surveillance is being exercised to see that patients do not escape, thereby spreading the illness, and many houses have been burned to the ground. It is safe to say that affairs are being so handled in the stricken town that the plague will from now on be kept within its own limit. The only question is whether those who have escaped in the past have spread it about or not.

The number of (reported) deaths in Mazatlan have not been enormous—only one hundred and seven from January 1st to 15th. This is a mere bagatelle compared with the tifo fatalities in the City of Mexico several years ago. Of course it is to be remembered that many deaths are kept dark, when such an epidemic is about—there may have been thrice this number, for all one can tell.

Large subscriptions are being got up in Mexico City and elsewhere, for relief of the plague victims, to which all the business houses are contributing largely. It is said that twenty-five thousand dollars has been sent from the capital alone. Meanwhile, the foreigners have been pouring out of Mazatlan as fast as they could get steamers to take them; that is about the only way they can get out, for it must be remembered that there are no railroads directly to interior Mexico from the coast towns: in that lies the safety of the entire country east of Mazatlan. And in point of fact, there is far more danger threatened to the Pacific Coast, to South America, and even San Francisco itself, than to the table-land of Mexico, which is divided by the Cordilleran Range from the plague-infested town, or towns, of the west coast. Steamers which ply along the Pacific Coast will do the mischief if the plague does spread north and south from Mazatlan. Coast cities, from San Francisco to the South American ports, can not be too careful in their quarantine regulations.

ELIZABETH GIBERT.

PARRAL, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, January 19, 1903.

A general idea of the magnitude of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis next year can be obtained when it is understood that it will be approximately twice as large as any former international exposition. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia covered 236 acres, the Paris Exposition of 1899-1900 336 acres, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago 633 acres. The World's Fair at St. Louis will cover 1,180 acres. The construction cost of the Centennial Exposition was \$8,500,000, that of the Paris Exposition was \$9,000,000. The cost of the Columbian Exposition was estimated at \$18,322,000, and the total cost was \$27,250,000. The estimated construction cost of the St. Louis Fair is \$30,000,000, and its total cost will be upward of \$40,000,000 by the time the work is completed.

A writer in the February *Era* has turned his wits to the manufacture of anagrams on American statesmen. Abraham Lincoln he turns into "Labor in Ham's Clan." William McKinley becomes "I will lick 'em many," a good motto for both his Presidential campaigns; while in William MacKinley (the original spelling) is discovered a presage of his sad end, "Wily maniac kill me." And when the dreaded hour had arrived who but Theodore Roosevelt was the "Hero told to oversee!" And now, as from the sublime to the ridiculous, we turn to the political adversary of both McKinley and Roosevelt, and find in William J. Bryan a "brainy jaw mill!"

INDIVIDUALITIES.

According to the French papers, the Shah of Persia has reformed his harem since his return from his European trip. The harem contained 1,700 women, and out of these, after duly passing an inspection several times, the Shah weeded out 1,640. Each of the discharged ladies received \$1,000. About 50 of them became the wives of the Shah's officials, who were commanded to marry them at once.

Count Boni de Castellane, who has been reelected from the Basses Alpes district, received an ovation when he entered the Chamber of Deputies last week. The count told the reporters that his opponents had "moved heaven and earth" to try to secure his defeat. In some cases employees were threatened with dismissal if they voted for him. The name of M. Etienne, vice-president of the Chamber, was signed to a manifesto favoring the election of M. Siegfried. Count Boni is now entitled to take the seat in the Chamber which was denied him at his former election, when he was charged with having bought votes with the Gould millions.

Dr. Parkhurst says he is meeting with the support of millionaires in his project of providing an ideal daily newspaper for the public, to be issued in New York. "I have no idea of publishing a religious daily," he said the other day. "I believe in religion, and religion in daily life; but the news of the day provides suggestions for the practical use of religion. The people want news—clean, wholesome news—that will educate and elevate them, not degrade. My idea is to print the facts without elaboration or embellishment, and to print them for just what they are worth, if they are printable." Parkhurst said he had no idea of becoming an editor, but it is his purpose to furnish the plan, scope, and general idea for the conduct of the paper he describes.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the steel trust, who is now cruising around upon a yacht in the Mediterranean, trying to recover from the attack of nervous prostration which threw him down last summer at Atlantic City, has a soft spot in his heart for street waifs and children of the tenements. Two years ago he purchased what is known as Recreation Park, on Richmond Beach, Staten Island, facing the harbor of New York, near Tompkinsville. He has had it fitted up with shelter-houses, playgrounds, bathing-houses, eating-houses—where milk, sandwiches, pie, and other cheap food may be obtained—a music-stand, a whirly-go-round, a toboggan slide, and other amusements sufficient to entertain a thousand children, and proposes to go into the fresh-air excursion business on a large scale this summer.

Jeannette Gilder is out of patience with the New York dailies, which have tried to make Count Robert de Montesquieu, who is now visiting America, appear ridiculous in the public eye. She says he is not eccentric in his dress, nor does he pose in drawing-rooms with a lily in his hand. One of his dogs does have a collar studded with turquoise, but if he chooses to dress his dog fantastically, she thinks that is no reason why it should be said that he dresses fantastically himself. Count Robert takes the remarks upon his appearance with much good humor. He seems to like New York and the people he has met there, many of them old friends whom he knew in Paris. The price of a course ticket to his conferences is thirty-five dollars. No single tickets are sold. But this does not frighten off an audience, for, Miss Gilder says, society is rushing pell-mell to buy even at that price.

Like Gladstone, President Roosevelt is fond of wielding the axe, and recently he has had an opportunity to indulge in this pastime. A forest at Tennallytown, near Washington, D. C., belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, which he attends, and the trees on the land are so close together that they do not have a chance to grow. Therefore, the trustees determined to thin them out. They asked President Roosevelt to request Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the Department of Agriculture, to visit the land and mark the trees which should be removed. The President replied that he would attend to the matter, and, morning after morning, with Mr. Pinchot, he visited Tennallytown, much to the wonder of the Washington correspondents. At last one followed them, and observed that the President and the forester, after deciding that a tree should be removed, proceeded to remove it. Fifty large trees have been felled by the President.

Interest has been lately revived in the unfortunate Princess Elvira, the daughter of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, who some years ago ran away with an Italian painter called Folchi. It is said that there are great grounds for hoping that the Vatican will be induced to annul Signor Folchi's marriage, although his wife is a perfectly innocent woman, with children. She has given her consent to the proposed divorce, because she now has scarcely enough to live upon, and can not educate her children; while, if the marriage were annulled, provision would be made for them. The princess is still with Signor Folchi, whom she will marry as soon as he is free. The artist, at the time of the elopement, had no means to support his companion, but she had the fortune left her by her mother, to which has been added the considerable proceeds of the selling of her jewels, so that they now have an income of about nine thousand dollars a year, upon which they will have to worry along.

DE WET'S STORY OF THE BOER WAR.

The Part He Played in the "Three Years' War"—General Cronjé's Surrender—Panic-Stricken Burghers—The Spirit of Loot—Boers and Britons Scored.

Of the many books which have been written on the recent war in South Africa by the vast horde of British and Boer generals, correspondents of all nations, and well-known authors who have turned their war experiences into remunerative copy, General Christian Rudolph De Wet's book on the "Three Years' War" is without doubt the most interesting, from the personal standpoint. It is the plain, frank, unvarnished tale of a patriot who does not pose as a hero, and who describes only those operations of which he was an eye-witness. "I am no book-writer," he says in his preface, "but I felt that the story of this struggle, in which a small people fought for liberty and right, is rightly said, throughout the civilized world, to be unknown, and that it was my duty to record my personal experiences in this war, for the present and for the future generations, not only for the Afrikaner people, but for the whole world."

At the outbreak of the war De Wet entered the ranks as an ordinary burgher, and took part in the early engagements in Natal. It was with hesitation and reluctance that he accepted promotion to the office of Vecht-general, but he never shirked his duty, and after the surrender of Cronjé he was the life of the Boer cause among the Orange Free Staters until the final peace negotiations. De Wet declares that the first fatal blundering was done by General Cronjé, who stubbornly persisted in the course which ended in the capture of him and his army. He adds:

On more than one occasion I told General Cronjé what I thought about the matter. "The enemy," I repeated to him over and over again, "will not attack us here. He will flank us." But Cronjé would not listen to me. . . . General Cronjé would not move. Had he done so, his losses would not have been heavy. His determination to remain in that ill-fated laager cost him dearly. The world will honor that great general and his brave burghers; and if I presume to criticise his conduct on this occasion, it is only because I believe that he ought to have sacrificed his own ideas for the good of the nation, and that he should have not been courageous at the expense of his country's independence, to which he was as fiercely attached as I.

At the last moment, when there was still a possible avenue of escape, De Wet sent a daring spy, Danie Theron, to Cronjé, urging him to abandon his camp and fight his way out by night:

Danie Theron started on his errand on the night of the twenty-fifth of February. The following evening I went to the place of meeting, but to my great disappointment General Cronjé did not appear. On the morning of the twenty-seventh of February, Theron returned. He had performed an exploit unequalled in the war. Both in going and returning he had crawled past the British sentries, tearing his trousers to rags during the process. The blood was running from his knees, where the skin had been scraped off. He told me that he had seen the general, who had said that he did not think that the plan which I had proposed had any good chance of success. At ten o'clock that day General Cronjé surrendered. Bitter was my disappointment. Alas! my last attempt had been all in vain. The stubborn general would not listen to good advice.

I must repeat here what I have said before, that as far as my personal knowledge of General Cronjé goes, it is evident to me that his obstinacy in maintaining his position must be ascribed to the fact that it was too much to ask him—intrepid hero that he was—to abandon the laager. His view was that he must stand or fall with it, nor did he consider the certain consequences of his capture. He never realized that it would be the cause of the death of many burghers, and of indescribable panic throughout not only all the laagers on the veldt, but even those of Colaherg, Stormberg, and Ladysmith. If the famous Cronjé were captured, how could any ordinary burgher be expected to continue his resistance?

It may be that it was the will of God, who rules the destinies of all nations, to fill thus to the brim the cup which we had to empty, but this consideration does not excuse General Cronjé's conduct. Had he but taken my advice, and attempted a night attack, he might have avoided capture altogether.

I have heard men say that as the general's horses had all been killed, the attempt which I urged him to make must have failed—that at all events he would have been pursued and overtaken by Lord Roberts's forces. The answer to this is not far to seek. The English at that time did not employ as scouts Kaffirs and Hottentots, who could lead them by night as well as by day. Moreover, with the reinforcements I had received, I had about sixteen hundred men under me, and they would have been very useful in holding back the enemy, until Cronjé had made his escape.

The effect of Cronjé's surrender on the burghers was very depressing. So, to spur them on and give them new courage, President Krüger appeared in their midst, but his visit was ill-timed and necessarily brief:

The venerable chief of the South African Republic had traveled by rail from Pretoria to Bloemfontein; the remaining ninety-six miles of the journey had been accomplished in a horse wagon—he, whom we all honored so greatly, had been ready to undergo even this hardship in order to visit us. The president's arrival was, however, at an unfortunate moment. It was March 7th, and Lord Roberts was approaching. His force, extending over ten miles of ground, was now preparing to attack my burghers, whom I had posted at various points along some twelve miles of the bank of the Modder River. It did not seem possible for the old president even to outspan, for I had received information that the enemy's right wing was already threatening Petrusburg. But as the wagon had traveled that morning over twelve miles of a heavy rain-soaked road, it was absolutely necessary that the horses should be outspanned for rest. But hardly had the harness been taken off the tired animals when a telegram arrived, saying that Petrusburg was already in the hands of the English. President Krüger was thus compelled to return without a moment's delay. I saw him into his wagon, and immediately mounted my horse and rode to the positions where my burghers were stationed.

When was De Wet confronted with the baleful influence of Cronjé's surrender:

A panic had seized my men. Before the English had even

got near enough to shell our positions to any purpose, the wild flight began. Soon every position was evacuated. There was not even an attempt to hold them, though some of them would have been almost impregnable. It was a flight such as I had never seen before, and shall never see again. I did all that I could, but neither I nor my officers were able to prevent the burghers from following whither the wagons and guns had already preceded them. I tried every means. I had two of the best horses that a man could wish to possess, and I rode them till they dropped. All was in vain. It was fortunate for us that the advance of the English was not very rapid. Had it been so, everything must have fallen into their hands.

When Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein, De Wet felt sure that the British troops would remain for some time in the Free State capital, in order to obtain the rest they must have sorely needed. So he decided to allow the burghers, who had now been away from their families for six months, an opportunity to take breath:

After everything had been arranged I went to Brandfort, and thence to Kroonstad, at which place I was to meet President Steyn, who had left Bloemfontein the evening before it fell. On my road to Kroonstad I fell in with General P. J. Joubert, who had come to the Free State, hoping to be able to discover some method for checking the advance of Lord Roberts. He was anything but pleased to hear that I had given my men permission to remain at home till the twenty-fifth of March.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you are going to give the English a free hand, whilst your men take their holiday?"

"I can not catch a hare, general, with unwilling dogs," I made reply.

But this did not satisfy the old warrior at all. At last I said: "You know the Afrikaners as well as I do, general. It is not our fault that they don't know what discipline means. Whatever I have said or done, the burghers would have gone home; but I'll give you my word that those who come back will fight with renewed courage."

I knew very well that there were some who would not return, but I preferred to command ten men who were willing to fight, rather than a hundred who shirked their duties.

One of the humors of the war which De Wet mentions, was the attempt of a large number of burghers to avoid active service by claiming to be ill. He says:

The old law had laid it down that if a burgher produced a medical certificate, declaring him unfit for duty, he should be exempted from service. That there had been a grave abuse of this was the experience of almost every officer. There were several very dubious cases; and it was curious to note how many sudden attacks of heart disease occurred—if one were to credit the medical certificates. I remember myself that on the seventh of March, when the burghers fled from Poplar Grove, I had thrust upon me suddenly eight separate certificates, which had all been issued that morning, each declaring that some burgher or other was suffering from disease of the heart. When the eighth was presented to me, and I found that it also alleged the same complaint, I lost all patience, and let the doctor know that was quite enough for one day. When this question of certificates was discussed at the council, I suggested in joke that no certificate should be accepted unless it was signed by three old women, as a guarantee of good faith. The system had indeed been carried to such lengths, and certificates had been issued right and left in such a lavish manner, that one almost suspected that the English must have had a hand in it!

When his men returned for duty, De Wet ordered the seizure and plundering of the mails without compunction, as he also did the systematic wrecking of railroad trains, deeming such acts entirely legitimate means of warfare. Along the Riet River he made a gigantic capture of Lord Roberts's supplies—200 heavily laden wagons and eleven or twelve water-carts. This was a serious blow to the enemy, especially as the Boers managed to save the whole windfall for their own use. Later, at Roodeval, De Wet made a still more extensive capture, by which he inflicted a loss of about \$3,750,000 upon the British Government, but it became necessary to burn these supplies, much as they were needed by the Boers. Says De Wet:

I had expected that our booty would be large, and my expectations were more than realized. To begin with, there were the bales of clothing that the English had used as entrenchments. . . . I was, however, very sorry that I could not carry away with me the blankets and boots which we found in large quantities, for they would have been most valuable for winter use. But there was no time for this, as the English held the railway, and could at any moment bring up reinforcements from Bloemfontein, from Kroonstad, or from Pretoria. So, as I could not take the booty away with me, I was obliged to consign it to the flames. But before I did this I gave the burghers permission to open the post-bags, and to take what they liked out of them. For in these bags there were useful articles of every description, such as underclothing, stockings, cigars, and cigarettes. Very soon every one was busy with the post-bags—as if each burgher had been suddenly transformed into a most zealous postmaster! While my men were thus pleasantly occupied, two prisoners asked me if I would not allow them also to open the post-bags, and to investigate their contents. I told them to take just what they fancied, for everything that was left would be burned. It was a very amusing sight to see the soldiers thus robbing their own mail! They had such a large choice that they soon became too dainty to consider even a plum-pudding worth looking at! Although I had ordered my men to wreck the bridges, both to the north and to the south of us, I still did not feel secure—any delay on our part was fraught with danger, and the sooner we were off the better. But before we could start, I had to find some method of removing the ammunition which I wished to take with me. Since I possessed no wagons available for this purpose, my only course was to order my burghers to carry away the quantity required. But my burghers were busily engaged in looting. Those who have had any experience of our commandos will not need to be told that it was a difficult task to get any men to help me in the work. I did succeed, however, in dragging a few of the burghers away from the post-bags. But the spirit of loot was upon them, and I was almost powerless. Even when I had induced a burgher to work, he was off to the post-bags again the instant my back was turned, and I had to go and hunt him up, or else to find some other man to do the work. Yet, in spite of this, I succeeded in removing the gun and Lee-Metford ammunition. We carried away some six hundred cases of this ammunition, and hid it at a spot about three hundred paces from the station.

When the sun set the burghers were again on the march. But De Wet says they presented a curious spectacle:

Each man had loaded his horse so heavily with goods that there was no room for himself on the saddle; he had, there-

fore, to walk, and lead his horse by the bridle. And how could it be otherwise? For the burghers had come from a shop where no money was demanded, and none paid! But the most amusing thing of all was to watch the "Tomnies" when I gave them the order to march. The poor Veldt cornet, who was intrusted with the task of conducting them to our camp, had his hands full when he tried to get them away from the booty; and when at last he succeeded, the soldiers carried such enormous loads that one could almost fancy that every man of them was going to open a store. But they could not carry such burdens for long, and soon they were obliged to diminish their bulk, thus leaving a trail of parcels to mark the road they had taken! Then the fire had to do its work, and I ordered fifteen men to set the great heap of booty alight. The flames burst out everywhere simultaneously—our task was completed. In an instant we had mounted our horses and were off. When we had covered fifteen hundred paces, we heard the explosion of the first shells, and wheeled round to view the conflagration. The night was very dark, and this rendered the sight that met our eyes still more imposing. It was the most beautiful display of fireworks that I have ever seen. One could hear, between the thunder of the big bombs, the dull report of exploding cordite. Meanwhile, the dark sky was resplendent with the red glow of the flames.

Of Lord Roberts's severity toward the conquered Boers, De Wet says:

Proclamations had been issued by Lord Roberts, prescribing that any building within ten miles from the railway, where the Boers had blown up or broken up the railway line, should be burned down. This was also carried out, but not only within the specified radius, but also everywhere throughout the State. Everywhere houses were burned down or destroyed with dynamite. And, worse still, the furniture itself and the grain were burned, and the sheep, cattle, and horses were carried off. Nor was it long before horses were shot down in heaps, and the sheep killed by thousands by the Kaffirs and the National Scouts, or run through by the troops with their bayonets. The devastation became worse and worse from day to day. And the Boer women—did they lose courage with this before their eyes? By no means, as when the capturing of women, or rather the war against them and against the possessions of the Boer commenced, they took to bitter flight to remain at least out of the hands of the enemy. In order to keep something for themselves and their children, they loaded the carriages with grain and the most indispensable furniture. When then a column approached a farm, even at night, in all sorts of weather, many a young daughter had to take hold of the leading rope of the team of oxen, and the mother the whip, or *vice versa*. Many a smart, well-bred daughter rode on horseback and urged the cattle on, in order to keep out of the hands of the pursuers as long as at all possible, and not to be carried away to the concentration camps, which the British called Refugee Camps (Camps of Refuge). How incorrect, indeed! Could any one ever have thought before the war that the twentieth century could show such barbarities? No. Any one knows that in war cruelties more horrible than murder can take place, but that such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenseless women and children is a thing which I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilized English nation. And yet it happened. Laagers containing no one but women and children and decrepit old men, were fired upon with cannon and rifles in order to compel them to stop.

Particularly severe is De Wet on the burghers who surrendered too easily or deserted to the enemy:

The English, we admitted, had a perfect right to have such sweepings and to use them against us, but we utterly despised them for allowing themselves to be hired. We felt that their motive was not to obtain the franchise of the Uitlanders, but—five shillings a day! And if it should by any chance happen that any one of them should find his grave there—well, the generation to come would not be very proud of that grave. No! It would be regarded with horror as the grave of an Afrikaner who had helped to bring his brother Afrikaners to their downfall. Although I never took it amiss if a colonist of Natal or of Cape Colony was unwilling to fight with us against England, yet I admit that it vexed me greatly to think that some of these colonists, for the sake of a paltry five shillings a day, should be ready to shoot down their fellow-countrymen.

One of De Wet's most significant statements is the declaration that from the very outset of the war, and all through the hard-fought struggle, the Boers knew they were fighting in vain. They knew their cause was lost, but fought as God-fearing patriots until every resource was exhausted. His account of the last phases of the conflict shows with what grim determination the Boer leaders continued their hopeless fight, and of the sorrowful scenes which followed the surrender. In his concluding paragraph, he says:

On the fifth of June the first commando laid down their weapons near Vredfort. To every man there, as to myself, this surrender was no more and no less than the sacrifice of our independence. I have often been present at the death-bed and at the burial of those who have been nearest to my heart—father, mother, brother, and friend—but the grief which I felt on those occasions was not to be compared with what I now underwent at the burial of my nation! It was at Reitz that the commandos of Vrede, Harismith, Heilbron, and Bethleem laid down their arms. Accordingly, I went there on the seventh of June, and again had to be a spectator of what I fain would never have witnessed. Had I then to go on from commando to commando, to undergo everywhere the martyrdom of beholding ceaseless surrenders? No! I had had enough, and could bear no more. I decided, therefore, to visit all the other commandos, in order to acquaint the burghers with what had taken place, and to explain to them why we, however unsatisfactory the peace proposal was, had felt bound to accept it, and then to leave each commando before the men handed over their arms to General Elliott. Everywhere I found the men utterly despondent and dissatisfied. The whole business came to an end on the sixteenth of June, when the burghers who had fought under Generals Nieuwoudt and Brand laid down their arms—the nation had submitted to its fate! There was nothing left for us now but to hope that the power which had conquered us, the power to which we were compelled to submit, though it cut us to the heart to do so, and which, by the surrender of our arms we had accepted as our ruler, would draw us nearer and ever nearer by the strong cords of love.

To my nation I address one last word: Be loyal to the new government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for freedom!

The volume is supplemented with an excellent map, an elaborate index, a wealth of well-chosen illustrations, and three interesting appendices giving the details of the peace negotiations.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

POST-PRANDIAL ORATORY.

William Dean Howells Discusses After-Dinner Speeches—Ladling Out Taffy—The Guest of Honor's Ordeal.

In the February number of *Harper's Magazine* William Dean Howells writes entertainingly of some of the absurd features of modern post-prandial oratory. He is himself much in demand as an afternoon speaker, and has listened to the eloquence of so many notable diners in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C., that his comments will be found especially interesting to all clubmen. Many have doubtless long shared Mr. Howells's opinions, but have not had the courage to place their convictions before the public in cold, black type.

The speaking at dinner, he declares, is perhaps not always so good as it seems to the mellowed tolerance of the listener, when it begins after many courses of meat and drink, but not perhaps always so bad as he thinks it when, the morning following, he wakes "high sorrowful and cloyed," and has not yet read the reports of it. Mr. Howells adds:

In confidence, however, it may be owned that it is apt rather to be had than good. If what has led up to it has softened the critical edge of the listener, it has not sharpened the critical edge of the speaker, and they meet on the common ground where any platitude passes; where a farrago of funny stories serves the purpose of coherent humor, where any feeble flash of wit lights up the obscurity as with an electric radiance, where any slightest trickle or rinsing of sentiment refreshes "the burning forehead and the parching tongue" like a gush of genuine poetry. The mere reputation of the speaker goes a great way, almost the whole way; and, especially if he is a comic speaker, he might rise up and sit down without a word, and yet leave his hearers the sense of having been richly amused. If he does more, if he really says something droll, no matter how much below the average of the give and take of common talk, the listener's gratitude is frantic. It is so eager, it so outruns utterance, that it is not strange the after-dinner speech should be the favorite field of the fake-humorist, who reaps a full and ever-ripened harvest in it, and prospers on to a celebrity for brilliancy which there is little danger of his ever forfeiting, so long as he keeps there.

The fake-humorous speaker has an easier career than even the fake-eloquent speaker:

It is amazing what things people will applaud when they have the courage of each other's ineptitude. They will listen, after dinner, to anything but reason. They prefer also the old speakers to new ones; they like the familiar taps of humor, of eloquence; if they have tasted the hew before, they know what they are going to get. The note of their mood is tolerance, but tolerance of the accustomed, the expected; not tolerance of the novel, the surprising. They wish to be at rest, and what taxes their minds molests their intellectual repose. They do not wish to climb any great heights to reach the level of the orator. Perhaps, after all, they are difficult in their torpidity.

At the occasional dinner, in observance of some notable event, as the Landing of the Pilgrims, or the Surrender of Cornwallis, or the Invention of Gunpowder, or the Discovery of America, Mr. Howells says the orator is given a great range to talk on; he may browse at large in all the fields of verbiage without seeming to break bounds:

It rests with him, of course, to decide whether he will talk too long, for the danger that he may do so can not be guarded from the outside. The only good after-dinner speaker is the man who likes to speak, and the man who likes to speak is always apt to speak too much. The hapless wretch whom the chairman drags to his feet in a cold perspiration of despair, and who hunders through half a dozen misnamed sentences, leaving out whatever he meant to say, is not to be feared; he is to be pitied from the bottom of one's soul. But the man whose words come actively to the support of his thoughts, and whose last word suggests to him another thought, he is the speaker to be feared, and yet not feared the worst of all. There is another speaker more dreadful still, who thinks as little standing as sitting, and whose words come reluctantly, but who keeps on and on in the vain hope of being able to say something before he stops, and so can not stop. The speaking at the occasional dinner, however, is more in the control of the chairman than the speaking at the personal dinner. The old fashion of toasts is pretty well past, but the chairman still appoints, more or less, the subject of the speaker he calls up.

At the personal dinner, the speaker must, in decency, stick for a while, at least, to his text, which is always the high achievement of the honored guest, in law, letters, medicine or arms.

The menu laid before the diner at this sort of dinner may report a variety of food for the others, but for the honored guest the sole course is taffy, with plenty of drawn butter in a lordly dish. The honored guest is put up beside the chairman, with his mouth propped open for the taffy, and before the end he is streaming drawn butter from every limb. The chairman has poured it over him with a generous ladle in his opening speech, and each speaker bathes him with it anew from the lordly dish. The several speakers try to sur-

pass each other in the application, searching out some corner or crevice of his personality which has escaped the previous orators and filling it up to overflowing. The listeners exult with them in their discoveries, and roar at each triumph of the sort; it is apparently a proof of brilliant intuition when a speaker seizes upon some forgotten point in the honored guest's character or career, and drenches it with drawn butter. To what good end do men so flatter and befooled one of their harmless fellows? What is there in the nature of literary or agricultural achievement which justifies the outrage of his modest sense of inadequacy? It is a preposterous performance, but it does not reach the climax of its absurdity till the honored guest rises, with his mouth filled with taffy and dripping drawn butter all over the place, proceeds to ladle out from the lordly dish, restored to its place before the chairman, a portion for each of the preceding speakers.

In conclusion, Mr. Howells says: "There is nothing that so certainly turns to shame in the retrospect as vain-glory, and this is what the personal dinner is chiefly supposed to inspire in the victim of it. If he is at all honest with himself, and he probably is before he can have done anything worthy of notice, he knows perfectly well that he has not merited all, if any, of the fond flatteries with which he is heaped, as he sits helpless with meat and drink, and suffers under them with the fatuous smile which we all have seen, and which some of us have worn. But as the flatterers keep coming on and on, each with his garland of tuberoses or sunflowers, he begins to think that there must be some fire where there is so much smoke, and to feel the glow of the flame which he is not able exactly to locate. He burns in sympathy with his ardent votaries, he becomes inevitably a partner in his own apotheosis. It is the office of the sad, cold mallow, and the sadder and colder after-morrows, to undo this illusion; to compress his head to the measure of his hat; to remove the drawn butter from his soul."

New Publications.

Among some of the best letters of English literature may be classed "Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon. They originally appeared in two series—the first in 1865 and the second in 1875. They are now published in one volume under the above title, with an introduction by George Meredith and a memoir by Janet Ross, the daughter of Lady Duff Gordon. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Several poetical anthologies have appeared this fall, but something more than an anthology is "Every Day in the Year," edited by James L. Ford and Mary K. Ford. This volume is a collection of well-chosen verse with one or more selections for each day of the year. All the poems have a bearing upon some important historical event, and the short notes by the editors help to make the work useful to the student of history. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.60 net.

"From Grieg to Brahms," by Daniel Gregory Mason, is a discussion of six great musical composers and their influence upon the development of the art of music. The subjects treated are Grieg, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, Franck, Tchaikowsky, and Brahms. Also there is an introduction on "The Appreciation of Music," and an epilogue on "The Meaning of Music." It should prove a very useful hook to music-lovers, and is handsomely bound. Published by the Outlook Company, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

Adherents to the economic interpretation of history are not all socialists, but intelligent socialists all adhere to the economic interpretation of history. In view of the present drift toward socialism, therefore, Edwin R. A. Seligmann's brief and lucid volume on this subject is particularly timely. This theory of history he accepts, with reservations, and the book is generally convincing. Seligmann is professor of political economy and finance in Columbia University, New York, and president of the American Economic Association. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Captain A. T. Mahan, the able writer on matters of national and international import, has collected into one volume a series of articles that have appeared in various magazines at different times. The volume follows as a sequence two of Captain Mahan's previous works, "The Interest of America in Sea Power" and "The Problem of Asia." Its several articles were written at the request of editors, and so indicate, as the author writes, "not the trend of a single mind, but the outlook of those whose business it is to study the current of events." Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston; price, \$1.60 net.

LITERARY NOTES.

Reflections in a Convex Mirror.

In a prefatory note to her latest story, Ellen Glyn takes occasion to state that, contrary to a current impression, she has written no book but the "Visits of Elizabeth" previous to "The Reflections of Ambrosine," and that these two books are all for which she is responsible. It is to be hoped that, of the kind, they are the last. Not that she can not tell a good story, for she does; nor that her style and methods are crude, for they are not. It is just because she tells her story with such charm and sprightliness that one feels her effort is worthy a better cause than exposing to hopeless view the cancerous condition of one stratum of society—a very thin stratum at that—where the decadent families of the old world and the *nouveau riche* of the new meet to play at ducks and drakes with morals. Like the heroine she creates, Miss Glyn must have holted from the strict diet of a convent to a gormand feast of the yellowest of yellow journalism, topped off by a goodly supply of the *Police Gazette*—a change not conducive to a well-digested and harmonious philosophy.

"The Reflections of Ambrosine" is the story of a girl, told by herself. Ambrosine has been carefully brought up by her grandmamma, who was one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court of Charles the Tenth, and still holds by the *ancien régime*. The child is not finished at a boarding-school, but reads with her grandmamma such parts of the French classics as are fit for the mind of a young person—Voltaire, La Bruyère, Pascal, Molière, and Fénelon—"and since I have been seventeen," she writes, "the 'Maximes' of La Rochefoucauld." She was taught to embroider fine cambric, to sit still, to stand erect, and to accept one's fate "sans bruit." At eighteen she is a beautiful girl, absolutely ignorant of the world, obeying without question the mandates of her peerless grandparent. About this time the health of her protector fails, and arrangements are hastily made for a marriage between Ambrosine and the son of a rich carpet-merchant. Of course, the match is wholly uncongenial, but serves as an open door to society and a knowledge of the world. But such a world! According to Ambrosine, it is a place where not only the lady of the magenta lips, but the very "sweetest lady in all the land" confesses to a "midsummer madness"; where all society is dressed and jeweled at the expense of some one else's husband, and where neither man nor woman is "wearily faithful." Even Ambrosine, the "little white comtesse," is not willing that we should go away with one wholesome memory, but at the last declares: "I am glad I am doing no wrong, but if it was to break Lady Tilchester's heart, if grandmamma were to come back and curse me here for forgetting all her teachings, if it was almost disgrace—now that I know what it is to stay in your arms—I should stay."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The "Life" of London.

The first occupation of many men, when they visit a great and unfamiliar city, is to take a peep at its "life." And the "life" they mean is not that which in San Francisco, say, would be found on Gough Street. Not at all. The sort of "life" which the Man from Up Country longs to learn of, is lived by the people of that well-lighted but dangerous coast which has here got the name of Barbary. Guide-books for such urban adventures are few, but the stranger in the world's metropolis is now supplied. Robert Machray and Tom Browne, the one a writer, the other an artist, have pretty well covered the ground of the "rounder" in their volume, "The Night Side of London." Not all of it, of course, is devoted to portrayal of the Piccadilly haunts of the "Painted Lady, picture-hatted, belladonna'd, rouged, overdressed"; or of the East End music-halls, where the best-liked jokes have chimney characteristics; or to descriptions of masked balls, where it is the proper thing to waltz your partner "around"; or even the so-called Midnight Supper Club. About half the book is given over to chapters on "society," and to descriptions of notable and respectable clubs. But the author, as he says of some of his characters, seems to have "lost his Sunday-school certificate," and the volume is scarcely one suitable for a gift to Master Harold on the eve of his departure to visit his great-aunt in the West End. The many illustrations add greatly to the interest of the work. Mr. Browne's drawings have both spirit and originality. We quote a paragraph from the chapter on Piccadilly Circus:

The best position, for at least the first half

hour of the Show is the pavement between Piccadilly and Regent Street, on the north-west of the Circus opposite the fountain. You look at the fountain. On its steps sit strange female shapes, offering penny flowers, or haply tuppenny, to the passer-by. These female shapes, maybe, are the forms of women who once numbered themselves among the night-blooming plants of the town; anyway, there they are now! Time was, who knows, when they and love were well acquainted—and now, "Only a penny, sir; only a penny for a bokay!" Then your eyes will range upward to the top of the fountain, and you will immediately observe that a great sardonic humorist of a sculptor has placed there a cupid, armed with a bow and arrow. The little god is poised on eager tiptoe in order to launch his sharp-edged dart. As the night advances you will not fail to appreciate, more and more, the horrid humor of that bronze figure, that pagan parable of the Circus. Few people care for such pointed satire as this, and there is something to be said for those who maintain that the cupid should disappear and be replaced by the Giddy Goat or some other more appropriate symbol.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

The Furniture of Our Forefathers.

There is plenty of room for a less expensive and elaborate volume on old furniture than Mr. Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America," which was published last year, and which costs seven or eight dollars. This demand for a cheaper work has now been supplied very satisfactorily by Frances Clary Morse, with "Furniture of the Olden Time." The book is handsomely bound, well-printed, carefully indexed, and the plentifully scattered half-tone illustrations have been executed very well indeed. Though the volume has only 362 pages, the pictures of fine old specimens of the craftsmanship of the great masters in cabinet-making number 295. Separate chapters are devoted to chests, chests of drawers, and dressing-tables; bureaus and washstands; bedsteads; cupboards and sideboards; desks; chairs; settles, settees and sofas; tables; musical instruments; fires and lights; clocks; and looking-glasses. The book is also furnished with a list of owners of furniture illustrated.

Old furniture is now very much the fashion, and, regarding this, the author quotes Heaton, whom we may quote in turn. "It appears to require about a century," he wrote, "for the wheel of fashion to make one complete revolution. What our great-grandfathers bought and valued (1750-1790); what our grandfathers despised and neglected (1790-1820); what our fathers utterly forgot (1820-1850), we value, restore, and copy!" But this is not altogether true. In every generation there were those who liked old furniture—caring little whether it was the style so to do or not—and had a reason for their liking. Such a one was Thoreau. "How much more agreeable it is," he said, "to sit in the midst of old furniture, like Minott's clock, and secretary, and looking-glass, which have come down from other generations, than amid that which was just bought from the cabinet-makers, smelling of varnish, like a coffin! To sit under the face of an old clock that has been ticking one hundred and fifty years—there is something mortal, not to say immortal, about it; a clock that began to tick when Massachusetts was a province."

We trust that the hinder has not been so careless with many other volumes of this work as with ours. One signature has been duplicated and one is missing; the book lacks pages 145-160 inclusive, and contains duplicates of pages 113-128, also inclusive.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

Douglas Jerrold, the playwright, once complained of the inferior company that was performing one of his plays at the Haymarket Theatre, in London. "Why, there's V—," said the manager, protesting, "he was bred on these boards." "He looks as if he had been cut out of them," growled Jerrold. The playwright was always very nervous on a "first night." Another dramatist, popularly supposed to "lift" his plots and situations from the French, assured him that he did not know the meaning of nervousness on such an occasion. "I can quite understand that," the wit said pleasantly; "your pieces have always been tried before." "Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance who was abroad; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!" "Certainly," said Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."

At a meeting of the recently elected council of the San Francisco Golf Club, Lansing Kellogg was chosen president and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster secretary.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Monumental Work.

One of San Francisco's bright newspapers, the *Call*, recently had an editorial, headed "M. Ostrogorski's Views." We gleaned from the editorial itself that M. Ostrogorski was meant. And of M. Ostrogorski or Ostrogorski the *Call* said that he was "a foreigner who came to this country, took a casual survey of our politics and then went home and wrote a book about us." The "hook," which the *Call* later on referred to as a "mental snapshot," is now before us. It doesn't resemble a "mental snapshot," or even the result of a "casual survey." It is in two volumes. It contains an introduction by the Right Hon. James Bryce. There are fourteen hundred and twenty pages. It is entitled "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties." And somehow the *Call's* brisk and ready estimate of a quotation from the work as a "caricature" scarcely jibes with Mr. Bryce's remark—"Few hooks of our time show equal appreciation of the problems democracy has to solve, or bring more useful materials and more acute criticism to their discussion." Evidently Mr. Bryce did not consult the *Call* about the matter.

M. Ostrogorski is a Russian. The work is translated from the French by Frederick Clarke, M. A., of Oxford. It does not confine itself to a study of political parties in America, but devotes equal space to the English elective system. Mr. Bryce points out that no work covers this particular field of investigation. There have been historical accounts of the rise and development of great parties both in this country and England, but no "systematic examination and description of the structure of parties as organizations governed by settled rules and working by established methods." We have not space in these columns even to outline the scope of this notable work. But that a man of the intellectual integrity of James Bryce should write for it a critical and very favorable introduction is greater praise for M. Ostrogorski's monumental study than any reviewer can utter—always excepting, of course, our esteemed contemporary, the *Call*.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$6.00.

Over Fences and Ditches.

The foxhound, like the course of empire, westward takes its way. The tight little, right little isle has fostered and developed the manly sport of fox chasing, and passed it on to us with all its improvements. The chase has many details, but Frank Sherman Peer is its master, as is proved by his book, "Cross Country with Horse and Hound." In this work he gives both a general and technical account of the pastime as practiced in England and America.

After extolling the advantages, morally, mentally, and physically, to be derived from this outdoor exercise, he introduces us to some of the mysteries of its nomenclature. For example, "Cover hoick" means throwing hounds into covert; "Elco-in" means into covert.

He next discusses horses—their conformation, breeding, and schooling. Beauty is not the only thing to be desired in a mount, for the best horse Mr. Peer ever owned for the hunt was thus described by a Kentucky negro: "She aint nothin' to look at when she's a-standin', but she's a sho-nuff cake-walk mare when she am a-goin'."

The book is a complete guide to selecting and training horses, breeding and training dogs, and providing foxes. Besides, the other details too numerous to mention and the handsome illustrations make the volume of great value to one interested in the sport.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Biography of Hawthorne.

A biography entitled "Nathaniel Hawthorne" has been produced for the series of American Men of Letters by the pen of George E. Woodberry. Naturally the subject is not new. No one of the reading classes is unfamiliar with the works of Hawthorne or wholly uninformed as to his career as a man and author. Hawthorne was contemporary with that galaxy of literary men of whose names and works America is most proud. He was a schoolmate of Longfellow, and a friend of Emerson and Thoreau. Mr. Woodberry has made it clear that to none more than to Hawthorne is due that beauty of thought, style, and expression, which marks what may be considered as the advent of an enduring American literature. The review which he makes of Hawthorne's writings indicate this even in the early period

when his hundred short stories savored of the old red schoolhouse, the old oaken hucket, and the barefoot boy. It displays the genius of Hawthorne in a still more marked degree, in his more ambitious works, which began with "The Scarlet Letter" and ended with "The Marble Faun." One can not, however, lay down the volume without being impressed with the impracticable side of Hawthorne's character, with that indifference to the ordinary affairs of life, and that tendency to commune with his inner self or with nature, which marks a certain type of genius. What Hawthorne would have done but for outside promptings is problematical. He was a careless pupil, an improvident man, and a reluctant writer. The necessities of food and shelter were the primary incentives of his labor. To ramble among country byways was more congenial to him than to toil over manuscripts in his room under the eaves. When he flourished, it was by the aid of his friend Bridge, who secured his appointments in the custom-house; President Pierce, who made him a consul at Liverpool; and Fields, who recognized the merit of "The Scarlet Letter," and insisted on publishing it.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the works of fiction to be issued this spring and summer by the Macmillan Company will be a new novel by James Lane Allen, which, it is declared, will be the most important story that author has yet written. They will also bring out new novels by Winston Churchill, Charles Major, William Stearns Davis, Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks, and Gwen-dolen Overton. The latter's story will be entitled "The Birthright."

Parisian publishers are excited over the announcement that Mme. Humbert is writing her story. There will doubtless be great competition for the hook.

Justin McCarthy has nearly finished the work in which he is to recall the social and literary life of London as he knew it in the 'sixties.

George Cary Eggleston, author of "Dorothy South" and "A Rebel's Recollection," has written "A History of the Confederate War," which will be published this spring. The history will contain no official reports, the author's endeavor from beginning to end being simply to tell the story in such fashion that it may be easily comprehended.

Mrs. Craigie, who is still in India, has written a good part of a novel which she entitles "The Vineyard." It is a story of life in a modern provincial town, and, we are assured, contains no metaphysics.

General surprise is expressed that Bret Harte's estate should amount to only eighteen hundred dollars.

Frances Charles, whose first novel, "In the Country God Forgot," was favorably received a year ago, has written a second hook, called "The Siege of Youth." It is a story of the present day, with its scene in San Francisco, and deals with art and journalism.

A new anthology of verse for children, similar to the "Golden Numbers," edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Sarah Archibald Smith, is to be brought out under the title of "Posy Ring." It is intended for children younger than those for whom the "Golden Numbers" was compiled, and is edited by the same authors.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's next novel will be entitled "Hetty Wesley."

Frank T. Bullen is writing an historical novel, Admiral Blake being its hero.

John H. Whitson, a native of Indiana, who is familiar with the Rocky Mountain region, has written his first hook, entitled "Barbara: A Woman of the West." The scenes of the story are a Western ranch, Cripple Creek, and San Francisco.

Sarah Bernhardt admits at last that she is really writing her memoirs. The name of the French publisher chosen for the hook has not been told, but Mme. Bernhardt says that she has refused a prodigious offer from an American publisher.

"A Few of Hamilton's Letters," by Gertrude Atherton, is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Company. Mrs. Atherton's aim in collecting letters of Hamilton has been to enable the statesman's admirers to form a closer estimate of his character than is possible from other sources. Hamilton wrote freely and intimately, and among the correspondence se-

lected is the famous André letter. There is also a copy of the deed of separation of Hamilton's grandparents, the Fawcetts, copied from the records of Nevis, and there are several letters which are not to be found in the regular collection or in the lives by his son. One letter of interest is that which Mrs. Atherton unearthed at Copenhagen, in which Hamilton describes the terrible tornado which devastated his home, and which is described in "The Conqueror."

The long-promised biography of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, is to be published this year in London.

W. E. Norris's new novel is called "Lord Leonard, the Luckless."

Henrietta Crossman, the actress, is going to write the story of her girlhood next summer, while roughing it in the Rocky Mountains. She was born at an army post in a hostile Indian country, and was the companion of her father, Major Crossman, on many perilous expeditions. She has been noted among her associates for her thrilling stories on Indian war, prairie fires, etc., and a New York publisher has persuaded her to put her reminiscences into print.

Zola's Posthumous Novel.

Ernest Vizetelly's English version of Zola's last novel, "Truth," which he completed just a few weeks before his untimely death, is to be published this spring. It is the third in the series which he called "The Four Evangelists," the first two having been "Lahor" and "Fruitfulness." The fourth, "Justice," was only sketched and remains unwritten. The plot of "Truth" is briefly this: A Jesuit priest, master of a Catholic school in a small French town, commits a horrible crime, the consequences of which, the whole Jesuit community of the neighborhood, in order to clear itself, cunningly and stealthily contrives to fix upon the secular schoolmaster of the district, a Jew. The victim suffers transportation, and it becomes the mission of the hero of the hook, Marc Froment, a brother secular-schoolmaster (though a gentile) to vindicate the innocence of the Jew and lay the crime at the door of the real culprit. Thus the experiences of the hero are, to a considerable extent, the reflection of Zola's own part in the Dreyfus drama.

The Macmillan Company has sent out an interesting statement as to the sales of its six leading novels. F. Marion Crawford's "Cecilia" has already sold 65,000 copies. Mrs. Atherton's "The Conqueror" has reached 70,000 copies. Charles Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" had a sale of 120,000 copies. Owen Wister's "The Virginian," now at the top notch of popularity, has had a sale of 175,000 copies, netting a snug sum in royalties for its author. James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" has reached 250,000 copies. The list of this firm's "big sellers" closes with "The Crisis," of which 400,000 copies are now in the hands of the reading public. Almost the only book that has surpassed this is "David Harum," of which 671,000 copies have been sold.

According to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, the transformation of the house occupied by Victor Hugo in the Place des Vosges into a national museum is making rapid progress under the direction of Paul Meurice, the only surviving executor of Victor Hugo's will. A striking feature of the new museum will be fifteen large pictures illustrating the poet's principal works. For instance, Royhet is painting "Don Cesar de Bazan," Henner "Sarah la Baigneuse," Fantin Latour "Le Satyre." Olivier Merson will illustrate the scene of the pillory in "Notre Dame de Paris," and Raffaelli is hard at work painting the procession of Parisian children walking past the balcony of the house in the Avenue d'Eylau, now the Avenue Victor Hugo, on the poet's birthday, February 26, 1882.

The Publishers' Circular announces that no less than 7,381 hooks were published in England in 1902. Of these 2,470 come under the head of fiction and 648 under "Theology, Sermons, Biblical." Many of the latter were small tracts and pamphlets. Of the whole number only 1,542, or rather more than a quarter, were new editions of hooks which have been published before. Drama and poetry showed a great decline, the total number of new hooks being only 272.

A first edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," with the suppressed woodcut and soiled binding, brought at a London auction the other day thirty-eight dollars.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stanley Weyman's Short Stories.

Under the title, "In King's Byways," Stanley J. Weyman has launched a collection of tales of the stirring days when Europe's blood was hot with revolution, when mitre and crown toppled over the intriguer's plot, when sabres dripped in the wake of dancing feet, when pleasure and death came mingled, and men snatched the one from the midst of the other with reckless eagerness. Of the collection, it is probably "Crillon's Stake" that sets our hearts to beating fastest, for when Bazan, scarcely more than a lad, stakes everything, even his life, and having lost, says, "I have played for my life and lost. I have promised and I am a gentleman," we find ourselves feeling there is no field of honor equal to the gaming-table. "For the Cause," and "A Daughter of the Gironde," are close seconds, however, in quickening the pulse and holding the attention, for during the half-hour the reader follows the fortunes of De Bercy or Felix he experiences all the emotions of a lifetime. Hairbreadth escapes, blood-curdling adventures, miraculous deliverances, all made plausible by the writer's skill, jostle each other in bewildering succession. But after one has followed these courtiers, gamsters, soldiers of fortune, statesmen, and kings from cover to cover, it is the honor in man and fidelity in woman that leaves the deepest impress on one's mind.

Among the other stories, the titles of which suggest the trend of the narrative, are "The King's Stratagem," "The Two Pages," "In the Name of the Law," and "The Diary of a Statesman."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Literary Farm-Hand.

On page 19 of Peter Rossegger's latest book, "The Earth and the Fullness Thereof," Herr Hans Trautendorfer, a newspaper man, who thinks the life of a peasant is the only life—is, in fact, more "moral than that of a newspaper-maker who is always temporizing and recanting"—enters into a contract with Dr. Stein von Stein, the editor of the *Continental Post*. Dr. Stein von Stein speaks:

"If our Herr Hans Trautendorfer will spend the coming year 1897, from beginning to end, out in the country with those ideal people, as a common peasant farm-hand, I will pledge myself to pay him on the first of January, 1898, the sum of twenty thousand kronen in cash. If our Herr Hans Trautendorfer should give up this rôle of moral character one day before the year is at an end, then shall he be obliged to 'recant and temporize' for the *Continental Post* two entire years without salary."

So Herr Hans Trautendorfer, journalist, accepts the offer and lives for a year as an old peasant's farm-hand. The book is a record of the experience in the form of letters, sent each week to an old friend. The peasant life—its simple joys, hopes, and sorrows—is graphically set forth, and there is a pretty love story, for Herr Hans Trautendorfer falls captive to Barbara, the beautiful peasant. It is altogether an interesting and very readable book.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"China and the Chinese."

It is almost superfluous to say that to-day the eyes of the Christian world are turning to Eastern Asia. It seems that the westward impulses that emanated from Chinese territory thousands of years ago have made the circle of the earth and are returning to their starting place multiplied many fold.

The study of the Chinese is being advanced rapidly, but it was but recently that Columbia University was the first to offer a course in Chinese. Professor Friedrich Hirth was placed at the head of the department, and during March, 1902, Herbert Allen Giles, LL. D., professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, delivered a series of lectures to its students, and these lectures have been published in one volume entitled "China and the Chinese."

The lectures treat the subject in a popular way, and afford excellent reading. The first part of the book is devoted to some of the Chinese words and their signs, which, as usual, have the appearance of the trail a nervous and excited fly would make after crawling out of an ink bottle. The lectures on "The Chinese Library" and "China and Ancient Greece" are instructive, and the one on "Democratic China" introduces us to the fundamentals of the Chinese political system as well as to certain methods and customs.

Taoism is discussed at length. The Taoists practiced alchemy. One philosopher succeeded

in compounding pills of immortality, and in the words of the author, is said "to have administered one by way of experiment to a dog, which at once fell down dead. He then swallowed one himself, with the same result; whereupon his elder brother, with firm faith and undismayed by what he saw before him, swallowed a third pill. The same fate overtook him, and this shook the confidence of a remaining younger brother, who went off to make arrangements for burying the bodies. But by the time he had returned the trio had recovered, and were straightway enrolled among the ranks of the immortals."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price \$1.50 net.

New Publications.

"The March of the White Guard," a well-known story, by Gilbert Parker, is reprinted, with quite unusually good illustrations, by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

"The King of Unadilla," by Howard R. Garis, is a series of slangy, humorous essays which originally appeared in the *Sunday News*, of Newark, N. J. We recommend them to "fans," "pugs," their friends, and other "sports." Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Daughter of Raasay," by William MacLeod Raine, is a spirited romance of the time of Charles Fox. The heroine is very heroic, the villain very villainous, and the cavalier very chivalric. It is not a novel of any weight, but has dash and go. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The World 1903 Almanac and Encyclopædia" is the best publication of the kind issued for this year. In addition to a most complete calendar, it contains an encyclopædia of useful information that can not be easily obtained from any other source. Issued by the Press Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents, by mail, 35 cents.

The concluding volume of the Great Masters Series is "Among the Great Masters of Warfare," by Walter Rowlands, the well-known art critic and collector. This attractive book contains reproductions in half-tone of thirty-two famous paintings, representing scenes in the lives of famous warriors from Alexander to Lee. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$2.40.

Boston has become a city of many literary associations, indeed of such a number as to justify the writing of a book called "Fictional Rambles in and About Boston," which appears from the pen of Frances Weston Caruth. Many illustrations, accompanied by appropriate quotations, add to the attractiveness of this work. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

In these days of rapid progress, spiritual matters are suffering readjustment to the changed conditions, and many thoughtful minds are asking what is the status of religion. Devoted to such a discussion is "The Spiritual Outlook," which is "a survey of the religious life of our time as related to progress." The author, Willard Chamberlain Selleck, professes to be frank, optimistic, and sympathetic in his treatment. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00 net.

For the "Studio Library" has been projected a series of prints in eight bound parts, of which Part I is just from the press. The work is called "Representative Art of Our Time," will be complete in eight numbers, each of which will measure eleven by fifteen inches. Contents of the first is as follows: Essay on "Wood Engraving," by Charles Hiatt; etching, "St. Germain L'Auxerrois," by Edgar Chahine; monotype in colors, "The Road by the Pond," by Alfred East, A. R. A.; pastel, "The Kid Glove," by E. Aman-Jean; wood-cut, "The Old Bridge," by W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp; tinted chalk drawing, "Riverside Attractions, Paris," by G. Dupuis; water-color, "A Sail!" by Josef Israëls. Published by John Lane, New York; price, per part, \$1.00.

Rose Standish Nichol's octavo volume on "English Pleasure Gardens" is sumptuously bound and charmingly written. It contains vivacious descriptions and observations by the author; copious quotations from old books on gardening in many languages; numerous photographs of model nooks in the grounds of English houses; reproductions of quaint and curious garden scenes from tapestries and ancient books; exact plans of several English gardens, and many sketches by the author. In short, it is a model and most interesting work, whose scope far transcends the title.

There is a full bibliography, and an adequate index. The cover in green, gold, and cream is very handsome. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

A rather notable musico-literary enterprise has been undertaken by the Oliver Ditson Company. They have projected a Musicians Library, the volumes of which will each be uniform in size, edited by a well-known authority, embellished by portraits of composers, and introduced by critical essays. The names of Henderson, Frank Damosch, Daniel Gregory Mason, and Rupert Hughes appear among the list of editors. Two volumes are already from the press—"Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers for High Voice" (there is also an edition for low voice), edited by Henry T. Finck; and "Forty Piano Compositions by Frédéric Chopin," edited by James Huneker. Each volume is full folio size. In the first the songs are printed in the original as well as in translation. The press-work commends itself to our eyes, and the books are bound agreeably. Published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; price, flexible paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.50.

INTAGLIOS.

The Full Cup.

If happiness pour in thy cup
With rich intent to fill,
Carry it heedfully, heedfully,
Remember it will spill.

—Ruth Hall in February Lippincott's Magazine.

Futility.

From out the sordid past a cry—
"Defeat! Defeat! Defeat!"
Once hope was high,
But now I bow my head—'tis meet.

Out from the future gray, a voice—
"Arise, endure thy pain!"
Thine not the choice,
But struggle on—to fall again.

—Roscoe Crosby Gaige in February Bookmaker.

Success.

Success is not for him of folded hands,
Sitting with slothful limbs besides Life's gate;
Yielding his strength to Pleasure's silken bands,
With Ease and Idleness for bride and mate.
Nor yet is it for him who takes each hour
And robs it of such joy as it may hold—
Then slumbers by the Path that leads to Power,
Till Age creeps on him thus, and finds him old.

But rather is Success for him who comes
Full of high Purpose, and with Soul elate;
Strong set to riddle out Life's tangled sums—
And passes thus through Work's wide-open gate.
Putting aside the weakening foible—Ease;
Passing his slumbering Brother on the way;
Treading beneath his feet the Lures that please—
To stand at last where Night gives place to Day!

—E. Carl Litrey in the Era.

A Creed.

Let others frame their creeds, mine is to work;
To do my best, however far it fall
Below the keener craft of stronger hands:
To be myself, full-hearted, free, and true
To what my own soul sees, below, above;
To think my own thought straight out from the heart;
To feel and be, and never stop to ask:
"Do all men so? Is this the world's highway?"
To look unflinching in the face of life
As eagles look upon the noonday sun;
To cut my own path through primeval woods;
To lay my own course by the polar star
Across the trackless plains and mountains vast;
To seek, not follow, ever till the end.
And for the rest—bare-handed have I come
Into this world, I know not whence or why.
Bare-handed and alone and unafraid,
With heart of fire and eyes that question still,
Will I go forth into the wide Beyond,
As went the men who bore my blood of old
To Ehli or Valhalla, nothing loath.

—Charlotte M. Hall in February Everybody's Magazine.

The Cost.

To-day is only won from yesterday;
The flower must lose its sweet to dower the bee;
The breeze is gathered in the great wind's way;
The river bears its largess to the sea.
And we must pay for laughter with our tears;
Mint coin of sorrow for each cherished breath
Of happiness; buy knowledge with the years;
And give our lives to know the peace of death!

—Charlotte Becker in February Harper's Magazine.

Augustus J. C. Hare, the English author who died recently, was a member of a distinguished family and a nephew of the famous Archdeacon Hare, who married a sister of Frederick Denison Maurice. His reminiscences, which were brought out in four volumes, were liberally sprinkled with interesting anecdotes—for he met many notabilities in his time—and were reviewed at length, with extracts, in the *Argonaut* at the time of their appearance.

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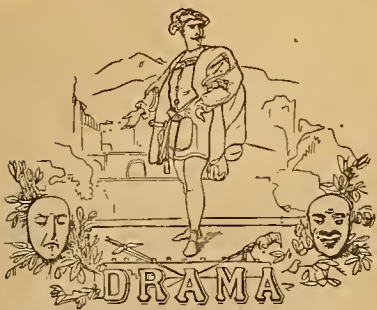
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Having seen "The Christian" twice, I am in a position to declare that that popular and almost famous play has a tendency to reduce the reasoning powers to the zero point. Up to the end of the fourth act the mind, although almost crushed by the flood of drivel, is groping feebly, trying to seek cause, and explain effect. But after the series of senseless, motiveless, and purely hysterical scenes which constitute that act are over, after John Storm, whom we are to suppose sane, has threatened Glory's life, for the purpose of saving her soul, and after Glory, the recalcitrant, has pulled down her back hair, removed her necktie, and thrown herself into Storm's arms, reasoning curiosity gives a last expiring flicker, and goes out. The play, in truth, is built upon the presumption that theatrical audiences will accept any kind of drama, provided it plays freely and openly to the gallery; and experience seems to bear out Hall Caine in his assumption.

Mr. Drake, that misguided young man, whose nature swings like a pendulum between good and evil, but who eventually stands for the side his bread is buttered on, utters a few noble sentiments about diverting the church in Soho to music-hall purposes—which are aimed at the gallery.

Says John Storm: "You have struck me in the face with a woman's hand. If that is worthy of an English gentleman, then God help England." Hoots from the anti-English part of the house—whether of the nature intended by Mr. Caine it is impossible to say. But the remark, nevertheless, is a gallery-catcher, for some weird and inexplicable reason. Again John Storm raises his voice (remarks of this kind are always made in a raised voice, so that the house may distinctly understand that its duty is to applaud): "When I think how women suffer for the sins of men, I am ashamed I am a man." Enthusiastic masculine applause from pit and gallery seemed to indicate a general concurrence with Mr. Storm's sentiments. Lord Roberts's contemptuous allusion to a child of the slums calls down hisses, while Storm's patent invocation of the rage of the mob, and theatrical pose of attempting to subdue the storm he has raised—all this is done in order to work up a certain climax.

There is something distinctly irritating in witnessing a play which presupposes that we, its auditors, are a collection of witless nincompoops; and it is still more irritating to witness the cheerful unanimity with which the generality of theatrical audiences respond to Hall Caine's sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. For the play, in the autumn of its career, still succeeds. They have run it for a second week at the Alcazar, a most unusual happening at that house, and the audiences show signs of the liveliest interest in Glory's pulp.

The play is put on very well, and Miss Hunt, the new leading lady, is rather a pretty and pleasing little actress, except in emotional scenes, which tax her powers past their capacity. Ernest Hastings is somewhat impassive and perfunctory as John Storm, but he has the clergyman's impressive manner and the preacher's swing to his voice, and quite wakes up during the fantastic-fanatic attempt on Glory's life.

Agnes Ranken, who is getting a much firmer hold on the technique of acting, put reality into her scene as Polly Love, and the wicked lordlings and men about town were tolerably well done. George Osborne, as usual, made his bit of characterization stand out with the force of reality, and the nondescript crowd from the slums carried off their gayety, as well as their rage, with a very plausible air.

Sock lecturers are a kind of gentry who have learned the full value of economizing ideas. They announce the projected delivery of a lecture with a large and sounding title, such, for instance, as "How to Live." We hasten on the wings of the wind to acquire valuable information, which is to revolutionize our

whole future, and find that the professional lecturer talks all around the subject in a large, vague, magnificent way, without giving practical details. When the talk is finished we realize anew that the talker has accomplished the leading purpose of the stock lecturer, which is to occupy the platform for the conventional length of time, and succeed in holding the attention of the audience without too rash and prodigal an expenditure of ideas. Have you ever noticed the economy with which a lecturer hammers a solid little nugget of an idea out sufficiently thin to spread it over an entire lecture course? "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." I have observed that this tendency is not so marked in college professors, who are young, earnest, and enthusiastic, and have a philanthropic desire to shove the lumbering old world into the right track, without charging too high for the job.

The professional lecturer, after several years' experience, always makes an important discovery, namely: It is absolutely necessary that the audience, at regular intervals, must enjoy a little cheering ray of humor. If there is none of the real article forthcoming, an imitation will do very well. So the thoughtful man, the solemn man, the dense man, the sad man, whose acquaintance with his public is confined to intercourse from the platform, bestirs himself to hunt up something funny to say, and no matter how mournful or perfunctory his attempt, there is always some tolerant soul in the audience who will seize upon anything, however jocularly inane, as an excuse to laugh.

All of which is a preamble to the statement that Professor McIvor-Tyndall, psychist, telepathist, and palmist, is altogether too much in earnest over his theories to attempt to enliven his lecture with idle and purposeless jesting. To speak truth, this young man is much more interesting in demonstrating his psychical powers than in lecturing, for he does not incline either to graceful persiflage or to profound intellectuality. In fact, in his little book on the science of palmistry—a very complete manual of that popular and interesting pursuit, amusement, or occupation, as you will, he quotes with profound respect from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whom he terms a woman of marvelous insight. This—pardon the slang—is a dead give away. But, while Professor Tyndall is somewhat monotonous, the delivery of his lecture, the information he gives, is not spread over thin, but consists of a general and extended résumé of the science of palmistry, which the lecturer considers should be regarded as a valuable index to character, disease, and natural tendencies.

Mr. Tyndall goes on in a most practical way, by means of stereopticon views, to reveal to the uninitiated the unexplored secrets of palmistry. Hands of giant size are pictured on the canvas, and the fateful lines and their true significance are pointed out, as well as the varying types of hands, and what each distinct type or blending of types portends in the line of character. The lecturer considers that too little attention is paid to these matters, especially by the American people. He, in common with all enthusiastic palmists, considers that the sensitive surface of the palm is a map upon which is traced a truthful record of life and character. He illustrates this theory by displaying views of the hands of well-known people, and points out characteristics in shape and marking that coincide with the generally accepted theories of palmistry.

After having seen the young psychist give demonstrations in mind-reading, one realizes anew that there are many things undreamed of in our philosophy. It would be a more difficult task, however, to startle people out of their tolerant acceptance of palmistry as an amusing superstition and a social diversion for the young and credulous. We do not take it seriously, although the effect left by Professor Tyndall's lecture is a new curiosity to have one's hand read by one who does take palmistry as seriously as does the lecturer, whose beautiful psychic hands (of which he is probably very proud) afford so pleasing an example of the spiritualized type.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

One of the most important racing events of the season, the Burns handicap for two-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$10,000, will be run at the re-opening of the Ingleside track this (Saturday) afternoon. The distance is one mile and a quarter, and among the starters will be Nones, Argregor, Cunard, The Fretter, Arabo, Elliott, Lord Badge, Diderot, Searcher, Gold Van, Durazzo, and Eonic.

Charles Erin Verner, the well-known Irish comedian, is to follow Nance O'Neil at the Grand Opera House.

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A Novel Minstrel Show.

Some fifty of the most prominent commercial "drummers" on this Coast, who, with Charles Cassassa's band, make up Freeman & Lynn's minstrel show, started out on a unique three-weeks' tour of the interior on Monday in their own Pullman car. In the daytime they will attend to their customers, and in the evening appear at the leading theatre in a pretentious programme that is up to date and full of novelty and sparkle. Part of the performance is in the style of the old-time minstrel show, and the remainder is given over to the usual vaudeville specialties, interlarded with local gags and stories of the "road." In Willows, Red Bluff, Redding, Marysville, and Grass Valley, where the organization has appeared for single performances this week, the houses have been sold out for days in advance, for during the past three years the coming of Freeman & Lynn's minstrels has been an annual event eagerly awaited by the theatre-goers of the smaller cities. They have no Orpheum or Fischer's Theatre to keep them in touch with the latest songs and jokes, and consequently welcome the drummer fraternity with open arms.

The organization, which, by the way, is under the management of R. M. Richardson and Albert G. Stoll, is to include Virginia City, Carson, Reno, Auburn, Fresno, San José, Stockton, Woodland, Sacramento, Oakland, and Vallejo in its itinerary, before San Francisco is reached. Already blocks of seats are being taken up by the large wholesale houses of this city, whose drummers are included in the company, and it now looks as if there would be a scramble for tickets for the two performances and a matinee which are to be given at the Alhambra Theatre on Friday, February 20th, and Saturday, February 21st. For certainly such a performance will be a novelty—a programme given entirely by merry commercial traveling men, who have hosts of friends and admirers in this city and every town and hamlet in the State.

Tyndall's Farewell Lectures.

The large audiences that have enjoyed the lectures given by Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, on mental and psychic science, will regret that he is soon to close his series here, to fill a tempting offer for a course of lectures and demonstrations in Honolulu. Sunday evenings, February 8th and 15th, will be the dates of the closing lectures to be given at Steinway Hall. The subject for Sunday night is a most interesting one: "The Force of Suggestion: The Art of Mental Self-Defense." Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will point out the dangers of some of the mental-science ideas, when taught without due consideration of the necessity of fortifying the mind against disastrous influences. The lecture will be followed by experiments and demonstrations, in deference to a popular request for further experiments. The last talk, to be given on Sunday evening, February 15th, will be on "Personal Magnetism: How to Compel Success."

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Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Box seats, \$2.50. Sale opens Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. N. B.—To exclude speculators no more than ten seats to any one person.

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Every evening at 8 sharp. Matinees Saturday at 2 sharp.
To-night and Sunday night, last of **The Mikado**.
Monday, February 9th, superb production of Gilbert and Sullivan's
PATIENCE
Big cast, new scenery and costumes.
Popular prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

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Beginning next Monday, February 9th, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., presents ANNA HELD in
THE LITTLE DUCHESS
By De Koven and Smith.
Greatest musical comedy production ever offered on the stage. Handsome chorus in the world.
Seats—\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Week beginning Monday evening next, February 9th, Clay M. Greene's romantic drama of California life.
CHISPA
Perfect production. Unparalleled cast.
Prices—Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning Monday, Feb. 9th, last week of Miss Nance O'Neil in the following repertoire: Monday and Tuesday evenings, "The Jewess," Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Camille," Friday evening—Grand Testimonial—"Magda." Saturday matinee and evening, "Judith." Sunday evening to be announced.
Thursday afternoon, special Ibsen matinee, Miss O'Neil in **Lady Inge of Ostrat**.
Coming—The Irish comedian, Charles Erin Verner.

Opheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 8th—Vaudeville's leading lights: John T. Sullivan and Company with Miss Margaret Atherton; The Martinetti Troupe; Cole and Johnson; Joe Maxwell and Company; Nelson's Comiques; Lottie Gilson; The Biograph; and Les Dumonds, in an entire change of selections.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Fischer's Theatre

See great
BARBARA FIDGETY
But come quick or you won't see it.
Monday night, February 16th, Hoity-Toity will be the attraction. Seats now on sale.
Reserved seats at night, 25c, 50c, and 75c; Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c; children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

EUGENE SANDOW
The world's greatest athlete
Will give a lecture and demonstration on physical culture
SATURDAY NIGHT, Feb. 14th
AT 8:15

Reserved seats, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. Box office Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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223 SUTTER STREET
Tyndall's Last Lectures
Sunday Night, Feb. 8th, at 8:15 p. m.
"THE FORCE OF SUGGESTION: The Art of Mental Self-Defense."
Sunday Night, Feb. 15th, at 8:15 p. m.
"PERSONAL MAGNETISM: How to Compel Success."

Both lectures will include demonstrations and experiments, by request.

Admission 25 and 50 cents. Tickets on sale at 7 p. m. at Steinway box-office on day of lecture.

Steinway Hall

Next Tuesday and Thursday nights, Feb. 10th and 12th, and Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14th.

ZELIE DE LUSSAN
The famous prima donna.
Magnificent programmes, including selections from the great operatic roles in "Carmen," "La Bohème," "Magenta of Figo," etc.
MR. ANGELO FRONANI, Pianist.

Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Box-office no open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Steinway Piano used.

"The Kilties are Coming."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Anna Held in "The Little Duchess."

When Anna Held visited us, five or six years ago, at the Baldwin Theatre, in conjunction with Chester Bailey Fernald's Chinese play, "The Cat and the Cherub," she was given a decidedly frosty reception, for her press agents had painted her beauty, her voice, her triumphs, her "milk baths," her "nice little way," and her costumes and jewels in such extravagant terms that San Francisco theatre-goers expected too much, and were amazed and disappointed when they beheld only a dainty little French *café chanteuse*, with a small voice, whose most pretentious offering was a song in which she made love across the footlights to the man with the bass viol, whom she coaxed to come "and play wiz me." After the first disappointment at seeing the much-advertised Anna, the spirits of the audience were still further dampened by a deadly dull performance of the "Cat and the Cherub," which owed its existence to the phenomenal success of Francis Power's vivid little curtain-raiser, "The First Born." When Miss Held came out to sing her final song after this strange dramatic mixture, the spectators began to feel that they had been imposed upon, and the curtain descended with a silent, dull, sickening thud on the hitherto triumphant Anna. Once again San Francisco had failed to confirm the verdict of New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia.

But Anna Held's reception at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night will be of a far different nature, for she comes to us this time under very different circumstances. In the first place, she has something to offer that is worth while—an entertaining opera by Harry R. Smith and Reginald de Koven, entitled "The Little Duchess," which contains many musical gems, among others, "The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes," "Chloe," "Pretty Molly Shannon," "Betsy Brown," "Sadie," and "Violets." What is still more important, Miss Held, since her last visit here, has developed into a charming comedienne, and there is no denying that she has a pleasing personality and *chic* Parisian ways. No longer is she forced to attract audiences with risky songs and suggestive dances. All that has been dropped, and daintiness and refinement are the keynote to her whole performance. Miss Held's great success in the East has enabled her husband, Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., to provide her an elaborate scenic background, some gorgeous costumes, a large chorus, and, above all, an excellent supporting company, which includes Joseph Harbert, George Marion, Frank Rushworth, Edouard Durand, Knox Wilson, the Lilioutian actor, Franz Ebert, Louise Royce, Katherine Bell, Luella Drew, Adelaide Orton, Billy Norton and other singers equally well known on the comic-opera stage.

Nance O'Neil's Last Week.

For the last week of her stay at the Grand Opera House, Nance O'Neil will appear in the rôles which have proved most popular during her long engagement. On Monday and Tuesday evenings "The Jewess" will be the bill; on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, "Camille"; on Friday, a grand testimonial performance for Miss O'Neil of "Magda" will be the attraction, and on Saturday evening and at the matinee "Judith" will be given. At her second *l'esn* matinee, on Thursday afternoon, "Lady Ingre of Ostrat" will have its initial production in San Francisco.

Fischer's Popular Burlesque.

"Barbara Fidgety" is still drawing well at Fischer's Theatre, and as a result the company is having an excellent chance to become letter-perfect in "Hoity-Toity," the next Weber & Fields burlesque to be presented. It is said that Kolb, Dill, and Bernard will have regular "Fiddle Dee Dee" rôles, and far more amusing than any provided for the principals in the latter performances. The first scene is at Monte Carlo, the second Lady Grafters' Villa, and the third the campus ground of Stanford University. The most attractive feature of the chorus in "Hoity-Toity" will be the minstrel parade, with a female brass band composed entirely of clever musicians from the members of the company.

"Chispa" at the Alcazar.

"The Christian" will give way to a revival of Clay M. Greene's romantic drama of California, "Chispa," which has always been a favorite here, and has not been given for some four years. Alice Treat Hunt will play the dual rôle of Mary Monroe and Chispa, and Ernest Hastings will be the Zeke Stevens, while George Osbourne will again assume the rôle of Injun Jack. The other characters will be played by Marie Howe, Eleanor Gordon, Edna Osbourne, Baby Martine, Clifford Dempsey, William G. Warren, Walter Belasco, Frank Bacon, Albert Morrison, Arthur Jeffries, and Calvin Dix.

"Patience."

"The Mikado" is to be succeeded at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday by "Patience," the favorite Gilhert and Sullivan opera, based on the æsthetic craze. Caro Roma will have another excellent opportunity as Lady Jane, the leader of the æsthetic ladies, and, with Ferris Hartman as Bunthorne, the "fleshy poet," with whom the "love-sick maidens" are enamored, and Edward Weh as his rival, Grosvenor, the revival promises to be very enjoyable. Bertha Davis will appear in the title-rôle, Frances Gibson as Lady Angela, Hannah Davis as Lady Saphir, Marie Walsh as Lady Ella, Arthur Cunningham as the colonel, Oscar Lee as the duke, Joseph Fogarty as the major, and Mr. Kavanagh as the solicitor. The revival of "Patience" will

doubtless prove as successful as "The Mikado," for it has a very amusing libretto and as many pretty solos and choruses. A few of the most popular numbers are "When I First Put This Uniform On," "The Magnet and the Churn," "The Every-Day Young Man," "Willow, Willow, Waly," "If You Want a Receipt for This Popular Mystery," "Sad Is This Maiden's Lot."

Novelties at the Orpheum.

John T. Sullivan, the well-known legitimate actor, will make his San Francisco vaudeville debut at the Orpheum next week in Sydney Grundy's farce comedy, "Captain Huntington," the only one-act play written by that popular playwright. Mr. Sullivan is said to be most happily placed in the piece, and is capably assisted by Margaret Atherton, a dainty young comedienne. The other new-comers are the Martinetti troupe of acrobats, who do many daring, difficult, and thrilling athletic feats; and Boh Cole and Rosemond Johnson, two clever colored entertainers. Cole is said to be the best rag-time singer of his race, and Johnson, in addition to possessing a pleasing haritone voice, is an accomplished pianist. Their selections range from German folk-songs and works of Nevin to their own compositions, which are numbered by the score. The Du-mond Parisian Minstrels, who have again captured the city with their violin, mandolin, and vocal solos, and concerted numbers, will change their selections, and Joe Maxwell and company, Lottie Gilson, and Nelson's Comiques will vary their acts.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Cyril Maude and his brother, Ralph Maude, are writing a history of the London Haymarket Theatre. It is a house with famous associations, which, rightly treated, ought to make an interesting volume.

A big production of "Arizona" will succeed Anna Held at the Columbia Theatre. Then we shall see William Gillette's long-awaited dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes," with the actor-playwright in the leading rôle.

Sandow, the famous athlete, who has made a great success of his school of physical culture on scientific principles in Boston, will arrive here from Australia, from a tour around the world, and will give one lecture at the Alhambra Theatre on Saturday night, February 14th, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. His lectures are said to be of great interest to physicians and laymen.

Henry Miller, who is starring successfully in the East in Richard Harding Davis's play, "The Taming of Helen," has been invited to appear before the library committee of the House of Representatives to discuss the bill providing for a proposed national theatre at Washington. He says he believes "the most practical way of helping dramatic art is to teach actors how to act. I think the basis of such an institution should be a national conservatory of acting and elocution, where beginners could be properly trained to enunciate and express emotion."

Clara Morris's novel of the stage, "A Pastehoard Crown," has been dramatized by the author and Kenneth Lee in collaboration. It is arranged in four acts. The first act has its scene at the old house, and introduces the promise of the dramatic crown before the picture of Clara Siddons. The second act shows a rehearsal of "Francesca da Rimini," and closes with the storm scene, a vivid lightning flash illuminating the kiss, the future murderer appearing in silhouette in the background. The third act is laid in the theatre office, and the fourth act shows the hound and the shooting. In the play both hero and heroine are killed.

Despite the fact that Eddie Foy, Dan McAvoy, and Herbert Cawthorne were in the cast of the elaborate Drury Lane spectacle, "Mr. Blue Beard," the hit of the performance on the opening night at the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, was scored by a little unknown chorus-girl, who imitated to perfection a tough Bowery girl. She appeared in the Bowery chorus, which sings "The Songbird of Melody Lane." A titter began when she took her place in the second row of singers, soon her antics were greeted with laughter, and at the end of the first verse she had the audience at her feet, and received recall after recall. The papers are wondering whether

her success will be repeated nightly during the run, and if she will not soon be grabbed up by some enterprising manager and featured in the rôle of a Bowery girl. Another sensational success was made by Fraulein Else Haerting, *première* of the corps of ladies who float and soar through the air. She capped her performance by shooting like a star straight to the verge of the top of the gallery, scattering handfuls of fresh pinks and confetti as she soared upward.

It is now proposed to transform the notorious Moulin Rouge, at Montmartre, Paris, into an ordinary music-hall, or something of the kind. The dancing, or "quadrille naturalistic," as it was termed, has been declining in popularity since the departures of such noted danseuses as La Goulue, Grille d'Egout, Nini Patte en l'Air, and Valentine. Valentine, or, rather, Valentine le Désossé, is now the owner of a large livery stable with a number of horses, while La Goulue is in the lion-taming line, and keeps a menagerie. Others of the former dancers of the Moulin Rouge have died, or have wearied and settled down as steady family people.

George Ade is making quite a hit as a librettist. His "Sultan of Sulu" is a big success in New York, and his other new opera, "Peggy from Paris," which was recently brought out in Chicago, is drawing crowded houses. Helen Bertram has the principal rôle in the latter opera, which has nothing to do with Peg Woffington or any other Peggy of stage fame. She is an American girl from Hickory Creek, Ill., the daughter of Captain Alonzo Plummer, and has been educated in Paris, where her vocal fame has spread over the artistic world. Her American nativity is not known outside of her immediate family.

She is engaged by a Yankee impresario for a great operatic production, under the impression that she is a Paris stage divinity who will electrify American audiences. She plays her part in French dialect, imitating the imported artists, until near the close, when she has had enough of the silly honor, casts the mask aside, and declares America is good enough for her.

There was quite a heavy fall of snow on Mt. Tamalpais on Tuesday, and those who visited the cozy little tavern just under the summit during the week were treated to a real taste of an Eastern winter, and rewarded with some unique views of the white-capped Berkeley and Contra Costa hills.

Mrs. John Luning, sister-in-law of Mrs. George Fife, Mrs. George Whittell, and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, died in New York on Tuesday.

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WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
stockholders of the Sierra Railway Company of California will be held at the offices of the company, No. 229 Crocker Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the ninth day of February, 1903, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before said meeting.
S. M. RICKEY, Secretary.
Dated January 26, 1903.

Are you going to make a Will?

If so, send for Pamphlet to

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VANITY FAIR.

The decision of those in charge of the Mardi Gras Ball to permit gentlemen to mask this year has been hailed with delight by the sterner sex. "You can be certain that the attendance of gentlemen wearing fancy costumes will be increased materially," remarked an enthusiastic bachelor in commenting on the change in the rules. "Heretofore the whole thing has been a bore to most men, for how can we be expected to give ourselves up to the carnival spirit—which means making a jolly fool of ourselves—when everybody knows who we are. I give you my word, when some of last season's huds fenced me off a year ago and began chaffing me, I felt such a fool, with a whole roomful of people staring at me, that I wanted to bolt, and did, the first chance I got. I tell you, I couldn't help envying the antics of one young eligible, however, when I saw what a good time the chap was having. He took the precaution to get full first—just a mild, gentlemanly jag, you know—and then didn't care much how the ladies treated him. But I did. For example, I had happened to notice a couple of blonde-haired girls in pink hall-gowns, and wearing such small masks, that it was easy to discover that they were young and pretty. So I bottled up some carnival spirit, and taking my hilarious friend with me to give me courage, we went up and asked them for a waltz. I tell you, we got the glassy eye and the marble face for our pains—full and direct! They moved off as if we had insulted them. And after that I carefully spent the remainder of the evening in the society of my unmasked married friends."

Miss Alice Roosevelt is still being exploited by the newspapers, despite the wishes of the President, and almost daily, thanks to the irrepressible correspondents, she is featured as engaged to some notability, prominent in the political, diplomatic, or social world, or she is performing some impossible athletic feat, intending to act as queen of the Mardi Gras carnival at New Orleans, or suffering from nervous prostration as a result of an over-indulgence in the social gayeties of the national capital. Walter Wellman, who is one of the most accurate of the Washington correspondents, and enjoys the respect and friendship of the President, says that Miss Roosevelt will leave Washington on February 20th for a trip south. She will go first to New Orleans, where she will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McIlhenny, and will take a prominent part in the Mardi Gras festivities, although she will not act as queen of the hall, as the President does not desire this honor for his daughter. Miss Roosevelt will, however, attend the balls on Monday and Tuesday evenings of carnival week, and will witness the arrival of Rex from a special landing on the levee. Mr. McIlhenny is an old friend of the Roosevelts, and has frequently been their guest at the White House. He served with the President in the Rough Rider regiment. Miss Roosevelt will spend nearly a month south, and will take a trip to the volcanic islands of the West Indies, under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. McIlhenny. The itinerary includes a visit to Martinique, St. Vincent, and other islands recently the scene of eruptions. Miss Roosevelt's tour is not undertaken because she is in poor health, as has been erroneously stated. She is in perfect physical condition, but since she was a small child it has been her custom to leave the somewhat severe climate of Washington and New York and spend a few weeks in the South. Last winter she was the guest of General and Mrs. Wood in Havana for nearly a month.

Though dueling is not now so rampantly in evidence in Italy as it used to be, that country is still far ahead of other nations in the number of combats. There is a healthful change for the better of late years, however (remarks the Rome correspondent of the New York Times). People are gradually beginning to work themselves out of the mediæval conceptions of honor imposed upon them by their ancestors, and the doughty son of Rome, who formerly resented insults—imaginary or real—at the point of the rapier, now finds it more convenient to apply to the law for redress. So far has modern Italy progressed in this respect that a man is no longer considered a coward because he omits to fight aggressors against his reputation with sword or pistol although popular sentiment is certain to favor him who throws the gauntlet to his adversary. Officers of the army and navy and newspaper people recruit the ranks of duellists in Italy. An officer will do a ludicrous thing, and some journalist will dish up the

story in print, which prompts a challenge and precipitates the unavoidable combat. Even at the present day there is a yearly average of ninety duels to the credit of Italian army officers, with about fifty on the score of newspaper men. The lawyers are also in evidence on the field of honor, and their average amounts to twenty-seven encounters, which circumstance does not appear to raise the standard of the Tuscan judiciary. Those who have had occasion to study the Italian politician in all the glory of his tragic pose and stormy gesticulations, may, perhaps, find that fifteen duels annually is a low and miserable average for the lively legislature of Italy, but considering that both houses of parliament consist of only five hundred and five representatives, the figure is not by any means a low one. Of capitalists, bankers, and such business men as can not be counted petty traders, there are between fifteen and sixteen every year who find it necessary to quench their wounded spirits with the blood of their enemies. It appears that in many cases where American business men content themselves with suing for money, the Italian merchant fancies his honor at stake and cried for blood. Among the callings that only yield a meagre crop of three or four combats annually are those of the school-teacher, physician, clerk, engineer, and, peculiarly enough, we also find the college student among this staid company.

The two duels which recently took place in the grounds of Count Rohosinski's villa at Nice, between French and Italian masters of fence—the Merignac-Pessina and the Kirchhoffer-Vega encounters—were the outcome of long and heated discussions conducted between Rome and Paris as to the superiority of the Italian or the French school of fence. The dispute has been constant and growing in warmth ever since the present king's cousin, the Count of Turin, pricked the arm of Prince Henri d'Orleans, and thereby seemingly proved the superior quality of Italian swordsmanship. The opponents in the recent affair met without any personal animosity, each determined to prove the superiority of his national school or take the consequences. Those who saw the duels declare that the form maintained throughout by the fencers was in the highest degree admirable. The sword play was rapid, long, and intricate—in many instances elegant. The opponents were well matched, and in every way calculated to give the fullest expression, practically and aesthetically, to their respective methods. It is for these reasons that the encounters are quite distinct from the usual Continental dueling farce, and that in the opinion of many experts the conclusion was foregone. Signori Vega and Pessina each received a slight wound in the breast for the simple reason that their individual opponents were masters of a method less fatiguing than their own, and more appreciative of the qualities of a straight line rather than those of a curve. It is to be hoped that no fresh encounters will be required to demonstrate the fact that Italian fencing is a system of elegant gymnastics, while French fencing is simple swordsmanship.

It has recently been pointed out that between seventy and eighty English nobles and foreign princes and gentlemen of title have married American women of greater or less fortunes. The London Daily News, commenting on this fact, says: "It is becoming almost impossible for a foreign ambassador successfully to perform his duties at New York unless, like the Count von Sternberg, who is representing Germany, or Sir Michael Henry Herbert, he shall have first, as a precautionary measure, forestalled criticism by marrying in Fifth Avenue. The Yankee believes at the very heart of him that every Englishman would like to marry an American girl and that only those don't who can't. The Englishman is poor, no doubt, but he is so superior that the American lady is prepared to spend a large dowry upon keeping him alive. Yet the explanation of the phenomenon lies not wholly in the greater attractiveness of England's sons. Indeed, the manners of the men are by no means so polished in the old country as in the new. The reason why Englishmen marry American women, while American men don't so often marry Englishwomen, is, in the main, a very simple one. The American girl travels in England, while the English girl does not travel in America, and a young lady is always more open to attentions when she is away from home. A kind of halo envelops her. Her very imperfections begin to set a fashion. Moreover, the American girl displays something of the Frenchwoman's facility for appearing neat on a moderate allow-

ance. But American girls certainly are attracted by the dazzling, if illusory, opportunities for social distinction, which are offered by a land where aristocracy is based upon birth rather than upon fluctuations of wealth. It is, moreover, extraordinary that American ladies of acknowledged charm and position should so frequently throw in their lot with Europeans who have nothing to offer them compared with what they enjoy already. It is possible that there is a placidity in Great Britain that comes as a relief from the infinite display of material energy which hews down the American citizen to premature old age."

Bicycling is said to be holding its own in England much better than in this country, perhaps partly because the roads are better and the distances smaller, and partly because the English do not tire of a new craze so quickly as Americans. It is said that the demand for new wheels last year was larger than in any previous year since the height of the boom.

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B. H. Moore

Tesla Bricquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 4, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 3%.....	10,200	@ 107 1/4-108 1/4	107 1/4		
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	13,000	@ 109 1/4	109	109 1/2	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	10,000	@ 105-105 1/2	105 1/2		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 120 1/2	120		
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 121 1/2	121 1/2		
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	7,000	@ 108 1/2	109 1/4	110	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	17,000	@ 101 1/4-101 1/2	101 1/4	101 1/2	
Oakland Gas 5%.....	1,000	@ 113 1/2	113		
Oakland Trans 5%.....	1,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2		
Oakland Transit Con					
5%.....	22,000	@ 106	106		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	9,000	@ 75	75 1/2	80	
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	4,000	@ 127 1/2	127		
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	23,000	@ 112	112		
Pacific Gas Impt. 4%.....	10,000	@ 97	96		
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry. 5%.....	13,000	@ 103	102 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 124	123 1/2	124 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	2,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 Series A.....	8,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 Series B.....	40,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906	5,000	@ 110 1/2	109 1/2		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	15,000	@ 120 1/2-120 3/4	120 1/2	120 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. Stpd. 5%.....	50,500	@ 102 1/2-110	110		
S. V. Water 6%.....	10,000	@ 110 1/2	110	110 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	13,000	@ 102 1/2-103 1/2	102		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	26,000	@ 102 1/2-102 3/4	102 3/4		
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.....	115	@ 66 1/2-67	66 1/2	67	
Spring Valley.....	415	@ 84 1/2-85	84 1/2	85 1/2	
		BANKS.			
Anglo Cal.....	10	@ 97	96	97 1/2	
Savings and Loan Society.....	72	@ 91	90	90 1/2	
		POWERS.			
Giant Con.....	490	@ 68-69 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	
		SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	50	@ 43-44 1/2	43	45	
Honokaa S. Co.....	200	@ 13 1/2-13 1/4	13 1/4		
Hutchinson.....	350	@ 15-15 1/2	15	15 1/2	
Makawell S. Co.....	245	@ 26 1/2-27 1/4	27	27 1/2	
Pauhaui S. Co.....	95	@ 15 1/2-16 1/4	15 1/2	16	
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Equitable Gas.....	175	@ 3	2 1/2	3 1/4	
Oakland Gas.....	10	@ 76	76	76 1/2	
Pacific Gas.....	35	@ 35	34	35	
Pacific Lighting Co.	70	@ 54	54 1/2		
S. F. Gas & Electric	35	@ 42 1/2-43	42 1/2	43 1/2	
United Gas & Elect.	50	@ 35	34 1/2		
		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers.....	240	@ 153 1/4-156 1/2	156 1/2	157 1/2	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	10	@ 95	94 1/2	96	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	98	@ 100-100 1/2	100	100 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	65	@ 16	15	16	
Pacific Coast Borax.....	10	@ 167 1/2	165		

The sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week show transactions of 320,000 bonds, and 2,900 shares of stock.

Spring Valley Water was strong, and advanced three eighths of a point to 85, on sales of 415 shares, closing at 84 1/2 bid, 85 1/2 asked. Contra Costa Water on sales of 115 shares advanced to 67, a gain of one point, closing at 67 asked.

Giant Powder was in better demand, 490 shares changing hands at an advance of one and one-half points, closing at 67 1/2 bid, 68 1/2 asked.

The sugars were weaker, about 950 shares of all kinds changing hands at fractional declines.

The gas stocks have been quiet with no change in prices.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

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304 Montgomery St., S. F.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Walter Baker's BREAKFAST COCOA



The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
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Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.

MURPHY, CRANT & CO.

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Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

Manufacturers of furnishing goods. Patentees and sole manufacturers of "THE NEVER-RIP" OVERALL. The best in the world.

Gloves, laces, dress goods, ribbons, velvets, silks, flannels, oil cloths, cottons, linens, etc. Blankets, calicoes, umbrellas, cutlery, shawls, notions, smokers' articles, stationery, underwear, hosiery, white goods, suspenders.

COR. SANSONE AND BUSH STREETS
San Francisco, Cal.

When a Dealer Offers You

a cheap domestic substitute of Dr. Siegel's genuine imported Angostura Bitters, claiming that it is just as good, he simply means that there is a larger profit for him in selling the cheap substitute. Insist on getting Dr. Siegel's—70 years on the market.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 Market Street (Upstairs),

Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

LANGUAGES.

ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES, 320 Post; est. 1871; principal T. B. de Filippis, A. M., LL. D., Paris. Madrid, instructs in Spanish, French and Latin; a few select pupils prepared for Harvard.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

TYPEWRITING AND MIMEOGRAPHING. Expert typewriting, 4c folio; copies 2c; mimeographing. Correspondence Exchange, 927 Market; room 305; Howard 1539.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A doctor was attending a dangerous case, where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon, he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night." "I'm no' sae very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

Sir Richard Powell, the eminent English physician, is noted for his frankness in speaking his mind without regard to the social position of his patient. Once, when he was called to prescribe for the Duchess of Manchester, he ordered her to disrobe. "But, Sir Richard, I haven't my maid here," she said; to which the baronet retorted: "Madame, I have no intention of examining your maid."

Frederic I. Crowset, in his volume, "Musicians' Wit, Humor and Anecdote," says that when the famous Strauss first visited America, musical women went wild over him, and toward the end of the season the "king of waltz music" was showered with application for hair. In due course of time the locks were distributed—many hundred of them, too, each one accompanied by the compliments of the composer. Sufficient hair was sent out to make Strauss look as though he had been sandpapered, yet when he left this country his locks were as abundant as ever. But when his beautiful black retriever (Strauss was a great dog fancier) took its departure, the animal looked like a shorn poodle.

A newly married couple recently sauntered leisurely around Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., trying hard to appear unconscious. Stopping on one of the echo stones to gaze at a new statue, they were spied by two youthful pages looking for a joke. One of the pages hurried to another echo stone, and in a whisper asked: "When did you get married?" The couple looked at each other, and then all around the hall, but could discern no one. The bride blushed, and the young man looked miserable. Presently again came the mysterious question: "When did you get married?" Awe stricken and looking extremely foolish, they fled from the hall, to the intense amusement of the mischievous pages.

A story is going the rounds of a youthful minister who, when he preached his first funeral sermon over a woman in a small Maine town, praised her so highly that the poor bereaved husband, sitting there listening, could not recognize her by the description. Finally, in a glowing peroration he pictured God and the archangels and the angels and all the hosts of the redeemed joyously forming a parade to welcome to heaven this "one of the very best of all women." The patient husband, who had never been able to rule his own household, could stand it no longer, and, leaping up, interrupted the preacher with a heckoning hand, gasping out: "No, no, elder; not quite that! She was only 'hout middlin'."

Senator Hoar relates this anecdote of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Erskine, of Edinburgh: "At one time in his life, Mr. Erskine lost handkerchief after handkerchief. He found, on investigation, that it was on Sunday these losses occurred, and, accordingly, one Sabbath morning Mrs. Erskine sewed his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat. 'Noo,' said she, 'noo lat us see what will happen.' Mr. Erskine, with the sewed handkerchief, passed down the aisle of the church that morning as usual to ascend to the pulpit, but as he sailed by the amen corner he felt a gentle tug behind, a delicate nibble among his coat-tails. Thereupon he turned on the disappointed old woman in the corner, and said, with a triumphant smile: 'No' the day, honest wuman, no' the day.'"

In his "Recollections," Aubrey de Vere tells of an Irishman he met in Switzerland, with whom patriotism was so truly a mania that every word in praise of the scenery about him seemed a distinct aspersion on the land of his birth. "What can you compare here?" he demanded, "with the mountains of Wicklow?" "Perhaps," said a traveler, "one might name the mountains of the Mont Blanc range." "Oh," he replied, scornfully, "they're out of all reason! I am after walking along the Chamouni Valley for three days, and I only saw four of those mountains. Sure, in Wicklow I'd have counted as many as eight of them in three hours!" "Have you seen this wonderful waterfall within half a

mile of us?" "I have not seen it, and I am not going to see it. Didn't I see the O'Sullivan Cascade at Killarney? Down it comes from such a height that you don't know where it comes from. Down it plunges, thundering and hellowing, sometimes black as ink, and sometimes white as milk, dashing itself against the right-hand rocks and smashing itself against the left-hand rocks. What is your Handeck Fall compared to that?" "Some persons would say," was the reply, "that the waterfall here is about ten times as high and six times as broad." "Ah, then," said he, with an added note of scorn, "then the O'Sullivan Cascade is not high enough for you? And tell me this now: Couldn't you take a magnifying-glass to it?"

Wolf von Schierbrand tells an amusing story of his last weeks in Berlin. He was for a long time chief correspondent of the Associated Press, and was at last ordered to leave the country for having given too intimate information about the Kaiser. The American ambassador secured a respite of two weeks for him, during which he could wind up his affairs, but he was a marked man, and the police shadowed him night and day. At last he hit upon the expedient of placing a stuffed dummy of himself on the front porch, with its back toward the street, and while the police zealously watched the dummy he was daily slipping out by a side door and going unmolested about his business, disguised in a pair of blue goggles and an old slouch hat. The mannikin sat in the chair, with occasional interruptions, from nine in the morning till ten at night, and was pulled inside by a string at bedtime. On the morning of Mr. Schierbrand's departure for the United States, it was turned with its wooden face toward the street, displaying a small placard for the edification of the police, reading: "Thanks; I'm off."

A Clever Humbert Ruse.

New stories are appearing daily about the wonderful Mme. Humbert. The latest, according to the London *Daily Telegraph*, refers to her artful dodges for putting persons off the track of the cryptic Crawfords. In the days of her ostensible splendor she was negotiating for a loan of twenty thousand pounds from a wealthy Parisian who had his doubts about the existence of the two Americans. "Come down to my Château de Vives Eaux," she wrote one day to the Parisian. "Robert Crawford is one of the house-party, and you shall see him. I am sure that you will like him, for he is not a bad fellow, and, in any case, he is better than his brother." The reluctant lender started for Vives Eaux, and at the rustic station Mme. Humbert's carriage was waiting for him. He also saw the lady herself on the platform of the station. She was waving a tiny handkerchief at a man who was in a departing train, and who, in his turn, waited farewells with a handanna in her direction. As the train went out of view Mme. Humbert rushed up to the Parisian, saying: "Oh, my dear sir, I am awfully sorry. Would you believe it? That's Boh Crawford who has just gone off in the train. He is called away on most urgent business to Paris. He received a telegram this morning from his secretary, and he had to rush away. All the same, you can come along to the chateau." The Parisian accompanied Mme. Humbert to her carriage, and the house was duly reached.

Inside, the hostess handed the new guest over to a footman, who conducted him upstairs to a room. Mme. Humbert suddenly called after the man-servant, saying: "Baptiste, you need not get the new room ready, as the gentleman will not stay long, and he is pressed for time. Take him to the blue bedroom. You know the one just left by M. Robert Crawford." The guest from Paris was accordingly ushered into the place indicated by the mistress of the mansion. As he was washing his hands his eye fell upon a crumpled bit of blue paper. He hesitated before picking it up, but the recollection that he was about to be called upon to lend a large sum of money made him act. He took up the paper, opened it, and found that the contents ran: "M. Robert Crawford, at Mme. Humbert's Château de Vives Eaux. Come at once Paris; pressing business." The Parisian was now satisfied that Robert Crawford was no mythical being, but a living person. He went down stairs, all smiles, and enjoyed Mme. Humbert's hospitality until the following day, and lent her the money that she wanted.

The American Soldier

in the frigid zone of Alaska or in the torrid zone of the Philippines can enjoy the delicious flavor of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in his coffee, tea, or chocolate. Established in 1857, it has stood first for forty-five years.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

After the Play.

A little bird, a little fill,
A little longing to be still;
A little call against your will,
A doctor, then a little pill.—Judge.

His First Cigar.

A boy—a match—
A strong cigar—
A period of bliss—then gloom—
A doctor—a nurse—
A coffin—a hearse—
A mound—and then a tomb.

—William P. S. Earle in *February Lippincott's*.

The Bills.

Hear the reading of the bills,
Countless hills!
What a world of wisdom they present, with all their frills!
How the legislators bustle
All day long and half the night—
How they scratch their heads and tussle,
How they rustle, how they bustle!
Till they are exhausted, quite;
And they swear, swear, swear
That with worry, grief and care
They'll be driven to dyspepsia and to little liver pills.
By the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
By the multitude of senseless, useless hills!
Hear the stack of freakish bills,
Tacky bills!
To transform bills into valleys, and the valleys into hills,
To prohibit baccarat
And the game called one-old-cat;
Heaps of bills
To protect our fish and game,
And a bill (aint it a shame?)
To discourage matrimony
Just because the path is stony.
Oh, the bills!
Curse the authors, brainless chaps!
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are yaps!
Who will perish soon, perhaps,
And be hurled into a climate where the trickling brimstone rills
Will consume them and their bills,
All their bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
All their idiotic, inconsistent bills!

—Madison State Journal.

No "New Fangled" Farming.

Now the farmer dons his go-to-meetin' suit
And he bies him to a grangers' institute,
There to hear, in learned lectures,
Agricultural conjectures
And to bark to professorial dispute.
On the platform sits the experts, wise, sedate,
Each with boards of useful knowledge 'neath his pate,
And they tell the farmer how
He should milk the speckled cow
In the fashion most approved and up to date.
There are papers on "Rotation of the Crops,"
Dissertations on "The Proper Poles for Hops,"
And a long, intense debate
On the question grave and great
"Should the Barn Be Cleansed with Pitchforks or with Mops?"
"How to Trace the Willy Weasels to Their Sources,"
"Helpful Hints on Painless Dentistry for Horses,"
"How to Build a Stack of Oats
As a 'Winter Shed for Goats'—
There are many more such edifying courses.
Now the farmer sagely nods at all they say,
And at sundown, having spent a pleasant day,
Homeward hastens to his toil
And proceeds to till the soil
In the very good old-fashioned simple way.

—Newark Evening News.

Some New Hotel Rules: Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet. If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape. Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter in the barn. Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundation. —Detroit Free Press.

A Fifty-Foot Calendar.

N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia advertising agents, who have a national reputation for "keeping everlastingly at it," believe in sticking to a good thing when they have one. For instance, their calendar for 1903 follows the design used for several years past, but with new coloring. And in truth it would be hard to improve upon their design; the dates are plainly readable at fifty feet, yet the calendar is not unpleasantly conspicuous; it is artistic, simple and useful, and it is not surprising that it has become so popular an adjunct to business offices that the supply never equals the demand. While they last, one will be mailed to any address for 25 cents, which barely covers cost and postage.

—THE NEXT BOTTLE OF WHISKY YOU BUY resolve to try the "Jesse Moore." You've heard it was the best; prove it by practical test.

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TESLA COAL CO.
Phone South 95.

DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin-Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the MEDITERRANEAN
From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.
COMMONWEALTH, Feb. 14th.
VANCOUVER, Feb. 21st.
NEW ENGLAND, Feb. 28th.
CAMBROMAN, March 14th.

Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool, Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to
THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.

Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York.
Finland.....February 14 | Philadelphia...February 18

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York.
Finland.....February 14 | Kronland...February 28
Vaderland.....February 21

Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.

CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric.....Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic.....Thursday, March 19
Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Friday, May 2
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.
Nippon Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, March 3
America Maru.....Friday, March 27
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, April 22
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons
Sonoma, 6200 Tons
Ventura, 6200 Tons
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, February 7, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, February 16, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, February 19, 1903, at 10 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whittier—11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2. Change at Seattle to the company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry., at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry., at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1130 P. M., Feb. 3, 9, 13, 21, 27, March 5.
Corona, 1130 P. M., Feb. 6, 12, 18, 24, March 2.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo):
San Diego, and Santa Barbara:
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and Newport (Ramona only).
Ramona, 9 A. M., Feb. 2, 10, 18, 26, March 6.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Feb. 6, 14, 22, March 2.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.
C. D. DUNNAN, General Passenger Agent, 10 Market Street, S. F.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, to Mr. George A. Newhall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Nichols, daughter of Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, and Mr. Philip Lansdale, of Honolulu.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Mary Kittredge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Henry Kittredge, and Mr. Edmund Baker will take place on Monday evening, February 23d, at the home of the bride's parents, 1818 California Street.

The wedding of Miss Edith McBean and Dr. Kierstead, U. S. A., which was to have taken place February 22th, has been postponed, owing to the illness of the bride's mother, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean.

The wedding of Miss Emma Brown, daughter of Mrs. J. Earle Brown, and Mr. Orville C. Pratt, son of Mr. Charles Pratt, took place at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. C. Wenban, on Jackson and Van Ness, on Monday evening. The Rev. F. W. Clapp, rector of Trinity Church, performed the ceremony at nine o'clock. The bride's cousin, Mrs. John Bugbee Chase, was the matron of honor, Miss Carrie Mills acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Sydney Salisbury was the groom's best man. After a wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt will take up their residence in Portland, Or.

The wedding of Miss Susanne Bowman Hayes, daughter of the late Edward W. Hayes, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sister of the Rev. W. E. Hayes, to Rev. Burr Miller Weeden, rector of St. Luke's Church, took place on Tuesday, at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Hayes. Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle acted as matron of honor. Rev. Weeden and his bride departed on Wednesday on their wedding journey, and on their return, at the beginning of Lent, will be at home to their friends at 1615 Larkin Street.

The wedding of Miss Edith M. Little, daughter of the late Professor George F. Little, and Mr. R. R. Reid, took place on Wednesday evening of last week, at the home of the bride's mother. The Rev. George C. Adams performed the ceremony, and the bride's brother, Mr. George H. Little, gave his sister away.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier and her daughter, Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser, gave a luncheon on Wednesday, complimentary to Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin, who leave in a short time for an extended European trip. Others at table were Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. J. B. Rawles, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Edward Belcher, Mrs. John Spruance, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. Gerrit Lansing, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. William J. Landers, Mrs. A. M. Kellogg, Mrs. Arthur Barnard, Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Amy Porter, Miss Elizabeth Rawles, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Bernie Drown, and Miss May Colburn.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will give a luncheon on Thursday, February 12th, complimentary to Miss Helen Dean.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott will be "at home" on Thursday afternoon, February 12th, from three to six, at 305 Buchanan Street.

Mrs. George B. Bayley and her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Haight, gave a tea at the Hotel Colonial on Thursday afternoon from four to six. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. John Currier, Mrs. William H. Irwin, Mrs. E. H. Strong, and Mrs. Edna Breslauser. In the evening Mrs. Bayley gave a dinner, at which she entertained the receiving party and Mr. William H. Irwin, Mr. Clarence Gray, Mr. Malcolm Fraser, Mr. W. R. Quick, Mr. A. I. Douglas, and Mr. A. N. Bayley.

Mrs. Joseph Grant will give a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Maud Bourn.

The unique invitations, designed by Gordon Ross, are out for the Mardi Gras Ball, to be given on February 24th, at the Hopkins Art Institute. The committees in charge of the preparations are: Executive—Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. Lorenzo P. Latimer, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., Mr. Newton J. Tharp. Decoration—Mr. Newton J. Tharp, Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto. Music—Mr. Henry Heyman. Floor—Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Percy L. King, Captain F. E. Johnson, U. S. A., Mr. Orrin Peck, Paymaster Gray Skipwith, U. S. N., Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., Mr. John

M. Platt, Mr. Milton Latham, Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A. Reception—Mr. William Alvord, Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., Mr. J. A. Stanton, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mr. T. C. Van Ness, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. A. F. Mathews, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. Horace Davis, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Charles Bundschu, Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Josiah R. Howell, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. John D. Spreckel, Mr. Irving M. Scott, and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy gave a dinner at the Sorosis Club on Tuesday in honor of Miss Helen Dean. Others at table were Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss McCalla, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Rachel Peabody, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Harriet Austin, Mr. Philip Paschel, Lieutenant Kuznick, Mr. Bryant Grimwood, Lieutenant Supplee, Mr. Robert Belcher, Mr. William Humphreys, Mr. Charles Field, Captain Frederic E. Johnston, Mr. Frank King, Captain Penn, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Terry Evans, Mr. Hugh White Adams, Captain James Pressley, Mr. William Goldsborough, Dr. William Moore, and Mr. Charles Kenyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner at their California Street residence on Monday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. William Berry, and Mr. Brien Berry.

The cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening was led by Miss Emily Wilson and Mr. Percy King. Those in the first set were Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Wells, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Katherine Robinson, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Lurie Collier, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Marian Hall, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Woods, Miss Elizabeth Allen, and Miss Frances McKinsty.

Miss Katherine Herrin gave an informal tea on last Sunday afternoon, in honor of Miss Thornton, of Fresno, who has been visiting her for several weeks. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Margery Gibbons, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Rachel Peabody, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Edith Simpson, and Miss Hazel King.

Mrs. Gardiner H. Shaw entertained at euche on Thursday at her residence, 1915 Gough Street. Among the guests were Mrs. George A. Mendell, Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, Mrs. Burns Macdonald, Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mrs. Harold La Boyteaux, Mrs. William Macdonald, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss May Palmer, Miss Gwinette Henley, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Miss Sophie Faulk, Miss Fanny Grant, Mrs. William Gerstle, Miss Edna Robinson, Mrs. C. D. Farquharson, Mrs. Weir, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Frank Powers, Mrs. Jesse Godeley, Mrs. George Carr, Mrs. A. D. d'Ancona, Miss Ella Bender, Mrs. Gerrit L. Lansing, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Janet Bruce, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Edward Pond, and Mrs. H. M. Baxter.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will give a luncheon in the conservatory of the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, February 17th, in honor of Miss Emily Wilson.

There will be three enjoyable dances next week. The Bachelors' Ball will take place at Native Sons' Hall on Monday evening. The patronesses are to be Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Henry Glass, Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and Mrs. Henry T. Scott. The young ladies' ball *poudre* will be given at Cotillion Hall on Wednesday evening, and the last La Jeunesse dance will take place at Native Sons' Hall on Friday evening.

Ensign Albert H. McCarthy, U. S. N., gave a dinner on board the flagship *New York* on Monday evening, at which he entertained Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss de Young, Miss Johnson, Miss Harris, and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent.

Francis Carolan, master of the San Mateo County Hunt Club, has announced the following schedule of cross-country runs for February, with the place of meeting: Saturday, 7th, Laurel Creek; Wednesday, 11th, Hotel Mateo, San Mateo; Saturday, 14th, Tanforan; Wednesday, 18th, Burlingame Station; Saturday, 21st, Belmont; Wednesday, 25th, Millbrae Dairy; and Saturday, 28th, "Crossways," Burlingame. Three p. m. is the hour set for all the meets.

Maurice Grau's successor at the head of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is to be Charles A. Ellis, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He gained prominence during the season of 1897-98, when in conjunction with Walter Damrosch he brought a company to San Francisco, in which Melba, Gadski, and De Lussan were the leading singers.

—"THE PIT," THE EPIC OF THE WHEAT, A story of Chicago, Frank Norris's last novel, \$1.20, at Cooper's, 745 Market Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mascagni's Symphony Concerts.

Manager Will Greenbaum has organized one of the largest orchestras ever assembled in this city, with Frederick Stark as concert-master, to play with the great Italian composer, Pietro Mascagni, who is to appear at the Alhambra Theatre on the afternoons of Tuesday, February 17th, and Thursday, February 19th. Arrangements are also being made for a grand production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Mechanics' Pavilion, with full chorus and soloists. The programme for the symphony concerts will be particularly interesting and novel, and will include Goldmark's "Second Symphony" (for the first time in this city); Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic Symphony"; the overture to "King Lear," by Bussini; "Rienzi," by Wagner; the suite to Hall Caine's "Eternal City"; "Hymn to the Sun," from "Iris"; "Dance of the Dolls" and intermezzi to the various operas of the great composer himself. In order to prevent speculators getting hold of the seats, not more than ten seats will be sold to any one person. The prices are very reasonable, considering the importance of these concerts—\$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Sale of seats will be open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and a great rush to hear the famous *maestro* is expected.

Zelie de Lussan's Concerts.

Zelie de Lussan, the favorite prima donna, will make her first appearance in concert in this city on Tuesday evening at Steinway Hall. The programme will include several operatic selections and songs by Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Franz, Nevin, and Schumann. Perhaps the most notable offerings are the "Habanera" from "Carmen," the waltz song from "La Bohème," and "Knowest Thou the Land" from "Mignon." The pianist, Mr. Fronani, will play a capriccio by Glazounov and other interesting numbers. On Thursday night Mlle. de Lussan's principal selections will be the "Vedrai Carino" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the "Styrienne" from "Mignon," and a group of Grieg's songs; also songs by Hahn, Erlanger, Bemberg, Allitsen, Clara Schumann, and D'Hardelot. A novelty will be the "African Love Song," by Ethelbert Nevin, and by special request she will repeat the "Habanera" from "Carmen." The Saturday matinee programme will be fully as interesting as either of the preceding concerts, and will include McDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes" and Ethelbert Nevin's "The Rosary." Complete programmes may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the seats are now on sale.

The famous band of Gordon Highlanders, known as "The Kilties," will give a series of concerts at the Alhambra Theatre during the week beginning Monday, February 23d. They will appear at afternoon and evening performances, when a fine chorus, reel dancers, pipers, and soloists will be heard. The band will parade every day, the music being furnished by the British buglers, pipers, and drummers, in true Highland regimental fashion. The men are uniformed in the full-kilted regimentals of the Scottish infantry, and are said to present a most attractive appearance.

Manager Greenbaum is forming a large volunteer chorus to assist in the production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Mechanics' Pavilion Sunday afternoon, February 22d, to be conducted by the great Mascagni. Singers desiring to take part will send their names and addresses to Mr. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., mentioning the quality of their voice, whether soprano, alto, tenor, or bass, and notice will be sent them of rehearsals. Parts will be furnished without charge.

A song recital will be given by Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson on Monday evening, February 16th, at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Dr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Nathan Landsberger will assist. Mrs. Johnson is the soprano at the First Congregational Church of this city, and makes her professional debut as a concert soloist on Monday night.

The remarkable boy violinist, Kocian, will be seen in San Francisco during the first week in March. His playing is said to be marvelous, and many consider him greater even than his young countryman, Kubelik. He will be assisted by Julie Guyer, the brilliant pianist.

At the Lambs' Club gambol in New York last week, Willie Collier appeared in a monologue skit, written by George V. Hobart, called "John Henry," which bristled with up-to-date slang and presented Collier as an amorous clubman, bent on eloping with Sylvia Montrose. Clay M. Green scored a hit with his sketch, "In the Third Degree," satirizing the manner in which the police detect crime. E. M. Holland won much applause, too, for his description of the music drama, "The Man in the Forest," which he had seen produced by the Bohemian Club of this city, on the occasion of their annual "high jinks" at Bohemian Grove. Macklyn Arbuckle recited and the entertainment was closed with an exit march written for the occasion by William Francis, of Weber & Fields.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, Diamond Jeweler, 10 Post Street, will move March 1st, 1903, into his new store, No. 712 Market and No. 25 Geary Streets—Mutual Savings Bank Building.

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32 GOLD AND PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

In a late number of *Social News*: Mr. S. C. Hall, the venerable apostle of total abstinence says:—"I have looked about for something to drink, and I think I have found it—pleasant, palatable, healthful. I refer to the Ginger Ale manufactured by Cantrell & Cochrane (of Dublin and Belfast). I know of no drink so delicious, and I believe it to be as healthful as it is agreeable." This is praise from the Sir Hubert Stanley of temperance, and where he leads the public may safely follow.—*Court Circular*.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Lawlor will leave in a few days for New York, where they will join Mr. Spreckels, remaining in that city a week or two before returning to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left on Thursday for Boston, whence they will sail on Saturday, February 14th, for Naples. They will spend some time at Carlsbad, and expect to return home about June 1st.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and her niece, Miss Ruth Allen, who have spent the past six weeks visiting New York and Washington, are expected home in a few days.

Mr. Clarence Follis is at Coronado. Upon his return from Southern California he expects to leave for an extended Eastern trip.

Senator Francis G. Newlands and Mrs. Newlands have departed for Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, accompanied by Miss Daisy Parrott, have departed for Los Angeles. They will make an extended visit in Southern California.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Warren have returned from their visit to Southern California.

Mr. Philip Lansdale has arrived from the East, en route to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spreckels, Jr., have taken apartments on Pacific Avenue, near Pierce Street.

Miss McKinstry and Miss Frances McKinstry were guests of Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame during the week.

Dr. Henry Gibbons and Miss Florence Gibbons have been spending the last ten days in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Richard Sprague has returned from her visit East, and is the guest of her father, Judge William Wallace.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are spending a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin, who are in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, will return to California after Lent.

Mr. Eugene B. Murphy has returned from the East and is at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl, of San Mateo, with Mrs. Joseph McKenna and Miss Marie McKenna, are sojourning in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Johns has returned to San Mateo after a month's visit with her mother, Mrs. Bernard Peyton.

Hon. Charles Page Bryan, United States Minister to Switzerland, has been visiting San Francisco. He is enjoying a short vacation before starting for his new European post, and early in the week was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and others at Burlingame.

Miss Hazel Noonan, who has been visiting Mrs. H. E. Huntington, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, accompanied by their sons, Philip and Theodore, left last Sunday for the East en route to Europe. In Italy they expect to meet Dr. and Mrs. Beer (née Lilienthal), who are on their wedding journey. They will remain abroad for eight months.

Mr. P. L. Smith, of New York, is registered at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenia Hawes were in China when last heard from, en route to India and Egypt.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace is making a visit to Southern California.

Miss Rachel Peabody, who has been visiting Miss Genevieve King for the last month, leaves this week for Santa Barbara, where she will join her parents, returning later to her home in Evanston, Ill.

Miss Sarah Collier has gone to Coronado for a visit to Mrs. McCutcheon.

Mrs. Pritchard (née McAllister) arrived last week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Wagner.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mr. Bert R. Hecht, and Mr. Summit L. Hecht left on Tuesday for Santa Barbara to remain there several weeks. Dr. Franklin Palmer and his wife, Dr. May McKinney, who left San Francisco for Japan on a tour around the world, have been for some time now in Paris, visiting the various hospitals. After touring Germany and Italy they will return in the summer to San Francisco.

Mrs. Agar and family, of New York, are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. P. Lyscham, Mr. E. L. Eschart and Mr. R. B. Lloyd, of San José, Mr. C. R. Mason, of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Francis, Miss H. Wiedersheni, Miss Jarrey, Mr. A. Wheelan, Mr. George W. Haas, Mr. Tucker, Mr. C. J. Wynne, and Mr. T. C. Graham.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Camalpas were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pithin, of Albany, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. F. Steiner, Mrs. R. Steiner, and Mrs. Steiner, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Strauss, of St. Paul, Ar. and Mrs. J. W. Eastland and Mr. Frank Hunt, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Tomlin, of Philadelphia, Mrs. George D. Pithin, of Yonkers, N. Y., Mr. J. L. Atterbury, and Mr. J. L. Murphy, of Pittsburgh.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., succeeded Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., as commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron on Wednesday. Impressive ceremonies on the ship *New York* marked the change in command, which was hurried by the ordering out of the squadron, owing to the revolution which has sprung up in Honduras. Rear-

Admiral Casey, the retiring officer, has been in command of the squadron for the past two years. His last important duty was performed when the fleet was stationed at Panama, where he was instrumental in settling the trouble between the Government and Liberal forces. Admiral Casey is now on waiting orders, and in a few days will go to Santa Barbara, where he will join his family.

General Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Eagan returned from a six weeks' Eastern trip, and are stopping at the Hotel Granada.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., has been assigned to command the Department of California, to relieve Major-General Robert P. Hughes, U. S. A., who will be retired April 1st. Major-General John C. Bates, U. S. A., will relieve Major-General MacArthur of the command of the Department of the Lakes April 1st.

Captain Henry T. Allen, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as chief of the Philippine constabulary, with the rank of brigadier-general. He has been the head of the present force since the organization, in July, 1901.

Brigadier-General James F. Wade, U. S. A., will be promoted to the grade of major-general on the retirement of Major-General Hughes, U. S. A., in April next. He will relieve Major Davis of command of the Division of the Philippines in July. Inasmuch as he has already been on duty in the Philippines beyond the usual two years' detail, it is generally understood in army circles that he will exercise command of the forces in the Philippines for a few months only, and that he will then be succeeded in that duty by Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., who has just been assigned to command the Department of Mindanao.

Major O. E. Wood, U. S. A., who accompanied the remains of Minister Buck to Washington City from the Orient, arrived here from the East last Saturday, en route back to Japan.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia, relieving Brigadier-General George M. Randall, U. S. A. Brigadier-General Frank Baldwin, U. S. A., will succeed General Funston in command of the Department of Colorado.

Lieutenant Simon P. Fullinwider, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fullinwider were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Captain Charles H. Clark, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Benicia arsenal and ordered to Rock Island.

Captain John T. Morrison, U. S. A., and Miss Morrison, of Minneapolis, were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Art Notes.

The event of the week in art circles has been the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Ernest Peixotto, which is now being held at the Vickery Gallery. Those who have followed Mr. Peixotto's illustrations of foreign scenes in the Eastern magazines will be glad to see the original drawings in black and white, most of which, in the course of reproduction, have been greatly reduced in size and effectiveness. Of his color work, interest naturally centres most in his Salon picture of 1901, which he calls "The Lady in Yellow." It pictures a corner of his Paris studio, with a woman standing meditatively with her back to the spectator, and is a pleasing blending of warm red, brown and yellow tones. The exhibition is to continue for two weeks.

The model submitted by Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, for a monument commemorative of the heroic deeds of the United States volunteers in the Philippines during the late war with Spain, has been accepted by the citizens' executive committee, and when completed will cost \$24,000. The monument will be composed of bronze, upon a pedestal of granite, the whole to be of a total height of 26 feet; the bronze group will be 16 feet in height, and all the figures in the group of heroic size. The group consists, first, of an American officer standing with sword in one hand and revolver in the other near a prostrate American soldier. Back of the standing officer and over the prostrate form of the fallen soldier, is the figure of Bellona, the goddess of war, seated upon the winged horse, Pegasus, holding in one hand a furling banner and in the other a poised sword. Graven upon the face of the monument will be the names of the California volunteers whose lives were laid down for the honor of their country. It is proposed that the monument be erected at the intersection of Pine Street and Van Ness Avenue.

An interesting collection of Indian paintings, by F. P. Sauerman and W. E. Rollins, is now on exhibition at the Morris Gallery. They represent the Sioux and Crow tribes, and the Apaches, Navajoes, and Moki Indians of the South-West.

Newspaper competition in France just now is very keen, and the various daily papers are literally cutting each other's throats in their endeavors to attract the public attention. One daily, a few days before the New Year, announced that it would make a present of one hundred francs to every baby which was born on New Year's Day. The result has been that the paper has had to make its present to fifty-two little ones who came into the world in Paris on the first of January. The newspaper in question declares that it is very well satisfied with the result of its offer, but it does not announce whether it will repeat it next year.

The Celebrated 1898 Vintage

is represented in this market by G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne, to whose magnificent quality and natural dryness is due its unique position, manifested by 125,719 cases imported in 1902, being 407,304 bottles more than any other brand.

Siegfried Wagner in Vienna.

When Siegfried Wagner recently went to Vienna to conduct the concert in aid of Materna, he was severely criticised by some of the journals for refusing to give the excerpts from "Parsifal" which were on the original programme. In an interview with L. Karpach, translated by Otto Floersheim for the *Musical Courier*, Herr Wagner explained that these excerpts had been chosen without his knowledge or consent, and that he was not willing to disregard his father's wish that "Parsifal" should be kept for Bayreuth alone. "For years past these concert performances of scenes from 'Parsifal' have been a thorn in our flesh. We can not prevent them, because the publisher owns legal rights of permission. But to demand that I should offer my own hand to something that is considered profane by us, to demand this of me is simply absurd." His father, he admitted, gave permission for the performance of "Parsifal" fragments in concerts, but he had financial needs, which exist no longer. Siegfried, however, had to make some concessions; he did conduct excerpts from Die Walküre.

He also thus explained what a sacrifice he had made in devoting three days to this Vienna concert: "It was with pleasure that I came hither, in order to show that at Bayreuth we know very well who has earned merit in behalf of our cause. It was not so easy for me to undertake this long trip this time. The preparations for this summer's festival performances absorbed my whole time; I had to lay aside my composition. Now, however, I am all the more intently at work upon it. You don't know what it means to lay aside for days a score upon which every fibre is bent. I am urgently longing to complete my third opera; indeed, every hour now is valuable to me. I have still so much to do, for I am only just past the first half of the second act. You will comprehend, therefore, that it must needs be something extraordinary which would take me away from my music desk."

The Merchants' Exchange Building.

The new building of the Merchants' Exchange, which is to be erected on the southeast corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, will be a thoroughly fire-proof and modern structure, thirteen stories high with an attic and a basement. From the sidewalk to the cornice the distance will be 194 feet, thereby rendering the building one of the highest in San Francisco, though its great area will make this less apparent than would be otherwise the case. Granite will be used for the first three stories of the exterior, with pressed brick and terra cotta of a light color above. The main entrance to the Merchants' Exchange will be on California Street, where the architects have been very happy in the employment of columns, and will be 40 feet in width. Columns interspersed by plate glass will run along both sides of the main hall, which at a distance of 100 feet will lead to the Exchange Hall, the great feature of the building. On the east side of the hall will be the grain pit, which will have a visitors' gallery, from which the antics of the bears and bulls may be watched.

The intermediate floors are to be rented as offices, and are to be much on the plan of those in the Mills Building, with a large light court in the middle of the building from the dome of the Exchange Hall to the roof. Of these floors, those from the fifth to the thirteenth, both inclusive, have been leased to the Southern Pacific Company. Calls for bids for construction will be issued within thirty days, and it is expected that the laying of foundations will begin by April 1st, and the building will be completed by December 1, 1904. The estimated cost of the new building is \$1,250,000.

The annual meeting of the representatives of the Northern California Golf Association was held early in the week at the Pacific Union Club, and the following officers were selected to preside for the ensuing year: President, J. W. Byrne; secretary, H. M. A. Miller; first vice-president, P. E. Bowles; second vice-president, Perry Eyre. At the meeting of the association it was resolved to request the Pacific Coast Golf Association for the assignment of the San Francisco Golf Club links, at the Presidio, as the location for the holding of this year's annual amateur Coast championship tournament. It was also decided to hold this year's annual amateur championship of Northern California on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club.

The Art Lovers

of San Francisco will have a rare treat in the Indian Exhibition now on view at Wm. Morris's Art Gallery, 248 Sutter Street. Admission free.

The Conveniences of the Palace Hotel

In the centre of the hotel is the famous court, and off of this are the equally famous grill rooms. For your convenience telephone and telegraph offices, writing and reading-rooms, barber-shop, billiard-parlor, carriage-office, news-stand, and typewriter offices are directly off the court. Outside—the wholesale and shopping district, theatres, clubs, banks, and railroad offices are a step from the entrance.

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SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:05	Vacaville, Winters, Ruisseau	7:55 P.
7:15	Martinez, S. J. Bay, Vallejo	7:55 P.
7:30	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, and from San Jose	8:25 P.
8:05	Davis, Ukiah, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7:55 P.
8:05	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 A.
8:05	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25 P.
8:05	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield	5:25 P.
8:30	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55 P.
8:30	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25 P.
8:30	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tiedmont and Angwin	4:25 P.
9:15	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	8:55 P.
10:15	Vallejo	1:25 P.
10:30	Crescent City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans	11:35 A.
10:30	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25 P.
10:30	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25 P.
11:00	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00 P.
11:00	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55 A.
11:00	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
11:00	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Ukiah	9:25 A.
11:00	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25 A.
11:00	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4:25 P.
11:00	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	8:55 A.
11:00	The Overland Limited—Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles. (Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train for Chicago)	11:55 A.
6:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Angeles	8:55 A.
5:30 P.	Niles, Lodi	1:25 P.
5:30 P.	Niles, Lodi, Niles and San Jose	7:25 A.
6:00 P.	Vallejo	11:25 A.
6:00 P.	Oakdale, Martinez—Westbound	8:25 A.
7:00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	7:55 P.
8:00 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55 A.
11:25 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	1:25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

(Foot of Market Street)

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:00 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	8:50 A.
9:30 P.	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations	7:20 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)

—7:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 6:15 P.M.

From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—7:00 7:50 10:00 10:50 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

(Foot of Market Street)

6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	8:30 P.
7:00 A.	New Almaden	7:40 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10:45 P.
10:00 A.	Pacific Coast Express—New Orleans, Los Angeles, and East	11:35 A.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00 P.
2:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	10:00 A.
3:00 P.	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15 P.
3:30 P.	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:36 A.
14:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45 A.
15:00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	9:00 A.
15:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	8:00 A.
16:15 P.	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:46 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:36 A.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	8:25 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations	7:45 P.
11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:45 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

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Yeast—"It's hard to keep a good man down." *Crimsonbeak*—"That's why they put such heavy monuments over some of them, I suppose."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Lawyer—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" *Witness*—"No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Mrs. Upjohn—"What beautiful floors! How do you keep them so nicely polished?" Mrs. Gaswell (giving her the icy glare)—"I don't. I leave that to the housemaid."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Progressing: She—"How's the motor-car getting on, Sir Charles?" He—"Well, fact is, I've seen very little of it. You see, I've only had it three months, and when it isn't in the hospital, I am."—*Punch.*

A vision of bliss: *Rastus*—"Ah dreamed ob heaven las' night." *Zeke*—"Am dat so?" An' what did it look like?" *Rastus*—"A monstus high chicken roose in de middle oh a watermillon patch!"—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

"If you kiss me again sir, I shall call my mother!" "What's the use of that?" said *Chollie Freshie*; "you know I'd prefer to kiss you, and, besides, your father might object to my kissing the old lady."—*Baltimore Herald.*

A South Carolina finding: "What was the verdict that the coroner's jury returned?" "Willful neglect of duty on the part of the deceased. He went out unarmed, knowing the other fellow was in town."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Satisfied quite: *Nervous old lady*—"I hope your horse is quiet, cahman. What's she laying back her ears like that for—look!" *Cobby* (complacently)—"Oh, that's only her feminine curiosity, mum. She likes to hear where she's a-goin' to!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Why John was absent: The following brief but explicit telegram was sent from a near-by State to Georgia recently: "Reason John didn't git home fer Christmas wuz—he stopped in a hotel for the first time in his life, an' blowed out the gas."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Scribbler—"Confound it, Marial didn't I tell you not to let the baby touch anything on my desk?" *His wife*—"Well, you know I can't watch her all the time. Has she done any mischief?" *Scribbler*—"I should say she has! She's written a historical novel."—*Judge.*

"Are you sure the course is clear?" she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover. "Yes," he responded; "I succeeded in boring a hole in the waterpipe. Your father has discovered it, and will keep his finger over the hole until the plumber arrives. Come!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"And now," asked the teacher, at the end of a long description of the brain, "where is the seat of memory? Can any of you tell me?" "Yessum," replied Johnny Brighteyes; "in the little finger, where you tie a string around it to make you recollect!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Restful Rowllins—"Dat new hoho hez jess completed his first 'century' ride on de trucks in a freight train!" *Narrow-Gauge News*—"Did it please him much?" *Restful Rowllins*—"Not a bit! He said de dust an' jolts reminded him uv de days when he wuz rich an' owned an 'auto'!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Mulhooly—"Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on that pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket, an' me head achin' loik it wud split in two paces!" *Doughter*—"Them new neighbors nixt door hez been complainin' of my playin'!" *Mr. Mulhooly*—"Bego-ra, hammer harder."—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Gotham—"So you are going to settle in the United States?" *New arrival* (from South America)—"Yes, sir; they've got to drawing things a little too fine in South America to suit me. Why, sir, it's got so now that a man can't even get a job at overthrowing a government unless he belongs to the Revolutionists' Union, and has paid his fees regularly for six months."—*New York Weekly.*

Quick-change artist—"Maria," began Mr. Stuhh, "last night I played poker and—" "Played poker!" interrupted Mrs. Stuhh; "how dare you spend your money gambling, sir?" "As I was saying, I played poker and won enough to buy you a set of furs—" "You did? Oh, John, you are so good! I knew those sharps could not get the best of you." "And just as I was about to quit I dropped it all and fifty more—" "You brute! To think I should have married a gambler!"—*Chicago News.*

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

She—"Doctor, is Squeedunk a good place to go for rheumatism?" *Doctor*—"Sure. That's where I got mine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a.m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 6:25 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p.m.; Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p.m.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a.m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p.m.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio and 9:10 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	and 10:40 a.m.
9:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Novato. 6:05 p.m.
		6:20 p.m.
		7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma 10:40 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	and 6:05 p.m.
9:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Rosa. 7:35 p.m.
		6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. 7:35 p.m.
		6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland 10:40 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	and Ukiah. 7:35 p.m.
9:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Willits 7:35 p.m.
		6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Guerneville. 7:35 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	and 10:40 a.m.
9:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	10:40 a.m.
		6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma 9:10 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	Glen Ellen. 6:05 p.m.
9:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	10:40 a.m.
		10:40 a.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sebastopol. 7:35 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	and 6:20 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lyton for Lyton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers and Booneville; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Campiche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Chico, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Cashio, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.
9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	12:50 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.
	11:30 A.	4:35 P.
	1:30 P.	5:45 P.
	2:35 P.	8:00 P.

SATURDAYS ONLY Leave Tarent 9:30 P. arrive San Francisco 11:30 P.

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"To Have and to Hold."

"When Knighthood was in Flower."

"Lazarre."

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THE

Argonaut

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Nowadays when most military heroes go into action with a typewriter in one hand and a sword in the other, and have their manuscripts in the hands of the printer by the time the war is declared off, it is no wonder that hoary veterans of more sanguinary but less inky wars are stirred up to achieve somehow their rightful meed of literary fame. Such, doubtless, was the spur to authorship of General and Congressman Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, whose sad story we herein relate.

At any rate, General Grosvenor wrote a book None of your ordinary books, either. Not even an historical novel. It was nothing less than a "Book of the Presi-

dents," gorgeously bound in "imperial crushed levant," full of "high-art" printing, and packed profusely with "superb photogravures" from that of Washington all the way down the line. The price of this literary sumptuousness ran from \$25 up to \$250. General Grosvenor's part was to contribute the descriptive text.

Of course, so regal a work wasn't to be sold over the counter with the commonalty. The wily publisher delivered it into the hands of the wiliest book-agent for sale, and in the beginning his proceedings were simple and unfelicitous—something like this: Dressed in a mauve overcoat and lavender gloves, and accompanied by an obsequious negro servant, he called upon "leading citizens," as representative of the "Committee in Charge" of "the most superb book ever issued under the auspices of a paternal government." He explained to the "leading citizen" that the latter was among the very few eminent men chosen to receive a copy of the work absolutely free, in order to introduce it. Later it would sell for a great sum. Would the distinguished gentleman look at the work? He would. Then the slave spreads the volume before the distinguished citizen's wondering gaze, while the ambassador expatiates on its merits, and upon the honor done the distinguished citizen by the choice of him to receive the work. Finally, the bewildered eminent manages to stammer his thanks. "Of course," interrupts the ambassador, easily, "the work itself is absolutely free—absolutely. But for the binding we ask a small sum."

"H-h-ow much is it?" says the victim. "Thirty-five dollars," returns the agent, blithely [or "fifty" or "one hundred," according to the temperature of the patient, and the tenor of a *Bradstreet* report in the agent's breast pocket.]

Then His Eminence either rises and kicks the Committee in Charge into the elevator shaft, and fires the superb volume after, or he faints, or has the lock-jaw, or, being hypnotized or blinded by the slaver of flattery, succumbs to the bland-voiced gentleman, and forks over the long green.

But where does General Grosvenor come in? Just a moment. This Great Scheme, like all other great schemes, had its little day. Then the "eminent citizens" got "on." They refused longer to bite at the bait. The sales of photogravured and described Presidents fell to zero. What to do? It was then that somebody—we don't know whom—hit upon the idea of a letter, a personal letter. General Grosvenor wrote it; he wrote many of them. Now he is sorry he did. For the New York papers, shouting in chorus "Here's richness," have printed them, and by this time every rural sheet in the eleventh Ohio district will have followed suit. Here's the damnable epistle:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C. January 3, 1903.
—, Esq., New York—Dear Sir: Along with other distinguished gentlemen representing National and International interests, I very much desire you as a Patron of the publication of which I am Author. The subscription list already includes eminent Public men, Bankers, Financiers, Philanthropists, Millionaires and Railroad Magnates and I will take it as a personal favor if you will put your name on the subscription list.

This will introduce Dr. R. E. Montague of Washington, who will explain the matter fully and he is authorized to receive your subscription, PAYABLE TO MY ORDER.

The autographs on the certificate made out for you will afford some idea of the standing of the Patrons who are being selected in this country and in Europe.

Hoping you can comply with this request, I am, very truly yours,
C. H. GROSVENOR.

"I don't ask you to 'buy' my book," says Charles Henry Grosvenor, "oh, dear me, no; simply become a 'patron'! And consider what an honor to be 'selected' as one of the great of earth, along with the other 'eminent Public men, Bankers, Financiers, Philanthropists, Millionaires, and Railroad Magnates'!" "I will take it as a personal favor," says Charles Henry. Who

could resist so touching an appeal? Surely, seldom has there been exhibited such childlike faith in the idiocy, the gullibility, the susceptibility to flattery, the credulity of mankind in general, and eminent citizens in particular.

But this is not the worst. The keen canvassers, fortified by General Grosvenor's touching letter, represented that the general was indigent, that, albeit he was a congressman, he was in need of eleemosynary aid. They pictured the general as a veteran hero, in his old age poor, enfeebled, laboriously eking out his meagre income by writing books. They so touched the cords of pity that they had tender-hearted eminent citizens furiously writing checks amid fast-falling tears. One man who didn't want the book actually forwarded a check for ten dollars, as he understood, for the "relief" of General Grosvenor!

All this, to us, is highly ridiculous and very funny. But will it appear so to the horny-handed Ohio constituents of the Hon. Charles Henry?—that's the question. How will they regard their representative's venture into *de luxe* authorship and book-selling? What will they say to having him subject for reluctant alms? We sadly fear that the Buckeyes who live in the eleventh district will say disagreeable things about the general. We are much afraid that the Hon. Charles has queered himself.

Later: General Grosvenor is out with a denial. He says the letter printed above is a forgery. He says he was more cruelly deceived by the publisher than were the "eminent citizens" by the festive book-agents. He says that the checks he received he indorsed back to the publishers under a misapprehension. He says he is not poor, but well-off.

Well, we hope so.

The latest dispatches from Washington announce the ratification by the Senate of the Alaskan boundary treaty, as prepared by the American and British diplomats. The matter first began to attract attention when gold was discovered in the Klondike, and Canadians made the simultaneous discovery that a sea-port near that region would be desirable. Their agitation of the question led to an American-Canadian joint high commission in 1898, which failed to agree upon a manner of settlement of the question. Canada wanted it arbitrated by a disinterested third party. The United States proposed, instead, a tribunal of three from each country to agree upon a settlement. The present treaty is a virtual concession of the American plan by the British. The provision in it is for a commission of six—three to be named by each side—and it is therefore a tribunal of adjustment or adjudication, rather than of arbitration. The whole case turns upon the interpretation of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, describing the boundary line between Russian and British possessions. When the United States purchased Alaska in 1867, the treaty between this country and Russia defined the boundary by referring to the articles of the treaty of 1825, which contained the adjustment with Great Britain.

The region of the dispute is between the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude and the intersection of the one hundred and forty-first degree of west longitude. Of the demarkation between those points the treaty of 1825 thus speaks: From the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude "the line shall follow the summit of the mountains parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection with the one hundred and forty-first degree of west longitude"—which is the top of Mt. St. Elias. The same treaty also provides that "whenever the summit of the mountains shall prove to be more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit shall be form-

by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and shall never exceed a distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

The boundary thus described has been acquiesced in by all parties from 1825 to 1898—as witness the unchallenged occupation of the present territory by Russia and afterward by the United States—and is supported by official maps made by Russia in 1827, and later by British and Canadian authorities. The Canadian case rests mainly on the determination of three questions: Did the Anglo-Russian treaty aim to exclude the British from the sea? What is meant by the "winding of the coast"? Did "ten leagues from the ocean" mean ten leagues from the head of the indentations of the coast, or ten leagues from the outer edge of the fringe of islands? If the former, the present occupation is correct. If the latter, Canada might come into the possession of sea-ports, notably Dyea and Skagway. The first question seems to be decisively answered by making the line "the summits of the mountains," and all of the questions seem to have been settled by a long period of acceptance and unchallenged occupation. But these, with some kindred ones, are the questions which the board will take up. The outlook is favorable to American claims. If the commission can not agree, the matter remains where it now is, with the United States in possession, while an adverse settlement can not be made unless an American commissioner sides with the British, since a majority is necessary to an agreement.

The case of the Filipinos has progressed through various stages which seem to make pertinent the statement of Governor Taft, that their condition will become worse before it is better.

From the question of acquisition we have passed to that of organization, and from the latter to that of relief. Six years of war in the islands have been followed by calamities which have nearly prostrated the industries, brought the people there to the verge of starvation. Reports tell of the rinderpest scourge, which, attacking the carabao, has practically removed the only dependence of the agriculturist for tilling and transportation. The loss of the cattle has brought about a failure of the rice crops—the prime food product of the Philippines—and famine threatens. Capital is slow about embarking in Philippine industries, and commerce is not at all satisfactory. The last annual report showed that, exclusive of quartermasters' stores, the imports amounted to \$41,000,000, while the exports were only \$27,000,000. The extreme drop in the price of silver has caused stagnation in commercial circles, and suffering for the poor, who, with the earnings of a depreciated currency, can not buy the necessities of life. Hunger means desperation, and threatens a widespread recrudescence of ladronism, which is another term for brigandage. In fact, cattle-stealing is prevalent to such an extent in some of the provinces that Governor Taft reluctantly contemplates the necessity of calling out the military to suppress it. As if this was not sufficient burden for a people groping toward civilization, cholera is abroad in the archipelago. To the first of November more than 100,000 cases had been reported, of which about two-thirds had terminated fatally. When the transport *Thomas* left there last, thirty new cases a day was the average for Manila alone. Considering the character of the people, and their aversion to modern methods of treatment in disease, it is likely that these figures do not reveal the extent of havoc caused by the plague. Smallpox, bubonic plague, and leprosy have also been remarkably active in the islands during the last year. What is to be done is a matter for Congress, and that body has trouble to agree on all measures which have been proposed. Following Governor Taft's annual report, the administration called on Congress for a relief fund of \$3,000,000, and we believe that now an appropriation of \$2,500,000 has passed both Houses. Currency measures for relief, which Governor Taft considered extremely pressing, hang fire. The House bill extending the American system of coinage to the islands has been passed, but is not favored by the Senate, it being feared that too violent a change in monetary conditions would do more harm than good. So, also, the proposition to remit 75 per cent. of Dingley tariff rates on imports from the Philippines is being delayed, though it had the warm approval of Governor Taft.

As expected, President Roosevelt refused to arbitrate the point upon which Minister Bowen and the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy failed to agree. This particular feature of the case—namely, whether the claims of the blockading powers shall have preference over those of other interested nations—will therefore go to The Hague tribunal. The protocol with England, it is reported, has already been signed. It provides for a cash payment by Venezuela of \$27,500, and the immediate raising of the blockade. There is no difficulty over the Italian agreement, but at the last moment there is a hitch in the agreement with Germany. In the original ultimatum to Castro, Germany demanded a cash payment of several hundred thousand dollars. Later, in the course of the negotiations, papers were signed by Count von Quadt by which it was understood that Germany receded from this demand, and would accept \$27,500, the same amount paid England. Now it appears that the German Government was under a misunderstanding, and the foreign office all the time believed that Germany was to get \$340,000 instead of \$27,500. Germany now refuses to accept the latter amount, and holds out for \$340,000 in cash, repudiating the act of her

chargé d'affaires. Bowen is reported to have said that, if Germany can afford to make a public confession that she does not stand by agreements signed by her duly accredited diplomats, he is willing that the German Government should receive the total amount asked. This response was cabled, and Germany has replied, demanding the \$340,000, but agreeing to take it in five monthly payments. To this Bowen agrees.

It should be obvious to everybody that "wireless telegraphy" is an awkward and somewhat meaningless term for Marconi's invention. It tells what it is not, rather than what it is. It is like calling an electric motor a steamless motor, or a gasolineless motor. A few years ago we talked about "horseless carriages." That term gave way to "automobile." The time is now ripe for a similar change in the nomenclature of the new system of electric signaling.

It is a rule among philologists that words ought not to be compounded of Latin and Greek roots, or of Anglo-Saxon, and Latin and Greek roots. But it is a rule that has many exceptions—a notable one is automobile. However, it should, and will, have a hearing on the selection of a word to replace "wireless." Many suggestions along this line have already been made in the public prints. Some which have appeared in numerous communications to the *New York Sun*, but which are open to the objection noted, are wavegraph and wavegram, sparkgraph and sparkgram, airgraph and airgram—all combinations of Greek and Anglo-Saxon. Other suggested words, to which this objection does not apply, are aërograph and aërogram, ethergraph and ethergram. Again, it is proposed to use the word Marconi as verb and noun, i. e., "Send a Marconi," "Marconi at my expense." But the most original suggestion we have seen is offered by "C. D." in the *Sun*. The reasoning strikes us as rather cogent. He says:

"Is it not time for English-speaking people to drop the fashion of using hasty Latin or Greek terms in their business transactions? I think it is, and therefore offer for your consideration the good old Anglo-Saxon word 'waft'."

Probably those who would object most strenuously to this are those who use "waft" oftenest—namely, the poets. Many a lofty line might need a commentator. To future generations it might have to be explained that Byron's "Waft thy name beyond the sky" was not equivalent to sending a Marconi to Mars.

When Cecil Rhodes died and left a bequest for the education of American youth at Oxford, England, the *Argonaut* opposed the scheme. We said that we didn't believe in a British education for an American life; we said that, in our opinion, the Oxford stamp on American students would unfit them for useful careers as citizens of the United States; we said that Oxford was far from being the most progressive of the world's colleges. If now we can believe the *London Times*, these statements were much too mild. The *Sun*, condensing and commenting upon the *Times* article, says:

The value of Rhodes's beneficence becomes more dubious every day. What will an American student find at Oxford? An atmosphere, nothing more. In equipment and facilities for teaching, it is miles behind many of our own universities. It is cramped by lack of ready money. Instead of the Rhodes bequest being a help, it will only add to the existing difficulties. The Bodleian library is wanting in space, staff, and books. It is defective in foreign works upon philosophy, political economy, and modern history, and the scientific study of European history can not be prosecuted here. There is no equipment at the university for the study of metallurgy. Geological science is represented by a single professor. Though there is a lecturer in mechanics, there is no mechanical laboratory. There is no engineering department at all. There is no adequate equipment for the study of electricity, "nothing but a brilliant professor lecturing in a tin shed." There is no provision for the organized pursuit of Assyriological studies, or for the study of Rabbinical Hebrew. So why should Americans go to Oxford? To acquire an accent, or that indescribable superior manner, which is so irritating to all but Oxford men, and which sticks like a burr; to risk their lives in rooms which have all the conveniences of the Middle Ages, and none of those of the twentieth century; to learn to look down on Harvard as raw, Princeton as raw, and Yale as a thing of yesterday? Oxford is a fine old place, with a great career behind her. Our American universities have their faces turned to the future. It is they that provide the right sort of training for the Americans who are to grasp what the future has in store.

The canal treaty with Colombia has not only been signed by the representatives of the two governments, but the document has been favorably reported by a committee of the Senate without amendment. The crucial point in the negotiation has therefore been reached. Will it be ratified by the Senate? Will it be ratified by the Colombian authorities? The treaty provisions have been made public, and they do not vary much from the terms which have been discussed during the negotiations. Both parties have made some concessions. The treaty provides for a hundred-year lease of a strip six miles wide along the canal route, renewable on expiration for a similar term. Within the region police and sanitary supervision are granted the United States, while actual sovereignty remains with Colombia. The termini at Colon and Panama are embraced in similar provisions. Colombia is to receive \$10,000,000 on the exchange of ratifications, and an annuity of \$250,000 a year, to commence nine years hence, as an offset to the revenue from the Panama railroad, which will be turned over to this government. The canal must be commenced in two years from ratification, and finished within fourteen years, unless there arise unforeseen difficulties, when an extension of ten years more may be had. Difficulties about ratifying appear already at both ends of the line. Senator Morgan, famous for his advocacy of the Nicaragua route, has objected to the validity of the treaty, on the ground that Dr. Herran, who signed the document for Colombia, was not a legally accredited representative of that country. Señor Concha has gone home to Bogota in a huff, vowing that he will prevent ratification by his government. The general tone of public sentiment in the

United States is one of satisfaction that a decisive step toward building a canal has been made; it is, however, coupled with warnings that any commission appointed must be of the best materials, and no scandals permitted to disgrace the enterprise. There are those still who think a blunder has been made in the selection of the route. These point mainly to the climatic and engineering difficulties, as compared with Nicaragua. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its recent session in Baltimore, memorialized the President on the subject of appointing a medical man on the Isthmian Canal Commission, to combat malaria and yellow fever among the workmen during the building of the canal.

In line with the statement in the *Argonaut* last week that no cases of the alleged bubonic plague had occurred in this city since early in December, is the official declaration of Dr. Vincent P. Buckley, a member of the board of health, and one of the many physicians who hold that the plague has, in the past, existed in San Francisco. Dr. Buckley says:

"During the past sixty days no case of bubonic plague has been discovered in this city, and at no time during that period has the board of health, of which I am a member, published or recorded any case of that disease. In view of this fact, vessels clearing from this port are given clean bills of health. It is with great pleasure that I make this statement, and at the same time denounce as false any and all statements contrary to what is herein contained."

It should also be noted that preliminary steps have been taken by the city board of health, looking toward an effective campaign against filth in Chinatown. In this matter Dr. Matthew Gardner, "personal representative" of Governor Pardee, the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and the city board of health, will cooperate.

To signalize Marconi's success, William R. Hearst, sent wireless telegrams to a number of leading European journals the day after President Roosevelt and King Edward exchanged greetings.

Mr. Hearst's messages were all about the same, beginning "The New York American sends greeting," etc., and signed "W. R. Hearst." The way the *Paris Temps* printed it was thus: "Monsieur W. R. Hearst, editor of the New York Herald, sends to *Le Temps* a wireless message of greeting, as follows: 'A New York American citizen sends greeting,'" etc. This ingenious elimination of his newspaper, and this vicarious praise of his rival, the *New York Herald*, must have greatly gratified Mr. Hearst.

The California Promotion Committee, acting in conjunction with the California Employment Committee, is making an effort to secure the immigration of farm-hands from the Central States.

Concerning the pressing need of such an accession to the population, and the certainty of their getting employment, there can be no question. Each year a cry goes up from the farmers that they are unable to handle their crops because of their inability to secure farm labor. Last year the crops were abundant in all parts of the State, yet vast quantities of fruit went to waste in the orchards, merely because the farmers could not get it picked. Under the direction of these two committees, five prominent fruit-growers will travel through the Central States, explaining to the people there the needs of California and the opportunities offered here. They will be provided with stereopticon outfits, with views showing not only the scenic attractions of the country, but also the industrial conditions. As each of them has had many years of experience in fruit-growing here, and as they are residents of different sections of the State, they are prepared to give reliable and practical information. They will travel together as far as Nebraska, and then separate, each one taking his own particular field, the intention being to cover the rural districts of the States bordering on the Missouri River. Public meetings will be called in the small towns, addresses will be made, and as far as possible communication will be established with the farm-hands, in order to ascertain their views regarding coming to California. These gentlemen have undertaken this work at their own expense, but there is something for the fruit-growers and farmers to do as well. The employment committee has established headquarters at 25 New Montgomery Street, and wants information regarding the number of farm-hands that can be guaranteed employment in each section.

It is now said to be fully established that Admiral Sampson was suffering from aphasia for a full year before his assignment to command a squadron in the Spanish war. Usually well-informed Washington correspondents state that for a long time the admiral was in no condition to transact important business; that when he sat on the Cuban commission he was frequently unaware of what was going on; that it was a subordinate—Lieutenant Staunton—who wrote the famous Fourth of July dispatch; that it was Staunton who prevented the sending of Commodore Schley's dispatch announcing the Santiago victory; that it was Staunton who wrote the "Gunner Morgan letter," and that it was he who proof-read Maclay's history; further, that Captain Chadwick, not Sampson, was the person who received the Cuban signal code from Commodore McCalla, and did not communicate it to Commodore Schley. Some speculation has been aroused as to why the department, knowing that Sampson was not well, should have appointed him to command the North Atlantic squadron.

Two years ago the proposition to remove the State capital from Sacramento to San José received the attention of the legislature. This year a constitutional amendment has been introduced, providing for such a change, and the people of San José have taken up the question with enthusiasm. Last week advantage was taken of the recess of the legislature to bring the legislators to San José, and show them the attrac-

THE STATUS OF THE VENEZUELA NEGOTIATIONS.

As expected, President Roosevelt refused to arbitrate the point upon which Minister Bowen and the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy failed to agree. This particular feature of the case—namely, whether the claims of the blockading powers shall have preference over those of other interested nations—will therefore go to The Hague tribunal. The protocol with England, it is reported, has already been signed. It provides for a cash payment by Venezuela of \$27,500, and the immediate raising of the blockade. There is no difficulty over the Italian agreement, but at the last moment there is a hitch in the agreement with Germany. In the original ultimatum to Castro, Germany demanded a cash payment of several hundred thousand dollars. Later, in the course of the negotiations, papers were signed by Count von Quadt by which it was understood that Germany receded from this demand, and would accept \$27,500, the same amount paid England. Now it appears that the German Government was under a misunderstanding, and the foreign office all the time believed that Germany was to get \$340,000 instead of \$27,500. Germany now refuses to accept the latter amount, and holds out for \$340,000 in cash, repudiating the act of her

tions the Garden City has to offer. A special excursion train was made up, and carried senators, assemblymen, their wives, legislative attachés, and others, to the number of 161, to San José. Governor Pardee was unable to go, but sent a letter, in which he diplomatically expressed the opinion that San José would do itself justice on the occasion, but refrained from any comments on the merits of the question. The president of the senate was also unable to attend, and so Speaker Fisk was the most prominent guest. The people of San José propose to donate a site, and to expend \$1,000,000 in erecting a capitol building. The proposed sites were inspected, but the general opinion was that they were all too far from the railway depot. It was proposed that the city donate the park on First Street, which is centrally located, and develop one of the proposed sites into a park, but the San José people expressed no ideas on this proposition. A number of the legislators are of the opinion that they ought to vote for the amendment, and thus give the people of the State an opportunity to express their preference, and the San José people are well satisfied with what their entertainment accomplished.

Last week the *Siberia* arrived in this port. The *Siberia* is the second of the new fleet of mammoth liners that the Pacific Mail Company is having built for the Oriental trade, and is built upon practically the same lines. The *Siberia* came from New York in 54 days, which establishes a new record for steamships over this route. The trip through the Straits of Magellan, a distance of 318 miles, was made in 22 hours. The *Korea* broke all previous records in her first round trip on the China run, and is now away on her second trip. On her trial trip the *Siberia* made 22 knots, which is about two knots better than the *Korea* did, so she is expected to make an even better showing when placed on the regular run. While the *Siberia* is the largest vessel that has yet entered this port, the large modern liners are becoming more and more common in these waters, and it will not be many years before the *Korea* and the *Siberia* will not be conspicuous on account of their size. In order that these larger vessels may be handled with quickness and economy, the harbor facilities must be considerably increased, and there is certainly no time to be lost in adjusting the harbor to the newer conditions.

The people having decided not to attempt the experiment of running a municipal street railway, the Geary Street Railway Company has applied for a renewal of its franchise, which will expire on November 6th of this year. Should the supervisors refuse to renew the franchise, there is liable to be a legal battle. The railway company asks for its renewal under the Broughton Act, which provides that, when a petition for a street railway signed by the owners of three-fourths of the frontage along the proposed line is presented, the supervisors must advertise for bids and grant the franchise to the highest bidder. City Attorney Lane has already filed an opinion that the Broughton Act does not apply. That act is a State law. The constitution provides that charters shall supersede general laws on subjects relating to municipal affairs. A local street railway is a strictly municipal affair, and as the charter provides how franchises for street railways shall be granted, it supersedes the Broughton Act. Such is Attorney Lane's line of argument, and many of the supervisors are inclined to hold with him. This section of the constitution, which seems to have been worded for the purpose of obscuring its meaning, has been the subject of not a little litigation, and it is probable that it will cause more in connection with this Geary Street franchise.

Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, writing in the January *Atlantic Monthly* on practical therapeutics, presents some very striking facts and figures on disease prevention, not the least interesting of which are drawn from the health report of the city of Buffalo, N. Y., and relate to infant mortality. In 1890, the population of Buffalo then being 255,664, there were 2,305 deaths among children under five years of age. In 1898, the population having increased nearly 100,000, there were only 1,570 deaths among small children. In other words, the mortality rate had been cut in half. How? Health Commissioner Dr. Ernest Wende attributes the remarkable decrease in deaths to two causes: 1. The inauguration of a rigid supervision of the milk supply. 2. The distribution of circulars of information on the care of infants to every family in which a birth had been reported. Dr. Wende says that a "continuous and marked decrease of infant mortality dates from the time these circulars were first distributed." His experiment appears to demonstrate that a simply appalling ignorance exists among parents as to the proper care of children. It also proves that wide-awake health authorities can do much to combat this ignorance, and decrease the number of deaths caused by it.

The *Argonaut* aims to be fair. It aims to be correct. But, like every other weekly newspaper in the United States, it is compelled to go to the dailies for much of its information, and the dailies often print things that are untrue. Therefore we, as well as they, are sometimes wrong. Now in the case of Amos Mecartney, it appears that he did express in his will a desire that there be no "preaching" at his funeral, and did ask for a "small band." But it further appears that he did not convey this wish verbally to any member of his family during his lifetime, and the will remained unopened until after the funeral. This being the fact, therefore, though what Amos Mecartney desired was not done, it was the intentional fault of no one. We deeply regret that the article of last week should have caused any one distress. We gladly give place to this correction.

GETTING ABOUT IN PARIS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

A problem which perplexes Paris is that which troubles all great cities—how to get about. Around the Opéra Square, as on the London Strand, the tide of traffic becomes gorged and congested hundreds of times a day; every few minutes the policemen are forced to dam it up temporarily, and alternately to open and close the crossing streams.

It was once a Gotham sneer that "it took more brains to cross Broadway in the daytime than to be a cow-county legislator in Albany." It may have been so in the day of the Broadway huses—now it is easier to cross Broadway. Not so the Paris streets. What with the cabs, the buses, the hand-carts, the autos, and the trams, it is a risky business. I cross them with caution. Possibly with greater caution than most strangers, because I have more than once seen people knocked down and run over in the Paris streets. Scarcely a day passes that the Paris papers do not record such an accident to a prominent Parisian. And if the natives here can not cross their own streets in safety, it behooves a stranger to mind his eye.

My opinion of the Paris crossings tallies with that of Ernest Blum, the well-known playwright, who thus related his moving experience one day last week.

"I was crossing the Place de l'Opéra the other evening," said M. Blum, "at about the dinner hour. I often cross there, and it is one of the little miseries of my life. For at that hour every vehicle in Paris seems assembled around that square. I am afraid of street-crossings—I do not deny it. Although an old Parisian, I have never succeeded in crossing these streets without getting a bad scare. A fortune-teller once predicted that I should die at twenty-seven, run over by a diligence. There are no more diligences, and I have passed twenty-seven, but the fortune-teller may have been mistaken merely as to age and vehicle. Hence I shiver in my skin whenever I cross a crowded street.

"Well, I was crossing the Place de l'Opéra, and to my great joy I had got safely over the first half. I was just leaving the refuge to cross the second half. The street was slippery and sloppy. It was drizzling. I held my umbrella open, and in my usual deft manner succeeded in sticking it into the eyes of several passers-by, who cordially and reciprocally stuck theirs into mine.

"The carriages seemed to pause for a moment. I made the attempt to cross the second half. I had reached the middle of the street, when I put my right foot into a puddle of water and my left foot into a puddle of mud. Astonished and vexed, I stopped, but it was a fatal imprudence. In a second I was surrounded by a whirling tide of carriages, autos, buses, and cabs. A cold sweat ran down my back. With the rapidity of lightning I thought of the fortune-teller. She was wrong—it was not a stage-coach that was going to end my days—it was either an omnibus coming from Vaugirard to Saint Lazare, or an omnibus going from the Batignolles to the Jardin des Plantes, and I was not certain which.

"What should I do? Run? The pavement was so muddy—rather say greasy—that I should certainly fall. Evidently my time had come. I commended my soul to the god of dramatic authors, regretting that I had not been able to terminate my brilliant career immediately after the production of my new play, which I am sure is going to be a great success. Just as I was hiding farewell to this weary world, a hand gripped my arm, and led me toward the opposite kerb. I turned and gazed on my savior. It was a policeman, whose uplifted white club held back the dreadful vehicles which threatened my destruction."

While I never was saved, like M. Blum, from destruction, by a Paris policeman, I admit freely that were it not for their regular stopping of the stream of carriages it would take me about ten minutes to get across the Opéra Square.

New York attempted years ago to relieve her congested streets by building her hideous elevated railway; London has for years struggled with a dark and mephitic underground. But an American syndicate three years ago started a new underground system in London, which is far superior to the old, while Paris is piercing her subsoil with a fine electric railway, the Métropolitain.

"The Métro," as the Parisians call it, has terrified the omnibus companies. Although as yet it runs only across Paris, in a comparatively straight six-mile line, it has already made a heavy cut in the omnibus revenues; when it is finished, the bus's occupation will be gone. As showing a strange side of French nature and French law, it is curious to note that the bus companies have brought suit for damages against the Métro.

The Paris buses do not always stop for passengers, even when not full. Sometimes they can not stop, owing to the mass of vehicles behind them. It is a pitiable sight to see a forlorn female, one arm full of bundles, her skirts gathered up in the other hand, trotting through the mud after an omnibus. If she reaches the platform, the conductor helps hoist her up. But he will not help her down if the bus is moving. Last week a woman brought suit against the General Omnibus Company for damages, as a result of injuries in alighting from the bus while in motion. She maintained that the conductor aided her to alight. The conductor swore he did not; that it was against the rules; that passengers might alight while the bus was in motion if they chose, but that if a conductor even put his hand on a passenger who was attempting to alight while the bus was in motion, he would be discharged. Other omnibus conductors swore to the same effect, and the woman failed to get damages.

The carriage companies, as well as the omnibus companies, are being affected by the competition of the Métropolitain. The Paris cabmen are now quite decent, and will take their legal fare and a reasonable tip without insolence. The Exposition

charioteers, the haughty cabbies of 1900—these you no longer find. Gone are those purse-proud Jehus who, when you offered them double fare to take you half a course, would reply, "Allez-vous-en, Bourgeois" ["Aw, gawan—go chase yourself, old man!"], call you a "species of cabbage," and apply to you other opprobrious vegetable names.

The autos have also added to the means of transportation about Paris streets. I think each auto must do the work of at least four horse-vehicles. They are driven very rapidly, and if any fat man wants exercise all he need to do is to live in Paris, and he will get it dodging autos. However, the authorities are becoming stricter with the auto men. Finding that the rich ones did not care for fines, the law-officers have adopted the plan of giving fast auto-drivers one franc fine and one day in prison. This is much more effective. A certain Mme. Sarah Greville, who recently ran over a child, received such a sentence. Her friends attempted to get the president to pardon her in order that she might be spared the ignominy of the day in prison; they told M. Loubet that she "felt real bad about it." But the president remarked dryly that she probably did not feel so badly as the woman whose child she had run over, and he allowed her to serve her sentence.

By the way, it has hitherto been the French custom to hold the pedestrian responsible and the driver blameless in case of a collision. If you got run over, you got arrested. In line with this is a recent suggestion made seriously in the Paris municipal council, that the steam and electric trams in Paris should carry an emergency surgery to take care of the people whom they ran over. One would imagine it would be cheaper not to run over them. Oddly enough, however, the greatest danger, to my mind, in the streets of Paris is neither from autos nor trams, but from the hand-carts; sometimes a man will have on a two-wheeled cart a sign-board forty feet long; with a smooth pavement and a steep grade, it is difficult for him to control his cart.

I spoke above of the popularity of the Métro. Its trains are made up of first and second-class carriages; The Parisians' New Toy, the "Métro," seats for twenty-five; standing places for thirty; first-class fare, five cents; second-class, three cents; trains every three minutes.

The line runs through tunnels deep or shallow according to the location. Under the Rue de Rivoli they are just below the street level. Under the Place de l'Opéra (where there are already steam-railway tunnels) the Métro runs below them, deep down in the bowels of the earth. Out in the eastern quarter of Paris the Métro comes to the surface, and runs for a long distance on a magnificent viaduct of stone and steel, superior to the fine viaduct of the Chicago L-road, excelling that of Brooklyn, and to which the New York elevated viaduct is but a shabby structure. The Métro stations are handsome and well-lighted, with white tiled walls. The trains are rapid—you can leave the Louvre and be at the Bois in twelve minutes. When completed, this road will be forty-five miles in length. The work is going on quietly, without blockading the entire city, as New York is in the habit of doing with her street improvements. The present condition of New York, in consequence of her subway work—particularly at such important crossings as at Forty-Second Street—is a disgrace to any civilized city. The Métro Company pays the city of Paris one cent on every three-cent ticket, and two cents on every five-cent ticket. The city has also required cheap tickets for workmen—which means everybody—traveling before 9 A. M. School-children half-price all the time.

The Métro is causing a revolution in Paris, not only in the shares of stock of the cab and bus companies, but in real-estate values. It is increasing the value of lands and the rents of buildings further away from the congested centers.

Here is an instance of the conservatism of human nature—in line with that which makes us preserve the sword-belt buttons over the tails of our coats, which makes the railway cars in Europe cling to the carriage-body shape, and which makes the manufacturers of American automobiles equip them with "huggy dashboards," with places to slip the horses' reins through. On European railways the conductor punches your ticket, but you keep it till you arrive at your destination; it is then taken up when you leave the train. If you have lost your ticket, you get arrested. [In Europe you always get arrested if anything happens to you.] So conservative are the French that they can not depart from the old railway methods, even in the new Métropolitain railway. But it would be too much work to take up the tickets of out-going millions, and to arrest those who lost their tickets would be manifestly impossible. So a large box is placed at each "Métro" exit, in which passengers are requested to deposit their tickets. It is a touching spectacle to see thousands of docile men, women, and children walking gravely up to the box and putting into it the worthless scraps of paper. Truly, the French are trained.

The thousands of autos darting about the Paris streets would naturally interest strangers in the recent automobile exhibition. It was a remarkable affair. It showed how far ahead the French are in this particular line. The exhibition was too vast for more than mention here—the papers gave it several columns daily for a fortnight. The enormous exposition building, known as the Grand Palais of Arts, was filled with every type of auto, and was crowded every day with thousands of visitors. The most striking thing about the exposition to me is that as yet there is no recognized type of motor, no standard auto vehicle. There are difficult questions still to be settled. One of these is the tire question. The cost of tires is very great. The present tires are neither durable nor safe.

French ideas about fresh air were in evidence at this exposition. As the weather was very cold, and there is no heating apparatus in the building, some hundreds of stoves were installed. They were set on the floor, with pipes running upward to a height of about twelve feet, when they terminated abruptly. Hard coal was burned, which was almost smothering.

but nevertheless the fumes of the coal were freely discharged into the air. Added to this was the smell of hundreds of petroleum motors in machines which were jacked up from the floor so that the wheels might revolve. Besides which the exhalations of thousands of human beings, mingled with the smoke from had cigarettes and worse cigars, made the place absolutely unbearable for more than fifteen minutes to any one used to breathing pure air.

This indifference of the French to foul air is really very remarkable. They use all sorts of open stoves, which have no connection with the outer air, and wheel them around from room to room. Since the death of Zola, there have been a dozen deaths in Paris by asphyxiation from stoves, yet no one seems to heed the danger.

The galleries of the Grand Palace were filled with exhibitions of automobile attachments. These seem to be countless. There is every imaginable kind of device, from a new carbu-rettor to an umbrella-holder, from a patent hand-brake to an improved horn. The autos all carry horns, by the way, blown by pneumatic bulbs. When the familiar sound is heard coming around a corner the Parisian "steps lively." Occasionally a crowd has been pent up for some minutes on a refuge, waiting to cross the street; they are released; the majestic policeman has checked the vehicles; the pedestrians hasten from refuge to kerb; the policeman waves his club; the carriage stream moves on again. But an awful sound is heard; it is an auto horn: "Boom-boom!" It sounds like Gabriel's trumpet. "Boom!" The last of the pedestrians are just reaching the kerb. "Boom!" Old ladies squawk in terror, and even strong men turn pale and skip. It must be a 40 H. P. Levasseur or Panhard, at least. "Boom!" It turns the corner. It comes. "Boom!"

It turns out to be a small hoy on a tricycle, propelling a harrow-load of fish.

The smaller the hoy, the bigger the horn.

If you are desirous of really seeing Paris, no matter how often you have been there, you ought to hire an automobile, and put in three or four hours going clear around the big town. Don't get one of those electric machines at the Grand Hotel. Everybody will rob you, from the concierge to the chauffeur. Go and pick out your own machine at the big auto stables of the Compagnie Routière. If you can't get one to suit you there, you are hard to please. Then select a keen-witted, clear-eyed chauffeur, and tell him you will give him a good tip if he will give you a good promenade. My faith, he will give it to you. Above all, get a gasoline machine.

I don't know what the speed limit is in Paris, but I know we exceeded it many times on our trip of circumvallation. However, our chauffeur knew his business, and there were no accidents, and no suspicion of any. He had such absolute control over his machine that he would dart between two heavy steam-trams meeting head on, and get between them with only a couple of feet to spare. His work did not at all resemble that of those numerous amateur chauffeurs one sees, who go around with a briar stuck into an anxious face, trying with difficulty to keep from running off the earth. I told our chauffeur to take us round the exterior boulevards, the inner boulevards, and finally by the Grand Boulevard, thus approximately making thrice the circuit of Paris. Of course, we made many short cuts, or it would have taken us many hours.

He made that machine hum around the many unfrequented spots we found on the outer boulevards. Apropos of that, it is remarkable how many empty spaces an auto-driver finds, even in the crowded Paris streets. At times the Rue de Rivoli, the Grand Boulevard, the Avenue de l'Opéra, or the Rue de la Paix will be jammed with vehicles from kerb to kerb; suddenly a gap will appear in this procession, and the street will be empty for a hundred yards or so, with perhaps a scattering cab or two, leading up to another jam. Through these comparatively vacant spaces the automobiles make quick time. Even in a crowded city like this, they must average more than three times the speed of the fastest cabs.

Our chauffeur made this great circuit of Paris, and then rattled us so rapidly out through the Bois that we were at Longchamps before we knew it. Such a trip in a cab would be wearisome beyond endurance, but made in this way it is kaleidoscopic and delightful. In a few minutes you are whirled from the aristocratic quarter around the Place de l'Etoile, where ex-kings and queens and rich Americans live, to the quieter suburbs of Passay and Auteuil; thence to the other side of the Seine; past the Champs de Mars, the Esplanade of the Invalides, the Hotel of the Invalides; past the great government buildings; along the Quai d'Orsay and the Quai Voltaire; through the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, by the high-walled convents and courtyards of the aristocrats of that quarter; past the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse; by the enormous wine market; the hospital of the Salpêtrière; by the Jardin des Plantes; across the river again by the sleepy old island of St. Louis; up the Boulevard Henry IV; thence through the quarters where the people live; past the Place de la Bastille, the Place de la République, the Place de la Nation; past Père Lachaise; through Vincennes, Belleville, Clichy; up to Montmartre; by the Batignolles; through the Parc Monceau, and back again to where luxury and elegance are housed, after having left hard labor, poverty, and vice. You even pass a strange colony of strolling players, hibernating for the dull season, and living in their summer booths on wheels, in lanes miles long, along the outer boulevard.

It is difficult to conceive how foreign to the elegant Paris of the tourist are these outer quarters. The inhabitants seem like people of a different country. They have theatres of their own, in which are produced melodramas often unknown to the hoi'ard theatres. They have their own shops and markets, their own mayors, public schools, public libraries, courts, and jails. They have great need of the latter in some quarters. Belleville, for example, there is a band of marauders calling themselves "The Apaches," who are now engaged in al-

most nightly conflicts with the police; within a fortnight there have been four bloody battles, in which several men have been killed.

TRANS IN
THE CENTRE
OF PARIS.

In addition to the Métro and the automobiles, Paris is becoming otherwise transformed in transportation facilities. It is not many years since her citizens stoutly refused to permit on Lutetia's streets any car-tracks at all. At that time the city absolutely depended upon omnibuses and cabs. It was the period when Paris was aptly described as "a paradise for women and a hell for horses." At last the citizens reluctantly consented to permit a tram-line or two outside the grand boulevards. Now they come up nearly to the Opéra Square from several directions, and clear to the square on the Rue Quatre Septembre. They run along the Boulevard Malesherbes and other inner boulevards. And on both sides of the river steam and electric trams run, meeting on the left bank at the Quai du Louvre, and on the right bank at that portion of the Louvre occupied by the colonial ministry.

Talking of the Colonial Bureau in the Louvre, a fire broke out there recently, and for a time the whole vast building was in danger. Fortunately, the fire was extinguished, with damage to nothing but the Colonial Bureau. This is one of the last of the administrative offices left in the Louvre. The Minister of Fine Arts has succeeded in bundling all the others out. Good riddance to—well, good riddance. To leave the priceless art-treasures of the Louvre collection in danger of destruction from the cigarettes of cheap clerks with a political "pull," would be a crime. Think of the unique collection there—the coins, seals, gems, intaglios, cameos, mosaics, terra cottas, illuminated manuscripts—not to speak of the better known art works, the halls of statuary, and the paintings of the Salon Carré, the Grand Gallery, the Gallery of Apollo, the Salle Vandyke, and the Ruhens Room.

These magnificent corridors and galleries of the Louvre are now being put to novel uses. Of late, in Paris, the weather has been extremely cold. As a result, the shivering wretches from the streets have hastened to its well-warmed halls. Poor devils! It was impossible to look on them without pity. One in particular moved me, he had such an expression of abject misery; he was a ragged but decent-looking man, with the hard hands of a mechanic, and he wore the workman's dress, which in France is distinctive. As he sat staring wretchedly out of the window I approached and got him to tell me his pitiful story. He was an iron-worker, but had met with an accident in a foundry which had rendered him incapable of working; he had tried vainly to get some lighter employment, but had failed; he had sunk lower and lower, until he had no money for food or lodging; he had been sleeping on the straw in a stable, but the hostlers drove him out; since then he had walked the streets by night. In the daytime he sought for warmth from the bitter cold without by coming to the Louvre Gallery.

I was struck by one thing about these poor wrecks of humanity—there were no women among them. There were men of all ages, from the evil-faced youth of eighteen, with slinking, furtive eyes, to the older wrecks of three-score—but not a woman among them all. The Frenchwoman seems to be more capable than the Frenchman; they are excellent business women. You see them hard at work at all ages. You see little girls of twelve carrying enormous boxes through the streets. You see aged dames in the newspaper kiosks, their red, frost-bitten noses shining from their hooded heads, wrapped and muffled in shawls in this bitter air, their feet in enormous overshoes reposing on hot-water tins; but they are always cheerful; when you buy a paper from them, they take off their mittens to make the change, and you see that their old and fumbling hands are chilled. But they always give you a smile, and a cheerful "Thank you, monsieur" for your extra copper.

Yes, there are plenty of men amid this human wreckage at the Louvre, but no women. It must be the drink that makes the difference.

One bitter cold day, when the Louvre was filled with tattered demajons, I was wandering through the galleries, and reached the angle of intersection of two of the vast wings; thus I could look in two directions through long vistas of rooms. In each direction there were rows of ragged citizens standing stiffly in the centre of the long galleries as if on parade; they seemed to be gazing intently on the pictures, but they were as carefully aligned as if they were soldiers. This naturally excited my surprise, which was increased on entering the "Salon Carré," which is said to contain more fine paintings than any room in the world. The "Square Salon" was crowded and all its seats filled with shabby citizens, apparently gazing in rapture on the priceless pictures on the walls. Still I noticed that in the adjacent gallery, which is devoted to nineteenth-century art, there were but few art-lovers, and these were all well-dressed. This fine discrimination, this subtle art sense on the part of the poorer citizens, somewhat perplexed me, and I conferred with an intelligent custodian.

"How is it, monsieur," I asked, "that these men, who are some of them in rags and apparently destitute, should display such taste in art? They neglect the galleries containing mediocre work for those in which one finds only masterpieces?"

"Oh, monsieur," replied the custodian, "it is not on account of the masterpieces. The flues in the Grand Gallery are not working well, while those in the Salon Carré give a beautiful heat. They come not for the fine pictures, but the fine heaters. As for their admiration of art, my orders are to wake them up when they fall asleep, and they are falling asleep all the time."

Here three citizens who occupied a red-plush covered hackless hench, and who had skillfully propped themselves shoulder to shoulder for a nice nap in front of Paul Veronese's "Marriage Feast of Cana," fell over backward to the floor with a

loud crash. The custodian hastened to the spot, and reprimanded them severely. The aghast citizens picked themselves up, and shuffled off.

I went away much edified, and as I walked through one long gallery, I saw that the rows of citizens in the centre of the room were not gazing in speechless admiration at the gorgeous canvases of Ruhens; they were standing over the flues, and allowing the hot air to percolate upward through their raiment.

The ups and downs of fortune are thus strikingly shown in the Louvre of to-day. The whirligig of time does indeed bring its revenges. The older parts of the palace date back to the time of Philip Augustus, more than seven hundred years. Think of the long line of kings and queens, favorites and mistresses, minions and lemans, who have strutted their brief hour through its lofty corridors, its echoing halls. Francis the First, whose cunning eyes gaze down upon you from its walls; Catherine de Medicis, whose long life lasted through the reign of three of her royal sons; Henry of Navarre, the dehonair king, loved of ladies, whose subjects had a hundred reasons for calling him father of his country; his masterful widow, Marie de Medicis, who was clever enough to hire the greatest artist of the day to paint her praises on the Louvre walls; the three Louis, the "Grand Monarch," the "Well-Beloved," and the last Louis, who laid his witless head on the bloody block of the guillotine. Through these halls they all paraded, gamed, made love, and caroused, attended by pandar and procuress, courtier and courtesan. Yet this ancient royal palace was wrested from its royal masters by men of the common people; its royal tenants were driven to the further ends of the earth; its very walls are covered with pictures taken from all the kings of Europe by soldiers of fortune born of the common people; and its real owners—the common people—come here to-day freely and unchecked—come for what they will—to study, to stare, to read—even to warm their poor shivering bodies in winter in the sometime palace of the exiled kings.

PARIS, December, 1902.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Melha will, it is estimated, make a clear profit of \$150,000 on her series of 35 concerts in Australasia. At one record-breaking concert the receipts amounted to nearly \$15,000.

H. T. Eastman, the inventor of the locomotive pilot that succeeded what was known as the "cow humper," is living in Alto Pass, Ill., at the age of eighty-three. He helped to build the first railroad in Ohio.

Dr. Jameson's election to the presidency of the South African League shows that he has lived down the bitter criticism which followed his unsuccessful raid. and, it may be, indicates the successor to Mr. Rhodes in the leadership of the united Loyalist party, not in Cape Colony only, but in South Africa. The London Outlook declares that he is one of the few qualified, if not the only fit and proper person, to lead South African politics in no spirit of opposition to any section, Dutch or English, but on large imperial lines.

Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon-smasher, has been traveling through the South and is expected in San Francisco in a few days. Last Saturday she tried to break up the Rio Grande saloon in Juarez in typical style, but was bluffed off by the saloon-keeper. On the way across the river she grabbed cigars from the mouths of two Catholic priests, and lectured them on smoking. On the train, before arriving at El Paso she was invited to join in a game of cards. She was asked what game she played, and answered "pitch," at the same time gathering up the cards and throwing them out of the window.

For the first time in the history of the naval academy at Annapolis, two cadets are tied for the first honor, and, what makes it more interesting, says William E. Curtis, they have been room-mates and intimate friends from the very first day they entered. They have studied together, helped each other, sat side by side in the class-rooms, and after their final examination it was found that their standing was exactly the same—562.12 out of a possible 760. These are not very high marks. Many graduates have stood far higher, but they are the best the class of 1903 has made, and Midshipmen Battles and Van Keuren divide the honors. Midshipman Donald R. Battles was born in Erie County, Pa., is the son of a country doctor, was educated at the Erie high school, and appointed to the academy by Representative Davenport. His room-mate, Alexander H. Van Keuren, comes from Howell, Mich., was educated at the high school of that place, and won his appointment by competitive examination over thirteen other contestants.

In October next John Alexander Dowie, head of the "Theocratic Party," and dictator of Zion City, Ill., is going to storm New York, which, he declares, "next to Chicago, is the most vice-ridden city on this continent." Including the \$5,000 weekly, which Madison Square Garden will cost for the holding of the hallelujah meetings, the invasion will be undertaken at an aggregate expense of more than \$100,000, not counting the cost of living after Dowie and his followers reach New York. He is already collecting the money to pay the expenses of the journey. Dowie went to Chicago ten years ago with a wife, two children, and no money. It is estimated that he is now worth \$5,000,000. He is the head of a church which numbers 50,000, has erected hospitals, is the president of a college and a bank, and owns on Chicago's most fashionable drive a faith-healing hotel. He has been called an impostor, a charlatan, and a humbug, but his followers believe him to be a divine messenger. Whatever he may be, the fact remains that he has increased the following of his faith from 200 to the present host, and that he has increased his present capital from his first investment of \$20.

THE FEAR OF FEAR.

"Were it not that I have bad dreams!"—HAMLET.

When a man has passed his fiftieth year, is unmarried, has no near and dear relatives or friends to whom he is especially attached, when his life, whether in business or in leisure, is methodical and unchanging, and when things that divert and give pleasure, to others have become a burden—then let him beware of his own mind, for he knows not what trick it may be making ready to play upon him.

It is with souls as with animals—starvation and ill-treatment will render even the most gentle of them unmanageable, eccentric, and dangerous.

I am moved to set down these reflections by the peculiar fate that recently overtook Andrew Dawley—a man whom I had known for ten years or more with some degree of intimacy, but whom I hesitate to describe as a friend of mine, for the reason that I have once or twice heard him say—coolly and without bitterness—that he had no friends.

There were twenty years between our ages, an interval that would be likely to forbid close relations between two men who were without common tastes and interests. Propinquity gave us acquaintance, for I occupied at that time the room next but one to his, on the fourth floor, in the east wing of the Hotel MacMahon; but it was an acquaintance that was as slow of growth and almost as frigid as a glacier.

The first year, I think, we merely nodded when we met in the hall. During the second and third years we exchanged an occasional word. About that time, I remember, he captured a sneak-thief on the stairway, overcame his fierce resistance, and held him until the police came, and I, hearing of it, went to his room to talk it over.

Then I left the hotel for a matter of five or six years, and on my return found Dawley the only one I knew in the place—still occupying the same room, and living the same unvarying life. And now, at rare intervals, we spent an evening together, usually on his invitation, and in his room. He seemed to be ill at ease elsewhere.

Up to the time that he explained to me his peculiar theory on the subject of fear, I had regarded him as a dull and commonplace character. Conversation with him was difficult, by reason of my apparent inability to discover a topic in which he was genuinely interested. There were interminable pauses, during which he drew slowly and regularly at his pipe, and stared into the fire.

Our discussion on the subject of fear began with my commenting on the fact that a light was burning in his room the night before at one o'clock, which I had noticed, coming in at that hour, after a dance.

"I keep a light in my room all night," said he; "I hate the dark."

Now this had not been his custom when I was a neighbor of his some years before, and I commented upon the change.

"I suppose it is an evidence of the weight of years," said he; "but I am troubled of late with peculiar fancies and dreams. Sitting alone here in the evening, things somehow get on my nerves, and the thought of suddenly waking out of a sound sleep to find myself shut in by blackness is quite intolerable to me."

Now this sentiment was so utterly at variance with my conception of Andrew Dawley—a cold, practical man of business, and of the world, as I knew him—that instead of dropping the subject, as I might have done with a more sensitive man, I pursued it somewhat farther.

"As a child," I remarked, "I had a great terror of the dark; but it ceased entirely when I was old enough to reason with myself."

"What was the course of your reasoning?" he asked.

"Well, I had become convinced that supernatural beings did not exist—such as ghosts and goblins and gnomes—and, on the other hand, I knew that in a well-protected house there was practically no danger from burglars or wild animals. So, having completely assured myself that there was nothing in the dark, any more than there was in the light, I ceased to be afraid of it."

"Good logic," said Dawley, with a smile. "I remember working out the same conclusion when I was about twelve years old. And it has held with me ever since, until recently I discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Oh, it doesn't apply to any one else," he added hastily, as I undertook to speak. "It is purely personal, and I hesitate to disturb your equanimity by describing it."

"Never fear," said I, with a laugh. "These sentiments are largely based on temperament, and I don't believe anything is likely to change my point of view."

"Our boyish logic," said he, after a pause, "disposed of everything that was objective—from the outside—whether real or supernatural; but it did not touch the subjective elements of the problem, of which the chief is fear itself. Now, I do not believe I am physically a coward—"

"I know you are not," I interrupted. "I remember your capture of that thief. He was armed, and resisted fiercely, but you hung on."

"Yes," he said, "a man finds out whether he is a coward or not by the time he reaches my age; and I have good reason to know that my courage is not deficient. And I have no superstitions—which disposes of ghosts and supernatural things. So there is nothing for me to fear. Here is where the reasoning faculty stops, and something else—you call it temperament, do you?—begins. I do suffer from fear—at times to the very edge

of my self-control. What is it? Why is it? I believe that what I fear is fear itself."

I shook my head. "That statement is meaningless to me," I said.

"Is it?" he asked, almost wistfully; "can't you imagine being in terror of a great fright that may overtake you some time, even though you are unable to anticipate a reasonable excuse therefor. Let me give it to you in more concrete form. A year or two ago I had a dream of a peculiarly vivid and impressive character. It was of my sudden awakening here in bed, in this room, to behold a man leaning over me. He was in strange, uncouth dress—not of the modern day, I should judge—and he was surrounded by, and seemed to give out, a fierce red light. He shouted some words to me—I don't know what they were; only, at the sound of them, such a mighty and overwhelming terror came upon me that I lay paralyzed as to motion and thought. Then I awoke, really awoke this time, and I found my body wet with perspiration, and my heart beating so fiercely and with such great pain that I feared some blood-vessel must give way."

At this point I interrupted him, for his voice was trembling with excitement.

"You say you are not superstitious," I said. "Then you surely are not going to allow yourself to be affected by a dream. An over-loaded stomach is always likely to disturb the heart. Its rapid movement causes a sensation exactly similar to fright, and the wandering brain conjures up a scare situation to fit it. Did you never dream out an elaborate series of events culminating in a pistol shot, and then awaken to find that a window sash had dropped, and you had pieced out the dream backwards, as it were?"

"How do you account for my having this same dream, without an iota of change, half a dozen times since that first experience?" asked Dawley.

"It results," I answered, with the easy confidence one shows in disposing of the problems of others, "from the profound impression the first dream made on your mind and memory."

He smiled, and looked at me with half-closed eyes. Then he re-lighted his pipe, which had gone out, and I remember that the hand holding the match trembled a good deal.

By this time the subject had become distasteful to me, revealing a mental weakness or eccentricity in Dawley that was not pleasant to contemplate. So I turned the conversation into other channels.

Only on one other occasion did we speak again of this fear and the dream, and then, as before, it was brought up by a careless question.

Entering his room one night, I noticed a powerful bolt that had newly been fastened on the inside of his door, and I asked if the lock had been broken.

It was a natural inquiry, and there seemed to be no cause for the tremble in his voice and the peculiar light in his eyes as he replied to me.

"A lock can be picked. I wished to satisfy myself that it was impossible for a human being to enter this room while I sleep."

I glanced up at the transom. It was held shut by a heavy iron bar. Then I looked out of the window. It faced the court between the wings of the building, with a sheer drop of nearly forty feet.

"Utterly impossible," said I.

Then I noticed for the first time a certain waxiness in the texture of the skin over his forehead, and a sunken depth to his eyes.

"Has the dream re-appeared?" I asked.

"Frequently."

"The trouble with you, Dawley," I mused aloud, "is that you are too much alone."

"I have no friends," he said in a calm, dispassionate tone, such as one might use in speaking of some trivial matter of business.

"You should make them," I said, with emphasis.

"I am over the Divide," he answered. "My course of life will not change very readily, I fear."

Then he deliberately and pointedly changed the topic, and I did not recur to it again at any time. As I say, he was twenty years my senior, and we had little in common. I had many friends and many interests, and Dawley and his oddities formed an unimportant episode.

But it was only a week after this conversation that the terrible event took place, which every newspaper reader in the city will remember.

It was at two in the morning that I awoke suddenly from a profound slumber, with the consciousness that some one had run past my door, screaming.

I sprang out of bed, and as I did so heard the crash of breaking glass in the court below, and saw a brilliant red gleam through the blinds at the window. I looked out: the kitchen and dining-room in the rear of the hotel had already burst into flame, and a great volume of smoke poured out of the lower windows of the east wing.

My own room was on the second floor, in the centre of the building, and I saw that there was plenty of time for me to escape, and to help others in that vicinity. I jumped into a bath-robe and slippers, and, rolling my clothes into a bundle under my arm, ran out into the hall.

I hammered at each door that I passed, and yelled in a frenzy of excitement and horror. The place was rapidly filling with smoke and the light grew brighter. Presently I noticed that my clothes were gone. I had dropped them while helping a woman who seemed to be unable to walk through pure terror. The man who had first roused me had gone up to the fourth floor, and the people were pouring down the stairways, in their

night-robes, or wrapped in blankets, some carrying children—of which, thank heaven, there were few in the house—others bird-cages, and some dragging trunks, hang, bang, over the steps.

I had several good friends in the hotel, and now that the alarm seemed to be generally given, I ran to their assistance; but I did not think of Dawley, nor did I at any time attempt to get over into the east wing of the building. It was on that side that the flames were fiercest, and the elevator shaft and stairway between that wing and the main building were roaring like a furnace. Suddenly the halls began to fill with firemen in long coats and helmets, some with axes and others dragging up hose.

There seemed to be nothing more for me to do, so I ran down the main stairway, and out into the street, where a great crowd was assembled. I noticed that their faces were turned toward the east wing, and as I instinctively glanced in that direction I remembered Dawley and the man of his fearsome dream.

The man was on his way—a huge bulk of a fireman, running up the long ladder that had been hoisted from the wagon and now rested against the wall, just below the window of Dawley's room.

But was it possible that he still slept, through all this uproar and the glare of the flame, and the odor of burning wood? Surely, he must be asleep, else he would have appeared at the window. Then, it suddenly flashed into my mind what was the meaning of the white skin and sunken eyes—a narcotic! Without doubt, he was still sleeping.

The fireman made his way through the heat to the top of the ladder, and swung into the open window. Streams of water played upon the flames beneath him, to protect his retreat. Two other men ran up the ladder, and had just reached the top, when he returned to the window carrying a human figure wrapped in a blanket. The others assisted him, and they made their way slowly down the ladder again.

"Overcome by the smoke," said a man standing near me. But I noticed that no smoke came out of the open window.

I ran forward to a pile of mattresses and bed clothes that had been carried out from the hotel, and arranged a place for him to be laid. The call for a doctor flew along the line of spectators, and presently one came running. I asked the fireman what had happened.

"He was sound asleep when I entered the room through the window," he said. "I had to shake him hard to wake him up. He just stared at me a moment, and said, 'Ah! You have come,' and then his face turned kind of black, and his jaw dropped, and he went into a dead faint."

"How is it?" I asked the doctor, as he rose from stooping over the prostrate figure.

"Heart action ceased entirely," he replied. "Man is stone dead from mere terror."

The fear of fear had triumphed at last.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1903.

Colonel Ochiltree's Attempt to Impress the French.

The estate which the late Colonel Ochiltree left has just been appraised at about two hundred thousand dollars. It is related that soon after Colonel Ochiltree became proprietor of the *Houston Telegraph*, he went to New York with a letter of introduction from General Richard Taylor, one of the leading Southern firemen "befo' the wah," to August Belmont. Through Mr. Belmont, Ochiltree was introduced to many prominent men there. He went to Paris, and was soon on a friendly footing with many well-known Americans, one of whom was the elder James Gordon Bennett. Colonel Ochiltree could not see that it was possible for any metropolitan newspaper to outshine his Texas paper; so when Mr. Bennett cabled two thousand words to his paper on the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1867, Colonel Ochiltree asked that the dispatch be duplicated to the *Houston Telegraph*. That was to show the Frenchmen that as an editor he was just as big as the next. Cable rates were high in those days, and the cost of the dispatch is said to have been such a severe drain on the resources of the *Houston Telegraph* that three days after it had been sent, Colonel Ochiltree got word that the dispatch had been paid for, but as a result the paper had suspended publication.

Although Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," was elected a member of the French Academy several months ago, he has not yet been officially received by that body. The reception has been repeatedly postponed, until it has been feared that the youngest Academician would be old and gray before he would have an opportunity to sit at the Institute. It is now reported that M. Rostand has completed the speech that he is to deliver at the ceremony, which will probably take place during May. It is to be in prose, instead of verse, as the poet at first announced.

Ten per cent. of the foreign-born population of Cleveland and six per cent. on the foreign-born population of Chicago are Bohemian. In Milwaukee sixty per cent. of the foreign-born population is German.

The largest collection of orchids in the world is at Schönbrunn, near Vienna. It comprises more than 25,000 examples of 1,200 species and varieties.

MACMONNIES, THE VERSATILE.

The Noted American Sculptor's Success as a Painter—The Suppressed Nude—How the Jersey Lily Looks at Fifty—Her Amazing Gowns in "The Crossways."

The most notable collection of paintings exhibited in New York this winter—or, certainly, the collection which has roused the most comment and interest—is that of Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, which is now on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries.

The first and most remarkable thing about the MacMonnies pictures is that they are the work of a sculptor of the highest rank. At the summit of his fame in the one art, Mr. MacMonnies has turned to the other, and in a year has produced a series of studies and portraits, which, if not masterpieces, are so brilliant, so rich, spirited, and daring in color, that they arrest the attention and hold the eye, as a radiant view, suddenly come on, will do.

The author of this unusual achievement is not yet forty. One is safe in saying that he has done more in a shorter time than any other man of his artistic calibre in the country. He came first into general notice with his fountain of horses at the World's Fair. That was over ten years ago now. Since then he has been adding to his own reputation as a sculptor, and his country's as a producer of artistic genius, by an output as remarkable in its fertility as it is in its diversity. The two great army and navy arches are his, and also the groups of plunging horses which decorate the entrance of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. The Bacchante is, of course, the work by which the general public knows him best. The fierce, wild beauty of this enchanting figure would have caught the popular fancy even had there been no controversy. That, of course, raging so long and loud, made the Bacchante a subject of national interest, and people who did not know the Venus of Milo from the Dying Gladiator became familiar with the lithe, feline grace of the dancing woman holding the baby in the angle of her arm.

The present collection is mostly portraits, with a few figure studies. The nude called "The Mask," of which the papers have done so much talking that it bids fair to make a sensation equal to that of the Bacchante, was excluded from the exhibition. But of that anon. Some of the canvases are so blazing with color that they fairly hit you in the face. Mr. MacMonnies is nothing if not audacious, and in his renderings of the verdant French country—very many of the larger paintings were done in France *en plein air*—the greens of grass and foliage are of an inconceivable, arsenical vividness, and the canvas simply reeks with a hot, still sunshine.

The figure study, which is generally conceded to be the most brilliant, was the first painting the sculptor exhibited, and appeared in the Salon two years ago. Apart from its technical merits, it created some talk on the score of its meaning. It represented an old person with white hair and a rosy face, wrapped in a long, black cloak, which, falling open over the chest, showed a section of fat, bare neck and a piece of what looked like a woman's undershirt drawn up with a tape. This problematical being—who was standing on the model stand—had very large feet in heavy black boots, a queer whimsical smile, and in one hand, conspicuously displayed, held a yellow-backed copy of Zola's "Fecundité." The background showed the vista of a simply furnished studio, with, midway down its length, an opened door, round which a woman and child were peeping.

Everybody thought this odd composition had some esoteric meaning. The title gave no clue. "Le Raseur," the name under which the picture appeared in Paris, was in the masculine gender, but few Americans knew what it meant. Why were the woman and child peeping round the door? What was the old man doing in the long cloak, the big boots, and the bare neck? And why did he have Zola's "Fecundité" grasped in one hand? The artist, on being asked these questions, laughed and denied any meaning. He had simply made a study of old Cardin, a famous model, and wanting something to lighten the darkness of the black-draped figure, had taken up a book with a yellow cover, which happened to be near, and put it in his hand. The woman and child in the background were introduced as an odd touch and study in perspective.

Another striking and characteristic portrait is that of the aged Comtesse de Trobriand. This ought to interest New Yorkers, as, a long time ago—how long one may calculate from the seamed and ancient face of the stately old countess—the lady was Mary Mason-Jones, one of the great belles and beauties of New York. The portrait represents her as French to her finger tips, elegant, urbane, and with something in face and style suggestive of that fine and simple courtesy that distinguishes the nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain. She is surrounded with a sort of rococo gorgeousness, as though the atmosphere of monarchical France was preserved in her abode. Gilt moldings, flowered brocades, falls of yellowing lace, gleams of jewels, are round her and upon her. There is something rich and almost too insistently splendid about her, as if, perhaps, the painter had wanted to show that the once beautiful American had not lost her national taste for the sumptuous and showy.

The nude study called "The Mask," which was excluded from the collection on the ground that it was not of the class to exhibit with portraits of ladies, has already received so much free advertising that when it is shown New York will flock en masse to see it. It is

said the Durand-Ruel people will exhibit it later, and they may expect to see their galleries packed. Some weeks ago I saw it, with a few other of Mr. MacMonnies's lately completed works, and there can be no question that it is a truly superb piece of painting, and a truly shocking and amazing picture.

It shows a woman entirely nude lying on a sofa. She has evidently returned from a masked ball, at which her entire costume appears to have been a domino of gray and scarlet brocade, a pair of red morocco slippers, and a black satin mask. These have all been thrown off, save one slipper, which hangs to the foot by the toes. She has flung herself on the sofa, half-lying, half-sitting, the soft, crumpled folds of the domino under her, one foot on the cushioned seat, one on the floor, and in her hand, clasped on the edge of the sofa, the tiny black satin mask. She has reddish hair and a radiantly white skin. The painting of the latter is masterly, warm, and living, with that curious quality of luminousness that certain skins have in common with the pearl. All the accessories of the canvas are executed with the same dazzling skill. The silky folds of the domino, broken by the rich pattern of the brocade, are marvelously done, the bouquets of roses at her feet, the quality and texture of the material that covers the sofa. Nevertheless, the general tone of the picture is so repulsive that one wonders why an artist of such brilliant ability should have painted it, and what he will do with it, now that it is painted. Nobody would surely want to buy it, and it can never be hung in any public gallery, or exhibited where the masses gather. It may be taken on a tour of exhibition through the country, but after that the furor raised by it will soon die out, and what then will be its fate?

I don't think I have mentioned before in any of my letters the re-appearance here this winter of Mrs. Langtry in a play of her own invention, entitled "The Crossways." There was quite a good deal of talk about the lady—who is always an interesting personality—and about the play, which was extremely bad, but turned on a true happening that the Lily had run up against in her variegated career. This happening was the theft of a pearl necklace by a gentleman of title. At first Mrs. Langtry merely said that the idea was hers, and she had submitted it to her leading man to put into stage form. After a week or two, when several unflattering criticisms had melted her reserve, she admitted the soft impeachment that the main point of the story was not only true, but had happened to herself.

Once when she was staying at Monte Carlo, a certain nobleman of her acquaintance had come to her with a confession of desperate losses and equally desperate need of money. After the confession he had suggested that she represent his sister, a well-known duchess, and go with him to a jeweler's where a fine string of pearls was on exhibition; that after professing to admire the pearls she should have them sent to her rooms; that he should then take them; and, in some way known to the habitués of Monte Carlo, raise money on them, recoup himself for his losses; and that then she should return the pearls, saying she had decided not to buy them. As the lady she was to personate was a person of the highest rank and fashion, the proceeding of, so to speak, borrowing the pearls, was quite feasible, though unquestionably fraught with danger. The astute Jersey Lily, who has never been one to do silly things that entailed perilous consequences, naturally enough refused to consider the plan. But the idea rested in her head for future use.

Had it been properly developed, the play might not have been bad. It possessed one quality, and that was that it was quite interesting, and did not drag. But it was thin, and sometimes very silly. The management were evidently aware of its shortcomings, and let a discreet silence rest over it in their advertisements. What they did dwell on was the star's wardrobe. I certainly never heard of a play where the advance agent, the press, and the people did so much talking about the leading lady's clothes. Every mention of "The Crossways" began and ended with dissertations upon the masterpieces of Pagnin, in which the Duchess of Keensbury took the field. Even the critics wrote sagely about them. And at last the public was gently forced into the attitude of regarding "The Crossways" as a great and diverting millinery exhibition, and the general comment made upon it was that "the skirts were gathered all round," and of course everybody knows that Pagnin is the great authority on skirts.

Mrs. Langtry herself, in the gathered skirts, presented a marvelously brilliant appearance. In full face she is beginning to show her age. She is a little thinner than she used to be, and that makes her face, which was once a small and perfect oval, look rather meagre and pinched. Her mouth, too, appears larger than of old; age is not going to come to her in layers of fat, but in a sort of lean, gracefully spare distinction. But in profile she has all her old beauty. She has arranged her hair again in an exaggerated form of the famous Langtry knot, a style of coiffure which requires a classic head, nobly set on a short neck. The long, loose coil was more like the bag-wig arrangement of the eighteenth century than anything else. It hung fully four or five inches down from the nape of the neck. There a bow of black ribbon held it, and two heavy tortoiseshell pins, from beneath each of which fell a short curl. On one side of her head, from her forehead to the black ribbon bow, stretched a garland of green leaves and scarlet berries, like a branch of the rowan-tree. This was startlingly becoming, and when she stood in profile she was invested with that proud and compelling beauty

which turned some of the gravest heads in England nearly twenty-five years ago.

As to the clothes, the gathered skirts undoubtedly made the hit of the performance. Women were seen to regard them with still, chill wonderment. If Pagnin gathers his skirts all round, the day is not far distant when everybody else must. The Oracle has spoken. And not one woman in ten looks well in a skirt gathered full into a belt. Another blow was given in the fact that the Lily—who is said to be somewhere round fifty—wore no collars at all; all bodices ended round the base of the throat. This, for women who have been spoiling their necks with high collars for the last decade, is a fearful outlook. But for those who have short necks and have been silently suffering, it is the beginning of the millennium. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.

NEW YORK, January 31, 1903.

GERALDINE BONNER.

OLD FAVORITES.

HOUSTON, Tex., January 29, 1903.
Editors ARGONAUT: Will you kindly publish, in your "Old Favorite" column, a poem that has appeared there before in other years. It is about Phryne, the Grecian courtesan, and her acquittal before her judges by reason of her surpassing beauty. I can not recall the title or author, but this description will doubtless serve you, and I should appreciate your favor in re-publishing it.
Yours very truly,
S. O. HOWES.

Phryne.

She stood within the hall of justice, bright
With glare of sunshine, and the noontide light
Caught in her shimmering mantle, whose rich dye
Rivaled the tint that wings the butterfly;
Its dainty texture fastened by a charm
Of precious gems, above one drooping arm:
Thence in its billowy softness, fold on fold,
Fell to her sandals, 'broided with fine gold.
And many looked on her veiled figure there,
And wondered much if she were passing fair.

A peasant girl, a few brief months before,
Gathering, at autumn-tide, her little store
Of wild fruits, for the market-places near
Content to live, and ignorant of fear.
Next robed in raiment fairer than the queen,
Whose crown she laughed at as a golden sheen,
And lightlier laughed at all the golden store
Which men delighted at her feet to pour.

She, with her radiant beauty, youth, and health,
What need had she of dignities and wealth?
And oft she offered in her merry glee,
To build the Theban walls anew, if she
Might write upon their heights, in words of gold,
By which her fame should to the world be told:

"Phryne, the courtesan, hath built again
These walls, all battered down by ruthless men
In wars of Alexander." But she knew
Full well that this the city dared not do;
And so she mocked them in her merry scorn;
But wherefore now, had she from home been torn?
And wherefore stood she in that crowded place,
With veil and mantle shrouding up her face?

She waited, while the loud-voiced herald read
Her cruel accusation. Thus it said:
"Phryne is hereby charged with having led,
By sorceries dire, our young men far astray
From virtue's path, and stolen their strength away:
For when they hear the trumpet's ringing blare,
They will but gather closer round her chair;
And when forth bidden to the chase to ride,
They only cling about her chariot's side,
Or strive, with idle jealousy, to gain
The place of honor at her bridle-rein."

Hyperides, the eloquent, whose voice
Had made the great crowds tremble or rejoice,
Now pleads in vain, with passionate appeal,
To save one fair young creature from the zeal
Of those gray-bearded senators, whose cry
Was only this: "The sorceress must die!"
"Aye! stone her!" was the judge's fierce command.
"And let her blood be wiped from off our land."

Then, with a sigh as soft as summer breeze
That whispers through the blooming almond-trees,
The voice of Phryne on the tumult broke:
"Most honored sires" (they hushed them as she spoke),
"This star upon my shoulder holds and bides
The only magic spell that with me bides."
"Give me the charm," the stern-voiced judge outspoke,
And reached a greedy hand, as if to take
The regal gem, whose sun-imprisoned dyes
Outshone all shining things, save Phryne's eyes.

She broke the clasp and laid it in his hand,
And veil and mantle, loosened from its band,
Slipped slowly down, revealing each rare grace—
The wondrous beauty of her rosy face:
The wondrous lengths of wavy, midnight hair
Thro' which her snowy neck gleamed yet more fair,
The sloping shoulder and the slender waist,
The curving sweep of thigh, that might have graced
A goddess, and the rounded, dimpled knee,
Below which lay the golden 'broidery.

All heaped up, shimmering velvet and soft lace,
That but an instant since had hid her face.
"Phryne, the beautiful!" loud roared the shout
From twice a thousand voices, ringing out,
"We'll bear her to the temple in our arms,
Princess of beauty, queen of mortal charms!"
And eager hands began swift to unyoke
Her chariot horses; but again she spoke;
And the great crowd, hushed to her changeful mood,
Murmured and whispered like a wind-swept wood:
"Noble Athenians, here have I been brought
To answer to base charges. Know ye not
That human weakness is mine only crime?
And this fair form, that in such little time
Will feel the blighting breath of death or age,
Is my one magic charm and heritage?
Ye say I steal the strength from your young men,
But ye are teachers all! O teach them, then,
Races and games, and pride of martial strife,
Without the poor reward of love, in life.
Teach them to shun the light of beauty's eyes,

And all fair gifts in woman to despise.
 Ye can not, senators and sages gray,
 Ye can not, for your pulses thrill to-day
 With quicker heat at boon than heaven bestows—
 Beauty to woman, perfume to the rose.
 Then say not that I harm them; they are weak,
 And sway supinely at the words I speak.
 They offer me rich gifts and golden dowry;
 I give them back the pleasure of an hour;
 But reck ye not the bitter price I pay
 For hollow triumphs, passing soon away?
 No bridegroom e'er will say with rapturous pride,
 'I claim thee, virgin heart, Phryne, my bride!'
 No husband, when I've lost youth's radiant charm,
 Will hold me tenderly on his strong arm;
 No baby fingers will, with soft caress,
 My weary brow and aching bosom press;
 No darning youth, or maiden fair to see,
 Will make the name of mother sweet to me
 And sacred to the gods. But for a day
 I linger in your sight, then flit away,
 And leave no trace, no memory. Grant ye, then,
 This simple prayer: Disturb me not again
 With senseless superstitions and vague fears,
 But let me live in peace my few brief years
 Here in your midst; then pass without a care,
 Blown like the thistle-down, ye know not where."
 Here in her mantle's fold and veil of lace
 She wrapped again her matchless form and face.
 A breathless spell had held the mighty throng,
 As her sweet, plaintive voice was borne along;
 Then Grecian chivalry and manly pride
 Burst forth from heart to lip, a whelming tide,
 And youth and age, stern judge and pleading friend,
 Rose with one impulse, beauty to defend.
 They bore her to the shrine of Venus—bright
 Temple of love; herself, by royal right,
 Fair queen of beauty, princess of delight;
 And though no stalwart son, or daughter fair,
 Perpetuates her name and graces rare,
 The artist's pencil limns, with dainty skill,
 Her wistful face, proud, yet pathetic still;
 Immortal youth the sculptor's chisel gives
 To every graceful pose; and Phryne lives
 Enshrined in art, sacred to heart and eye,
 To teach the world that beauty can not die.

—N. S. Emerson.

Galveston's Sea Wall.

The report of the board of engineers on plans for the sea wall to protect Galveston calls for three miles of concrete breakwater, seventeen feet above mean low tide. The estimated cost of the sea wall is \$1,294,755, and that of filling in the entire city so as to bring its grade up to the proper level is \$2,210,285 additional, making a total of \$3,506,040. After the hurricane that almost wiped out the city, it was evident that steps should be taken to protect Galveston from another like calamity. A sea wall was the means decided upon, the plan of which calls for the most pretentious piece of engineering of the sort ever attempted in the United States. The money needed for the enterprise will be raised under a constitutional provision granting coast counties the privilege to issue bonds for protection against the encroachment of the Gulf, provided the proposition is ratified by a two-thirds vote of the taxpayers of the county. The proposition was submitted to the taxpayers of Galveston County to issue \$1,500,000 sea-wall bonds, and was carried, only 26 votes being cast against it. The people of Galveston bought the bonds, with the exception of a very small amount. Still the money for the filling in was yet to be provided for. The eighth bill introduced in the present legislature provides funds to prosecute the work by allowing the city of Galveston to divert for fifteen years its State taxes from the treasury into a fund to be used solely for grading the city.

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who, as commander-in-chief of the Moorish army, is the sultan's right-hand man in the present rebellion in Morocco, ranks high among the famous Scots who have wooed fortune with their swords. Since he has been Moorish commander-in-chief he has conducted many brilliant campaigns in the Sahara, and is the only Christian who has openly crossed the Gambia Pass and visited the sacred tomb of Mulai Ali Shereef, in the Taflet district. The regular army under his command numbers about 20,000 men, with an irregular militia of 80,000. His salary is said to be \$35,000 a year, which compares well with General Nelson A. Miles's \$11,000, Lord Roberts's \$22,500, or his own \$635 per annum as a British lieutenant. He lives in a magnificent palace at Marakesh.

Under the management of Henry Edward Warner, of the Baltimore News, an association has been organized of newspaper paragraphers, poets, and special writers of all parts of the United States, and a convention is to be held in Baltimore in May. The Springfield Union suggests that the association take the name of the Amalgamated Association of Throwers of the Heavy Hammer. The membership, it adds, should be divided into three classes: tack, sledge, and trip. The heraldic device of the association should be an axe, rampant, crossed by a seltzer bottle and a slapstick, couchant. Motto: "Soak 'im; he has no friends!"

A bill has passed the Oregon senate prohibiting the publication of obscene or indecent literature. Its purpose is to stop the publication of accounts of the deeds of criminals and is particularly aimed at the sensational Tracy books, which have been put upon the market in Oregon, and which are not tending to elevate the ideals of Oregon boys.

MAESTRO MASCAGNI.

His Early Struggles—How He Came to Write "Cavalleria Rusticana"—Its Remarkable Success in Many Lands—Humors of His American Tour.

Pietro Mascagni, the famous Italian composer, seems determined to recoup his fortune and restore his reputation before returning to his beloved country. In consequence, San Francisco will have an opportunity to hear the maestro interpret several of his best compositions at his concerts next week at the Alhambra Theatre. Most foreign artists, who have been honored and lionized abroad, would have become disheartened and disgusted had they been subjected to the trials and tribulations which Mascagni has endured during his ill-fated tour of the United States. But the creator of "Cavalleria Rusticana" seems invincible. Having weathered the storm of disappointments, reverses, quarrels with his managers, repeated strikes among his imported musicians, threats from Eastern musical unions, lawsuits, and arrests, which at one time threatened to precipitate an international dispute, he bobs up serenely in San Francisco, apparently none the worse for wear, and more determined than ever to demonstrate to Americans his ability as a conductor and composer.

The interest and the romance in Mascagni's life are principally confined to the period which preceded his sudden rise to fame:

Born in Leghorn in 1863, he was destined by his father, a respectable baker, for the study of law. Like a certain other musical master, Tschaiakowsky, he secretly studied music, instead of the legal principles of the Romans. His father caught him at his pernicious studies, and locked him up in the house. An uncle set him free, and promised to take care of him. He was now fourteen years old, and was set to work in earnest at music. He wrote a two-act opera called "Il Filandino," and not awed by the last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony, set to music Schiller's "Hymn to Joy." The good uncle died, and a certain Count Florestan supported him while he studied in Milan under Ponchielli, composer of "La Gioconda," and Saladino. He went forth from Milan to struggle for a foothold in the husky musical world of Italy. He well-nigh starved before he secured the conductorship of the musical society at Cerignola. It was not a princely post, and there was little hutter on the bread of the composer and the wife, whom he had taken.

It was about this time that Sonzogno, the publisher, offered a prize for the best one-act opera. In a bright sketch of the early part of his life, which appeared in the *Fanfulla della Domenica* of Rome shortly after he became famous, Mascagni gave this account of how he came to compose "Cavalleria Rusticana," in 1888:

"The thought of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' had been in my head for several years. I wanted to introduce myself with a work of small dimensions. I appealed to several librettists, but none was willing to undertake the work without a guarantee of recompense. Then came notice of the Sonzogno competition, and I eagerly seized the opportunity to better my condition. But my salary of one hundred lire, to which nothing was added, except the fees from a few pianoforte lessons in Cerignola and two lessons in the Philharmonic Society of Canosa (a little town a few miles from Cerignola), did not permit the luxury of a libretto. At the solicitation of some friends, Targioni, in Leghorn, decided to write a 'Cavalleria Rusticana' for me. My mind was long occupied with the finale. The words 'They have murdered Godfather Turiddu' were forever ringing in my ears. I needed a few mighty orchestral chords to give characteristic form to the musical phrase and achieve an impressive close. How it happened, I don't know, but one morning, as I was trudging along the road to give my lessons at Canosa, the idea came to me like a stroke of lightning, and I had found my chords. They were those seventh chords, which I conscientiously set down in my manuscript. Thus, I began my opera at the end. When I received the first chorus of my libretto by post (I composed the Siciliano of the prelude later) I said in great good humor to my wife: 'To-day we must make a large expenditure.' 'What for?' 'An alarm-clock.' 'Why?' 'To wake me up before dawn, so that I may begin to write on 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' The expenditure caused a dubious change in the monthly budget, but it was willingly allowed. We went out together, and after a good deal of haggaining, spent nine lire. I am sure that I can find the clock, all safe and sound, in Cerignola. I wound it up the evening we bought it, but it was destined to be of no service to me, for in that night a son, the first of a row of them, was born to me. In spite of this, I carried out my determination, and in the morning began to write the first chorus of 'Cavalleria.' I came to Rome in February, 1890, in order to permit the jury to hear my opera; they decided that it was worthy of performance. Returning to Cerignola in a state of the greatest excitement, I noticed that I did not have a penny in my pocket for the return trip to Rome when my opera was to be rehearsed. Signor Sonzogno helped me out of my embarrassment with a few hundred francs.

"Those beautiful days of fear and hope of disappointment and confidence, are as vividly before my eyes as if they were now. I see again the Constanzi Theatre, half filled; I see how, after the last excited measures of the orchestra, they all raise their arms and gesticulate, as if they were threatening me; and in my soul there awakens an echo of that cry of approval which almost prostrated me. The effect made upon me was so powerful that at the second representation I had to request them to turn down the footlights in case I should be called out; for the blinding light seemed a hell to me, like a fiery abyss that threatened to engulf me."

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and the name of Mascagni became famous all over Europe:

In Dresden it was put on with a great cast. Malten, Schuch, Scheidemantel, and Anthes being the quartet, and was sung twice a week all the season. People traveled from far and near to hear that cast. The house was always sold out a week in advance. In the early fall of 1891 *Il Travatore*, the sacred musical journal by which the Italians swear, recorded that the opera had been performed in fifty-seven theatres in Italy and one hundred and two in foreign countries. And yet, when they found Mascagni he was a young man of twenty-seven, living in a garret, and at the first performance of his work in Rome they had to lend him a decent coat in which to go before the curtain.

The sensational opera was first performed in this country in Philadelphia on September 9, 1891, under the musical direction of Gustav Hinrichs:

Meanwhile, those two enterprising impresarios, Oscar Hammerstein and Rudolf Aronson, were struggling to see which could first get it before a New York audience. Mr. Hammerstein announced his production for the evening of October 5th at the Lenox Lyceum. Mr. Aronson did not announce his

till the morning of that same day, and then he proclaimed that "Cavalleria Rusticana" would be produced at the Casino that very afternoon, some six hours ahead of Mr. Hammerstein's offering. Thus was "Cavalleria Rusticana" brought out twice on the same day.

The next opera of Mascagni was naturally awaited with feverish anxiety. It was "L'Amico Fritz," and was brought forward in Rome on the last day of October, 1891:

Within ten weeks its title found a place on the programme of one of the elder Walter Damrosch's Sunday night concerts, in New York, but the realization was a disappointment. Five numbers were sung by Mme. Tavy and Signor Campanini, and Mr. Damrosch, not having the orchestral parts, played the accompaniments upon a pianoforte. As usual, Mr. Hinrichs was to the fore with a performance in Philadelphia (on June 8, 1892), the principal singers being Mme. Koert-Kronold, Clara Poole, M. Guille, and Signor Del Puente. On January 31, 1893, the Philadelphia singers, aided by the New York Symphony Society, gave a performance of the opera, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, for the benefit of its charities, at the Carnegie Music Hall. Walter Damrosch was to have conducted, but was detained in Washington by the funeral of Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Hinrichs took his place. Another year elapsed, and then, on January 10, 1894, the opera reached the Metropolitan Opera House. In spite of the fact that Mme. Calvé sang the part of Suzel, only two performances were given to the work, and no American manager has been brave enough to touch any of the later works of the composer who set the world on fire with his masterpiece.

Mascagni's industry did not wane, however:

Having failed with the Erkmann-Chatrian idyl, "Amico Fritz" he took up the same author's "Les Deux Frères" which they had themselves turned into a drama, with the title "Rantzau"; this title was retained by the Italian librettist. The opera came out in Florence in 1895. The tremendous personal popularity of the composer, who was now as much a favorite in Vienna and Berlin as he was in the town of his birth, which struck a medal in his honor, or the town of his residence, which created him an honorary citizen, could not save the work. Now he turned to the opera which he had laid aside to take up his "Cavalleria" and in 1895 "Guglielmo Ratcliff," based upon the gloomy Scotch story told by Heine, was brought forward at La Scala, in Milan. It was in a sense the child of his penury and suffering, but he had taken it up, inspired by tremendous enthusiasm for the subject, and inasmuch as most of its music had been written before success had turned his head, or desire for notoriety had begun to itch him, there was reason to hope to find in it some of the hot blood which surges through the score of "Cavalleria." As a matter of fact, says the *New York Tribune*, critics who have seen the score, or heard the work, have pointed out that portions of "I Rantzau" and "Cavalleria"—the intermezzo and a duet, for instance—are as alike as two peas. It would not be a violent assumption that the composer, in his eagerness to get his score before the Sonzogno jury, plucked his early work of its best feathers, and found it difficult to restore plumage of equal brilliancy when he attempted to make a restitution. In the same year, 1895, his next opera, "Silvano," made a fiasco in Milan. A year later there appeared "Zanetto," which seems like an effort to contract the frame of the lyric drama still further than is done in "Cavalleria." It is a bazzetto, a sketch, based on Coppée's duologue, "Le Passant," a scene between a strumpet who is a-weary of the world, and a young minstrel. Its orchestration is unique—there are hut strings and a harp. It was brought out at Pesaro, where, in 1895, Mascagni had been appointed director of the Liceo Musicale Rossini.

As director of the music school in Rossini's native town, Mascagni's days have been full of trouble from the outset:

He was opposed, say his friends, in reformatory efforts by some of the professors and pupils, whose enmity grew so virulent that in 1897 they spread the story that he had killed himself. Only a few months ago he was deposed from his position by the administration, but reinstated by the minister of fine arts. The criticism has followed him for years, that he has neglected his duties to travel about Europe, giving concerts and conducting his operas for the greater glory of himself and the profit of his publisher. At the time of the suicide story it was also said that he was in financial straits; to which his friends replied that he received a salary of 60 lire (\$12) a day as director, 1,000 lire (\$200) a month from Sonzogno, and lived in a princely dwelling.

After "Zanetto" came "Iris," an opera with a Japanese subject, in the score of which he is said to have woven some native melodies supplied by members of the Japanese legation in London:

"Iris" was followed by "Le Maschere," which was brought out on January 17, 1901, simultaneously in seven cities—Rome, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Turin, and Naples. We have not heard of its crossing the mountains, or even that it has been performed in more cities than claimed to have given birth to Homer. Mascagni's last operatic work is a lyric drama, entitled "Vistula." The libretto, based upon an historical novel by Rocco de Zerli, was written by Menasci and Targioni-Tetzel, who collaborated on the book of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The action goes back to the time of Thierius, and deals with the loves of Vistula and Helius. The work was published two years ago, but does not seem to have been performed as yet.

It is believed by many that had Mascagni been properly managed, his tour would have been a brilliant financial success. The Mittenwald Brothers, who persuaded him to visit America, declare that they found the composer very eccentric. Said one of them, after they had severed relations:

"I still think Mascagni is one of the greatest conductors that ever lived, but I am sure he is also one of the greatest cranks. He would do nothing to help us, and if he did not get his own way he would sulk. It was the eccentricity of genius, perhaps, but it was trying in the extreme for any one who had to do business with him. One of his most troublesome idiosyncrasies was that of habitually coming late to the theatre, so the performance could not start punctually. He also had a prejudice against getting up in the morning. We were scheduled to leave Montreal one day at 7 A. M., but he absolutely refused to rise so early. We had to charter a special car and put him to bed there the night before, so that it could be attached to the train in the morning without disturbing him. On another occasion he refused to ride in a car because it was not fitted with electric lights. But this was trivial compared with the way he stopped an express on which he was traveling. We were on our way to Buffalo, and were running at a rare clip, when Mascagni jumped up and pulled the bell-cord. The train came to a stop with a jerk, and the trainmen ran back to see what was the trouble. 'Going too fast,' said Mascagni. 'I want to die in Italy, not in America.'"

Mascagni is accompanied on his travels in this country by his wife, the four little Mascagnis having been left behind in Rome.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tertium Quid.

The theme of Hermann Sudermann's drama, "The Joy of Living," is an old one—as old as civilization. Beata, a fine-natured, beautiful, intellectual woman, is married to a man who, while good-tempered, cheery, and honest, is essentially shallow. Beata, when four or five years a wife, meets Richard, a man of conventional honor and high rank, who is also unhappily married. Each finds in the other an ideal; they love passionately. But before long the unsuspecting husband of Beata, by his fine qualities of good-heartedness and honesty, wins the friendship of the lover, Richard, and the situation to the latter becomes odious—impossible. His sense of honor revolts at being at once the husband's friend and the wife's lover. So the intimacy between Richard and Beata ends, and a platonic friendship ensues which lasts unbroken for fifteen years. At this point the drama proper begins. Richard, through the help of Beata, has become prominent in German politics. The first act sees him reelected to the Reichstag. Beata is the Egeria of the party. Her house is the rendezvous of statesmen. But a disaffected and discharged secretary of Richard publishes a fierce attack upon his superior's private life, hinting at the intimacy of fifteen years before. Beata and Richard believe, though mistakenly, that they are about to be exposed. In an interview with the husband, they tell him the plain truth. He is, of course, wild with anger. Alone with Richard, he declares he will expose the whole matter, or Richard must commit suicide. Richard chooses the latter alternative, and is given two days to arrange his affairs. But before the time is up, in order to stop the mouths of people who are talking, the husband gives a dinner to the political leaders of his party, including Richard. And at this brilliant feast, Beata, flushed, triumphant, her eyes shining, rises and proposes a toast to the "joy of living," speaks amid applause, quaffs the wine, professes illness, goes out, and almost immediately dies, supposedly from her heart-disease of long-standing, really from the intentional overdose of medicine. Only the husband and Richard know the truth. Of course, Richard must now live. His sudden death would confirm suspicion. This was Beata's purpose.

The point of the drama lies in these words of Beata's, addressed to her husband, in her own defense, when the truth comes out: "Sin? I am not conscious of sinning. I did the best that it was in me to do. I simply refused to be crushed by your social laws. I asserted my right to live: my right to self-preservation." And again, later, speaking to Richard, whose conscience torments him: "It isn't your conscience that torments you, it's the conscience of the race. I'm only a woman—what do I care for the race? You felt that you were sinning—I felt that I had risen above myself, that I had attained the harmony nature meant me to attain. . . . I stand on the farther shore of life, and look over at you with a smile . . . and through it all I was so happy—so unspeakably, supremely happy—"

Herr Sudermann rather raises questions than answers them. Beata has our sympathies whether reason is on her side or not. Edith Wharton has done the work of translation brilliantly.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

The Great Bronze Vase.

In "The Poet and Penelope" L. Parry Truscott has written a dainty little satire on the manners and methods of society folk. The story centres around the purchase and sale of a valuable vase. In order that pretty but poor Penelope may be properly gowned for her first season in London, it is necessary to sell a family treasure, the "Great Bronze Vase." It is taken to London, and displayed in a curio shop on Bond Street, where it attracts great attention. "The Duchess" sees it, covets it, and, being assured that there is not another such vase in existence, buys it, and leaves her purchase to be delivered at a later date. Meanwhile, the vase stands in the shop window, where "My Lady" sees it, covets it, and, being assured there is not another such vase in existence, also buys it, and leaves the purchase to be delivered at a later date. Then the audacious varlet of a shop-keeper put out a label reading "This magnificent vase has been purchased by a lady of title." Crowds gather to see it; the "Poet" writes verses on it; "All Society" is agog over the subject. Just as the topic is losing some of its interest, "Society" is electrified by the announcement of two receptions, to be given simultaneously by "Her Grace the Duchess," and by "My

Lady." On the night of the affairs, guests going first to the duchess' congratulate her on the possession of the great vase, which stands prominently in her drawing-room; then sweeping from her halls, and reaching the home of "My Lady," they are again confronted by the "Great Bronze Vase." Of course, there is a great row. But the row serves to reveal the fact that in the original vase there is a false bottom, concealing a will which makes sweet Penelope independently rich—and the Poet, well—happy. Whose vase was the real one, and who finally became its possessor, and how crafty shop-keeper was served, and how the Poet won Penelope, may be left for the reader to discover. It is a charming little story.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The authorized biography of Bret Harte, by T. Edgar Pemberton, author of "The Kennells" and "Ellen Terry and Her Sisters," will be published this spring.

"Horses Nine. Stories of Harness and Saddle," is the title of an illustrated book by Sewell Ford, soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Robin Brilliant," by Mrs. Dudeney, author of "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" and "Spindle and Plough," and "The Gold Wolf," a story now running as a serial, by Max Pemberton, are to be published this month.

Edmond Rostand is writing a novel, which will be called "Le Maître de la Mer." It will deal with "trusts" and some other phases of life in the newer countries.

Rider Haggard's new novel, which has been appearing serially, will be published shortly under the title of "The Pearl Maiden: A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem."

Hereafter the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will pen a new signature to her books, and "Lovey Mary," when it is published, will be signed Alice Hegan Rice. As Miss Hegan, the author was for a long time interested in the people of the "po' white" quarters of Louisville, and there she found her characters.

The late Mrs. Alexander left the manuscript of a novel, which is soon to be published under the title of "Kitty Costello." It is a story set in the middle of the last century, the heroine being an Irish girl of good family but small fortune.

In "No Hero," the early publication of which is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, E. W. Hornung is seen in an altogether different vein than that presented by "The Amateur Cracksmen" and "The Shadow of the Rope." His hero is an Eton boy, who has escaped from his mother's influence, and has fallen in love with a woman who is believed to be an adventuress.

Paul Potter, who dramatized "Tribly," is now engaged upon a dramatization of Thackeray's "Pendennis." John Hare will enact the title-role in England.

The Macmillan Company will soon publish a new volume of short stories by Israel Zangwill, under the title of "The Grey Wig."

Cyrus Townsend Brady's new novel of the Civil War, "The Southerners," is announced for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons. The hero and heroine are citizens of Mobile, the girl an intense supporter of the Confederacy, and the young man a graduate of the naval academy, who feels that his duty lies on the Northern side. He finds himself on Farragut's flagship before his native town at the battle of Mobile Bay.

The latest volume of verse by Comte Robert de Montesquiou, who is at present visiting the United States, has been translated into English by a Chicago woman. Its title is "Prayers for All."

Josiah Flynt's novel dealing with criminal life, to be called "The Redemption of Roderick Clowd," will be published about the middle of March.

Another version of "The Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām," done into English from the French of J. B. Nicholas, by Frederick Baron Corvo, together with a reprint, page for page, of the French text, is to be published soon. Nathan Haskell Dole contributes an introduction.

Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Eighteenth Century," which he called his "magnum opus," has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. Besant used to say that he found something fresh every day in London, though he had been walking about in it for thirty years. This book is a picture of the social

London of the time, ranging from the court to the haunts of well-fed thieves. In addition to the historical notes, there is a description of the streets, the churches, and the government, trade, manners, customs, and amusements of the time. The book also gives glimpses of the various prisons.

RECENT VERSE.

A Rose in Winter.

Tell me, I pray thee, gracious Rose,
The burden of thy wintry woes,
Why now thou seemest to despair,
Within the florist's window there.
Is it, as I have often heard,
About, you know, Sir Mocking Bird?
Or doth thy soul this sadness see,
In dreams of beetle, and of bee,
Of June, and Noon, and Summer sky,
And gossips with the butterfly,
While in some happy apple-tree,
A robin sang in ecstasy?
Is this thy sorrow, this thy care,
Within the florist's window there?

—Robert Lozeman in the February Critic.

The Rose-Tree.

He builded him a little cot
All white without and white within;
He builded him a little cot
To put his bonny lassie in.
And by the doorstep planted he
A rose, that it might climb about
The door, and frame enchantingly
Her going in and coming out.
"One bonny rose upon my hearth
And another beside my door," said he;
"In all this happy, happy earth
'Twas never June before," said he.

Oh, many, many Junes have fled:
The lover and his rose are dust:
But o'er the crumbling ruin spread
The ancient rose-tree keepeth trust.
—Alice Reid in Century Magazine.

Impatience.

Oh, foolish soul that could not watch and wait
Until the bud should of itself unfold,
Spreading each satin petal in due state,
To show at last its heart of virgin gold.
Oh, foolish fingers that could tear and soil
The close-furled petals, seeking to disclose
Their precious board too soon, the bud you spoil
And never know the beauty of the rose!

—Mildred Howells in February Harper's Magazine.

The Rose and the Nightingale.

The Rose's heart is heavy with desire.
And all her little leaves are tipped with flame;
But she is shy and full of tender shame.
And red with blushes for the rapturous fire
Her fond dreams of the Nightingale inspire:
For all the garden knows her secret aim.
By the perfume in which she breathes his name
And the bride-beauty of her soft attire.

Oh, when you find her, Nightingale, I know,
Some time between the twilight and the morn,
Your joy will make the listening lilies glow;
And you who in the dusk were so forlorn,
In ecstasy of love will tremble so
You will fall fainting on the cruel thorn.
—Elsa Barker in Ex.

Ada Ellen Bayley, who was better known by her pen name, Edna Lyall, died at Eastbourne, England, of pneumonia, on Monday. Her first novel, "Won by Waiting," appeared in 1879, and was followed by "Donovan," which by many was looked upon as the precursor of the religious novel, of which class "Robert Elsemere" was the most prominent and successful. Among her later books may be named "We Two," "In the Golden Days," "Knight Errant," "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," "Doreen, the Story of a Singer," "Autobiography of a Truth," "Wayfaring Men," "Hope, the Hermit," "In Spite of All," and "The Hinderers."

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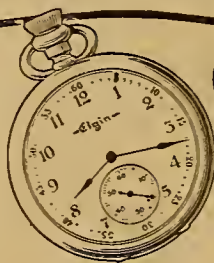
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LITERARY NOTES.

Colonel Higginson's "Longfellow."

A biography of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been added to the series of American Men of Letters under the authorship of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was in his youth a pupil of Longfellow at Harvard College, and in later life a fellow *littérateur*, an intimate friend, and neighbor. This is surely sufficient qualification when to it is added the exceptional ability of Mr. Higginson himself as an author. His book contains plenty of internal evidence that to write the story of Longfellow has been to him a labor of love. Biographically speaking, the general knowledge which the world has of Longfellow as a man, is drawn from the life written by his brother Samuel. To this, Colonel Higginson has been able to add from three different sources. The first consists of the manuscript letters of the first Mrs. Longfellow, whose short married life, beginning in 1831 and ending with her death in 1835, was largely taken up with writing letters while at home or traveling abroad, filled with the details of her husband's daily life. Secondly, the "Harvard College Papers," being manuscript accounts of college business preserved in the college library. And lastly, some of Longfellow's earlier writings, showing the origin and growth of his predilection for American material. The estimate of Longfellow is that of a founder of at least a branch of American literature, and that of a poet whose fame is not only widespread, but will be enduring. The story is told of some travelers at sea, who, in discussing authors, discovered that each one was able to give a recitation of a poem from Longfellow, although the various nationalities of the group were an English captain, a Scotchman, an American, a Russian lady, a French officer, and a Greek. To this is added the further fact that Longfellow has been translated into sixteen different languages, including Sanscrit and Chinese.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10 net.

"The Quest of Happiness."

Newell Dwight Hillis is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant among our younger clergymen, and his new book, "The Quest of Happiness," contains much sane counsel, couched in clear and simple language, and enriched by quotations from the great moralists of all times. "The fundamental premise with which the argument begins," says Dr. Hillis, "and from which all the converging lines go forward, is that the supreme end of life is not the mere getting of those good things named lands, gold, offices, or honors, nor the pursuit of those knowledges and accomplishments that are named culture, but rather that happiness means the blessedness that comes through obedience to those laws of God that portray His will and image forth His character." The author tells us that the entire work has been written throughout three times during the past five years, and it is therefore seriously regarded. A very elaborate index supplements it. The pretentious border-designs in tint on every page are of doubtful artistic value. Certainly the hold-face side-headings on the delicate design produces a very bad effect.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Back to Nature.

"Chanticleer: A Pastoral Romance," by Violette Hall, dedicated to the jaded in spirit"—thus reads the title-page of a spirited story illustrative of the doctrine of simple living. The book is similar to "An Island Cabin," by Arthur Henry, published last year, but is more convincing. The idea is carried out with vigor, and proves to be not merely a vacation whim—unless a vacation may be measured by years instead of months—but a practical demonstration that one may do without the so-called "necessities" of life and still be happy. Doubtless there are many who would confess to be "jaded in spirit," and more who would agree with Thoreau in the abstract, but few have the temerity to put his theory to the test, as did the hero and heroine of Violette Hall's romance.

These young people, during their seven years of married life, had accumulated a quantity of choice bric-à-brac, paintings, and china; they had built a pretty country home in which to store these treasures, and entertain their many friends and acquaintances. About the time that they begin to feel the burden of all this prosperity, they return to their home to find it in ashes, and the maids standing about a heap of hopeless ruin. That night they sleep, like two irresponsible children, on

piles of hay in the barn. The great doors are left wide open, and when, the next morning, they wake to hear the singing of birds, and to look out upon the May world, their conversion to the theory of the "simple life" is complete. They decide to follow in the footsteps of Thoreau.

A tiny new home is built on the edge of a wood. It is made out of a granary and two state-rooms from a dismantled steamer. The furnishings are of the simplest—bare floors, plain chairs, and table; no curtains at the windows, no pictures on the walls. "For," they say, "there could be no need of canvasses to collect dust and be mocked by the great gallery of ever-changing masterpieces nature had flung about us. Neither did we require receptacles in which to watch the drooping and decay of the floral splendors which we had the possibility of seeing in the first, fresh beauty of the wood and pastures."

They had a garden and a cow. In the fall they bought an apple-tree in an orchard near by, and picked their own apples. From their garden they dug their hushels of potatoes. A supply of fuel was added to the store-room, and the house "banked" for winter.

The summer camper had long since left for the city, but the inhabitants of "Chanticleer" could find no month in all the year whose varied charms they would forego for all the operas and art-exhibits of the metropolis.

It sounds very pretty.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A brief essay on "Tahiti the Golden," by Charles Keeler, with a number of well-chosen and very interesting illustrations, is published by the Oceanic Steamship Company, San Francisco.

"The Things That Abide" is the significant title of a small volume of addresses delivered by Orrin Leslie Elliott before the students of Stanford University. The author realizes fully what changes have been wrought in theological beliefs during the past few decades, but there still remains to him an unbroken faith in "the things that abide," and optimism in the ultimate goodness of life. The little work is neatly bound and printed, and is published by the Murdock Press, San Francisco.

The second number of the Flame Series is written, entire by Lionel Josaphare. It contains seven cryptic poems, the titles of which are "The Cynic at the Feast," "Renunciation," "A Sweetheart of Other Days," "The Humpback, the Cripple, and the One-Eyed Man," "The Sovereign in the Street," "Sonnets of an Angel," and "The Workingman's God." The theme of all is the "state of labor." Published by A. M. Rohertson, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

With intent to lessen the labor to the student engaged in the study of the History of Education, Ellwood P. Cubberley, associate professor of education, Stanford University, has prepared a "Syllabus of Lectures on the History of Education," with selected bibliographies. The volume is to be used chiefly as a text-book to supplement lectures by the instructor. The author claims that lectures so aided are much more valuable to the student than those in which the learner has to make notes without a guide. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.25.

There appears to be hot competition in the Spanish reader line. A cloth-bound edition of "Mariana" (price, 90 cents), by B. Pérez Galdós, with foot-notes and vocabulary, edited by Edward Gray, of the University of California, reaches us from the American Book Company, New York; while from William R. Jenkins, of the same place, comes a paper-bound edition of the same work (price, 75 cents), with notes by Louis A. Loiseaux, B. S., of Columbia University. The Loiseaux edition will serve best the purpose of the general reader, while Gray's work will be most suitable for the class-room.

We are in receipt of the 1903 edition of "Who's Who" for England, which, with its American cousin and the dictionary, shares the distinction of being, so far as this office is concerned, more useful than any other books. The volume is too well known to need description. This year the pages number 1,532, and some of the tables in the front of the book have been removed to make way for biographies. The latter, of course, include every notable or titled living person in England, and every great name of the world. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

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It is very evident, from the size of the north of Market audience which assembled at the Grand Opera House to see Nance O'Neil as Hedda Gabler, that a goodly percentage of people can always be relied on to turn out for occasional Ihsen performances. As a general thing, their curiosity and interest must languish ungratified, for, as a purveyor of popular amusement, managers distrust Ihsen, and the generality of critics abhor his works and deal with them as mercilessly as he himself deals with social institutions.

Henrik Ihsen, however, is a personality that none can view with indifference. There is some element in that enemy of smug conventionality that rouses conventionalists to a resentful fury, whether or not they be of the smug order. Those who belong to the ranks of the healthy, commonplace lovers of good cheer and sunshine, recoil instinctively from the dark problems that Ihsen presents, but seldom or never solves. There remains a certain proportion who are keenly interested in his dramas from varying motives; some because he is a master of the technique of dramatic art, and his dialogue is written with the pregnant conciseness of the French; others because they have a taste for psychological subtleties, or because they share in the iconoclastic sentiments of this social revolutionist; others still because Ihsen is a genius, and the works of a genius must ever command respect and deep attention, no matter how pessimistic their tone. Furthermore, Ihsen is, or would be, a reformer, and a reformer always has his following. Not a sufficiently numerous one, however, to make any attempt at even a week's run of his plays a safe venture from a pecuniary standpoint. Even in New York, the city of colossal assimilation of things theatrical, they never attempt other than extra matinee performances of his pieces.

Mary Shaw, a fervent apostle of Ihsen, has been playing Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" there, and has brought down upon her head, as well as Ihsen's, the usual reprobation of the conservative critics. There are, so to speak, shrieks of denunciation in the theatrical columns, unpleasant references to decaying rats and pestilential smells. It is certainly a curious spectacle, this periodic disturbance in the anti-Ihsenite ranks.

Out here, we taken an Ihsen performance more calmly, which attitude has a tendency to cause our Eastern critics to view us with contempt. They have in the past said that we do not understand Ihsen. Perhaps we do not, but it always appears as if the loudest protestants understand him the least, while those who discuss his works most calmly shed some interpretive light upon the apparently insoluble problems he presents. In San Francisco we comfortably refrain from any pretense, and our attitude is one of—perhaps we flatter ourselves—intelligent curiosity.

"Hedda Gabler," although scarcely compounded of sweetness and delight, is not so depressing as "Ghosts." The spectator soon recognizes that there is a blighting void in Hedda's code of ethics. Every line in the dialogue, so simple and commonplace on the surface, bears telling witness against her. One's attitude unconsciously becomes judicial. The emotions are not particularly involved, but the mind is keenly, clearly, coldly alert. One witnesses the *dénouement* with approving calm. Hedda, although through the art of the dramatist, reinforced by the charm of the actress who represents her, inspiring within us, willy-nilly, a kind of remote lawless sympathy with her smoldering revolt against the devil of ennui, is a nature constructed of such self-pretending elements that the only destiny possible for her is "to break away from the banquet of life so early." Imagine the chill, arid desert in the dry heart of Hedda Gabler grown old!

Miss O'Neil, whose choice of plays is circumscribed, and who gives us what everybody now knows by heart, conveys a stimulating sensation of novelty as Hedda Gabler. She plays the part quietly, yet tensely and understandingly, with not a single relapse into melodrama. There is lacking, perhaps, here, a light thrown upon the secret fast-

nesses of Hedda's abnormal nature and motives, but generally the presentation satisfies. And furthermore, Miss O'Neil broke away from a certain monotony which one perceives in her impersonations after having seen her a number of times in tragic rôles. I should think undertaking a series of modern characters would rest her physically, as well as vocally, for her voice still shows the had effects of carrying on declamatory parts while suffering from a had cold.

Herbert Carr was Tesman to the life, bestowing upon that worthy gentleman that "finicky" quality which appertains to the man who makes a tame lover but a safe husband. Miss Stoddard's Thea was fairly representative, and Aunt Julia, in her mourning, and with her voice of sorrow and stricken mien, was so realistic a bit of mortuary gloom that the audience gave a sigh of relief when she left the stage.

Herschell Mayall's Lovberg was, perhaps, too highly colored a performance, but the theatrical touch is almost pardonable. Lovberg was not made of humdrum elements. It is scarcely possible, by the way, to feel a very vast concern over the destruction of his manuscript, as one feels a difficulty in believing that any work by this rather despicable youth is of a nature to revolutionize society.

Mr. Ratcliffe played that genteel villain, Assessor Brack, so well and so thoroughly in the modern spirit, that, placing his work beside Nance O'Neil's, I began to wonder why McKee Rankin does not look up a few modern plays as a change and a relief from the heavy legitimate. Mr. Ratcliffe is not at home in heroic rôles. Miss O'Neil gains new interest in modern ones. She is, for instance, a hundred times more life-like and more interesting as Magda than as Camille, Judith, Leah, or any of the heavy-voiced heroines.

"The Little Duchess" is a tamed and Americanized version of "Niniche," a French piece, used formerly by the demurely wicked Judic, when she stormed America in her matronly middle-age. The *risqué* element is eliminated, but the first act, with its bevy of hatters disporting by the sad sea waves, strikes one as a peculiarly appropriate framework for French suggestiveness.

In its present form, the piece has been treated in such a way as to constitute an apotheosis of the corseted female form and fine feathers combined. "The Little Duchess" fails to sparkle with wit, and the dialogue is rattled off so mechanically, and with such an indiscriminate assortment of husky accents, that the maltreated ear catches but little of it on the fly. The merit of the vocal part of the performance is *nil*, the drawing power of the fashionably serpentine Anna, as well as that of her cborus of beauties, consisting entirely of an overwhelmingly lavish display of physical attractions. Anna Held does not make her appearance for some little time after the curtain rises, but she is not particularly missed. There are serried ranks of handsome girls to hold the eye, all attired in the briefest and most miraculously fitting of bathing-suits. And by the white knees of the graces, what shapes! Rounded throats, Venus-like shoulders, smoothly swelling necks, tapering arms and legs, perfect ankles! They have evidently been most carefully sifted from a miscellaneous heap of loveliness, and in their entirety are a credit to their chooser. Shape rather than beauty of countenance is evidently the first requisite, for not all are pretty. The eye roves from one to the other, past the red girl with the inviting eye, the yellow girl with the indiscreet tunic, the mauve girl with limbs as slender and shapely as those of a blooded pony, but there is no one overmastering beauty to select.

Anna Held, of course, is supposed to fill that place. Her looks, however, are not beyond compare. Her figure, with its tapering waist, its swelling bust and hips, and its languorous, affectingly serpentine poses, is the very last and crowning expression of nineteenth-century elegance in the female shape. She is gowned in each act with steadily accumulating splendor, and with a triumphant perfection of fit that would almost make the angels sigh for a Parisian *couturière*. Her face is markedly Gallic in feature and expression, and not entirely regular in outline, as her nose is too long for beauty. She has a small, tight mouth, which displays pretty teeth, a narrow oval face, and a cyclonic, lightly heaped up pompadour which towers above her brow, and, extending from the crown of her head down to below her ears, contrives by some secret of gravity to maintain its hold on form and permanence.

Her eyes are too much made up, and she uses them so continually, alternating from a languorous narrowing of the lids to a sudden

and meaningless dilation, as to lessen, rather than heighten, her beauty.

She is much given to posing on a height; on a diving platform in the first act, a gilded table or a curtained dais in the second, where she strikes an attitude, or undulates to and fro, permitting the audience to feast its gaze on her velvet shoulders, her tapering arms, and her flawless neck and back, which are so waxy smooth, and so heavily dusted with cosmetics as almost to lose the appearance of the human texture, and to seem a novel flesh-colored fabric—a contrasting part of the perfectly fitting gown henceath.

In the second act, there was a grand dress parade pure and simple. Each of the beauties appeared singly, in stately progression, gowned with sumptuous splendor, and an ingenious and contrasting variety of color and design which represented a very profuse expenditure. One was gleaming in white and silver; another, like a mermaid, was cased in a gown of glittering green scales; one was in lace from neck to hem; another costumed in a metallic fabric of flexible golden hands. The girl in black gave a sense of striking contrast, so milky fair was her neck and arms against the rich sombreness of her gown. This damsel in particular arrested many eyes by means of a diamond ornament which was apparently pinned to her marble bosom without visible means of support. Some of us exhausted conjecture as to what mysterious agency held it there. Whether it was suspended, gummed, or attached by a surgical operation, we may never know, but it glitteringly winked back at the curious gaze of the audience, and while its wearer courtesied, revolved, jigged, kicked, and flipped her petticoats, it held its place unmoved, and seemed to say

"this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

It goes without saying that the *jeunesse dorée* turned out with as lively a sense of the obligation entailed on their being present on this momentous occasion as was felt by the gentler sex when Ihsen received a bearing last week at the Grand Opera House.

I think that those who are satisfied with shows that appeal to the eye alone felt amply compensated. Joseph Herbert, the leading comedian of the troupe, is fairly amusing, the piece, even aside from the costuming, is very handsomely put on, and there are numerous showy effects of color and motion, with drills, skirt waving under colored lights, costume parades, and the like.

The music is principally of the ragtime order, but it does not particularly count, as the girls are like so many peacocks, with their gorgeous plumage and inharmonious voices, and not one of the men can muster even a fair-to-middling voice.

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EXTRA—Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22d (Washington's Birthday), Grand Sacred Concert. Chorus of 175 voices and orchestra of 60 in Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Soloists: Grace Northrup Davis, soprano; Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, alto; J. F. Vezco, tenor; G. Worell, basso. Beethoven's Leonore No. 2 Overture, Mascagni's Hymn to the Sun.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 20th and 21st, and Saturday matinee,

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Direction of Will L. Greenbaum.

Week commencing matinee Feb. 23d, every afternoon

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Killies are comin'!

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Wednesday morning.

Watch for the Killies parade Monday at 12 M.

March 3d, 5th, 7th—Kocian, the wonderful Bohemian

STAGE GOSSIP.

Second Week of Anna Held.

Anna Held and her bevy of beauties have filled the Columbia Theatre to overflowing at every performance during the week, and the prospects are that during the second and last week of her engagement the attendance will be equally as large. "The Little Duchess" is an excellent vehicle for displaying the charms of the chic French comedienne, and is costumed and staged gorgeously. The next attraction is to be Augustus Thomas's picturesque drama of the South-West, "Arizona," which was given here a year ago, after its remarkable runs in London and New York. John W. Cope will be the Canby this season, and Dustin Farnham, who, it is predicted, will be a great favorite with the matinee girls, will have the rôle of Lieutenant Denton.

"Peaceful Valley" at the Alcazar.

Sol Smith Russell's great success, "Peaceful Valley," is to be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week, and as it has not been presented here for nearly four years, it will be practically a novelty. Ernest Hastings will appear as Hosea Howe, one of his best characters, and Alice Treat Hunt will impersonate Virgie Rand. The other rôles will be in the hands of George Oshourne, Frank Bacon, Clifford Dempsey, William G. Warren, Walter Belasco, Albert Morrison, Calvin Dix, Marie Howe, and Edna Oshourne. "My Pardner" is to be the next production.

Charles Verner in "Robert Emmet."

Nance O'Neil's engagement is rapidly drawing to a close at the Grand Opera House. This (Saturday) afternoon and to-night the Biblical play, "Judith," is to be revived, and on Sunday night—the farewell performance—Isen's "Lady Inge of Ostrat," which was postponed from Thursday, will be given. Next week the powerful Irish drama, "Robert Emmet," will be produced, with Charles Erin Verner in the title-rôle. During his engagement Sunday matinees will be resumed. The prices will be 10, 15, 25, 50, and 75 cents, and a good seat in the orchestra will be sold for 25 cents at the matinee.

"Patience" at the Tivoli.

"Patience" has duplicated the success of "The Mikado" at the Tivoli Opera House, and will be continued another week. It is prettily mounted and admirably performed. The parts of the rival poets, Bunthorne and Grosvenor, are taken by Ferris Hartman and Edward Wehly, and they both win applause with their witty dialogue and catchy songs. Cunningham sings the part of the Colonel in splendid style, and Caro Roma, as Lady Jane, scores another character hit. The work of Bertha Davis in the rôle of Patience, Oscar Lee as the duke, Fogarty as the major, and Marie Welsh as Lady Ella, are also deserving of special mention. On Wednesday evening, February 18th, there will be a benefit performance for the Infants' Shelter, and a large audience will undoubtedly fill the theatre in aid of this worthy cause. "Iolanthe" will be the third of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to be revived by the Tivoli company.

The New Burlesque at Fischer's.

"Barbara Fidgety" will give way on Monday to another amusing Weher and Field burlesque, "Hoity-Toity," which is said to be in much the same vein as "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," most popular of all the travesties presented at Fischer's Theatre. All the principals have been provided with congenial rôles, and three pretty stage pictures are promised, showing the scene in front of the celebrated gambling Casino at Monte Carlo, the interior of the Casino, and the campus at Stanford University, where a clever satire on Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex" is introduced. "Hoity-Toity" is said to abound in catchy new songs, dainty dances and novel specialties, and the first production on Monday night will be greeted by a crowded house.

The Commercial Men's Minstrels.

Freeman and Lynn's Commercial Men's Mastodon Minstrels, composed entirely of some fifty "knights of the road" representing the leading mercantile houses of the State, will make their first and only appearance in this city at the Alhambra Theatre next Friday and Saturday evenings, February 20th and 21st, with a matinee Saturday. This organization, now in the third season of its success, is just finishing a three weeks' tour of the State, and from reports received from the interior, San Francisco theatre-goers have a treat in store for them. Cassassa's Band of twenty-five men accompanies the show, and an orchestra of sixteen pieces is under the direction of James H. Doolittle. The first part of the programme is devoted to the old-time minstrel show, with William Freeman as inter-locutor, Ed Lynn, Ted Hall, Wallie Young, and Dave Finney manipulating the bones, and Charles Eilerman, Billy Hohson, Ed McGlade, and Tom Holder twirling the tambourines. The bon-mots and really clever jokes and stories perpetrated by these merry drummers have been praised from Willows to Carson City. The vocal corps is very strong, including Edgar Coffman, Frank Schuler, C. M. Koenig, Richard T. Kohn, Harry B. Smith, Orville Fairfield and William McDonald, the basso, late of the Bostonians. The olio includes an exhibition of scientific bag-punching by Ed McGlade; a rapid-fire monologue by Ed M. Lynn; an amusing stunt by the Comedy Four, made up of Messrs. Young,

Holder, Finney, and McGlade; a musical comedy act by Charles Eilerman; and Dill and Hornton in unique club juggling. The street parade, to take place Friday at noon, will be well worth seeing. Prices will be popular, and reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Tuesday morning.

At the Orpheum.

Lola Yherri, known as the "Spanish Whirlwind," will make her first appearance at the Orpheum next week, in her floral terpsichorean fantasy, "A Dream of the Dance." She carries a special portable sectional stage, which is erected for each of her performances, and has a staff of five people, including three maids, who are not superfluous, considering the dancer's seven changes of costumes and the variations of her representations, which comprise illustrations of the weird incantations and dances of savage tribes, an Oriental dance, a Spanish dance, a minuet, and an allegorical twentieth-century dance. The other new-comers will be Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, great favorites here, who return with a new sketch entitled "A Skin Game"; Franco Piper, an excellent hanjoist, who promises a novel act; and Miss Fyve-Dench, an Australian contralto. Those retained from this week's bill are Cole and Johnson, the colored entertainers, who will change their classical music and ragtime songs; John T. Sullivan and his company in the pretty sketch, "Captain Huntington"; the Dumond Parisian Minstrels, who will appear for their third and final week; and the Martinetti troupe in new acrobatic feats.

Theatrical Chit Chat.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will produce eight plays during her limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

The "Passion Play," which was so successfully presented at Santa Clara College two years ago, will be given an elaborate production by the faculty of the college some time in May.

In tendering a testimonial matinee performance to Manager S. H. Friedlander, the owners of Fischer's Theatre have done a gracious thing. The many friends of the popular manager may be depended on to see that the house will be filled on the day of the special performance, which is to be announced later.

Fritzi Scheff has decided to become a comic-opera star. Charles B. Dillingham, the manager of Julia Marlowe and Maxine Elliott, will star her at the head of a light-opera organization, which will open in New York next November. After a two or three months' engagement in New York the company will be put on tour, and, later, will go to London.

In several of its issues recently—since he was elected president of the Democratic Club in New Rochelle—the *Pioneer*, the official Republican newspaper of that city, has referred to Augustus Thomas as "Miss Gussie Thomas." At first the playwright did not heed what he calls "an implication of effeminacy," but when the editor, Henry Sweet, persisted in dubbing him "Miss Gussie," the playwright went to his house and administered a lesson to Sweet with his fist. As a result of the encounter the playwright is under arrest, charged with assault, and the editor is suffering from contusions on the neck and nervous prostration. Sweet declares he will sue Thomas for \$50,000 damages. The playwright says he welcomes any legal action that Sweet may take, and adds that it is his intention to sue Sweet for libel and close up his office if possible. Before administering the drubbing to Sweet, Thomas comelled the editor to write and sign a retraction of a humiliating nature, which the playwright had prepared.

The trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway through Mill Valley is a most enjoyable one. The panoramic views of the surrounding country, from the summit of the mountain and the veranda of the Tavern, in sunshine or rain, are indescribably beautiful.

The big racing event at Ingleside track today (Saturday) will be the Palace Hotel handicap for two-year-olds. The value of the purse is \$1,500, the distance a mile and a furlong, and the entries number over seventy.

Mascagni's Symphony Concerts.

Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged one of the finest orchestras ever assembled in this city to play with the famous Italian composer-conductor, Mascagni, at the concerts he will give at the Alhambra Theatre next week. Leaders of all our principal theatre orchestras will take part and Ferdinand Stark will act as concert-master. At the Tuesday concert, the programme will be the overture to "William Tell," by Rossini; Tschaiakowsky's "Pathétique Symphony"; Mascagni's suite to Hall Caine's "Eternal City"; and the "Dance of the Dolls" and "Hymn to the Sun," for orchestra and chorus, from his Japanese opera "Iris."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, in describing the beauties of the latter composition, says: "The curtain rises on a dark stage, and in the hazy of the orchestra are heard gloomy and sinister phases that tell of the mysterious terrors of the night. Gradually dawn comes. Looming faintly in the distance is snow-crowned Fujiyama. As the glow of morning increases, the orchestral color brightens. Up from the horizon shoot shafts of light, messengers of the sun, and in the orchestra appears an increasing brilliancy. Finally the sun appears. The stage is flooded with light. The music rises quickly in a tremendous crescendo and a many-voiced chorus hursts into song. It is the sun proclaiming his omnipotence over the darkness of the night. The vague terrors are scattered. The landscape is bathed in golden sunlight. Flowers awake. Birds are singing. Day has come. It is a beautiful idea, magnificently executed."

Thursday's programme will include Wagner's introduction to the "Meistersinger," and "Liebestodt" from "Tristan and Isolde"; Goldmark's second symphony (for the first time in this city); overtures from Mascagni's "William Ratcliffe," and "L'Amico Fritz"; and Tschaiakowsky's overture to "1812." On Sunday afternoon a grand chorus of one hundred and fifty voices and a quartet of soloists—consisting of Grace Northrup Davis, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, J. F. Veacó, and G. Wanrel—will assist in rendering Rossini's "Stabat Mater." In addition, Beethoven's overture to "Leonore" No. 3, and Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" will be offered. A big popular concert at Mechanics' Pavilion will be given on Sunday night, arrangements for which have not yet been completed. Seats for the concerts at the Alhambra Theatre are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall will leave for Honolulu on next Thursday on the steamship *Sierra*, to fill an engagement for a series of demonstrations and lectures before the people of Honolulu. The famous thought-reader expects to be gone about a month, and on his return is hooked for a second appearance in Los Angeles, before going East, and thence to Europe. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has been extremely successful here, both in his entertainments and in his lectures, and has invariably attracted large audiences. His closing lecture, on "Personal Magnetism: How to Compel Success," will be given on Sunday night at Steinway Hall, supplemented by experiments in telepathy and thought power.

The New Champagne Record.

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VANITY FAIR.

The municipal government of New York is endeavoring to assess personal property as well as real estate at its full value, although the assessors find it very difficult to do so; more difficult than any other task they have to perform. They can ascertain the actual selling value of a plot of ground, or the cost of a building very accurately, but it is impossible for them to find out what stocks and bonds and notes and mortgages the rich men of the city have in their vaults or in their tin boxes at the safe deposit companies. Therefore they guess at it. The board of assessment have adopted extraordinary methods to assist in the guessing contest in which they are engaged. In nearly every other city the tax department sends blank schedules to every man whose name appears upon the registration lists, which, under the law, he is obliged to fill out, so as to show the nature and value of his personal property, including household furniture, pictures, library, pianos, horses, carriages, jewelry, as well as securities, notes and mortgages and cash in hand. These schedules are used as the basis of taxation and are generally accepted as final. In New York, however, no schedules are sent out, but the personal tax list is made up, as Mr. Wells, president of the board of assessment, told William E. Curtis, "upon assumed facts that men and women of reputed wealth have a certain portion of that wealth in taxable personal property; that corporations with large capital may be liable for the whole amount; that estates must have the personal property reported to the surrogate in taxable securities; that outward evidences of wealth and prosperity, whether of a business or a social character, indicate the possession of taxable personal property."

The highest assessments imposed are as follows: Andrew Carnegie, \$5,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$2,500,000; John Jacob Astor, \$2,000,000; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, \$2,000,000; Clarence Mackay, \$2,000,000; Russell Sage, \$2,000,000; James H. Smith, \$1,500,000; Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, \$1,500,000; William K. Vanderbilt, \$1,000,000; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., \$1,000,000; Miss Elsie F. Vanderbilt, \$1,000,000; William Rockefeller, \$1,000,000; H. H. Rogers, \$1,000,000; Edwin Gould, \$1,000,000; Alice G. Vanderbilt, \$1,000,000; James R. Keene, \$1,000,000; Mrs. Teresa R. Oelrichs, \$1,000,000. These are the only assessments exceeding \$1,000,000. Pierpont Morgan is down for \$600,000, William C. Whitney for \$50,000, Oliver H. Payne for \$200,000, E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate, for \$500,000, Levi P. Morton for \$100,000. These are examples of many men who claim residences at the places where they live in the summer, and have an understanding with the assessors in New York, under which they submit to what they consider a reasonable amount of taxation, and usually fix their own assessments. For example, Mr. Rockefeller lives at Tarrytown, and pays a large assessment there. He is willing to pay an assessment in New York, where he also has a residence, and his principal offices are located; therefore the board assesses him at \$2,500,000, which is satisfactory, but this does not include his Standard Oil stock, which is assessed at different places in several States throughout the country, where the plants of that company are located. Mr. Morton lives near Dobbs's Ferry three-fourths of the year, although he also has a house in New York, and he pays personal taxes in both places. Most of his money is invested in the stock of banks and corporations, which pay taxes on all their shares in a lump. Mr. Whitney lives at Meadowbrook, L. I., and Mr. Payne at Thomasville, Ga., but they consent to the assessments which appear against their names. The Belmont brothers—August, Perry, and Oliver—pay on \$250,000 each, although they claim residence at Newport. John Jacob Astor resides near Kingston, although he has a \$2,000,000 house in New York.

Charles M. Schwab, who has recently gone to New York to live, but still claims residence in Pennsylvania, is assessed for \$60,000, which is only about one-fourth of his annual salary. George Gould lives at Lakewood, N. J., and pays no personal taxes in New York. Helen Gould lives near Irvington, and pays her taxes there. Edwin and Howard Gould pay in New York, one on \$1,000,000 and the other on \$750,000. The Goelt family, who are among the richest people in the country, claim a residence at Newport, but are willing to pay on \$500,000 each in New York City. The Vanderhilt fam-

ily have always had the reputation of being good taxpayers, and taking them altogether, adults and children, they pay on about \$10,000,000. The children are assessed at \$500,000 each, although most of the family claim residence at Newport, and George Vanderhilt at Asheville, N. C. It was Alfred Vanderhilt who went to the board of assessment a year ago and had his taxes increased fifty per cent. on the ground that there had been either an undervaluation of his property or an overvaluation of his brother's. This is a fair sample of the way in which the assessments of the personal property of the rich are made. Sometimes the rich men are very touchy about their taxes. For example, D. O. Mills, who is worth many millions, has been paying upon an assessment of \$250,000 in New York City, and the board, thinking that he might be squeezed a little more, put him up to \$1,000,000. He sent his secretary to explain his position, and to say that he was perfectly willing to submit to the old assessment, but he would not pay any more. The commissioners refused to reduce the assessment below \$500,000, whereupon Mr. Mills filed an affidavit to the effect that he is a citizen of San Mateo County, in this State, so his name had to be stricken off entirely, and the revenues of New York were reduced about \$5,000 a year thereby.

The Gridiron Club, which is composed of Washington newspaper correspondents, and has entertained every President who has been in the White House during nearly twenty years, always makes a great feature of its annual dinner. The members are no respecters of dignity. Every man who attends its dinners, even the President, knows perfectly well that the humorous side of his character will be portrayed in one way or another. It is not on record that any man who has been lampooned by the club has taken exception to the freedom with which his personality has been handled, and it is not on record that any guest or member of the club has ever overstepped the bounds of decorum laid down. According to the New York Herald, one of the rules of the club is, "Ladies are always present; reporters never." This means that coarse jest or insinuation is never permitted, and that any speaker can use the utmost freedom of expression without fear of his words being printed or repeated beyond the walls of the banquet hall.

This year the dinner at the Arlington Hotel was attended by about two hundred gentlemen, among the distinguished guests being Senators Hanna, Aldrich, Depew, Fairbanks, Dooliver, Beveridge, Dillingham, and Dryden; Senators-elect Gorman and Stone; Editors Kohlsaat of the Chicago Record-Herald, Holmes of the Boston Herald, Estill of the Savannah News, Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution, Joseph Medill McCormick of the Chicago Tribune; J. Pierpont Morgan; Lord Charles Beresford; the English ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert; the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini; the Spanish minister, Señor Ojeda; Count Quadt of the German embassy; Presidents Spencer of the Southern Railroad, Ingalls of the Big Four, and Williams of the Seaboard Air Line; Governors Murphy of New Jersey and Terrell of Georgia; Admirals Schley and Bradford of the navy; Adjutant-General Corbin and General Randolph, U. S. A. The programme of fun-making was up to the usual standard, and included a gorgeous reception by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Columbus, in the person of William Elroy Curtis, the new president, with a report of what he had discovered throughout the world, when sent on his royal mission; an object lesson in the Agricultural Department, tests of poison eaters, with prominent statesmen as the victims, and many other humorous hits. In addition to oratorical outbursts by members of the club, containing clever hits at the great men present, a few of the distinguished guests were called upon for speeches. President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet were unable to be present, as Secretary Moody gave a Cabinet dinner that night in honor of the President, which was followed by a musicale. This was the first time for several years that the President has not attended the annual Gridiron dinner.

It is estimated that there are now in the United States 2,500,000 more single men of marriageable age than there are single women, the official figures being as follows: Unmarried men, 10,448,153; unmarried girls and women, 7,973,819. The male population of the United States, through the excess of male immigration, and the higher male birth-rate, is more than a million in excess of the female.

The span of life is, on the average, longer for a woman than for a man, and the marriageable age for women is several years younger than the average for men. As a consequence of this, the number of widows is very largely in excess of the number of widowers, the figures being 2,700,000 and 1,200,000, respectively. There are more divorced women who have not remarried than there are divorced men, and for all these reasons the number of the single men of marriageable age is larger than the number of single women. In New York it is 240,000, in Pennsylvania 180,000, in Ohio 120,000, in Illinois 200,000, in California 150,000, in Texas 150,000, and in Kansas 75,000. In Massachusetts the number of unmarried men exceeds the number of unmarried women by only a few thousand. In Utah there are 35,000 unmarried men and 23,000 unmarried women of marriageable age. In Washington, the capital, the number of single men is 42,000 and of single women about the same.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 11, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup 3%.....	500	@ 107 1/4	107 1/4		
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	15,000	@ 109 1/4-110	109 1/4	110 1/2	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	105	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	14,000	@ 98 1/4	98	99 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 120 1/4-120 1/2	119 1/2	120 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 121 1/2	121 1/2		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	25,000	@ 109	108 1/2	109 1/2	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	15,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	102	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	1,000	@ 123	122	123	
Oakland Transit 5%.....	10,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	114 1/2	
Oakland Water 5%.....	1,000	@ 100 1/2	100 1/2	102	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	2,000	@ 76	75		
Pac. Elec. Ry. 4%.....	94,000	@ 112-112 1/2	112 1/2	112 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 124	123 1/2	125 1/2	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	18,000	@ 112	112		
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909.....	12,000	@ 111	110 1/2	111 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....	5,000	@ 112	111 1/2	112 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906.....	2,000	@ 110	110		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	10,000	@ 120 1/4-120 1/2	120 1/2		
S. V. Water 6%.....	17,000	@ 100 1/2-110	100 1/2		
S. V. Water 4% ad.....	12,000	@ 101 1/2-102 1/2	102 1/2		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	41,000	@ 102-102 1/2	102		

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Contra Costa.....	115	@ 66 1/4-66 1/2	66	66 1/2	
Spring Valley.....	330	@ 85-86 1/4	87	88	
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.....	25	@ 97	96	97 1/2	
Bank of California.....	25	@ 47 1/2	46		
London P. & A.....	25	@ 166	166	170	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	440	@ 65-68	63	65 1/2	
Vigorit.....	490	@ 2 1/2-3	2 1/2	3	
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S.....	135	@ 43-44	43 1/2	44 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	930	@ 13 1/4-14	13 1/4	14	
Hutchinson.....	330	@ 15 1/4-15 1/2	15 1/4	15 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	20	@ 8	8	10 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	25	@ 27 1/2	27 1/2		
Pauahau S. Co.....	350	@ 16-16 1/2	16		
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gas.....	325	@ 3 1/4	3 1/4	3 1/2	
Oakland Gas.....	100	@ 76	75 1/2		
Pacific Lighting Co.....	300	@ 54 1/2-55	54 1/2	55 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	255	@ 42 1/4-43	42 1/2	43 1/2	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	205	@ 155 1/2-156 1/2	155 1/2	156 1/2	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	25	@ 94 1/2	94	96	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	165	@ 100-100 1/2	100	100 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	10	@ 15 1/2	15	18	

San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 255 shares sold up three-quarters of a point to 43, closing in good demand at 42 1/2 bid.

Spring Valley Water sold up one and one-quarter points to 86 1/2, closing at 87 bid, 88 asked.

Sugars were traded in to the amount of 1,400 shares, with gains of one-quarter to one point; the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar.

Giant Powder on sales of 440 shares sold off three points to 63; closing at 63 bid, 65 1/2 asked. The prevailing low price of this security on the dividend now being paid, should insure a very substantial advance on stock purchased around these prices.

INVESTMENTS.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copy- ing at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Albert Smith grew tired of being the butt of Douglas Jerrold's wit, he one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," answered the clever playwright, like a flash of lightning, "hut not with the same skulls."

In a recently published memoir of Lord Salisbury, there is an amusing story of his childhood. "Oh, Betty," he sighed one day to his nurse, "I wish I was a cat!" "Why?" asked the astonished Betty. "When I think," said the child, "of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

At a social gathering, when he was still Bishop of London, the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, was approached by a lady, who came to him in great excitement, and said: "O bishop! my aunt has had a wonderful escape. She was detained yesterday, or she would have been killed in that terrible railway accident. Was it not providential?" "Madam," replied the bishop, "I do not know your aunt, so I can not say."

The late Baron de Hirsch was once a guest in a well-known German nobleman's mansion, where he met Prince Halberstamm, noted as a fierce anti-Semite. The prince treated the baron with marked disrespect. At dinner Halberstamm remarked how he had been in Turkey, and was favorably impressed by two of their customs. "All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed." The guests became pale with consternation, but Baron de Hirsch, maintaining his composure, turned to the prince, with the retort: "How fortunate you and I don't live there!"

Björnson, whose seventieth birthday was recently celebrated, was once asked by a friend upon what occasion in his life he had taken the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was a poet. "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania," he answered, "and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me, and were starting for home again, they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing, 'Yes, we love this land of ours,'; they couldn't do anything else. They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."

Rollin Lynde Hart says that once Charles A. Dana summoned a boy reporter, and said: "To-morrow you write up the yacht race." "But," said the lad, "I don't know how; I'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I haven't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts—why, I never saw a yacht in my life!" "Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! You'll write a story that people can read; you'll picture the thing; you'll write with enthusiasm, because it's all new to you." And Dana was not disappointed, for the youthful reporter turned out an article that made excellent reading.

There is a certain confectioner's shop at St. Moritz, which all the notabilities during the season are in the habit of visiting about four o'clock in the afternoon. Last summer Mme. Nordica went there one afternoon, and when the coffee for her party was unreasonably delayed, she set out to investigate the cause. To a man in front of the counter, where every one helps himself to the kind of pastry he wants, she said in German: "Why don't you bring our coffee? I am worn out with waiting." "Madame," came the reply in the suavest of French, "I would be very glad if I could, but I have nothing to do with the place." He was a Russian count, and in the course of things was presented later.

General De Wet, in his story of the part he played in the Boer war, gives this account of his most miraculous escape from the English forces: "One evening at sunset a Hottentot came to me. He said that his 'baas,' whose family lived about twelve miles from the farm of Commandant Nel, had laid down his arms, and that he could not remain in the service of the wife of such a bad 'haas.' He asked me if he could not become one of my 'achterrijders.' As he was still speaking to me, Landrost Bosman, from Bothaville, came to pay me a visit. 'Good,' I said to the Hottentot, 'I shall see you about this again.' For I wished to cross-question him. I then went into the house with the Landrost, and spent a good deal of time in writing with him. Late

in the evening he went back to Bothaville, and I to bed exactly at eleven o'clock. I had scarcely laid down when the Hottentot came back to my thoughts, and I began to grow uneasy. I got up, and went to the out-house where my Kaffir slept. I woke him up, and asked him where the Hottentot was. 'Oh, he is gone,' he replied, 'to go and fetch his things to go with the baas.' I at once felt that there was something wrong, and went and called my men. I told them to saddle up, and went off with my staff to the farm of Mr. Schoeman, on the Valsch River, to the east of Bothaville. On the following morning, before daybreak, a force of two hundred English stormed the farm of Commandant Nel. They had come to take me prisoner."

When he returned from his first boxing bout in Portland, Or., James J. Corbett, the champion pugilist, was asked by his father: "How did it turn out?" Being advised that the fight was a financial failure, he advised the youthful pugilist to remain at home in the future. "Remember, me lad," he said, "there's an old proverb and a true one, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'" Six months later Corbett boxed Kilrain in New Orleans, and when he came home his father again approached him. This time he replied that he had made a lot of money, and paid him fifty dollars he had borrowed on a previous occasion. "Well, me boy," said "Pop" Corbett, "remember there's an old proverb and a true one, 'It's the roving hee that gets the honey.'"

Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, tells a characteristic story of Tom Fitch, a reckless companion of his earlier years, who came to him one day to borrow money, and indulged in a few personalities. Said he: "Jones, I don't understand it." "Don't understand what?" "I don't understand the laws of fate. When I first knew you, forty years ago, you were a poor, struggling tenderfoot, without a dollar or a friend, and I was rich and influential. Now you are rich and influential, and I have neither money nor friends." "The reason for that is perfectly clear to me," said Jones; "the trouble with you, Tom, is that an inscrutable Providence created you without the power to distinguish between right and wrong, and you are a d—n poor guesser."

Richard Harding Davis makes no pretense of being a pianist, but he does play the guitar and sing well. Having composed a musical setting to Kipling's "Danny Deever," with that instrument, he picked it out, quite in the secrecy of his home, on the piano. The accompaniment to his voice consisted of a few chords which, from frequent repetitions, he fixed in his memory. One night Mr. Davis was at an evening party of musical people, many of them celebrated composers. As a joke, some one asked him to play one of his own compositions. To every one's surprise, he consented, and boldly went to the piano, where he eyed the keys in a puzzled way. Turning to Paderewski, he said: "I can't find the starting note. I composed my tune on a Steinway, and this is a Weber. Where would the note that is under the W on a Steinway be on a Weber?"

Some fifteen years ago, Sir Thomas Lipton was a passenger on an East Indian steamer, bound for Ceylon. While in the Red Sea, the boat was disabled, and it became necessary to throw overboard a part of her cargo. Lipton was an interested spectator of the preparations for lightening the ship. Suddenly he halted the scene, and by a twenty-dollar dicker with the chief engineer, secured a stencil, a paint brush, and a pot of black paint. Then, to the astonishment of the captain and passengers, he cheerfully labeled each box and bale thrown overboard, "Use Lipton's Teas." The cargo, of course, floated ashore, and for miles in Araby and other lands the natives saw that legend. Subsequently the passengers on the injured steamer were compelled to abandon it, and take to small boats. On reaching land, Sir Thomas was the first to make a cable office, and wire the destruction of the boat and safety of the travelers to London. The message was signed "Lipton." Of course, his name was in every English newspaper the next morning, signed to that message, and he was the best-advertised man in the kingdom.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

—WHISKY—
More whisky—
"Jesse Moore" whisky—the best.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

February XIV.

Is there a lonely bachelor,
Aetad twenty-nine,
Or thereabouts, who longs for love,
And wants a Valentine?
O Cupid, in your rounds to-day,
If any such you see,
I wish you could, somehow, contrive
To let him hear of me!

For of those *billets-doux*, all lace
And rosy wreaths, to trail
Across the verses that unfold
Love's old delicious tale,
Not one has ever come to me—
No swain has fondly sighed
In prose or poetry, a bope
To win me for his bride.

But yet if any word of truth
Lie in the jest that Fate
For every mortal on this earth
Has set apart a mate,
There must be somewhere in the world,
A heart that's meant for mine,
And this shall let the owner know
That I'm his Valentine!—*Er.*

John Bull Protests to His Partner.

Oh, William, stop bombarding,
Ob, Billy, please be nice,
Stop calmly disregarding
My excellent advice.
Please be a little wiser,
Be good and come away,
Ob, Billy, be a Kaiser,
Not a fireworks display!

Ob, heavens, what's that roar there?
What are you shelling at?
That little speck on shore there?

A fortress! It's a cat!
Your head, my friend, is swelling,
With all this blamed pow-wow,
Oh, William, dear, stop shelling
That doubtless neutral cow!

I do not mind blockading
To gather in your debt,
But all this cannonading
Has got my nerves upset;

I'm down here, willy-nilly
To help your gunning sport.
I'm —, oh, confound it, Billy,
That hen is not a fort!

I don't see what I came for,
Nor how to get away,
Nor why I lent my name for
This German holiday!
Bill's wild bombarding habit
Is — Damn! He's at it still,
Oh, Lord! he's killed a rabbit!
I'll leave you, Cousin Bill!

—New York Sun.

Mascagni's Ode to America.

(From the Unpublished Writings to P—t—o
M—s—gn—.)

O wondrous land of coin and fame!
The future shall revere thy name,
And in my heart shall linger warm
The country where attachments form—
Attachments that are great and strong,
Unchangeable as any rock,
Which hold us through the ages long.
Unless we skip by 12 o'clock!

O wondrous land! I pull the stops
And play a fanfare to thy cops!

(Bass drum agitato. Tenor drum furioso. Trombone fortissimo.)

O wondrous land! So rich, so fair;
Appreciative of long hair!
Imbued with culture; music tossed—
Intent on art at any cost!
I praise thy men and maidens, too;
I praise the cbeer that loudly comes—
Although a slobber rends me through
At thought of demon-laden bombs!

O splendid land! Abode of peace!
I tune my lyre to thy police!

(Bassoon gracioso. Flugel horns crescendo. Xylophone pizzicato.)

O land where the injunction grows!
Where law and art in conflict close!
I lift my feeble voice to thee
Each time the ticket booth I see.
O wondrous land! I'll ever prize
The tokens thou hast given me—
Thou taught'st me how to advertise,
And how to gain publicity.

O wondrous land! It is enough
For me to say: "You are the stuff!"

—Chicago Tribune.

When a girl takes her eyes off the hero long enough to tear the paper from her caramel she is getting over her adoration. The real rabid matinee girl pops it in, paper and all, rather than miss the merest flicker of one of the gold teeth of her idol.—New York Sun.

Infants Thrive

on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a general household milk it is superior and is always available.

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DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin-Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the

MEDITERRANEAN
From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR,
GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.

VANCOUVER, Feb. 21st.
NEW ENGLAND, Feb. 28th.
CAMBROMAN, March 14th.
COMMONWEALTH, March 28th.

Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool. Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to CHAS. D. TAYLOR, 30 Montgomery St., General Agent.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.

Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York,
Philadelphia, ..February 18 | New York, ..March 4
St. Paul, ..February 25

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York,
Vaderland, ..February 21 | Zealand, ..March 7
Kronland, ..February 28

Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.

CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Doric, ..Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic, ..Thursday, March 19
Gaelic, ..Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila), ..Friday, May 8

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.

Nippon Maru, ..Tuesday, March 3
(Calling at Manila)
America Maru, ..Friday, March 27
Hongkong Maru, ..Wednesday, April 22

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons Sonoma, 6200 Tons Ventura, 6200 Tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, February 16, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, February 19, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, February 28, 1903, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwells, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):

Pomona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, March 5.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 6, 12, 18, 24, March 2.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara:

Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and Newport ("Ramona" only).

Ramona, 9 A. M., Feb. 2, 10, 18, 26, March 6.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Feb. 6, 14, 22, March 2.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.
C. D. DUNNAN, General Passenger Agent,
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

Preparations for the Carnival Ball at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, on Tuesday, February 24th, have begun in good earnest. Newton J. Tharp and Ernest C. Peixotto, the committee in charge of the decorations, have already transformed the great Searles gallery into a wonderful mass of color, which, under the electric lights, will be still more beautiful. The scheme of decoration is entirely novel, and when completed promises to be one of the many brilliant features of the hall. All the boxes in the Searles gallery have been sold, and many more could be disposed of if there was room for them. The management, however, has wisely determined not to encroach upon the dancing space. There are still a few of the smaller boxes left in the house gallery, where one of the orchestras will be stationed, and where reserved seats and a very good view of the dancers may be obtained. The following are those who have secured boxes: Mr. Cbauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. M. H. de Young, Miss Flood, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. Herbert F. Hodgdon, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. Irving M. Scott, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

The wearing of fancy costumes will undoubtedly be more general than ever this year, particularly among the men, on account of their being permitted to mask. A great many dinner-parties are being planned for the Mardi Gras evening, and not a few of the masking-parties, which add so greatly to the carnival fun, are being secretly organized. Among the most important of these, it is rumored that the artists are arranging some sort of pleasant surprise for the opening ceremony, the details of which are as yet kept in profound mystery, although it is hinted that it will be in the nature of a representation of a Greek mythological pageant. Saturday, February 21st, is the last day on which invitations may be obtained. All applications should be addressed to the secretary, Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Bird Findley, daughter of the late Thomas Findley, and Captain Harold Edward Cloke, Sixty-first Artillery, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Baker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mills, daughter of General Anson Mills, U. S. A., retired, to Captain Winfield S. Overton, of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., at present on duty at the Presidio.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Mary Drake, niece of Mrs. John Lawrence, and Rey. Wilson T. Hartzel, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Meadville, Pa. The wedding will take place in April.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Berthier, niece of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes, and Mr. William M. Klink will take place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening, February 17th. Miss Belle Harnes will act as maid of honor, and Miss Margery Moore, Miss Mabel Hogg, Miss Etelka Willard, and Miss Mollie Dutton will be the bridesmaids. Mr. Henry Lamberton will be the best man, and Mr. Jack Polhemus, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. Charles Anderson, and Mr. Paul Hutchins will serve as ushers. There will be a reception at the Harnes residence after the church service.

The wedding of Miss Edith Woodruff, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., chief commissary of the Department of California, and Mr. Rodger Williams, took place in Denver, Colo., on Wednesday, February 4th.

The wedding of Miss May Palmer and Dr. R. F. Tomlinson, which will take place Monday evening, February 23d, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. George H. Palmer, on Jackson Street, will be a very quiet affair, owing to the recent death in Santa Barbara of Dr. Tomlinson's father.

The wedding of Miss Anna Elizabeth Gibson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gibson, and Lieutenant John Laws Hughes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 2819 California Street. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Father Pius Murphy, of St. Dominic's Church. Miss Sadie Ludlow acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Hughes, brother of the groom, was best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Hughes left on their wedding journey for Southern California, and upon their return will reside at the Presidio.

The wedding of Miss Anna Louis Maus, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, and Lieutenant Laurence Halstead, Thirteenth In-

fantry, U. S. A., son of Colonel Benton Halstead, of Cincinnati, took place at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by Rev. George C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to the illness of the groom's father. Lieutenant Halstead and his bride have departed for the East, and expect to be absent for about two months.

The wedding of Miss Flora Keane, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Keane, and Mr. John Proctor, Jr., took place at the home of the bride's mother, 340 Page Street, last Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Miss Grace Bailey was the maid of honor, and Mr. John S. Merrill acted as best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean will give a dinner at the Palace Hotel to-day (Saturday), in honor of Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson have sent out cards for a reception on Thursday evening, February 19th, in honor of Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge, at their residence, 2520 Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Friday evening of last week at her residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels, prior to their departure for Europe. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Minnie Carroll Alexander, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

Mrs. William S. Gage has sent out invitations for a tea to be given in honor of her sister, Miss Langworthy, who arrived here recently from Boston, this (Saturday) afternoon, at her new residence, 2470 Broadway. The hours are from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer will give a valentine luncheon to three prospective brides, Miss Kate Gunn, Miss Gladys Merrill, and Miss Antoinette Du Bois, their maids of honor, and bridesmaids this (Saturday) afternoon.

Miss Alice Hager and Miss Ethyl Hager have sent out invitations for a "yellow kid" dance on Thursday evening, February 19th, complimentary to Miss Frances McKinstry.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill have sent out invitations to a musicale, to be given Wednesday evening, February 18th, at half after nine o'clock, at their residence, on the north-west corner of Sacramento and Laguna Streets, when Mlle. Zelle de Lussan will sing.

Miss Marion Scott, of Honolulu, was the guest of honor on Tuesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. William G. Irwin at her residence on Washington Street. Those invited to meet Miss Scott were Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Miss Mary Joselyn, Miss Carolan, Miss Bates, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss McKinstry, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Crossman, Miss Bessie McNear, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Miss Sallie Maynard.

The bal poudre at Cotillion Hall on Wednesday night was a great success. The hostesses included Miss Frances Allen, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Bliss, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Brigham, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Coffin, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Harrington, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Hilbrook, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Lucie King, Miss McClung, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Edith Simpson, and Miss Alice Sprague.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist, was the guest of honor last week at a dinner given by Mr. Henry Heyman at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey have sent out invitations for a luncheon, to be given on Tuesday, February 24th. Covers will be laid for thirty-two.

Miss Olive Holbrook gave a dinner on Wednesday evening complimentary to Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King. Others at table were Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Gertrude Joselyn, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Margaret Mee, Mr. Brockway Metcalf, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Denis Searles, and Mr. Greer.

The Bachelors' Ball.

A delightful affair was the Bachelors' Ball, at Native Sons' Hall, on Monday night. The guests were received by the patronesses, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, and Mrs. Glass.

The bachelors who acted as hosts were Mr. Hugh White Adams, Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, Lieutenant N. D. Anderson, Mr. Edmund Baker, Mr. Wallace Berthol, Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. L. Baldwin, Mr. John Carrigan, Mr. DuPont Coleman, Mr. Eugene Coulon, Mr. G. E. Crothers, Mr. Henry P. Dutton, Lieutenant Erickson, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. E. Courtney Ford, Mr. J. R. Baird, Mr. Walter Bates, Mr. Herbert Bonifield, Mr. J. Otis Burrage, Ensign J. G. Church, Mr. William B. Collier, Jr., Mr. J. Early Craig, Mr. J. P. Chamberlain, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. George Russell Field, Mr. E. N. Farnham, Mr. Frank Ballard, Mr. Robert C. Berkeley, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. T. R. Balfour, Mr. Philip Clay, Mr. Alexander Colt, Lieutenant Cragie, Lieutenant Fuchs, Mr. A. W. Foster, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. James Gilmer, Mr. Spencer Grant, Mr. A. W. Goodfellow, Dr. E. K. Hopkins, Mr. Harry Hawks, Mr. Albert Hanford, Mr. S. C. Hodge, Captain Johnston, Lieutenant Kuznick, Mr. John Kentfield, Mr. Kenward, Mr. John Lawson, Dr. W. J. Lyster, Mr. George T. Marye, Mr. John B.

Metcalf, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Orrin Peck, Captain Penn, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. E. M. Pomeroy, Mr. Walter Quick, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. Frank Glass, Dr. Genthe, Mr. Carlton W. Greene, Mr. Leslie James Harkness, Mr. Eugene Hewlett, Dr. Reuben Hale, Mr. H. W. Higgins, Mr. Herbert Jones, Mr. Charles Kenyon, Lieutenant William Korst, Mr. John Lewis, Mr. Frank M. Long, Mr. Edwin McAfee, Mr. J. C. McKinstry, Dr. Morrow, Mr. George North, Mr. Roy M. Pike, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. W. Page, Jr., Captain J. A. Goodin, Mr. W. T. Goldsborough, Mr. Humboldt Gates, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. Joel W. Hicks, Mr. W. J. Hogg, Mr. Hoendorf, Mr. Paul Jones, Paymaster Kennard, Lieutenant George H. Knox, Mr. George W. Lewis, Mr. James M. Long, Jr., Ensign Albert H. McCarthy, Mr. C. R. McCormick, Mr. Ralph Merrill, Ensign Peckinfill, Mr. H. C. Pendleton, Mr. Horace Platt, Mr. E. H. Pearce, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Jr., Mr. Gaston E. Rousseau, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Prescott, Scott, Mr. James Campbell Shorb, Lieutenant G. W. Stuart, Dr. Harry Tevis, Lieutenant B. J. Tillman, Mr. Carey Van Fleet, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. Leonard Wood, Mr. John W. Young, Mr. E. T. Zook, Mr. Joseph Rosborough, Mr. A. C. Read, Mr. C. A. Stent, Mr. Sydney Salisbury, Mr. William M. Sims, Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson, Lieutenant Terry, Dr. Van Wyck, Mr. Yancey Williams, Mr. George Wiegell, Mr. Royden Williamson, Mr. Willard P. Young, Mr. Richard Roundtree, Mr. D. Searles, Dr. Edward Sewell, Paymaster Grey Skipworth, Mr. H. S. Sheldon, Mr. Percy Towne, Mr. G. Voorhies, Mr. E. A. Wiltse, and Mr. C. M. Wood.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Scotch Music by the "Kilties" Band.

The "Kilties" Band (Gordon Higlanders of Canada), which is to be heard at the Alhambra Theatre during the week beginning February 23d, has an enormous repertoire and each of the fourteen programmes will be different. The band, while it makes a specialty of "Auld Scotia," has an endless repertoire of music of all classes, from Wagner to the popular "rag-time." Programme books will be issued containing complete programmes for every concert. In addition to the usual military band equipment, this unique organization has a splendid vocal choir of sixteen voices, ten excellent instrumental soloists, a splendid tenor soloist, six Scottish dancers, a remarkable boy dancer, pipers, buglers, and other novel features. The band will parade every day in its full kilted Highland uniform, the music on the march being the stirring war melodies of the Scottish chiefs, played on bagpipes, bugles, and drums. The sale of seats for the afternoon and evening concerts begins Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and popular prices, 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00 for reserved seats, will prevail.

Zelle de Lussan's Farewell Concert.

At her third and last concert at Steinway Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, Zelle de Lussan, the popular diva, will sing the following selections:

"Pensee d'Automne," Massenet; "The Rosary," Ethelbert Nevin; "Marguerite," MacFarlane; "Sweetheart," Powell; "Reste," Chaminade; "Thy Beaming Eyes," MacDowell; "J'avais Reve," and "Chanson d'Amour," Lassen; "Voie che Sapete" ("Marriage of Figaro"), Mozart; "See, Love, I Bring Thee Flowers," Lambert; "The Daily Question," Meyer-Helmund; "The Fallen Star," Rubinstein; "Partir," Tosti; and the Tarentelle and Habanera from "Carmen."

Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson will give a song recital on Monday evening, the sixteenth, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, under the patronage of Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. William J. Dalton, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead, Mrs. John E. Barker, and Mrs. Lela R. Snider. Dr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Nathan Landsberger will assist. Mrs. Snider-Johnson is the soprano at the First Congregational Church of this city, and makes her professional debut as a concert soloist.

A choir, selected from the coronation choir, which took part in the coronation service of King Edward at Westminster Abbey, will appear here in concert next month, en route to Australia. It comprises eight boy sopranos, two male altos, two tenors, and two basses, and Mme. Marie Horton, a well-known contralto.

Kocian, the remarkable boy violinist, will play at the Alhambra Theatre the first week of March, under the direction of Will Greenwood. He has created a great furor in the East.

Walter Brooks Cooke, a well known newspaper man, who died last Saturday evening from the effects of hemorrhage of the lungs, was for many years the society editor of the Argonaut. Three years ago he went to Nome, where the severe winters shattered his health. For a short time after his return he was connected with the Evening Post.

Art Notes.

Owing to the interest shown in the Indian exhibit at Wm. Morris's, the exhibition will be continued during the month. Some new canvases have been received.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, who accompanied Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave East a month ago, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy departed for the East early in the week, en route to Paris, where her daughter, Mrs. John Breckenridge, is seriously ill. Mr. Murphy sailed from New York for a cruise of the Mediterranean on February 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., are expected here this week from New York.

Miss Marie Voorbies, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in Washington, D. C., has departed for Ghatum, Va., where she will be a guest of her uncle, Mr. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family are in Santa Barbara, where they will remain for several weeks before returning to Bakersfield.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge will arrive here to-day (Saturday), en route to their home in Japan, after spending the winter in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson were at Santa Barbara during the week.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs expects to sail soon from New York for Europe.

Mrs. John Mackay is at present with her daughter, the Princess Colonna, in Naples.

Miss Pearl Landers will leave soon for a visit to Los Angeles, where she will be the guest of Mrs. John Johnston.

Mrs. McKenna and Miss Marie McKenna, who have been spending several weeks in Santa Barbara, will leave for their home in Washington, D. C., next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ames will occupy the flat of Mr. Clarence Follis, on Van Ness Avenue, during his absence in the East.

Mrs. George Pullman will spend some time in California, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Francis Carolan, at Burlingame. Mrs. Pullman left Chicago for the Pacific Coast last week.

Dr. William McMichael Woodworth, son of the late Mrs. Lissette Dennison, is here on a visit in connection with the settlement of his mother's estate. He will remain here for several weeks.

Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, who has been spending the past six weeks with her sister, Mrs. George C. Boardman, has returned to San Anselmo.

Mrs. John H. Redington and Miss Josephine Redington, of Santa Barbara, are paying a visit of several weeks to San Francisco.

Mrs. John F. Swift left for Chicago and Washington, D. C., last Wednesday, and will be absent until late in April.

Mrs. Charles McCreary and Miss Minnie Clark, who have spent much of the winter here, were in Sacramento during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alfred Rogers, of Santa Barbara, who have been spending the winter in San Francisco, were suddenly called East, owing to the illness of Mr. Rogers's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., after a brief stay in New York, will sail for Egypt and the Holy Land. After a visit to the Orient, they will return by way of Europe and probably arrive in San Francisco about September.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wilkins are spending the winter at La Jolla, in Southern California, for the benefit of their health.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Taft are expected to return to Oakland next month. They are at present in New York.

Miss Susan Elmore and Miss Florence Elmore, after a visit to Miss Olive Holbrook, are the guests of Miss Halstead at her country-place in Southern California.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler visited Sacramento during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Miss McNear, of Oakland, are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, Mrs. Leslie Wright, and Mrs. Lyman were in Dresden when last heard from. They will not return home until July.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt (née Brown), after a visit to Southern California, spent a few days in San Francisco early in the week en route to Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing are occupying apartments at 606 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Miss Leslie Meyerfeld, and Mrs. Sigmund Sloss left for the East on Wednesday en route to Europe. They expect to be absent about six months.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Parker and Miss Alice Campbell arrived from Honolulu on Monday. Mrs. Parker and Miss Campbell expect to visit friends in San José, while Colonel Parker goes East.

Mr. John W. Gates, the well-known steel and wire magnate, arrived here from the East on Wednesday, accompanied by Mr. John A. Drake, who is widely known on two continents as a multi-millionaire speculator, horse owner, and turf operator. They occupied apartments at the Palace Hotel during their brief stay in town.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Preston, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Casey and Mrs. Fechtel, of San Rafael, Mrs. J. O. Mack, Miss Maybel G. Mack, and Mr. Richard S. Clair, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. R. Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Swasey Powers, Mrs. Albert Knorp, Mrs. George A. Kohn, Miss Farly, Mrs. L. Harris, Mrs. T. Fleishman, Mr. H. T. Crabtree, and Mr. M. Goodman.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Allison Meyers, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Biele, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Hermon Gans, Miss Gans, and Mrs. D. Marks, of Helena, Mont., Mrs. A. L. House, Miss Margaret House, and Mr. J. Billackie, of Mill Valley, Mr. M. R. Woods, of the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Winthrop L. Carter, of Boston, Mr. N. A. Havemeyer, of

Chicago, Mr. N. A. Hurst, of St. Louis, Mr. S. C. Hamilton, of St. Joseph, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Barker, Mr. Henry Lachman, Mr. J. H. Cutter, and Mr. E. G. Knapp.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., who was in command of the battle-ship *Maine* when she was destroyed in the harbor of Havana, will probably be assigned to duty as commandant of the navy-yard at Bremerton, Wash., as the successor of Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., who has been ordered to command the Philippine squadron of the Asiatic fleet. It is expected that Rear-Admiral Stirling will haul down his flag at the Puget Sound Navy Yard in about a month, and proceed to the Philippines on the battle-ship *Wisconsin*, which is to be the flagship of that station.

Brigadier-General Charles L. Davis, U. S. A., formerly colonel of the Fifth Infantry, will be retired at once on his own application. His successor will be Colonel Joseph P. Farley, U. S. A., of the ordnance department, who is in command of the Watervliet arsenal, near Troy, N. Y., and will also retire as soon as promoted.

Major Henry S. Kilbourne, U. S. A., who is to be the next chief surgeon of the Department of California, will soon be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Colonel William E. Birkheimer, U. S. A., will for the present act as judge-advocate of the Department of California, the post made vacant by the recent death of Colonel Jasper N. Morrison, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott (née Voorbies) are at Watertown arsenal, near Boston, where Lieutenant Scott is now stationed.

Captain James Lockett, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Captain Edward H. Plummer, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., who have recently been promoted to the rank of major, are both well known in San Francisco.

Colonel Charles L. Heizmann, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C., and expects to leave about the end of February.

The home of Lieutenant Daniel W. Wurtsbaugh, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wurtsbaugh has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mrs. Henry Glass has taken the residence at 1912 Washington Street, which she will occupy during Rear-Admiral Glass's absence at sea.

Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., arrived from Fort Douglas last week, and is visiting his mother-in-law, Mrs. George C. Boardman, at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry H. Adams, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of colonel, and Major Walter S. Scott, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed a lieutenant-colonel.

Captain Abraham S. Bickham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bickham were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., who returned recently from the Philippines, left Thursday to join his regiment at Madison barracks, New York.

The flagship *New York*, in command of Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., departed for Honduras on Wednesday. Accompanying the *New York* were the cruisers *Boston*, *Marblehead*, and *Ranger*. The first stop of the fleet will be made at Acapulco, where the vessels will coal, afterward proceeding to Amalapa, Honduras, to remain for further orders and guard American interests during the revolution that has broken out in the Central American republic as a result of the presidential elections on January 15th.

—“DANNY,” BY THE AUTHOR OF “BOB, SON OF BATTLE,” is selling well at Cooper's; price, \$1.20; 746 Market St.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, Diamond-Jeweler, 10 Post Street, will move March 1st, 1903, into his new store, No. 712 Market and No. 25 Geary Streets—Mutual Savings Bank Building.

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In the centre of the hotel is the famous court, and off of this are the equally famous grill rooms. For your convenience telephone and telegraph offices, writing and reading-rooms, barber-shop, billiard-parlor, carriage-office, news-stand, and typewriter offices are directly off the court. Outside—the wholesale and shopping district, theatres, clubs, banks, and railroad offices are a step from the entrance.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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LOCAL	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	San Jose, Elgin, Santa Rosa, Sacramento, Colusa, Marysville, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, ...	7.25 P.
7.03 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Runyon, ...	7.55 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, ...	6.25 P.
7.33 A.	Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, ...	7.25 P.
8.00 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, and from San Jose, ...	7.55 P.
8.03 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, ...	10.25 A.
8.03 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East, ...	7.55 P.
8.03 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, ...	4.25 P.
8.03 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, ...	5.25 P.
8.30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, ... (for Berkeley Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland, ...	7.55 P.
8.33 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lathrop, Stockton, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Colusa, ...	4.25 P.
8.33 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Toluca, and Angels, ...	4.25 P.
9.13 A.	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	6.55 P.
9.13 A.	Vallejo, ...	1.25 P.
10.03 A.	Creco City Express, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans, ...	11.55 A.
10.03 A.	The Oregonian Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, ...	6.25 P.
10.03 A.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, ...	3.25 P.
10.03 A.	Sacramento River Steamers, ...	11.00 P.
10.33 A.	Benicia, Willows, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, ...	10.55 A.
3.37 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, ...	7.55 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, ...	9.25 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, ...	10.25 A.
4.03 P.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, ...	8.25 P.
4.33 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, ...	11.55 A.
6.00 P.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train for Chicago, ...	8.55 A.
5.00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos, ...	1.25 P.
5.17 P.	Niles, Lodi, ...	7.25 A.
6.11 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, ...	7.55 P.
6.13 P.	Vallejo, ...	11.25 A.
6.03 P.	Oregonian Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, ...	4.25 P.
7.03 P.	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez, Westhollow, ...	8.25 A.
7.00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, ...	11.25 A.
7.07 P.	Vallejo, ...	7.55 P.
8.03 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Paget Sound and East, ...	8.55 A.
9.19 P.	Hayward, Niles Local, ...	11.55 A.
11.23 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, ...	1.25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

LOCAL	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, ...	5.50 P.
12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations, ...	11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, ...	1.50 P.
9.30 P.	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations, ...	7.20 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Sill) 8:15, 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway St. 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

LOCAL	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
6.10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	7.30 P.
7.00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	6.30 P.
7.00 A.	New Almaden, ...	7.40 P.
8.00 A.	Coast Line Limited, ...	10.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations, ...	11.35 A.
10.30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	4.10 P.
11.30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	5.30 P.
12.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	7.00 P.
1.00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	10.00 A.
3.00 P.	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations, ...	12.15 P.
3.30 P.	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose, ...	8.35 A.
4.30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations, ...	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations, ...	9.00 A.
5.30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations, ...	8.00 A.
6.15 P.	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, ...	16.45 A.
6.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	8.35 A.
7.00 P.	Sunset Limited, ...	10.45 P.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations, ...	8.25 A.
11.45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, ...	8.45 P.

A For Morning. P For Afternoon.
x Saturday and Sunday only.
y Stops at all stations on Sunday.
z Sunday excepted. t Sunday only.
a Saturday only.
b Connects at Goshen Jc. with trains for Hanford, Visalia, At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.
c Via Coast Line.
d Tuesday and Friday.
e Arrive via Niles.
f Daily except Saturday.
g Via San Joaquin Valley.
h Stone Santa Clara branch bound. From Hollister and Salinas connect Sunday only north bound.

THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY

will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

FOR SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS—6:45, *7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11 A. M.; 12:20, *1:45, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, *6:15, 6:45, 9, 11:45 A. M.
*M. week days does not run to Mill Valley.
DEPART SUNDAYS—7:15, *8:15, 9:15, 11:15, 12:15, 1:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:15, 9, 11:45 A. M.
Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (t) to Fair ax. except 5:15 P. M. Saturdays. Saturday's 3:15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax.
7:45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations.
5:15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.
7:15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays 9 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays 9 A. M.—Point Reyes, etc.
Sundays 10 A. M.—Boats and trains run on Sunday time.
Net Office—626 Market St.; Ferry, foot of Market St.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is it that makes men great, papa?"
"Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A great hand: Mike (teaching Pat poker)—
"Well, what hoo yez got?" Pat—"Four trowels and a black shamrock!"—Puck.

The doctor—"Are you sure you never buried any one alive?" The undertaker—"Well, none of your patients, at least."—Chicago Daily News.

"When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His twelve children."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Sunny South item: "Where in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?" "I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."—Atlanta Constitution.

Phrapper (after his tenth miss)—"Oh, hang the birds!" Keeper—"Sorry, sir, but we ain't got no string; but if you likes to let me have the gun I'll shoot 'em for you."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Dr. Smarty—"Had a very delicate surgical operation at my place yesterday. Removed an arm from a lady's waist." Dr. Synnex—"If it was your arm, the operation could not have been very painful to the lady."—Boston Transcript.

Quickest way: Mr. Kidder—"People say that it is impossible to find a needle in a haystack—but they're wrong." Mrs. Kidder—"How would you go about it?" Mr. Kidder—"Walk across the stack in my stocking feet."—Denver Republican.

Ida—"So you belong to an anti-swearing league. Have you accomplished much good?" May—"Yes, indeed. Why, we have persuaded some of the South Water Street teamsters to say 'Oh, tudge!' when their teams tangle up."—Chicago News.

Early influences: Lady—"Oh, what caused you to drink so hard, my poor man?" Tramp—"Well, mum, it's a sad story. When I was a baby I was found in a basket." Lady—"What of that?" Tramp—"It was a champagne basket."—Chicago News.

Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted)—"Snippers, call the porter to kick this fellow out." Importunate commercial traveler (undaunted)—"Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—oest thing you ever laid eyes on."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Somewhat broken: "Was Mrs. Murphy pleased when she heard her husband's voice on the phonograph?" "Very much so." "But the record was scratched and his speech sounded incoherently." "Yes, she said it sounded just like him talking when he came home from the club."—Chicago News.

Not so bad: Mrs. Henpeck—"I read this morning about a man who was arrested twenty minutes after his wedding, and sent to prison for fifteen years. Isn't that awful?" Mr. Henpeck—"Oh, I don't know. The law doesn't compel him to take his wife to prison with him, does it?"—Baltimore World.

The self-effacing act: Myer—"In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible." Gyer—"Pshaw! that's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day." Myer—"You don't tell me! How do they manage it?" Gyer—"By marrying famous women."—Chicago News.

Taken at her word: "Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family." "All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tender part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The different stages: "One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted makes one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes a mother-in-law. One mother-in-law makes a red-hot time."—Ex.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat, we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript, and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Kansas farmer was looking anxiously at the sky. "I hope," he said, "that none of them there cyclones come along." "Are you afraid of them?" asked the stranger. "I ain't never been before," answered the farmer, "but I lifted the mortgage off the place yesterday, and it's so durned light now it wouldn't take much of any kind of a wind to blow it away. The mortgage sort o' weighted it down before, you know."—Chicago Post.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Frightful: "Pat has got an awful gash in his face." "Does it seem to hurt him much?" "No. He uses it to eat with."—New York Sun.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

RIGHT HERE IS MADE THE BEST FLOUR ON EARTH IT'S Sperry's

California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE
SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC
RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.
WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 6:35 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 A. M.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Week Days.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Ignacio and 9:10 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	and 10:40 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Novato. 6:05 P. M.
		7:35 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and 10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	and 6:05 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa. 7:35 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	5:00 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale. 7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland. 10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	and Ukiah. 7:35 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Willits. 7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville. 7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma. 9:10 A. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen. 6:05 P. M.
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol. 7:35 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altura; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers and Boonville; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sandbarren Heights, Huldville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Cahito, Covelo, Laytonville, Chmings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Fran.	Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Fran.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Week Days.
9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 M.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	12:50 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.
	11:30 A.	4:35 P.
	1:30 P.	5:45 P.
	2:35 P.	8:00 P.

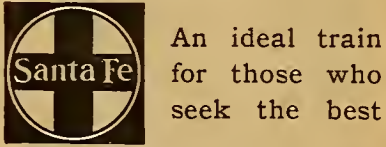
SATURDAYS ONLY Leave Town 9:30 P. arrive San Francisco 11:30 P. Ticket Office, 621 MARKET STREET and SAUSALITO FERRY.

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An ideal train for those who seek the best

Trains Leave Market Street Ferry Depot	Local Daily	Limit'd Daily	Local Daily	Overl'd Daily
Lv. San Francisco	8:00 A.	9:30 A.	4:00 P.	8:00 P.
Ar. Stockton	11:10 A.	12:03 P.	7:10 P.	11:15 P.
" Fresno	1:20 P.	1:40 P.		1:26 A.
" Hanford	3:20 P.	3:40 P.		3:15 A.
" Visalia	5:20 P.	5:40 P.		5:10 A.
" Bakersfield	7:10 P.	7:30 P.		7:35 A.
" Kansas City	2:35 A.			7:20 A.
" Chicago	2:15 P.			8:47 P.

a for morning. p for afternoon.

8:00 a m daily is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7:30 a m daily.

9:30 a m daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 p m daily.

4:00 p m is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

Offices—641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

HAVE YOU NOTICED

That the Sunday CALL is publishing in book form, or at most three, issues a complete novel? "To Have and to Hold," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Lazare," "The Octopus," and a half-dozen others of the leading popular novels have already appeared.

In addition, short stories by the best writers appear every Sunday.

Subscribers thereby secure one or more \$1.50 novels without charge, besides having at hand the best newspaper published in San Francisco. Then, too, every six months subscriber can secure a copy of the "Cram Atlas of the World" (regular price \$8.00) for \$1.50, or a \$2.00 cook book for 50 cents.

THE Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	87.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Onting	5.75
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
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Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
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Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
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Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.55
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Argonaut and Fall Mall Magazine	6.65
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West	4.20

The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 23, 1903.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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A bald, white-bearded man, five feet two inches tall, and sixty years of age, by the name of John Alexander Dowie, otherwise Elijah the Restorer, has announced his plans or a great religious crusade in the city of New York ext fall, and no one who has followed the rise of this remarkable character doubts that he will make things um.

Twenty-five years ago Dowie was a Congregational minister in Australia. His views on religious matters

underwent a change. He thereupon resigned his pastorate and set up a church in Melbourne called the Free Christian Tabernacle, where his divine-healing theory was developed and expounded. Late in the 'eighties he came to San Francisco, but finding this place and vicinity barren ground, departed hence for Chicago, where, in ten years, he has gathered together thousands of disciples who believe him the mouthpiece of God, while he himself has become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The New York Tribune says that a conservative estimate of his wealth is seven millions in real and personal property. It is in the name of the church, but he is the church.

Eighteen months ago Dowie purchased 6,500 acres of farm land near Chicago, and established Zion City. The place to-day has a population of 8,000, three schools, a college, flourishing industries, three newspapers, a church holding 7,000, and another in the course of erection to seat 16,000. In Zion City Dowie's word is law. His disciples outside Zion, all over the United States and in many foreign countries, probably approach 100,000 in number. Now a fraction of this Restoration Host is to invade New York. "It will be the greatest army of the Lord ever gathered," says Elijah, "the Crusaders of olden times can not be compared with it; and under me, who never has met defeat, we shall win victory." Already ten Pullman cars have been engaged to bring the skirmishers of the host to New York; Madison Square Garden has been hired for two weeks in October, and the advance agent announces that the campaign will cost \$100,000. No wonder Dowie is topic for discussion in pew and pulpit.

Dowieism, Eddyism, and other isms of which healing of the sick by faith is an essential part, are all of a piece. The essential idea is common to each, but to his task the Elijah of Zion City brings a keen intellect, a warm heart, remarkable business sagacity, and, according to Dr. Hillis, a personality "as full of magnetism as an electric battery."

Dowie's coming crusade in Gotham is not undertaken in response to a mere impulse. On the contrary, it is a preparation for the millennium. Dowie proclaims himself to be the third Elijah. First was Elijah the Destroyer in the days of Ahab and Jezebel. Then came Elijah the Preserver in the person of John the Baptist. The present incarnation as Elijah the Restorer heralds the coming of the Messiah. Among the items in the programme of the Gotham mission is one declaring Christianity a failure, and another which says that "the apostasy, contemptible weakness, and worldly conformity of the so-called Catholic and denominational churches, as organizations, demand sharp rebuke." But though the churches may need to gird up their loins for the conflict, more serious by far is the case of a certain individual, of whom Dowie says: "I shall especially reprove, expose, and utterly destroy, God helping me, the miserable, pretentious self-conceit and ignorance of Dr. James M. Buckley in his article in the Century Magazine, entitled 'Dowie Analyzed and Classified.'"

We should think that Dr. Buckley would soon begin to hunt cover.

All good citizens, especially those who have read George Kennan's exposé of J. Edward Addicks's corrupt political practices in Delaware, will be pleased to learn that there is some hope of defeating the purpose of that wholesale briber to buy his way into the United States Senate. Through the winter session of the Delaware legislature there has been a deadlock on the question of electing senators. Addicks has steadily controlled the twenty-one votes of his faction, known as the Union Republicans. The Regular Republicans have held to their ten votes, and the Democrats have flocked by

themselves with the remaining twenty-one. Twenty-seven votes are necessary to elect. The first break in the contest is attributed to the refusal of the United States Senate Judiciary Committee to recommend confirmation of the appointment of William M. Byrne to be District Attorney for Delaware. Byrne is tinged with Addicksism, and the action of the Senate is presumed to be tacit notice to Mr. Addicks that his presence in the Senate would be unwelcome. Thereupon Mr. Addicks made a public withdrawal of his candidacy for the senatorship, which on examination proved to have a string to it worthy of that wily politician. His proposition was that he would withdraw on condition that the Republican factions would get together in caucus and select two candidates for senators. As Addicks would have twenty-one votes in the caucus to ten Regular Republicans, it seemed clear to the latter that it was a scheme to foist two Addicks henchmen on the legislature. They declined, but made a counter proposition that one of the candidates should be of their faction. No agreement has yet been reached. There is another plan on foot presenting the way for a still more thorough defeat of Addicks. It is suggested that the Democrats are ready to join with the Regular Republicans and elect at least one and possibly both the senators from the ranks of the latter party. Almost any other outcome would be preferable to the success of Addicks or his tools, which would mean that Delaware would become a sort of rotten borough, and that the corruption which he has introduced in the politics of the State would become the shameful rule.

That political sore spot caused by the presence of the Turk in Europe has become inflamed again, and threatens an eruption in Macedonia. A revolt began last October in that province, the cause of which was the intolerable misgovernment and oppression under the rule of the unspeakable Turk. Active risings have been delayed by the cold weather, but now, with advancing spring, comes the news that a revolution is imminent. Macedonia alone would be quite helpless, but the province is the home of some half-million Bulgarians, and their interest is made the cause of Bulgaria, always inimical to the Turk. There are many rumors, mostly sensational. It seems to be confirmed, however, that the Sultan has mobilized 100,000 troops in Macedonia, and that Bulgaria is sending about 40,000 soldiers to the frontier, and has called upon the powers to compel the Porte to institute reforms in Macedonia. Russia and Austria have agreed upon a plan for improving conditions in the province, which will soon be presented for the consideration of the Sultan. When this much is winnowed out, the balance of dispatches and press comment is mainly speculative. It concerns largely the old and ever-present questions of the relations of the Turk with the different powers and the attitude of the latter toward each other. The active anti-Turkish powers are Russia and Austria, with France as a close ally of the former. Germany is the intimate friend of the Porte, while England, followed by Italy, stands ready to step in at the critical moment and fix up things in such a way as to prevent a European upheaval. There is always danger of war in Europe when Pan-Slavist-Ottoman differences excite the Balkan region, and the outrageous government of the Sultan is always cause for excitement. The purpose of the Czar's government to occupy Constantinople sooner or later is unquestioned. Three times in the last century has the Sultan been saved from Russian attack, which would have expelled him from Europe, by the intervention of the other powers. Whether the time is now ripe for another attempt on the part of the Czar; whether it would be successful; how the powers would align them-

selfes; and how the map of Europe might suffer from a general conflagration, are all mere speculations on the part of those not admitted to the secret councils of state in the Old World. As the Eastern question has been smothered for nearly a hundred years by the reluctance of the powers to agree to depose the Sultan, it may be inferred that the present agitation will not be permitted to cause a Continental convulsion.

A remarkable measure, the object of which purports to be the pensioning of ex-slaves who were emancipated by President Lincoln's proclamation, has been introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Hanna. It provides a cash bounty of \$100 and a pension of \$8 a month for all former slaves between fifty and sixty years of age; \$300 cash and \$12 a month to those between sixty and seventy; and \$500 cash and \$15 a month to all over seventy. That such a bill can be passed is an impossibility, which M. Hanna himself admits. It was introduced "by request," it is said, of "President Mitchell, of the National Industrial Council." What the object is may be gathered from the history of a similar bill introduced by Senator Mason some years ago. Copies of it were distributed throughout the South, and negroes were urged to pay \$2 each and register their names so that they would receive the proposed pensions. Of course it was a fraud on the old darkies which, when investigated by Pension Commissioner Evans, was denied the use of the mails. That such a scheme could again find foothold in the Senate is unworthy of dignified and venerable legislators who would introduce it even "by request," the mere introduction being sufficient basis for the schemers to get to work again on the black man's credulity. It can not possibly have any political significance. It is unthinkable that Senator Hanna can expect to profit by it politically. In the first place he is not, he says, a Presidential aspirant, and in the second place the Southern States have reduced the negro vote to a negligible quantity. It can carry no Southern State. It can influence no delegates in convention from that section. A portion of the press seem to regard it as a huge joke. If it is, it is an extremely poor one, and one to which the whole country will regret to see a senator give a certificate of respectability.

It is now a practical certainty that Congress has enacted all the anti-trust bills it is going to enact at this session, and that Littlefield's drastic measure, which passed the House with a hurrah by a vote of 246 to 0, will be sleeping quietly in a Senate pigeon-hole when the national legislature adjourns on March 4th. The measures already passed number three. The first was the Knox bill, to hasten action in litigation under the Sherman act. It provides for speedy trials, before a full bench of circuit judges, and direct appeal to the Supreme Court. The second measure was the Elkins bill, which, like the Knox law, is designed to extend the powers and reinforce the weak spots of an already existing law, in this case the interstate commerce act. Its main provision makes corporations which accept rebates equally guilty with the common carrier which practices discrimination. The third anti-trust measure is the Nelson amendment of the new Department of Commerce act, which gives to the Commissioner of Corporations—to which post James R. Garfield has been appointed—authority, at his discretion, to subpoena witnesses and investigate the affairs of any corporation (other than common carriers) engaged in interstate or foreign commerce. These laws, none of them, are "drastic," and the Democratic and Independent press have already expressed their disgust, the Springfield Republican, for instance, saying that they are "farcical in the extreme."

The Rockefeller telegraphic assault upon the Senate turns out to be something of a mare's nest, and it is said to have had practically no effect, either way, upon the action of Congress.

A leading metropolitan journal, the New York Times, says:

We grieve to notice that the San Francisco Argonaut, from which better things were to be expected, echoes the resentment of the San Francisco dailies that the city's policy of denial and concealment with respect to the bubonic plague should be criticised and denounced by newspapers and sanitarians in every other part of the country.

The statement is anent the following paragraph (which it quotes), printed in these columns on February 2d, in which, speaking of the health committee, we said:

The stubborn fact that this committee faces is this: that whether or not plague exists in the city of San Francisco, the people of the United States believe that it does. Within a day or so there have reached us issues of the New York Herald, the Savannah Morning News, the New York Sun, the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and the New York Times, containing editorials on the plague, calculated to alarm every reader of these papers. Editorials in our own daily papers will never suffice to destroy this impression. What the committee does, it should do quickly. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving the greatest publicity to its investigation. The unjust suspicion that "San Francisco is suppressing something" is what has hurt the city most.

The Times says that this is a "most absurd presentation of the case as it stands." Well, the New York Times to the

contrary notwithstanding, we reiterate those "most absurd" statements. It is the "unjust suspicion that 'San Francisco is suppressing something' that is hurting the city most." It is the wrong impression spread by the New York Times and other papers, and not the actual facts, that now alarms the people of the East.

Within a week a member of this journal's staff has received a letter from a relative in New York, from which the following is an extract:

"I notice in the papers a good deal of talk about the bubonic plague, and I understand the authorities there are keeping many cases dark, and not letting it be known what the persons died of."

The writer goes on to urge a speedy exodus from this stricken city. We submit that this is typical of the ideas held by persons throughout the East. It is indeed true that many people here have grave doubts of the existence of the disease in San Francisco, but it is distinctly untrue that the sanitary authorities have ever suppressed the facts regarding any case. The truth is that the San Francisco Board of Health, in March, 1900, claimed to have discovered a case of bubonic plague, and have, since that date, constantly and diligently looked for cases of plague, and do allege to have found 93 (six of which were white persons), which 93 are all that any person under heaven ever asserted had existed in San Francisco—in confirmation of which fact the plague conference at Washington recently declared that the doctors composing the board of health—Williamson, Buckley, Lewett, Baum, Bassett, and McCurtly—had "the unreserved confidence of the executive health officers of the country." It is also true that many persons honestly believe that the board of health is wrong in its diagnosis.

But does the New York Times state this fact? By no means. On January 24th it said, editorially:

The growing conviction that the sanitary authorities have for some time past deliberately misrepresented the facts within their knowledge regarding the occurrence and increase of bubonic plague in San Francisco will do that city vastly more injury in its material interests than the truth could have done.

What sanitary authorities? Those of San Francisco? The statement applied to them that they "deliberately misrepresented" can only mean that they reported diseases as plague which were not plague, rather than that they "suppressed" anything.

We have preserved all editorials on the plague in San Francisco that have recently appeared in Eastern newspapers. There lie before us more than a dozen editorials—four from the Times. In none of them, mark you, has any of the following facts been stated: 1. That in San Francisco only 93 cases of the alleged plague have occurred in three years. 2. That among a white population of 350,000 there have been but six cases in three years. 3. That, on the authority of the health board, there have been no cases since December 11th, 1902. 4. That San Francisco's death rate compares favorably with that of other cities of the United States. 5. That although eighty-seven Chinese are said to have died of a highly infectious disease, no two deaths have occurred in the same house.

We submit that these undisputed facts, carefully weighed by any person of judgment and without prejudice, will dissipate the idea that San Francisco is a "stricken city," and that the San Francisco disease called bubonic plague is a thing to be feared. We repeat that editorials written in an atmosphere of thick gloom, denouncing the State board of health, and generally conveying the impression that San Francisco, like a boiler, is chock-full of pest germs, and that somebody is sitting on the safety-valve, are untrue and unjust. The sober statements made by those who honestly believe the plague to exist, even if admitted in their entirety, give no cause for hysteric alarm.

On another column we print a statement regarding the plague, made by a physician of long experience in the tropics. We commend it to the attention of those who fear the plague, and especially to the distinguished consideration of the New York Times.

Following hotly on the heels of the signing of the protocols and the raising of the blockade, crafty Cipriano Castro has decreed an extra duty of thirty per cent. on all imports into Venezuela. "The foreigner pays the tax!" On the face of it, it indeed looks as though the Venezuelan Government had fixed the matter so that its treasury receipts might remain the same as they were before thirty per cent. was guaranteed to the powers in payment of claims. But the merchants, native and foreign, have already filed a protest. It remains to be seen whether this remarkable coup will ultimately be successful.

With the raising of the blockade, and the return to their owners of various skiffs and dories that the powers had captured, interest in further negotiations by the American public becomes comparatively slight. The important fact conclusively established by the publication of the British Blue Book is, however, worthy of note. The Blue Book makes clear that it was Lord Lansdowne and not the German Foreign Office which took the initiative in the Anglo-German alliance. Thus is removed from the Kaiser's shoulders any burden of suspicion of intent to "test" the Monroe Doctrine or to acquire a coaling station in the Caribbean. It appears that the bombardment of forts and the burning of towns was due to mere congenial brashness on the part of the German commander—or somebody.

General Grosvenor's various and several denials that he had ever aided or abetted the dubious schemes of book-agents, proved, after all, to be a highly puncturable bolster to his reputation. Beneath the keen lances of the New York

Evening Post it suffered a collapse that was utter and painful. It is clear to anyone who reads the exhibits in the case that Grosvenor furnished to book-agents the letter-paper of the Congress of the United States, with the understanding that

they were to use it to push his book. There is little doubt, also, that he authorized the use of his signature, and that he himself wrote to several persons urging them to become "patrons" of his literary begettings. Subscriptions to the "Book of the Presidents" appear to have run as high as \$1,000 in the case of J. P. Morgan, while Secretary Shaw paid only \$100. The publisher-agent had both these checks facsimiled, and showed them to other rich and gullible persons, playing one off against the other. But the most serious phase of the matter is that letters to men prominent in shipping circles were written on the letter-heads of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, of which Grosvenor is chairman. The connection between the ship-subsidy, a liberal subscription, and Chairman Grosvenor is obvious. The Plain Dealer, commenting on the exposé, says that "when the sage of Athens, O., goes home to his 'deestrick' he had better carry a club to keep the cows from eating him, for he will be the greenest thing in the six counties." The Evening Post refuses to take any such humorous view, and summing up the case, says: "The evidence is clear that General Grosvenor has traded upon his official position for his private profit. He has associated himself with a begging enterprise conducted by a man formerly convicted of fraudulent use of the United States mails; finally, he has turned and twisted and lied as his literary schemes have been revealed. A very rudimentary sense of honor would compel his resignation from the House of Representatives." But this is too severe. Grosvenor is a "dead one" now, anyway.

Probably Congress will pass no measure at this session legalizing the army canteen, though the matter is by no means a dead issue. Military men still harp on the subject with great vigor. Dr. Seaman, writing in the North American Review recently, presented many striking facts, among them an "unofficial report" on the conditions in Pekin, which we quote here. Quite evidently its author "felt" his subject:

The W. C. T. U. would have no fault to find with the post here. The men go outside and get drunk on sam-shui in town, and go to sleep in back yards or other worse places; but the sanctity of the government reservation is maintained. The Germans have a *bier halle* on the wall at Hartman gate; the Japanese have their canteen; the British have one in their grounds, and bring their beer to their tables. The French soldier has his little bottle of wine at dinner. We alone are virtuous. We are the advocates of reform. We are the great hypocritical hippodrome—none like us.

The so-called anti-injunction bill now before the California legislature has aroused the keenest interest throughout the State, and has been the subject of hot and bitter debate on the floor of the assembly. The title of the bill is as follows: "An Act to limit the meaning of the word 'conspiracy,' and also the use of 'restraining order' and 'injunctions' as applied to disputes between employers and employees in the State of California." The measure, freely stated, provides that, in any trade dispute, agreements between several persons to do or not to do any particular thing shall not be deemed criminal, or a conspiracy, or subject for injunction, if the same act committed by one person would not be punishable. This measure is the one indorsed by the American Federation of Labor for adoption in all States, and the work of passing it was undertaken by the San Francisco Labor Council. Early in January the council's representatives took it to Sacramento, and submitted it to Assemblyman Grove L. Johnson. He agreed to introduce it, reserving, however, the right to amend it. It was introduced by Johnson on January 13th, referred to the Judiciary Committee (Johnson chairman), and favorably reported on January 28th, with the following amendment:

Provided, That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize force, violence or intimidation.

When the amendment came to a vote February 4th, Assemblyman Copus, of the Union Labor party, moved that the words "or intimidation" be stricken out. The motion was carried, 38 to 25. That was Wednesday week. On Friday, the Republicans in caucus assembled adopted by a vote of 45 to 30 an amendment proposed by Knight, of San Francisco, reading as follows:

Provided, That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize the use of force, violence, or threats thereof.

This amendment came before the assembly on Tuesday and was adopted by a vote of 45 to 30—13 Republicans voting with the Democrats and Union Laborites against, and one Democrat voting for. The debate was very warm. Johnson defended the amendment, and in the course of his speech said:

"The simple and sole question before this body at the present time is, shall we amend this bill by including in it a statement that we are not in favor of threats of force or violence? That is all there is. . . . When any man will get up on the floor of this assembly, as two members have done, and say they have indorsed the boycotting that has taken place in this city for the past month, I say they are willing to use force and violence and threats of force and violence, for a more indecent exhibition of this was never made in this or any other city than when they attempted this boycotting upon peaceful men in the city of Sacramento."

The series of legal contests over the millions left by the late Senator Fair seems to be absolutely without end. When Charles Fair and his wife were killed in an automobile accident in France, Mrs. Nelson, the mother of Mrs. Fair, received \$125,000, and in return for this relinquished all claims that she might have against the estate. It was supposed that this closed the matter, but now Mrs. Nelson has brought suit in New York asking to have the agreement set aside, alleging fraud and newly discovered evidence. Under the allegation of fraud Mrs. Nelson claims that she was deceived by Joseph Harvey, Charles Neal, and Hermann Oelrichs; that she was told that, under the California law, Charles Fair was considered to have outlived his wife, and therefore Mrs. Fair's relatives would not be entitled to anything. It is now claimed that at least five witnesses, including the physician who attended Mr. and Mrs. Fair after the accident, have been found, who

will testify that she lived twenty minutes or half an hour after Mr. Fair passed away. As Mr. Fair had made a will leaving all his property to his wife, this would make her his sole heir, and on her death the property would all belong to her nearest relatives. These witnesses are said to be on the way to this country to give their evidence in the case. Claim is also made for property said to have been the separate fortune of Mrs. Fair, and valued at half a million dollars.

Quite naturally, the daily press has given no attention whatever to the life-and-death struggle between the Los Angeles *Times* and the labor unions. The *Times* has long been one of the few large newspapers in the United States which refuses to employ union labor. Its conflict with the unions has continued to grow more intense and more bitter during the past year, and the announcement was recently made that the Typographical Union had raised a huge fund to "down" the *Times*. Of the merits of the controversy we know nothing. However, the methods employed by the Typographical Union are extreme. It publishes in all labor papers a list of advertisers in the *Times* who, it says, "have repeatedly been notified of the relations between the trade unions and that paper." Labor sympathizers are requested to write a few lines to the firms named, when "it is very probable the managers would soon realize that the *Times* was a very unprofitable advertising medium." The list of firms to be boycotted, published in the *Labor Clarion* of this city, numbers forty, and includes many well-known names. It will be remembered that the New York *Sun*, for several years a non-union paper, was compelled, last year, to "unionize" its press-room. It was said, at that time, that its losses in advertising, during the time it employed unorganized labor, amounted to a million a year. As we understand it, however, no national boycott, such as has been declared against the *Times*, was in force.

After all, we are a Puritanic nation, and even Congress, the alleged seat and centre of much vari-colored wickedness, refuses flatly to break the Sabbath, or even to crack it ever so little. A week ago Sunday the House held a memorial service in honor of one of its former members. The conference committee on the Department of Commerce bill somehow succeeded in filing its report, the House unanimously consenting. But on Monday Richardson, of Tennessee, arose and protested. He said it grieved him to think they had broken the Sabbath. He moved that the record of this proceeding on Sunday be stricken from the journal. On a rising vote the motion was defeated, but when Richardson demanded the yeas and nays, and the vote was to become a matter of record, the motion carried, 116 to 101. Congressman Hephurn, however, still insisted that though the record had been expunged from the journal, the committee had, in fact, presented its report. "What proof has the gentleman?" inquired the Speaker, blandly, and Hephurn sat down amid laughter. Thus did Congress align itself with the Sunday-schools.

It is painful to think of the bluff old, gruff old, pilots that steer the big ships through the Golden Gate as chief figures in a disgraceful, sordid scandal, but such are the sad facts. The senate committee, appointed to investigate the bribery charges of the *Call* met on Saturday last, and examined witnesses. Captain Barber, pilot at this port, testified that he had been stakeholder of \$3,000 paid to Pilot Murphy by Pilot Anderson in consideration of the former's resignation. Barber further testified that Pilot Mitchell Tyson told him that he (Tyson) paid \$4,500 to the Pilot Commission for his position. Pilot Commissioner R. S. Alexander, being sworn, confessed that he had received \$4,500 from Tyson through Captain Eschem, and had divided it among his associates, Pratt and Leale. Other disgraceful facts were brought out. The senate committee is preparing a report, and it will doubtless make radical recommendations.

The financial problem, always a difficult one when the legislature meets, is more serious this year than usual. There is an unwritten law that the State tax rate shall not exceed fifty cents on each hundred dollars of assessed valuation, and there is always a protest from the taxpayers when this rate is exceeded. The secretary of the State board of examiners announces, however, that even a rate of sixty-five cents will not be sufficient to cover the various special appropriations that have been proposed, and also the regular expenses of running the State government. These regular expenses must be provided for before any permanent improvement, however desirable, can be considered. There are a number of interests that the people of the State would like to see appropriations made for, but it seems to be inevitable that some of these must fail. Under these circumstances, the policy that Governor Pardee has announced is a very wise one. He insists that the appropriation bills shall all be sent to him at the same time, so that he may exercise his best judgment in apportioning the available funds among the various interests. Those appropriation bills that are hurried through in advance of the others will therefore be in a worse, instead of a better, position.

A committee of the legislature has been investigating the use of the strait-jacket at the two penitentiaries in this State, and reports that that punishment has been attended by revolting brutalities. At San Quentin the strait-jacket was in use during the latter part of Warden Hale's term, and has been used throughout Warden Aguirre's term. Under the present warden it had been used in more than three hundred cases, often for very slight causes, and sometimes continuously for forty-eight hours. In the case of two men who had been fighting, the committee found that

they were permanently crippled, having lost the use of both their hands as a result of confinement in the strait-jacket. At Folsom the strait-jacket was adopted as a form of punishment about three years ago, and was discontinued after it had been in use two years. During that time one prisoner had been crippled in his right hand and arm, a second, a tailor, had been permanently incapacitated for following his trade, a third was found dead in his cell twenty-four hours after being released from the strait-jacket. The evidence did not justify the committee in finding that death was the result of the punishment, but those conversant with the facts believed that it did. The committee was not able to make as thorough an investigation as they desired, through lack of time, but recommends that a special committee be appointed to unearth all the facts.

A short time ago *Harper's Weekly* expressed the opinion that Republican papers seemed to have entered into a conspiracy of silence for the purpose of hiding from thoughtful persons the "ominous significance" of the recent growth of socialism. With this opinion it is impossible to agree. On the contrary, in making a scrutiny of late press comment on socialism, one is struck by the remarkably radical tone of much of it. Indeed, it is so radical as to give color to the *Mexican Herald's* remark that "it is a true but seldom printed fact that the newspaper offices of the United States are hotbeds of socialism."

We give below some interesting extracts from representative papers. All of the editorials, of course, hinge upon the fuel famine and the growth of monopoly. Says the Portland *Oregonian*:

The socialistic discontent of the American people is due to the inordinate accumulation of wealth and power through special privileges. The right way to reduce the complaint is to remove the offense. If this is not done, socialism is the certain but inferior remedy. The special privileges enjoyed by corporate wealth in the various forms of needless tariffs, secret transportation rates, stock jobbery under cover of statutory protection, and combinations in restraint of unrestricted and competitive trade, can be reached by law; and if they are not so reached, if organized wealth proves to be greater than the powers of statutes and courts as now existent, there is no escape from the extreme remedy of government acquisition and control. The will of a part of the people can not be suffered to dominate the will of the bulk of the people.

In similar vein speaks the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* in a column and a half leading editorial, in which, however, there is no hint that a socialist programme is an "inferior remedy," or would not be welcome. After speaking of the power of the steel trust, the oil trust, and the beef trust, to oppress the consumer and crush the competitor, it says:

The picture would be appalling, if it were to be believed that the last touch of the brush has been given; for we should then have to imagine this nation of eighty millions as fast bound by shackles of its own forging. Happily, the matter may be put in quite another way. Democracy has many faults, but has at least the supreme virtue of being able to invoke the law of self-defense, when the occasion calls. The people made this government, and can re-make it at will. A new hammer and a new anvil will be forthcoming in the hour of need. The Constitution imposes limitations upon the whim, but imposes none upon the reasoned resolve of the electorate. The law of private property is already in the crucible; no man can pretend to foreshadow the new forms which the concept will take. The right of eminent domain now rests in the hands of the plutocrats, but will not be suffered to rest there forever.

The *Times-Democrat* claims the largest circulation south of the Potomac and Ohio. It is, however, probably no more influential in its section than is the *Record-Herald* in the Middle West. That paper, in an editorial headed "The Bugaboo of Socialism," says:

Whether the power of individuals and classes be exercised through the sword or through that far more subtle and dangerous weapon, money, there is a point at which it must be checked in the interest of millions of other individuals and of the masses collectively considered. If modern developments have led to suggestions for a new application of the old principle [of control] it can not be damned by calling it socialistic. And if a government monopoly is proposed as an alternative it is because there is no other.

Again, the ultra-conservative New York *Journal of Commerce* has the following to say:

Monopoly, on any scale and methods as are now attempted, means nothing less than the domination of all other interests and classes. Whatever may be our theory of government, whatever our statutes, an industrial oligarchy is the perversion and overthrow of all that we now know as constitution and law. . . . There are certain fundamental products—fundamental to industrial activity and freedom, to protection of the public sustenances, to keeping open access to whatever may be needed for health or enjoyment, or for prosecuting any legitimate branch of industry—these products, rights, privileges, should be preserved against invasion, placed beyond all possible reach of monopoly, and reserved as the unassailable heritage of the whole people.

We do not know exactly what the *Journal of Commerce* means by "reserved as the unassailable heritage of the whole people," but it sounds much like a circumlocution for government operation. Again, the *Colorado Springs Gazette*, in an editorial headed "Is Socialism a Danger?" concludes that it is not in the following terms:

If by socialism is meant only a more general infusion of the principle of popular cooperation into our political and industrial affairs, and the curing of certain very manifest evils of our present system, then socialism is not a threatening evil, because it is not an evil at all.

In conclusion, we may note an editorial in the St. Paul *Globe*, which presents the socialistic argument, but is chary of opinion. Another in the Kansas City *Star* similarly combats the struggle-for-existence or competitive idea, and endeavors to demonstrate, in the light of evolution, that cooperation should be an increasingly large factor in human development.

Grover Cleveland, replying to a newspaper query as to his candidacy, writes: "I can not possibly bring my mind to the belief that a condition or sentiment exists that makes any expression from me on the subject of the least importance." This seems a rather expectant attitude.

PROMENADE WEEK AT YALE.

The Evolution of the College.

Scarce fifty years ago—in 1849, to be exact, the fateful year when the stream of pioneers were attracted across the plains and across the isthmus, and even around the Horn to garner the golden sands on the river banks of the Far West—the first science school as an adjunct to a college was inaugurated, the institution now known as the Sheffield Scientific School, of Yale University. In that same pregnant year, or very nearabouts, physiology, the most important branch of biology, our mother science, was rescued from suspicion and mysticism by Liebig, and given a place among the sciences. In these fifty years the progress of science, and of its most important child, physiology, has been out of all proportion to the academic institutions that took them under their sheltering wings and fed them out of their stores.

In the beginning, merely a dozen, and then a few dozen, of students preferred the science course, but the number has grown steadily, until Sheffield has full 800 enrolled, to the 1,200 of the academic department of the university. With the re-arrangement of the college centre, instituted by placing the great dining hall and the auditorium over opposite the cemetery and the scientific department group, and the building of Byers and Kirkland halls, and the new huge Vanderbilt dormitories invading the picturesque Hillhouse Avenue region, the attractions are promising in the near future to make science popular in addition to the industrial and commercial usefulness of it *per se*.

For a long time the students of the science schools were not recognized as full college men by the prigs of the academic departments, but the priggies were tempted to withdraw the line when promising football and baseball and rowing men appeared on the scientific side of the fence, and the academic fold held too many sissies to form winning teams. Firstly, the bars were let down, and the scientific athletes asked over to fraternize in the college sports, and this went on until once upon a time an adopted scientist became captain of a team, and won the honors of the year in the athletic arena. Since then science and classics have met on a more even plane of college equality.

The social and domestic evolution in college life is marked, but less hopeful. We have just passed through promenade week here at Yale. For two days the juniors invite all their prospective wives, sisters, and sweethearts to town, and entertain them as best they may. My! what a lovely bunch of femininity it is. The fashion of the junior maid on promenade occasions is to affect the demure. She is in the wicked precincts of the awesome college, where pranks happen habitually, and where classics seep and ooze out from between the bricks of ivy-clad walls. Hearts beat *sub rosa*, and begin to resume their natural throb only when the border of the town has been passed in retreat.

The great new innovation is the society house, a residence club in which twenty-five or more young men "keep house" in sumptuous luxury. These hospitable facilities heighten the excitement of promenade week. Each society house holds a reception, and the chaperones, led by the wives of the president of the university and the director of the science school, move from place to place, and set up a new court in each, devoting half an hour to each house, keeping up the function all the afternoon. The chaperones do not move from place to place in a body like an army, but they weave in and out by arrangement, so that court is being held in each social capital all the time. But in making the rounds you are liable to catch them at their iridescence. I was introduced formally to one chaperon four times within two hours, and each time the introduction was as new as ever, so *blasé* does the society chaperon become.

One guess at the increasing popularity of Yale, in spite of many unhappy accidents that have happened to depress Old Eli, may be formulated on the showing of one of these social occasions. The graces of Mrs. President Hadley are as effective as the faultless Greek and fearless frankness of the president himself. She can make ten minutes seem like half an hour, or half an hour seem like five minutes, at will, and weave a fabric of greetings and adieux that casts a canopy of content and satisfaction over any function she harmonizes with her presence.

But the social houses out of promenade week have claws beneath the velvet brush of their comfort. The billiard-table and the big chimney side are a solace to hard tasks that are sometimes too alluring. In the olden time, when a corn-fed college man had to study to keep warm, and study some more to kill *ennui* and homesickness, knowledge accumulated more surely on the average, I am told, and it seems reasonable, doesn't it?

VAN FLETCH.

Ever since Frederick the Great, the House of Hohenzollern has been conspicuous for its devotion to music. The latest instance is Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, the second son of the Regent of Brunswick, who has just completed the music for a spectacular ballet entitled "The Miracle of Spring."

The third class in the Naval Academy at Annapolis has been deprived of liberty until its members will agree not to haze the members of the lower class.

THE AWAKENING OF REV. STUBBS.

A Story of Old Mexico.

"The *señor* ees from Boston," the fat Josefa always explained with a commentary shrug of her shoulders. Which fact accounted, in her mind, for his singularity in not making love to the willing Josefita, his insisting upon a tubbing every morning, his persistent pegging away at a pile of dingy books, and his relish of her frijoles.

To Josefita, however, this explanation was not so satisfying. Even though the *señor* was from Boston, he had eyes in his head, she argued, and for what purpose are eyes put into a man's head if not to do homage to trim ankles and ripe lips? But all in vain did she bedeck herself in clinking glass-bead chains and artificial roses. The *señor's* eyes were blind to everything but the black-hided book always under his arm. She did not know that this American *señor* bore about with him a weight of dignity that forbade his eyes from wandering toward her blooming charms, and his feet from straying to the sunny side of the *potio* where she held her court. For he, Homer Malachi Stubbs, D. D., was a graduate of the Boston Presbyterian College of Theology, had taken a post-graduate course in the doctrine of predestination and foreordination, had published a convincing and harrowing tract on the subject of eternal damnation, and was, as soon as he recovered from a recent attack of nervous prostration, to be installed as pastor of the Zion Hill Church, of Knoxville, Calvin County, Mass.

Thus it was that while the pretty Josefa pouted in her sunny corner, the Reverend Stubbs, while grasping the benefits of the genial Mexican winter, meditated upon the degeneracy of the Mexican character, and planned another tract on the baleful effects of the religion of Romanism, which should be called "The Perils of the Papacy."

So, while the other boarders of the fat Josefa followed the sun around the *potio*, and drew like flies about a sheet of tanglefoot toward Josefita's corner, young Stubbs took notes on the unrighteous life about him, elaborating the syllabus of his tract. It was sometimes only by a conscious and vigorous effort he kept himself from falling under the spell of the langorous air and *dolce far niente* existence about him. When he sat in the plaza and watched the cherub-faced children playing their *juego de bolillo* in the dirt, the men dozing and basking in the sun, the women gossiping and smoking as if they had all eternity in which to cook their supper, he sternly reminded himself of the gospel injunction to be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

But as he sat one day in the plaza, his "Evidences of Christianity" open on his knee, his eyes, like good St. Anthony's, glued to his book, a whispered excitement made him look up and turn his eyes with the others toward a little narrow street. There, coming toward him, serenely unconscious of the gaze of the rabble about her, a vision of loveliness appeared and took him so unawares he dropped his book and watched her till she was out of sight, following every detail of her erect carriage, her free springing step, the droop of her shoulders, the poise of her head and the curves of her waist. When she reached the door of the little chapel she disappeared, but still the near-sighted eyes strained through their glasses, as if they would penetrate beyond the adobe walls.

The next day, at the same hour, by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, the prospective pastor of the Zion Hill Church was again in the plaza, his book again upon his knee, but his eyes fixed upon the street beyond. And sure enough at the same hour the vision of loveliness burst upon his vision, and passed so near he could have touched the hem of her garment. But she was as serenely unconscious of the presence of the Reverend Stubbs as of the gaping rabble. Again she crossed the pavement, and disappeared into the chapel. A moment the near-sighted eyes blinked with indecision. Never had his righteous footsteps strayed within a stronghold of Romanism, but, he reasoned, in duty to his tract, must he not know his subject thoroughly? Then laying his "Evidences" face downward, he rose resolutely, crossed the pavement, and the next moment the Reverend Stubbs had disappeared, too.

The insufficient light of the tapers left him for an instant lost in semi-darkness. The air had that damp, sepulchral odor that induces a feeling of reverence in the superstitious mind, but brings chills to the spine of the thin-blooded Northerner. Straining his eyes toward the high altar, he discerned the stately *señorito* lighting a taper to the Virgin. Then, dropping upon her knees, her hands fell listlessly to her sides, she raised her head, and turned her glorious eyes in supplicatory prayer to the figure of the Madre de Dolore. All her soul seemed to leap into her face as she poured out her petition. The near-sighted eyes behind her had never seen such an expression in all his life before. During all his four years at the theological college he had never seen the most eloquent sermon of the president produce anything like this effect. In the intensity of her earnestness the beautiful head bent low over her folded hands, and the profile turned toward the man behind her showed like a "cameo against the dingy hangings of the shrine."

As the light flickered into her upturned face, her air seemed to crinkle and wimple in tiny dancing ripples all over her head, while the few stray ringlets

that escaped from the coil seemed to cling to the curves of her neck as if they knew their blessed privilege. Then sinking her head still lower, the heavy lids drooped over the glorious, beseeching eyes, and the long, sweeping lashes fell as in a clinging caress upon the pure pale cheek. Thus was the picture burned upon the newly awakened soul of the Reverend Homer Malachi Stubbs.

Day after day the same thing happened. The man in the plaza, the *señorita* crossing the pavement, then both man and *señorito* rapt in adoration in the chapel. For while the man looked at the beautiful creature before him his countenance took on an expression as worshipful as her own. That cloud of blue-black hair that shimmered in the gloom had enmeshed his heart beyond recall, and he mused, in self-justification, even the great apostle Paul has said, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her."

To be sure, this beautiful creature was not entirely in accord with his homespun ideal of what a poor young minister's wife should be. There were moments when his thoughts were restless, for he repeated sadly to himself, "Let the women adorn themselves not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array" (adding mechanically, Timothy 2, ix). And this gorgeous vision undoubtedly had never heard that text.

But even this troubled doubt vanished when, one lucky day, in leaving the chapel the *señorito* dropped her glove, by accident as the simple-hearted fellow supposed, which gave him an opportunity to spring to his feet and pick it up. Whereupon the gates of heaven opened upon him. Her eyes beamed, her lips parted in a half-formed smile, and in reaching for the glove her hand touched his. The rest of that day young Parson Stubbs spent in the seventh realm of bliss.

Thereafter the whole scheme rolled itself out plainly and practically. He understood now why he had been sent to Tenancingo. Here was a field ripe for missionary work. This beautiful woman must be turned from her idolatrous Papacy, converted to Presbyterianism, transported to Knoxville, Mass., and her soul gloriously saved. Sometimes the neutral-tinted congregation of the Zion Hill Church brought up a contrast with the gay *reboso*, striped stockings, and clanking jewelry of the vision of his dreams. But with her conversion to Calvinism, he told himself, she would put off her gaudy finery for "the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit," as laid down in the precepts of St. Paul.

Then one day she did not come to the chapel, nor the next. She must be ill. Perhaps she was even now dying and in ignorance of the true religion. Perhaps it was for the light of Calvinism she had been praying, and he was sent, like Elijah, to save her from spiritual death. But the next moment he banished the thought of such untimely dissolution. He would find her yet. The plaza was always full of people; he sought through the crowds vainly. The world suddenly turned black and empty. The boarders of the fat Josefa were coarser and more distasteful than ever, the coquetties of the wily Josefita were worse than silly by comparison with the dignity and serenity of the stately *señorita*. And now, to cap the enormity of the gross life about him, the world rose up in excited anticipation of the coming bull-fight.

In vain Stubbs sought day after day for a sight of that clear, pale profile. Even the popish chapel was not so bad as the vulgar world gone mad over a savage, brutal bull-fight.

On the day of the festivity the parson searched the crowds with redoubled diligence. Not that he dreamed she would be among them, but he fancied he might see some one who looked like her. And at last it became clear to him that he could not do justice to the subject of degeneracy in his tract if he did not at least see something of the Palazo de Toros.

Accordingly, long before the hour appointed, he found himself ensconced between the fat Josefa and the coy Josefita, a part of the noisy mob that stretched away from *sol* to *sombre*, and no one suspected he was the author of the tract on "Eternal Damnation."

Suddenly his mental notes on the subject of Mexican degeneracy were interrupted by a great fanfare of trumpets, and a glittering cavalcade before him. *Banderillos*, shading the sun in their spangles and fringes; *capeadores*, whose gorgeousness might put Joseph's coat of many colors to the blush; and the *torero*, whose feat was to follow that of the celebrated *torera*, strutting about with lordly indifference to the admiring crowds.

"And there is the *torera*," the fat one whispered breathlessly.

"What!" Stubbs exclaimed in horror, "not a woman in the bull-ring!"

"But yes," she gurgled joyously, "she killed six bulls last year. The saints are on her side, for she promises them new candles when she wins."

But here the music roared, the crowd went wild, the people rose in their seats and shouted themselves hoarse, waving their gaudy fans, flying long *rebosos*, throwing *confetti* into the ring, stamping, cheering, calling, till Stubbs fancied himself caught up in a sunset, a rainbow, and a thunder-storm combined.

Then the prospective pastor of Zion Hill closed his eyes on the sight he saw. A woman, clad only in pink tights and a glittering tinsel corset, took the ring. Boldly and serenely unconscious of her appearance, the abandoned creature stood before the eyes of men of high and low degree. But when, with a courage born of his righteous wrath and duty to his tract, he raised his eyes and looked again at the *torero*, the blue-black hair rippling

and dancing in the sunlight, the poise of the head, the unmistakable profile—O Great Jehovah! were *hers*!

She whom he had hoped might grace the parsonage at Knoxville—this—this—creature! The petition she had been pouring out so earnestly was not—not for the true faith as laid down by John Calvin, but a bargain for new candles if she won! This woman, upon whom he had been lavishing his heart's true devotion, was a—was a—

"Oh, Josefita, quick! quick!" the fat one cried to the coy one; "the *señor* has fainted from the heat!"

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1903.

RECENT VERSE.

Soldier and Carper.

Respectfully Dedicated to the American Soldier; Army and Navy, Rank and File.

A soldier a soldier's deeds must do,
Nor falter in the martial doing.
If savage foe wreaks savage hate,
His crime must bring him savage ruing.
Though deed for deed,
In blood for blood,
Revolts the non-combatant mind,
'Tis deed for deed,
In blood for blood,
Alone that awes the savage kind.

But let no soldier tell his tale
Of aught of treachery and killing;
How comrades died, on march or field—
War stories, pitiful and thrilling.
Let Truth sit dumb,
By muffled drum,
While Lies, their blaring trumpets howling,
The brave defame,
Invoking blame,
And hush ingratiate hestowing.

Though fighters, midst the jungle starving,
Fever racked, and every danger spurning,
But strive for country's flag and glory,
Let them, victorious home returning,
Court-martials face,
In vile disgrace,
The spite of petty malice learning,
And silence keep,
Though air may reek,
With lies that set their cheeks a-burning.

But give the gew-gaw carper way,
In halls of law and public press,
To prate of lies and truths half told,
To damn the hero, the savage bless,
For lies to quote,
He has by vote,
And facts he promptly amends or smothers,
While the brave and humane,
Are his evil refrain,
And torturing foes his guileless brothers.
—Marcus Howell in New York Sun.

The Way of the Regular.

Reg'ler soldier, such they name me—hin that way fer twenty years,
Arizona, Injun-fightin'; Cuha, helpin' volunteers.
Googoes got some malo feelin's after old Manila's fall,
Then we takes a hike to China—up against that heathen wall;

Which Pekin she was good, however, loot there was with the advance,
But a reg'ler wouldn't touch it—not unless he got a chance.
Fightin', yes, an' foreign service, sights an' things to fill your eyes,
Heathen gods an' heathen people, heathen lands an' heathen skies.

An' I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an' mucho tin,
An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.
No sirez; I'm thro' with hikin' an' the service has my scorn—
Shave-tail, I was fightin' plenty 'fore your shoulder-straps were born.

Then you come around all snarly, "Dress up, therel say, can't you see?"
"Front!" you yell, you kid of twenty, looking hayonits at me.

An' you fill my soul with feelin's of extreme an' great fertig,
With your way of doin' business, like a private was a pig.

Why, the service's gone to blazes; everything is clear N. G.,
An' you het your extra pesos that the same is shut of me.
Per I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge an' mucho tin.

An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on agin.

LATER.

Well, say! I jes' got lonesome, couldn't stand it much no-how,
This civilian life's a dead one, mucho malo I'll allow.
Loafed around an' spent denero till no más of such I had.
Got to thinkin' that the service wasn't—well, oh, not so had.

Chow an' quarters an' a hunkie, an' your clock a hogle call,
Once a soldier, soldier always; you can't help it, that is all.
Queerest thing, you git so lonesome, honestly, that's what you will,
Actually you git clear homesick fer inspection or a drill.

So I quit the game of loafin' when I'd spent my travel tin;
Say, amigo, I feel better since I have took on agin.
—Robert V. Carr in Collier's Weekly.

M. Adolf Deucher, who was recently elected president of Switzerland for the third time, is a member of the medical profession. He has been, successively, a member of the National Council and of the Federal Council. He has also served as head of nearly all the departments of state, but his principal work has been accomplished as chief of the departments of commerce, industries, and agriculture. M. Deucher has always taken a special interest in labor questions, and has obtained the confidence of the working classes by his method of dealing with them. His official salary is about \$3,650.

DR. HALE'S REMINISCENCES.

Extracts from His "Memories of a Hundred Years"—New Anecdotes of George Washington, Martin Van Buren, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Daniel Webster.

In his "Memories of a Hundred Years," Dr. Edward Everett Hale pretends to do no more than to invite his readers "to look through my own keyhole upon this landscape of a hundred years' horizon." By his keyhole he means his own personal experiences, and that of his fathers and grandfathers, for he is not a centenarian. "I live in a large, old-fashioned house," he says, "which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets, and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mothers'. Boxes, drawers, cabinets, secretaries, closets, full of 'your uncle's papers,' or 'your grandfather's,' or his." But while he has availed himself of much of this valuable material, Dr. Hale's two bulky volumes are something more than a mere patchwork of recollections and documents. The venerable author illuminates with his personal charm every subject on which he writes, and he has met many distinguished men in politics and literature and figured prominently in many crises of our country's history.

One of the familiar traditions of his own family, Dr. Hale says, concerns his great-grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Hill, who was suffering from an illness due to hard rations during the Revolutionary War:

Her husband, Alexander Hill, went downstairs before light in the year 1775-1776, and, as he opened the back door of their house at the North End, he stumbled across a bag which proved to contain a bit of fresh mutton. Fresh mutton was something which he and his household had not seen for months. From the fresh mutton, mutton broth was made for my great-grandmother as long as it lasted. As this story was told on successive Thanksgiving Days, we children had the vague impression that the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven with the bag of mutton, which he left at "Grandpa Hill's" door. But, as time rolled on, history revealed the truth that Major Moncrieffe, who was an old brother in arms of General Putnam, received from Putnam a "present of fresh meat." And on the thirty-first of July, Dr. Eliot thanks Daniel Parker for two quarters of mutton smuggled in from Salem.

Miss Letitia Baker, a venerable kinswoman of Dr. Hale, told him an amusing anecdote of a play called "The Blockade of Boston," produced in January, 1776, at Faneuil Hall:

She went to Faneuil Hall that night to see the play under the escort of an English officer. As the play advanced, a sergeant rushed in, crying, "Yankees are attacking Bunker Hill!" This seemed a part of the play, until the highest officer present came out, saying, "Officers to their posts!" and Miss Letitia Baker, then sixteen years old, I believe, had to find her way home without the attendant who had taken her to the play.

An old parishioner of Dr. Hale once told him that the day when Washington entered Boston in triumph, March 17, 1776, he took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was also occupied by General Howe:

There Washington met a little girl playing about the house, and, with his usual kindness to children, called the child to him and said: "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and with a child's frankness, she said she liked the redcoats best. Washington laughed, according to my friend's story, and said to her: "Yes, my dear, the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the old demagog theory that Washington never smiled.

Dr. Hale says that when Daniel Webster was delivering one of his great addresses, Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, her little son, in order that he might remember hearing his father on a critical occasion. In the course of the address, Mr. Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say—" so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear voice he replied from the gallery, "No, pa!"

Commenting on the slanders which have been circulated of Webster's intemperance, Dr. Hale remarks:

Between the years 1826 and 1832, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been I know not how often at his house. My father, as I say, was his intimate friend. Now, it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor, in the latter years of his life. I should say that now a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whisky, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time when I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor—certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives; and that they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man.

Here is a story of Martin Van Buren which illustrates the bitterness with which the people of New York regarded him just before his downfall:

Things were very simple in Washington in 1836. Manners had the simplicity which they would have in a large country town in Virginia or Kentucky to-day. So it happened that of an evening, probably when Congress was not in session, the President would walk across to Lafayette Square and make an evening call in one of the charming homes there. The people there were glad to have him entertain himself as he would, and such homelike visits were often repeated. But as the "recess," as people used to call it, went on, Mr. Van Buren's visits to Mr. Ogle Tayloe's suddenly stopped. Mrs.

Tayloe, herself a most agreeable lady from an old Albany family, told her husband that he must go over to the White House and ask Mr. Van Buren why he had given up his evening calls, and Mr. Tayloe undertook the commission. Mr. Van Buren did not hesitate to reply. He said that it was true that he had given up his visits to Mrs. Tayloe: "She has things lying about on her table which should not be there." Then it proved that, as a part of the drawing-room furniture, Mrs. Tayloe's matchless collections of autographs lay on the table. It was specially rich in letters from New York statesmen—letters from many men whom the whole world remembers. The President had been fond of turning these books over. They revealed to him some things which he had not known before. Mr. Tayloe went back to his wife with the President's message, and they applied themselves to studying the autograph-books. It was not long before this phrase was disintegrated: "What is little Matty doing? Some dirty work, of course, as usual." To this phrase, not unnaturally, the President had taken exception. Mrs. Tayloe's scissors at once relieved the book, and so she wrote to Mr. Van Buren. And the President of the United States was able to renew his visits upon his opposite neighbor.

Of the stories afloat that Edward Everett, the great orator, prepared stage effects in advance of his speeches because he had no presence of mind before an audience, and could do nothing in situations which he had not anticipated, Dr. Hale says: "The truth is, on the other hand, that he was never so much himself as when he was before an audience, and that he rather liked any suggestion of the moment which broke up the stiffness of what you might call *ex cathedra* or academic discourse." Everett's friend, John Henry Clifford, afterward governor of Massachusetts, once told the author this story:

In the year 1837 Mr. Everett had accepted an invitation to speak at Williams College. This college had never been visited before by a governor. But at this time the Western railway had been opened, and it was with a certain enthusiasm, because the western county of Berkshire was really for the first time united to the capital of the State, that the commencement exercises of that year were undertaken. The college was proud, the people were proud, that the governor was to be there. But Mr. Everett, quite unconscious of this sort of feeling, had prepared and taken with him an oration, such as he might have delivered at Phi Beta at Cambridge, on the "Influence of German Thought on the Contemporary Literature of England and America." I once thought I detected the oration in another place. He arrived with his staff on the evening of the fifteenth of August, and was entertained at a great social party by the president. He found, undoubtedly to his satisfaction, that "half the county had come in," and that the occasion was one not so much of literary importance as of Massachusetts pride. Accordingly, next day, when the time for his oration came, he delivered an address on the "Relations of the Frontier Towns of New England to the History of the World," as exhibited in the French war, in which Ephraim Williams was a commander of Massachusetts troops—the same Ephraim Williams who had founded the new college. The address was received with the absolute enthusiasm which waited on his eloquence everywhere. As the assembly passed out from the church, Clifford met in the porch one of the fine old Berkshire satchels, a gentleman of position and cultivation, as enthusiastic as the rest. Clifford said to him, "And how do you like our governor?" "Like him? I am only thinking what a fool I am. I talked to him for an hour at the president's party, and, by Jove, I was telling him things that he knew better than I do." The simple truth was that through that hour the governor had been pumping his Berkshire man for local detail which the next morning had been reflected on the Berkshire audience. The address itself had all the charm of a man who seemed to the manor born, while he brought to it all the eloquence of classical education and of European travel.

Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, we are told, were kindness itself to young authors:

No one would believe me if I told how much time Holmes gave, day in and day out, to answer personally the requests of young people who submitted to him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes's hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

Dr. Hale first met Ralph Waldo Emerson at the junior exhibition, so-called, in Cambridge in 1844, when his cousin, George Emerson, had the first oration, being at the head of his class:

The chapel contained two or three hundred of his friends. After the whole was over, and as the assembly broke up, I crossed the chapel that I might speak to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who stood alone, as it happened, under the gallery. I introduced myself to him, and I said I wanted to congratulate him on the success of his cousin. He said: "Yes, I did not know I had so fine a young cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him—all will be well." I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech. I thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common congratulation. But I learned afterward, what he had learned then, that "good is a good master, but bad is a better." And I do not doubt now that the remark which seemed cynical was most affectionate.

Of Lowell, Dr. Hale has written at length in a former volume of reminiscences, "James Russell Lowell Outlook." I thought, he says, "when I began that I had a good deal of material drawn from old friendship, from my brother's correspondence with him, and from those of a great many friends. But the first number was hardly published before I began to receive notes, sometimes from neighbors, sometimes from distant strangers, who sent in this anecdote of Lowell or that, this picture or that, or this or that bright letter. Before the twelve numbers were finished there were in this way at least two hundred and twenty coadjutors in the preparation of those reminiscences."

Dr. Hale's reminiscences are copiously illustrated with etchings, engravings, rare old wood-cuts, and half-tone reproductions of portraits of notable Americans, interesting historical scenes and buildings, and facsimiles of important letters, advertisements, and pamphlets.

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LI HUNG CHANG'S SUCCESSOR.

Gossip about Chaoh Chih Tung, the Grand Old Mao of Chioa.

Since the death of Li Hung Chang, the most interesting man in China is undeniably Chang Chih Tung. In the first place, his fame is probably due to the fact that he has in his gift such a large number of silk-lined positions. Power always commands enthusiasm, if not respect. But, further, his individual character forces attention because it is "strenuous"—a rare happening among Chinese officials—and honest, or comparatively so. He has three qualities, initiative, energy, and persuasiveness—which, if he were a commercial traveler, would make him of inestimable value to enterprising firms.

More than sixty-five years old small, lean, and delicate-looking, he is still able to do an amount of work which the majority of young men would balk at. No later than a week ago he gave fresh proof of his wonderful endurance and vigor. The anxiety and labor of the commercial treaty with Sir James Mackay was no sooner over than he turned his attention to the military college at Nanking, founded by Liu Kun Yih, and organized examinations, reviews, and parades. The college instructors, like the other foreigners who have come in contact with him, were surprised at his thoroughness. The old viceroy insisted on seeing every detail for himself.

During the night before the biggest parade was to take place, a heavy fall of snow made the ground almost impassable. The following morning the thermometer still stood below freezing point. Chang Chih Tung sent word to the instructors of the college that, if the weather was too severe for them, he would be satisfied to change the review into an indoor examination. However, at the same time, he gave them to understand that the cold was healthy. Naturally, the review went on. A tent had been erected for Chang Chih Tung, but he refused to go under shelter, saying that what was fit for his students was fit for him. From 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. the old man trudged over the wet, cold ground, directing, criticising, superintending. His wiry, alert figure, dressed in the superb, long sable coat which a Chinese nobleman invariably wears in winter, was to be seen everywhere. Nothing was taken for granted, or on the information of his subordinates. Chan Chih Tung knows his own countrymen too well to trust them.

Whether this exceeding earnestness of purpose finds favor in court circles is doubtful. In fact, high Chinese officials declare that the Pekin party has for some time been patiently waiting an excuse to remove its too-zealous colleague from his post, and at last a decent reason has appeared.

When Yuan Shih Kai, the famous general, who poses for the progressive and popular man with the powers, and privately keeps a spare ace up his sleeve, passed through Nanking, he was given a splendid banquet by the Viceroy Chang. In the middle of dinner, just, rumor says, as Yuan was about to open up an important dynastic discussion, which was the real object of his visit, old Chang Chih Tung fell asleep. Yuan purpled with fury at what he was pleased to regard as an insult, and ordered the old gentleman waked at once. But nobody would disturb him, though his officials made profuse apologies. Their master, they said, had been much worried by public business. His responsibilities often prevented him from sleeping at night. He was accustomed frequently to work until daylight and to snatch rest when he could. Therefore they might not wake him. Whereupon Yuan Shih Kai, in a pet, stalked out of the hall, the banquet broke up, and poor old Chang finished his untimely nap in comfort. Yuan poured into the susceptible ear of the empress dowager the story of the slight he had received. Wherefore, the fate of the venerable viceroy hangs in the balance.

Yet, whatever reward the court metes out to him, whether he is degraded to satisfy the whim of the man who in his turn must make a target for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," or whether by his past excellences he escapes official ruin, his bygone services to the state remain bright and shining. Chang Chih Tung is the man who has organized a model province; who has drilled the best troops and the most efficient police; who has stolen least public money (though some people say his accounts could never be taken over by another man). He and his colleague, Liu Kun Yih, together, kept the Yangtze Valley in leash during violent 1900, and the same partnership gained China her manifold advantages in the British commercial treaty. They stood against Sir James Mackay—a Scotchman, and an extra-obstinate one at that. They stood firm against him, and they were not hulled, which is more than any other two men who came in contact with him can say. When every other argument failed, when vituperation or decision threatened, Chang Chih Tung quietly went to sleep. The bursting of a soda-siphon would not have waked him. Opportunity makes some men great, but some great men force opportunity. Who can deny that the old viceroy is great?

CHARLES F. LORRIMER.

SHANGHAI, January 10, 1903.

The valuation of the park lands of the Greater New York is now put at \$300,000,000; of Chicago, at \$65,000,000; Boston, \$53,000,000; Philadelphia, \$22,000,000; San Francisco, \$12,000,000; and St. Louis, \$8,000,000.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN CHINA.

Physician With Many Years' Experience Makes Striking Statements—No Danger to the Well Fed—Disease can Never Gain a Foothold Among White People.

Among the recent arrivals from the Orient at Tacoma, Wash., was Dr. R. T. Freeman, who has lived thirty years in the tropics, and the last eight years in China and Japan. He was interviewed by a Tacoma *Ledger* reporter on the subject of bubonic plague, and his remarks are so to the point, so patently based on first-hand knowledge and long experience, that we print the interview in full. Replying to the suggestion of the reporter that the State of Washington was likely to become infected with plague, Dr. Freeman said:

"It's all rot! I would like to be in a position to accept the appropriation which this State is proposing to make with which to fight the plague, and in return to insure every man, woman, and child here. The disease has been studied at long range by American physicians, with the result that some of the most important characteristics of it have escaped them entirely. For instance, no well-fed man can catch the disease. In Hong Kong, where there have been untold thousands of deaths from this cause, we Europeans walk into and through infected quarters with perfect impunity, never giving it a thought until we see the daily grist of dead bodies brought for destruction.

"In my experience there have been no cases of the disease contracted in this way. The only Europeans who have taken it have been a few soldiers who have gone on a tear, neglected eating, and when their systems have been sufficiently reduced to resemble a starved native, they have taken it and been dead four hours afterward. The important fact is that only those in reduced flesh and strength from the semi-starvation of these Oriental lands ever are known to take the disease. No Chinese living on the imported American food ever takes it. No coolie working hard for small pay ever gets it, for he is also comparatively well-fed. And the cure for the disease, so far as anything can be said to be a cure, is nourishment. A starving Chinese, taken in hand by Europeans and fed, may take the disease, but a few days of feeding before the disease appears saves his life. Then, under these conditions, what has the State of Washington to fear? Why you could throw open your ports, discontinue your quarantine laws, carry on unrestricted commerce with the worst infected ports of China, and you would not have enough of the cases develop to afford material for study for your doctors.

"More than that, it has been demonstrated so many times in my eight years of experience with the disease, that it may be given out as an established fact that the disease in no case lies dormant. When a ship leaves an infected port those of the crew who have it will be dead of the disease in three days or less, and three days later, if no more cases have developed, you can safely take aboard the most likely half-starved subjects you can find, and you could not raise another case for a reward. As for rats, you to-day are not quarantining against them either in Victoria or at Port Townsend, and you hear of no infection there. In crossing the Pacific the time consumed is a perfect preventive of the disease being carried here unless—now mark this—unless there is a continuous string of recurring cases for the entire voyage.

"Let me tell you more of the characteristics of the disease. There is no mistaking it when once seen, and whenever and wherever there is a dispute among medical men as to the nature of a mysterious disease that has appeared, you may set it down confidently that it is not bubonic plague. A starving Chinese tells you he feels sick. It has just attacked him. You feel his pulse and take his temperature.

"This temperature rises so rapidly that in an interval of a few minutes your thermometer will record an increase. His temperature is, say, 99½. You take out your watch and point to the figures indicating four hours later, and shrug your shoulders as you tell him that that is the hour of his death. Then, if you are as curious as I was, you will sit down beside him, and watch the progress of the case. Very rapidly his temperature goes up to 110, and, holding your hand a foot from his skin, you feel the heat radiating as if from a stove. If this heat does not kill him, the temperature continues advancing until 115 is reached, and that drives out the spark of life as effectively as if he were in a blast furnace. Meanwhile, you have observed that the glands in his groins, under the knees, under the arms, and at the back of the neck have swollen rapidly in a continuous knotted string, and when he is dead you take your scalpel and open some of them, expecting to find pus, as in the bubos, which have furnished the plague with a name. You find absolutely nothing, and you hunt up other cases, and find the course of the disease always alike. Experience has shown that yourself, being a well-fed European or American, are in no danger of infection from your studies, and you continue them indefinitely, never taking any precaution, and never suffering therefrom.

"Meanwhile you go to the native authorities, and use the occasion for impressing the need of sanitation and the cleansing of houses, but you are perfectly aware that sanitation without food is a humbug, and you are simply taking diplomatic advantage of the situation to get the city about you cleaned up for your own good.

"Now you understand the nature of the plague better.

As an additional reason for my statement that Washington will never see a case of the disease, let me tell you that on leaving the Orient all ships are inspected. Any one showing the slightest raise of temperature, from whatsoever cause, is left behind, no matter how long he may have served. But our sailors never contract it, and when on shore are as callous about its presence as are we Europeans and Americans. Last, but not least, it is purely a tropical disease, and even there only appears in the spring, when the days are hot and the nights are cold. During this period the ill fed and ill clad native sweats all day and shivers all night, without any covering at all. He quickly reaches a favorable condition to be attacked, and is almost dead from privation before he gets bubonic plague. When summer comes the plague disappears until the next season, for the half-starved native retains a remnant of his strength as long as he can lie at nights asleep in comfort. All of which makes it a million-to-one wager that the bubonic plague could hardly be introduced here by deliberate intent and with scientific means, and if it were, it would die out with the single case created."

Washington at Mount Vernon.

Across the river, and the misty cove,
Which, curving deep, the further shore indents.
Where free in woods the dappled deer might rove,
How oft the hero gazed as twilights fell
And veiled these furrowed hills and water-vents.
And heard the sweet and mournful cattle-bell,
Slow trending down his farmland's green descents.

Out-fitting from the stable's spacious loft,
Above the lawn, blue swallows circled wide;
Perchance one smiled to hear their twitterings soft,
Who long had marked how sounds of battle rolled,
That, echoing, beat some mountain's hollow side.
As pranced his charger for the hither cold,
While he sat moveless, till the clamor died.

How restful after all the strife and doubt,
To feel this homestead grass beneath the feet!
Potomac, seaward drawn, as tides pulse out,
Would charm the victor lingering on the lawn.
At sunset: past the fields of maize and wheat,
It rolled in crimson, purple, gold and fawn,
And seemed to pause before this calm retreat.

Doubtless he sometimes wandered to the spot,
(While on the glory fell the gloaming gray),
Which he whom nations never more forgot
Had chosen for the body's lining sleep.
And with the hope of an immortal day,
Beyond this twilight world of mountains steep,
He paused, and bowed his noble head to pray.
—Eliza Woodworth in *Independent*.

Ignorant French Conscripts.

Captains in various parts of France have this year subjected the conscripts drafted by their companies to a sort of examination, which has demonstrated that nearly every man was fairly proficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic. But beyond the three R's the ignorance of the great majority of the men was astonishing. According to the *Revue Pédagogique*, which gives detailed results of the ex-officio examination, a captain of Fifth Army Corps, of which the headquarters are at Orleans, and of which the population is, in the matter of elementary education, above the average, discovered that two of the forty-four conscripts drafted into his company were completely illiterate. The others could read and write fairly well, and the greater number could solve a problem of arithmetic correctly. Having ascertained that fact, the captain assembled the conscripts, and, giving them pen and paper, asked the forty-two to sit down quietly and to take all the time they might require to write the answers to the three following questions: "What do you know about Joan of Arc?" "Of what does the national fête of July 14th remind you?" "What do you know about the war of 1870?" When the written answers were handed to him the officer discovered that more than half of the conscripts knew nothing at all about Joan of Arc, that three-quarters were ignorant of the event commemorated by the national fête, and that two-thirds had no knowledge whatever of the Franco-German War of 1870.

Dr. Finsen's Remarkable Blue-Glass Cure.

Here is the curious story of Dr. Nils Finsen's discovery of the curative properties of light as related in the February issue of *McClure's Magazine*:

Finsen's first patient was an engineer of Copenhagen, Niels Morgensen, who for eight years since the lupus declared itself had vainly tried whatever science could suggest for his relief. No less than twenty-five times, he told me, his face had been operated on, the right side being cut, scraped, burned with acids, seared with hot irons, and all to no avail. In the fall of 1895 the phototherapeutic treatment on Morgensen was begun. At first everything was very crude; a hand lens was used to concentrate the rays from an ordinary arc lamp, the red and ultra red being filtered out through blue water. For an hour or two hours every day this concentrated blue light was directed against the afflicted right cheek, Finsen himself holding the lens, aided by a medical student. The result came up to the fullest expectations. After the first treatment there was no more spread of the disease, but a steady closing in of the lupus patches and a lessening of the angry redness as healthy tissue formed. Within six months Niels Morgensen was free from his disease, and Finsen had done what doctors and surgeons would have laughed at as a mad impossibility—he had cured a case of lupus with some blue water and a piece of glass.

The historic hill of Tara was sold at auction recently for eighteen thousand five hundred dollars. Until the sixth century Tara was the chief seat of the Irish kings, and a pillar six feet high is still pointed out as the coronation stone. Then it was also the Druids' headquarters and the site of King Cormac's splendid court.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Maine Republicans are manifesting a disposition to bring forward United States Senator William P. Frye, now President pro tem. of the Senate, as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Vice-president next year.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney, who wrote "Little Drops of Water," is still living. She will be eighty years old the coming April, and it is proposed that children be invited to contribute each a cent for a testimonial to be presented to her.

William Redmond, member of Parliament, who was sentenced last year to six months' imprisonment because he refused to give bail in one thousand dollars for his future good behavior as the result of an alleged incendiary speech at Wexford, and who was arrested at Kingston and taken to Kilmainham jail on November 4th, was recently released although he had only served half his term.

Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster has been selected to take charge of the case of the United States, in the presentation of the Alaskan boundary question to the special commission appointed in conformity with the terms of the recently confirmed Alaskan boundary treaty. It will be remembered that he conducted the case of the United States in the Behring Sea controversy before the arbitration tribunal.

James R. Garfield of Ohio, who has been appointed by President Roosevelt to be Commissioner of Corporations in the new Department of Commerce, is the second son of President Garfield, and was born in Mentor, the little town in the neighborhood of Cleveland, in which his father so long had his home. He has been a member of the Ohio legislature, where he rendered important service in securing the passage of the Garfield corrupt practices act.

It is reported from Cairo, that the quarrel between the Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive of Egypt, growing out of the former's refusal to change the route of the Holy Carpet pilgrimage, has been amicably settled. The Sultan has climbed down and has promised to send a battalion of Turkish soldiers to escort pilgrims from Egypt across the desert between Yambo and Medina. This year, therefore, the itinerary of the faithful will be, as formerly, via Suez and Jeddah to Mecca. But on the return of the pilgrims to Jeddah a steamer will convey them to Yambo, from which point the Medina pilgrimage will be made under Turkish escort.

There seems to have been a certain difficulty in regard to Dr. Lorenz's visit to London and the old question of professional medical etiquette (says the *Westminster Gazette*). He is said to have been approached by an eminent surgeon with a request to give a demonstration at a well-known institution. The professor's answer was that if the surgeons of London were really interested in his work they could quite well come to the City Orthopaedic Hospital, where his system was both appreciated and followed, and where there were special facilities for conducting the demonstrations. As a result, a number of surgeons, who had previously professed themselves anxious to see the professor at work, absented themselves altogether from the demonstrations.

The Dowager Empress of China has appointed Prince Chun, a brother of the emperor, as a commissioner to the St. Louis exposition. His two younger brothers, Prince Tsait'ao and Prince Tsai Hsun, will come with him and also a staff of about one hundred or more aids, secretaries, attachés, and servants. Prince Tsai Hsun is to be married this month and will bring his wife with him. At the close of the exposition he will return to China, but Prince Tsait'ao will remain in the United States for three years completing his education. Prince Chun got a glimpse of the world when he went to Germany to apologize to Emperor Wilhelm for the assassination of Baron Ketteler, the German minister, and is anxious to see more of it. Standing next in rank to the emperor, he is, of course, a person of immense importance in China. He will rent a house in St. Louis and will entertain magnificently.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of George B. Cortelyou to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, under the act creating the new department. Mr. Cortelyou came prominently before the public in 1898 when he was appointed assistant-secretary to President McKinley. On the retirement of John Addison Porter, he was named as secretary to the President. While his ability was appreciated before the assassination of President McKinley, the work performed by him during the anxious days at Buffalo revealed an entirely unexpected phase of his character. He looked after every detail, provided every care for the stricken President, comforted the bereaved wife, and kept the public informed of the condition of the distinguished sufferer from hour to hour, day and night. It was at the personal request of President Roosevelt that Cortelyou continued as secretary to the President, and in naming him the first secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and in elevating him to a position in the Cabinet, the President has done that which McKinley probably would have done had he been permitted to provide for the organization of that department.

SOME LATE BOOKS OF VERSE.

The little red-hound book of lyrics by Ella Higginson, called "When the Birds Go North Again," (the Macmillan Company; price, \$1.25), deserves warm praise. The poems all are brief, the range of thought is not great, but the author feels keenly and writes sincerely of the beauty of sea and sky, mountain and valley, of spring with love, of winter with despair. She is, we believe, a resident of Portland, Or., and many of the poems allude to scenes familiar to all who know the North-West. The one entitled "The Low Brown Hills" amply demonstrates that Mrs. Higginson possesses a fine perception for beauty other than that so labeled by convention. We regret that space lacks for extended quotation from this book. The two following have many peers among the contents of "When the Birds Go North Again":

THE LAMP IN THE WEST.

Venus has lit her silver lamp
Low in the purple West,
Breathing a soft and mellow light
Upon the sea's full breast;
It is the hour when velvet winds
Tremble the alder's crest.

Far out, far out the restless bar
Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where roaring thro' the narrow straits
The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
Across the lonely deep.

When I sail out the narrow straits
Where unknown dangers lie,
And cross the troubled, moaning bar
To the mysterious sea—
Dear God, wilt Thou not set a lamp
Low in the West for me?

WEARING OUT LOVE.

Forgive you? . . . Oh, of course, dear,
A dozen times a week!
We women were created
Forgiveness but to speak.

You'd die before you'd hurt me
Intentionally? . . . True.
But it is not, O dearest,
The thing you mean to do—

It's what you do, unthinking,
That makes the quick tear start;
The tear may be forgotten—
But the hurt stays in the heart.

And tho' I may forgive you
A dozen times a day,
Yet each forgiveness wears, dear,
A little love away.

As the impatient river
Wears out the patient sand,
Or as the fickle ocean
Wears out the faithful land.

And one day you'll be grieving,
And chiding me, no doubt,
Because so much forgiving
Has worn a great love out.

Some rather bright and very light verse makes up Beatrice Hanscom's production called "Love, Laurels and Laughter" (F. A. Stokes & Co.; price, \$1.00). These lyrics have appeared in the *Century*, *Critic*, *Puck*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Vogue*, *Truth*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The author is a skillful versifier. We quote:

PORTRAIT.

The night was warm and the porch was wide,
And the soft wind wafted the music's tune,
As a youth and a maiden sat side by side
'Neath the witching light of the summer moon.

Said the youth: "There's a maiden I dearly love;
She's as fair as the daybreak and pure as gold,
With a voice as soft as a cooing dove
And a mouth like a bud with one leaf unrolled.

"The gleam of her eyes makes the starlight pale,
And she's witty and clever, well read and bred."

The maid's cheeks flushed at this glowing tale
And—"I love you, too"—she said.

Miss Helen Huntington, the author of a delicately bound volume of verse called "The Solitary Path" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), has achieved a quite unusual facility with rhyme and rhythm; further, though few lines stand out in the memory when the book is read, all the poems are marked by sincerity, and none is superfluous or lacks poetic qualities. Altogether, "The Solitary Path" reaches a high level of merit. We quote one poem:

TWO JOURNEYS.

Toward love the dragging horses' feet
Toiled on; the fields were white;
On either side the naked trees,
A menace 'midst the night.

And so unto the noisome town,
'Mid evils and alarms,
To where, awaiting eagerly,
My love held out his arms.

Toward death I flew through flaming woods,
Gold sun and scarlet trees;
The world a hubble, blown for joy,
And tossed to Autumn's breeze.

The horses' hoofs rang cheerily
As gayly on we sped,
Through all the pomp of red and gold,
To where my love lay dead.

The verses in Ernest Crosby's "Swords and Plowshares" (the Funk & Wagnalls Company; price, \$1.00), are unimpressive. He is too much of a preacher; too little of a poet.

His truths are true enough, but they can not be driven home hudgeonwise, and in abandoning rhyme and rhythm for what he calls the "verse-paragraph" more has been lost than gained. Crosby follows in this respect in the footsteps of Whitman and Carpenter, but he follows exceeding far behind. This volume sets forth the author's views on the evil of warfare, and contains also philippics on social injustice. A translation appears to be most quotable:

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

From the German of Bodensadt.

Talk if you will, of hero deed,
Of clash of arms and battle wonders;
But prate not of your Christian creed
Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.

And if your courage needs a test,
Copy the pagan's fierce behavior;
Revel in bloodshed east and west,
But speak not with it of the Savior.

The Turk may wage a righteous war
In honor of his martial Allah;
But Thor and Odin live no more—
Dead are the gods in our Valhalla.

Be what you will, entire and free,
Christian or warrior—each can please us;
But not the rank hypocrisy
Of warlike followers of Jesus.

It is not a particularly forcible argument for the poetic greatness of Sir Rennell Rodd that it should be necessary for him to select from his six volumes of verse, published in England, a single one for American consumption. Sir Rennell's countryman, Mr. Stephen Phillips, for instance, seems to find readers for all he writes, even in America. The fault must be with Sir Rennell's poetry, not with the cisatlantic public. This general inference is strengthened by perusal of the book, which is entitled "Myrtle and Oak" (Forbes & Co.; price, \$1.00). Mr. Rodd appears to be a man of taste; here and there in the volume are fine lines; but as a whole this poetry leaves the reader cold. The following poem is fairly representative:

GREECE.

A cypress dark against the blue,
That deepens up to such a hue
As never painter dared and drew;

A marble shaft that stands alone
Above a wreck of sculptured stone
With gray-green aloes overgrown;

A hillside scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains;

And rocks that while the hours run
Show all the jewels, one by one,
For pastime of the summer sun;

A crescent sail upon the sea,
So calm and fair and ripple-free,
You wonder storms can ever be;

A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze;

A face bronzed dark to red and gold,
With mountain eyes that seem to hold
The freshness of the world of old;

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock—the sense of peace,
The long, sweet silence—this is Greece!

Though writers of dialect and humorous newspaper verse have many readers, their work, when published in book-form, seems to fare ill at the hands of reviewers. It is as if the critical fraternity were afraid to say, "Here's poetry" of anything appearing in the dailies. That praise they are more likely to reserve for the vague, the esoteric, and the lofty-sounding. But certainly it seems to us that few or none of the minor magazine poets excel Mr. Kiser, of the *Record-Herald*, in touching the cord of human sympathy. Not many people will read his "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy" (Forbes & Co.; 50 cents), without recognizing how well the author has pictured the mixed pathos and humor of a small boy's love for a young woman. The type-writer is the object of this boy's affection here made articulate, and though the spirit of the little book is inadequately conveyed by a single sonnet from the sequence, we have space to quote but one:

When her and me were here alone, at noon,
And she had bit a pickle in two,
I sat and watched and listened to her chew,
And thought how sweet she was, and pretty soon

She happened to look down at me and say:
"You look so sad, poor boy; what's wrong with you?"

And then I got to shiverin' all through
And wished that I was forty miles away.

I tried to think of some excuse to make,
But something seemed all whirly in my head.
And so the first blame thing I knew I said:
"It's nothin' only just the stummick ache."

Sometimes I almost wish that I was dead
Fo settin' there and makin' such a break.

It should also be remarked that the illustrations in this volume, by John T. McCutcheon—the leading cartoonist in the United States, by the way—are almost as eloquent as the verses.

COUNT DE MONTESQUIOU'S LECTURES.

What He Thinks of the American Press.

Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac gave his first "conference" under the auspices of Miss Marbury at Sherry's in New York last week, and a distinguished audience greeted him. Among the subscribers to his lecture course are Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. P. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, Mrs. H. Payne Whitney, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. MacKay, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and Lady Cunard. The count was clad soberly in black, with a black tie, and, according to the *New York Sun*, nothing in his appearance excited comment save the Kaiser Wilhelm upward twist to his Gallic mustache. He was introduced to the audience in English by F. Marion Crawford, who protested against the manner in which the count had been misrepresented. Mr. Crawford expressed the opinion that fifty years from now it would be impossible to write the history of French literature without taking Count de Montesquiou into account. He pointed out that though the count was an independent in letters, he really belonged to the school of the "Parnassians," and not to that which the French call "Les Jeunes," or to the "symbolist" decadent school, represented by Stéphane Mallarmé.

The count selected for his first lecture "History," dealing solely with Versailles. He described Versailles from the poet's standpoint, then under the "Roisoleil," with its orange-trees in silver vases, and then in the autumn under Louis the Sixteenth. As a thread for a description, he used his own sequence of sonnets in "Les Perles Rouges." Readers of French may gauge the count's poetical ability best from one of the sonnets he recited on the little Dauphin, Louis the Seventeenth, who never reigned:

Le plus pur des Bourbons est un orphelin blême.
Tendre Dauphin broyé, l'Enfant Louis Dix-Sept
Humanisé en ses traits l'Enfant de Nazareth,
Fils de dieux et de rois qu'adopte Dieu lui-même!

Des épinés, au front, lui font un diadème;
Le miracle embaumé de Sainte Elisabeth
En ses bras torturés a re jailli plus net;
Les lis de son manteau lui servent seuls de crême.

Il porte un sceptre en fleurs, d'un air de Séraphin;
Son décès discuté le fait vivre sans fin;
Son sort, qui semblait dur, un mystère l'élide.

Son trépas, à jamais, demeure partiel.
C'est comme un Papillon qui fuit sa chrysalide,
Et dont le doux vol bleu se fond avec le Ciel.

The count was well pleased with his reception, and in commenting on the attitude of the New York press, which had pictured him in flaming clothes, going about with jeweled turtles in leash, and belonging to the decadent school, he remarked:

"I am accustomed to being more or less railed at. A man can not assert his individuality in these days without being held up to a certain amount of ridicule by the *esprits forts* who follow in the conventional rut. I have a collection of these little persiflages and quips; some are witty, some ridiculous, some malignant and more simply inane. I have labeled the collection *asinus ad lyram*, and every day I add to it, for wild asses will Bray. The contributions from America will be very notable. What a reflection, *tout de même*, on the provincialism of Americans, this turtle story, for instance, is! Have I not the privilege of carrying turtles in my vest pocket, or elephants, even? Can I not indulge my fancy in clothes, or in the color of my hoots? If I did carry with me a menagerie I would only in that be imitating Byron, who traveled with his horses, his dogs, his goldfishes, and his birds. But that is just the thing, with me imitation is odious. I exorcise it, I am myself, always; I think my own thoughts, wear my own clothes, choose my own books, my own paintings, my own rings. I imitate no one.

"However, the fanciful tales woven by the American reporters with extrinsic curiosity concerning me, without detracting from my fame. As part of the public which will come to hear me must be made up of people actuated solely by curiosity, these tales of turtles and hats will increase the size of my audiences. I have been told by a great many of the people I have met in New York, by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont (a most remarkable and charming woman), by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and a great many others that I hold the record for this *genre* of advertising here; that as the object of fantastic tales I have surpassed the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, Dr. Lorenz of Vienna, and all the other distinguished foreigners who have visited New York, and at whose expense the wit of cartoonists and journalists has flowed. Do you know that is quite a distinction? I am really quite flattered by this extraordinary attention.

"And what matters if one of my interviewers solemnly assures her public that she has held in her own hands that dear little emerald-studded turtle? I have the consideration of men of high intellect, like Rodin, the sculptor, and Anatole France. My work has had the endorsement of Leconte de Lisle, who wrote the preface to my first book 'Les Chauve-Souris.' Verlaine prefaced my second book, 'Le Chef des Odeurs Sauves,' with one

of his sonnets. I could have had prefaces written for my other books of verse by other men of letters, but I considered that I was big enough to stand alone and that I needed no introduction to the reading public of France. My other works, 'Le Parcours du Rêve au Souvenir,' 'Les Hortensias Bleus,' 'Les Perles Rouges,' 'Prières Pour Tous,' 'Rosaux Pensants,' and 'Autels Privilegiés,' all appeared without preface. No doubt I idealize, but have I not the best of excuses? It is not life ugly enough to justify going a little beyond it; are not suggestions better than facts, sensations better than knowledge, hope better than its fulfillment?"

Count Robert proposes to continue lecturing on literary and poetic topics during the rest of this month and well into March. The subjects of his New York lectures will be "Le Mystère," "Le Nocturne," "Le Voyage," "Le Temple," "Le Jardin," "L'Crin."

A Notable Theatrical Benefit.

If anybody had foretold twenty years ago that it would ever become necessary to give a performance for the benefit of A. M. Palmer (comments the *New York Evening Post*), the prophecy would have been scouted. The predicament of this veteran manager, who, for so many years, with Lester Wallack, kept the theatrical centre at Union Square, is a striking illustration of the mutability of theatrical fortunes. At that time he controlled the finest company for romantic melodrama ever assembled in that city, or, perhaps, in any other. He presented many notable modern plays in a manner that could be equaled in no other theatre, and furnished entertainment to thousands of playgoers, many of whom still survive to rally to his support. In recent years he has been manager for Richard Mansfield, who dispensed with his services at the beginning of the season. It is proposed to give a testimonial performance in the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, in May, when some famous play will be performed by an all-star cast. Charles Frohman has started the hall a-rolling by subscribing one thousand dollars toward the fund to be raised for Mr. Palmer.

A Minneapolis paper declares that some time ago the two Younger brothers, two Western outlaws, who used to move in the inner circles of Jesse James's most exclusive set, were liberated after twenty years' imprisonment. The day they were set free they received a pressing invitation from the manager of Jacob Litt's Theatre there to occupy a box at the play that evening. They accepted with avidity, and the news of their coming having been extensively advertised, the theatre, of course, was packed to suffocation. The brothers came early, but did not begin to peruse their programme until just before the curtain rose. Then one of them was seen to spring to his feet and make a frantic effort to escape from the box. The manager intercepted him with a polite request as to what was amiss. "Good God!" he cried, with a string of oaths: "what in — have you run us into? Why, this — play was running when we went in." He had just made the heartbreaking discovery that the play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The recent christening of the Prince of Wales's infant son, Prince George of Wales, in the private chapel at Windsor, was quite an imposing ceremony for so small a principal actor. He was named George Edward Alexander Edmund, and did not seem to like the water, for as his face was sprinkled he cried out loudly. His elder brother, who watched the ceremony in the gallery, set the royalties present to laughing by trying to quiet the baby, and calling down, "Don't cry, brother." Later he called down to King Edward, his grandfather. "I see you," which again caused many members of the royal family to smile. Throughout the ceremony, the chapel continued to ring with the infant prince's voice, and all present agreed that Prince George had excellent lung power.

In addition to many well-known professionals who have volunteered to assist in the testimonial to be tendered Manager S. H. Friedlander, of Fischer's Theatre, at a matinee performance on Thursday afternoon, March 5th, the programme will include the first act of "Hoity-Toity," the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," with Barney Bernard as Shylock, and a number of original contributions by members of the company. Orders for seats may be left at the box-office.

The trip through Mill Valley on the Scenic Railway, en route to the Tavern of Tamalpais, is a constant delight to the eye. The recent rains have covered the hills with verdure, and the trees and ferns and flowers have taken on an added beauty and richness of color.

LITERARY NOTES.

A California Classic.

The fourteen sketches which make up the volume, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," were written by Clarence King during a period of ten years. Nine of the sketches bear date previous to 1866, when King was in his twenty-fifth year. These articles first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and were brought out in book form in 1871, when the rare charm and humor of the work was quickly recognized. The book ran through four editions, but, in 1874, its publication was discontinued owing to the author's desire to make certain emendations in the text. This task was never accomplished, beyond a few minor changes indicated to the publishers, as the professional labors of Mr. King would not allow. The present edition is, therefore, almost identical with the enlarged and revised edition of 1874.

Men like Lord Kelvin abroad recognized the scientific work of Clarence King as of solid value, original in scope, and marked by that quality of imagination which, contrary to general impression, is quite as necessary to great astronomers, mathematicians, and geologists, as to great poets. Clarence King's calculation of the age of the earth is the most authoritative yet made, and the geologic and topographic survey of the fortieth parallel, under his direction, was of the greatest value to a scientific knowledge of this continent. This work was the basis of the formation of the United States Geological Survey, organized in 1878, of which Mr. King was for four years the chief.

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," derives its greatest charm from its purely literary value, yet at no time does Mr. King subordinate scientific truth to literary effect. "The Range," written at a later date, and serving as a preface to the other sketches, is a dramatic conception of the formation of the great Rocky Mountain Range, and is a most vivid portrayal. Within the covers of this small book is to be found almost all of King's purely literary work. In his busy and useful life he found little—too little—time for literature. It is a thing to be regretted, but it makes the volume all the more precious. The work is, without question, one that will take its place, with those of John Muir and Bret Harte, among the very few books of enduring qualities that deal with Californian scenes and people. It is a book which every lover of old California should be familiar. It is not only a faithful and exquisitely wrought picture of conditions in early days, but its generous humor, and its marvellous descriptions give it no small place in American literature.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A New Keats.

What is called the Hamstead Edition of the works of John Keats appears in a binding over which we can not grow very enthusiastic. However, the print is good, and the volume not over bulky. The introduction is that of Walter L. Scott, and it is revised by George Sampson. The frontispiece is finely executed, and is after Hilton's painting. The prefatory poem, by J. H. Reynolds, is very fine, indeed, its author appears to have caught something of the grace that marks Keats's own poem on Chapman's Homer. It is happily brief enough for quotation here:

"He read and dreamt of young Endymion,
Till his romantic fancy drank its fill;
He saw that lovely shepherd sitting lone,
Watching his white flocks upon Ida's hill:
The Moon adored him, and when all was still,
And stars were wakeful—she would earthward stray.
And linger with her shepherd love, until
The hooves of the steeds that bear the car of day
Struck silver in the east, and then she waned away!"

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Christmas Kalends of Provence."

Thomas A. Janvier's volume, "The Christmas Kalends of Provence," has, like the "wishing-stone," the magic power of transporting the reader from his modern surroundings to the mediæval province of Provence. What safer passport into mediævalism could one ask than the author's "The Château de Vielmar," which has remained so intimately a part of the Middle Ages that the subtle essence of this romantic period still pervades it and gives to all that goes on there a quaintly archaic tone. The donjon, a prodigiously strong square tower dating from the thirteenth century, partly is surrounded by a dwelling in the florid style of two hundred years back—the architectural flippancies of which,

we learn, have been so tumbled by time and weather as to give it the look of an "old beau caught unawares by age and grizzled in the midst of his affected youth." The legends and customs that have come down from the early Christian ages are practiced to-day with superstitious awe and reverence. The prescribed Christmas festivities, the prayer of the yule-log, the lighted "fate" candles, the dishes of "St. Barbara's grain," even the regulation ragouts, have a history hoary with legend and tradition.

Another excellent chapter is "The Comédie-Française at Orange." In this we get the story of the Roman theatre at Orange, founded in the time of Marcus Aurelius, abandoned two hundred years later, and recently restored from its ruins to be the scene of periodic performances by the Comédie-Française. An excellent cut of the ancient Roman structure is given, showing its tiers of seats hewn out of the rock. And upon its stage Sophocles's great tragedies, "Edipus" and "Antigone" have recently been played.

With "A Feast-Day on the Rhone," a chapter on the legends and incidental history of the Rhone country, the volume is completed.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible" and "The Reign of Law," has completed a new novel, which heads the Macmillan Company's spring list. The publishers do not announce the title, and the only information they give is that the book will be "the longest and possibly the most important novel that Mr. Allen has written—in many respects a departure from the current school of American fiction."

Among Charles Scribner's spring announcements are "Calvert of Strathore," by Carter Goodloe, a novel of the French Revolution, in which Thomas Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris figure prominently, and "The Turquoise Cup," by Arthur Cosslett Smith, a companion volume to the author's "The Monk and the Dancer."

A volume of literary essays by Frank Norris is to be published, and will be included in the complete memorial edition of Mr. Norris's works now in preparation.

It is expected that much valuable new light will be thrown on the vexed question of the domestic relations of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle by the forthcoming publication in two volumes, of "New Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle." This is a collection of hitherto unpublished letters, edited, with an introduction, by Sir James Crichton Browne.

Eleven tales and studies in fiction by Henry James, grouped under the title, "The Better Sort," will be published in a few weeks by Charles Scribner's Sons. A few of the chapter titles are: "The Two Faces," "Broken Wings," "The Tone of Time," "The Special Type," "The Story in It."

It is announced that Guy Wetmore Carryl's book, "Zut and Other Parisians," will not be published until the autumn. Instead a novel he has written dealing with strikes in an imaginary state called Alleghenia will be brought out next month under the title of "The Lieutenant-Governor."

Among the biographical works which the Macmillan Company will issue this spring are "The Life of Charlotte M. Yonge," by Christabel R. Coleridge; "The Life of Sir George Grove," by C. L. Graves; "The Life of the Late Lord Bishop of Durham," by his son, the Rev. Arthur Westcott; "Biographical Sketches," by James Bryce; "Queen Victoria: A Biography," by Sidney Lee.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons has just published a sequel to John C. Van Dyke's "Art for Art's Sake," in a book for which he has chosen the title "The Meaning of Pictures." In this volume he sets forth the beholder's point of view, which he considers as legitimate as that of the artist.

Helen Keller's "Story of My Life," is announced for early publication.

The French novelists, Paul and Victor Marguerite, are advocates of divorce by mutual consent, and their new novel, "The Two Lives," was written primarily to promulgate their divorce doctrine.

A queer title, "The Transit of the Red Dragon," has been bestowed by Eden Phillpotts upon his new novel.

Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's new novel has its setting in another corner of the Kentucky country which she loves so well, and which

she has portrayed in the setting of her very successful story, "Oldfield." In all probability the Macmillan Company will bring it out in May.

A memoir of G. A. Henty is to be prepared. A full account of his experiences as a war correspondent would gratify his many boy readers, who have to thank Mr. Henty for the readable way in which he has recounted many of the battles of the South African and other wars of the past decade.

Andy Adams, a veteran of the Western Trail, known to writers of cowboy fiction who have gone out in search of material, has written what he calls "The Log of a Cowboy," which will be published next month.

Emile Zola's novel, "Truth," completed shortly before his recent death, will be issued this week in a translation made by E. A. Vizetelly.

"Representative English Comedies," edited by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, will be published soon by the Macmillan Company.

A novel of Irish life by Shan F. Bullock, author of "The Barrys" and "Irish Pastorals," will be published this month under the title of "The Squireen." It is a story of a moody, impulsive Irishman, and moves on to a tragic ending.

A Unique Literary Collaboration.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle are at work upon a new novel of modern life which they have named "Rose of the World." Their novel, "The Star Dreamer," which is on the point of publication, is a romance of the early nineteenth century. They are also finishing a third romance, "Incomparable Bellairs," and preparing a volume of short stories. According to the *London Daily Mail*, Mr. and Mrs. Castle's method of collaboration is as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Castle plan out their work together, talk it over thoroughly, and finally write it in unison, so that it is almost impossible in the end to decide with whom any particular idea originally started. The authors never write of places or peoples they do not know familiarly. Mr. Castle states that he never begins to write out a romance until it has been complete in his mind (as discussed and elaborated with his wife) for a very long time. It is only when both character and incident and the reciprocal influence of one or the other have become familiar that the story is begun. After that the writing goes fast enough, at an average rate of two thousand words a day—writing in the morning and revising at odd moments of the day. Thus a long novel will be written in three months; but, of course, the period from its conception is much longer—generally a year or more.

An English review remarks that neither the smallness of the estate left by the late G. A. Henty, about \$35,000, nor that left by Bret Harte, a bare \$1,800, need cause copious expressions of regret until the causes are investigated. They may be not the disgraceful rewards given to authors, but a simple intent to evade the British death duties. It is becoming common for residents in England to divide their estates before death, thereby circumventing the government.

The title of the *Book Buyer*, which Charles Scribner's Sons have published for so many years, has been changed to the *Lamp*.

(Preliminary Announcement.)

The Oakland Herald

Oakland's (Alameda County) New Evening Daily will appear early in March.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Truth About Mont Pelée.

When Pelée sent its floods of lava down its sides, carrying death and destruction to a fair isle of the southern seas, the world looked to the press for information. After the newspapers came hastily written books, some of these excellent as far as they went, yet leaving a great field open for a scientific treatment of the subject. Into this breach Angelo Heilprin, the distinguished American geologist, has stepped, and in his book, "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique," he has given an account of his scientific and casual observations during and after the famous eruptions.

As to the causes of the disturbances, the author says:

The opportunity that was presented to me at the time of the second death-dealing eruption of Mont Pelée of almost immediately visiting the field of destruction, of interrogating a number of the severely wounded, and of examining the bodies and clothing of some of the unfortunate dead, has forced upon me a somewhat different conclusion as to the nature or composition of the tornadic blast from that which I formerly held, for it is now made clear that the acting force—to whatever extent it may have been aided by other forces or agents whose testimony does not appear—was superheated steam, or superheated steam charged with hot ashes and lapilli. The evidence proving this, both at Morne Balai and Ajoupa-Bouillon, and, as Lacroix found it later at Morne Rouge, is, it seems to me, conclusive. This steam was shot out as a violent blast, and its mechanical force, withering heat, and possible mixture with other gas, shattered, asphyxiated, and scorched; and where charged with incandescent particles of solid matter, as in that part of its course which overwhelmed Morne Rouge, also burned. Neither at Morne Balai nor at Ajoupa-Bouillon did I find the faintest indication of anything having burned with a flame, or having been carbonized, not even the dry palm-thatching of the cases. The trees that were left standing were dry and largely stripped, and in the less destroyed zone the leaves hung to the branches, shriveled up as though having been rapidly passed through a dry-heat furnace or a scorch blast. The sap from the twigs was completely gone, and the branches and branchlets broke square across. There was nothing to indicate the passage of combustible gases, and I failed to find—although my examination was not made with true minuteness—evidence of the presence or action of any of the terrestrial gases. A number of inquiries elicited the impression that sulphur was the only gas whose presence was detected in the passing storm, but even its action does not seem to have been badly felt. The scorching, reddening or boiling, and tume-faction of the bodies plainly showed the terribly swift and sure work of the passing steam.

The book is an octavo volume of about three hundred and fifty pages. An impressive feature of the work are the many illustrations, obtained mostly from photographs taken by the author.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00 net.

Famous Fighting Vessels.

One striking feature of Lieutenant Frederick Stanhope Hill's rarely interesting work, "Twenty-Six Historic Ships," is that he includes among them three Confederate vessels. Of this he says: "The writer believes a reunited people may well forget, after forty years, the animosities of the Civil War, and recognizes the fact that those ships were commanded by American officers, trained in our naval service, whose bravery, skill, and endurance displayed against heavy odds, were part of a common heritage, of which we, who mayhap fought against them, are justly proud." This is an interesting indication of the spirit of the times, especially as Lieutenant Hill himself served under Farragut and dedicates the book to "My old commander." The author's plan of devoting a separate chapter to each ship makes it particularly readable. The *Monitor*, the *Merrimac*, the *Kearsarge*, and the *Alabama*, at least are vessels whose stories will never cease to be read, and whose fame will never fade. The volume is an octavo of five hundred pages and is well illustrated.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.50.

"The Story of the Trapper."

A. C. Laut's "The Story of the Trapper" is dedicated "To all who know the gypsy yearning for the wilds." And who does not? Whose veneer of twentieth-century civilization is so hard and thick that this "gypsy yearning" does not sometimes penetrate? The author introduces the subject of his volume with this pregnant paragraph: "Fearing nothing, stopping at nothing, knowing no law, fighting—fighting—always fighting with a courage that knows no truce but victory, the American trapper must always stand as a type of the worst and best in the militant heroes of mankind." Thereupon each page takes one deeper into the

heart of the wilds and the life of the trapper and the trapped.

After a short history of the different trading companies, the author narrates the story of the trapper and his work. In the chapter on buffalo-runners the reader gets a thrilling picture of the vast herds that once roamed the continent. No contemporary animal-story writer brings us into closer touch with his subjects than does Miss Laut. She pictures the fights for leadership, the forming of the bucks and old leaders into a cordon around the young, the horrors of a stampede, and then the pitiful end of the royal line—a few specimens herded here and there in the zoos. The tales from "Ba'tiste, the Bear Hunter," "The Taking of the Beaver," "Koot and the Bob-Cat," down to the little creatures of the water-world—"Nekik, the Otter," "Sakwasew, the Mink," "Wapistan, the Marten," and others—are all told with the intimate knowledge of the trapper and woodsman.

But in order to appreciate such a book, one must follow with the author the snares of the trapper, thrill with him in his narrow escapes from tearing claws and winter snows, exult with him in his captures, get the feel of the woods in his blood, the wastes of snow and sandy plain in his eyes, the scent of the trail in his nostrils, till the "gypsy yearning" awakens, and he suddenly realizes he is cousin-german to the wolf-man.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Cats and All About Them," a well-illustrated book by Miss Frances Simpson, is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"The Derby Anniversary Calendar," being an advertisement of the publications of James T. White, and a record of six thousand noteworthy historic events, is published by James T. White & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

A revised and newly illustrated edition of "How to Gesture," by Edward Amherst Ott, has appeared. It seems to us to present features which should prove useful to many persons ambitious to learn somewhat of the art of expression by gesture. Published by Hinds & Noble, New York.

The annual number of the San Francisco *Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas* is a credit to its editors, and to the engineering fraternity of the Coast. We have seldom seen a finer lot of half-tone cuts, while the articles on various phases of the advance in power transmission in the State are such as to thrill the imagination. The initial article describes in detail the laying of the American trans-pacific cable.

The third edition of "Modern Mexico's Standard Guide to the City of Mexico and Vicinity," by Robert S. Barrett, has just appeared. It is a comprehensive work of nearly two hundred pages and is profusely illustrated by half-tones. All persons interested in Mexico, as well as intending visitors will find the work of value. Published by *Modern Mexico*, 2a Independencia No. 8, City of Mexico.

In her book, "Vienna and the Viennese," Maria Horner Lansdale has drawn from and added to the well-known work of Victor Tissot. Vienna is so replete with historical associations, and so abounds in architectural triumphs, that ample material exists for a qualified writer to make a very interesting book. This, it appears, the author has accomplished. The volume is well bound and very handsomely illustrated. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

We commend to the attention of students of Tolstoy's works on art, ethics, and religion a book by the great Russian's fellow-countryman, Dmitri Merejkowski, in which an attempt is made to show the relation of Tolstoy's teachings to Dostoiwsky's system of ethics, and to the Russian religion. It is a carefully thought out analysis, and the fact that it is from a Russian writer gives it quite unusual interest. We see no reason for the suppression of the translator's name. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

There is probably no problem of greater importance to-day to the well-being of society than the settlement of the differences arising between Labor and Capital. Far-away New Zealand has enacted a "Conciliation and Arbitration Act," providing for compulsory arbitration to regulate labor disputes, and the ultimate success of such a measure has been the subject of much speculation throughout the world. A notable contribution to the literature of the subject is made by Henry Demar-

est Lloyd, in a little book called "A Country Without Strikes." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price \$1.00 net.

Switzerland has been pictured many times by pen and brush, so that the home of the Swiss shepherd is probably more familiar to us than the abode of the California sheepherder. There is a charm about Switzerland that appeals to the reader and the traveler. Its sturdy, intelligent people and their government, its bold mountains and pretty lakes—these form the basis of our interest. And these Alfred Thomas Story treats most instructively and entertainingly in "Swiss Life in Town and Country," one of Our European Neighbors Series. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Thoroughbreds" is a rattling good story, no more, no less. It will appeal to every man to whom racing appeals and to many women. It is clean, healthy, vigorous. The "thoroughbreds" are not only the blooded racers, but the heroine and several others among the characters. The scene is New York and vicinity; the heroine is the daughter of an honest horseman. His crooked rivals have almost driven him into bankruptcy when he is killed by a fall from a horse. His daughter is equal to the occasion, rides the winner in a great race, retrieves her fortune, and wins a gallant gentleman for a husband. The style of the volume is loose and wordy, but the author, W. A. Fraser, has the true story-telling knack—which is everything. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Some of our poets have hinted that the human soul has a beginning prior to the creation of the material body. Wordsworth, of course, was a strong exponent of this conception. Now Orlando J. Smith, an able writer, in his book entitled "Eternalism," uses the idea to form a "Theory of Infinite Justice." He argues that men can not rightly be held to equal moral responsibility unless they all begin with equal advantages. Since these essential conditions do not pertain at birth, it is reasonable, he says, that they must exist at some previous time. The book is a novel and interesting contribution to the subject of whence we come and whither we go. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25 net.

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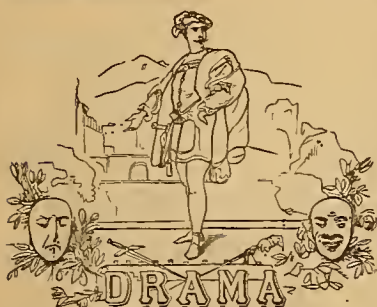
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Mascagni, at his first concert Tuesday afternoon, attracted a good-sized audience, which was probably composed of equal proportions of music-lovers and celebrity-gazers. The musical enthusiasts in the audience were presumably equipped with some previous familiarity with each number. The celebrity-gazers, who hadn't read up, judging from numerous frenzied arguments, were in a chaotic state of mind from the fact that they mixed up the different movements of Tchaikowsky's "Symphony Pathétique" with Mascagni's "Eternal City." In consequence, many thought they were passing judgment on Mascagni when they were really listening to Tchaikowsky.

It is the same old trouble. There are many people who love music ignorantly, but fervently, and to whom is due the courtesy of as much enlightenment as possible on the programme. Besides which, it is most unusual to omit from programmes mention of the different movements of a symphony. But to come to our celebrity. Mascagni has a fine, hearty, cheerful, and most attractive personality, a warm, expansive smile, and a beaming, jovial eye. As a conductor he is like Neptune ruling the stormy sea, for he is kept in perpetual motion by the storm of music he invokes, even while he maintains his firm sovereignty over the turbulent tide.

It is fascinating to watch his abandonment, because it is not premeditated, but involuntary. He is not at all grotesque, for his movements are expressive of a splendid mastery. People were, it is true, occasionally moved to an involuntary smile in the height of his conducting enthusiasm, when his whole body vibrates in swift frenzied staccato; and during the first intermission it was evident that Mascagni was obliged to repair damages by removing his collar and re-combing his tossing crest into conventional smoothness.

But he moves his audience to a deep enthusiasm, by the magnetic force of his leadership. It has taken little time and but few rehearsals for him to prove his remarkable powers as a conductor, although they say that Mascagni is enthusiastic about his San Francisco orchestra, and declares he would willingly lead the string instrumentalists in the most musical cities of Europe.

The most notable number of Mascagni's composition on the programme was "The Hymn to the Sun," the introduction from his Japanese opera, "Iris." This magnificent composition represents the change from darkness to dawn, and beginning with a slow, solemn majestic movement leads gradually to a glorious climax, during which the imagination follows the hurst of sunshine which gradually gilds the flowery landscape of Japan. The large orchestra was too powerful for the chorus, however, and only once did the latter emerge unobscured in a hurst of beautiful harmony.

Altogether the occasion was a most notable one. We have a dominant genius among us, and a rising genius among the moderns, for Mascagni is a particularly typical figure among the followers of the young Italian movement.

The honest people who cheerfully assembled in large numbers on Nance O'Neil's closing night, in the hope of thoroughly enjoying themselves, passed an evening of sore bewilderment, and, in many cases, unqualified boredom, while listening to Ihsen's play, "Lady Inger of Ostrat."

This play was written somewhere in the 'fifties, during Ihsen's salad days, before he had imbedded himself with the spirit of the French dramatists, and acquired his present mastery of dramatic technique. The story, which partially reflected a political phase in Ihsen's opinions at the time, is too closely interwoven with politics to move with sufficient freedom, and the then young author committed the serious artistic error of plunging his characters into a state of mutual mystification as to identity and motives, which is only conducive to bewilderment and exasperation on the part of the equally unenlightened audience. Furthermore, the dialogue is tediously pedantic, the plot and incidents improbable, and the emotions either repellent or degrading.

Lady Inger is a grand, gloomy, and peculiar personage, whose patriotism does not burn with so pure a light as to prevent her from carrying out intrigues against the peace of mind and safety of her guests. The character has flashes of grandeur, but is, on the whole, in spite of the denied mother love, too remote from natural sympathies.

The play, in fact, is not at all worthy of revival, and Miss O'Neil would do well to relegate it to its interrupted repose. The diction has the effect of putting all the players on stilts, except with the character of Nils Stenson, the unavowed son of Lady Inger. This character, the only cheerful one in the play, was impersonated by Mayall, who played it in the spirit of buoyant youthfulness intended by the author. The audience were unaffectedly glad to welcome a normal person who took life with careless gaiety, and were proportionately shocked and disappointed when Nils was cut off in his bloom and screwed up hard and fast in a long black coffin.

There were a number of other dismal things besides coffins, and a hint of a ghost or two. At least, there was a blue light thrown, for no apparent reason, on the entry of a couple of the characters, who, however, afterward turned out to be in the full bloom of health. There was a poisonous draught, or so we gathered from the text, swallowed by one of two suspected persons, and we watched eagerly to see which would measure his length on the carpet. At the close of the play, however, both these worthies, no one quite knew why, were still on deck, and apparently in perfect trim to continue the voyage of life.

In fact, the whole play put the audience in the position of taking part in a guessing contest. I heard two old ladies behind me resume a spirited argument after each drop of the curtain, as to which was the villain of the play. I smiled superior, for I thought I knew, but I was obliged to eat my superiority during the last act, when I was made aware of the moral redemption of the supposed villain.

The play was evidently selected as a fitting vehicle for the display of Nance O'Neil's emotional acting, but if she continues a rôle so taxing and ungrateful, it will lead to vocal suicide and dramatic disaster. If Ihsen's modern plays are not popular, what chance has this heavily dull drama, with its unwieldy freightage of gloom and despair?

In the last act, Lady Inger has a fit of frenzy, induced by grief and horror, and for the acting of which Nance O'Neil's indiscreet admirers no doubt will give her high praise. But there was little art in the emotional cataclysm which closed the lady's performance. Miss O'Neil was obliged to draw heavily upon her physical powers. Her voice, which she is straining and overtaxing to the point of harshness, broke, her scream was inadequate. Horror was not so much excited at Lady Inger's fate, as an uneasiness lest Miss O'Neil should transgress the limit of artistic expression.

Millward, although an imposing-looking councilor, was one long irritation. He was staid, out of tune with the part, and his Britishly exaggerated vowels made him all but unintelligible, except in brief spurts. Miss Stoddard was gracefully costumed, and, except for a monotony of utterance, did very well as Elina.

But the whole thing was not worth while. The play is interesting only as an example of Ihsen's earlier work before he found himself. He is at his best while throwing a searching light upon the manners, motives, bent of thought, and social customs of the bourgeoisie of Norway. His modern plays, though far from cheering, are very actable, but "Lady Inger of Ostrat" has a tendency to arouse levity in the breast of the twentieth-century spectator.

Mlle. de Lussan's last concert drew out a goodly number of people, who gave only moderately warm applause to the stereotyped concert gems that the singer gives in deference to a presumably popular taste. They warmed up considerably, however, at her rendering of "Voi ce Sapete," which she gave with that dash and finish which the mild, drawing-room hallad does not call for. Mlle. de Lussan has all the technique of vocal expression at her command, and draws upon it amply for these prettily sentimental hallads. She does not put her real self into them, however. That inner response came at last with unforced animation and rich warmth, when she gave as an encore a charming little Spanish song, and again in the ever-pleasing "La Paloma." She sang the latter deliciously, the richness of her voice bringing out the rolling rhythm of the waves. In both there was a Latin vivacity and exuberance of sentiment that swept the audience out of its calm. These two were the most popular and success-

ful numbers on the programme, which suggests the idea that the lady would do well to introduce a Spanish cycle on future programmes.

"The Rosary" received a sympathetic rendering, and also Rubenstein's "Azra," marked on the programme as "The Fallen Star." It did not, however, entirely suit this singer's style, calling as it does for the white, clear notes which can express a rapt exaltation so much more fittingly than the warmly toned breadth and volume of Mlle. de Lussan's voice.

"The Tarantelle" and "Habanera," from "Carmen," were the closing numbers, but went rather more tamely than was expected. A thread of hoarseness had developed in Mme. de Lussan's voice as the concert progressed, showing that the effects of the cold from which she had been suffering had not entirely passed away.

Her accompanist, Mr. Angelo Fronani, gave several piano selections. He showed intelligence and sympathy in his accompaniments, but does not shine as a soloist. In "The March of the Dwarfs," particularly, he took liberties with the tempo that altered the character of that composition for the worse. Announcement was made from the platform of Mlle. de Lussan's projected return after a vacation trip to the South, when we may expect to hear this delightful singer and most accomplished artist again, with her vocal health fully restored. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Freeman and Lynn's Commercial Men's Mastodon Minstrels will give their last performances at the Alhambra this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. The company, under the management of R. Richardson and A. G. Stoll, is composed entirely of traveling drummers. With Cassassa's band of twenty-five pieces and an orchestra of sixteen men, they present a high-class entertainment that compares favorably with any professional organization that has been seen here in a long time. The comedians are all clever, and the vocal corps is exceptionally strong.

The racing scene will change on Monday afternoon from the Oakland track to Ingleside, when the California Derby will be the big event. It is for three-year-olds, and will be over a mile-and-a-quarter course. The value of the purse is \$2,500, and the entries number sixty.

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Monday evening the Tivoli will be closed, the Company appearing in San José.

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Beginning next Monday night, Kirk La Shelle presents a spectacular production of the greatest American play,

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Week beginning Washington's Birthday matinee, Monday, February 23d, the eminent Irish actor, CHARLES ERIN VERNER, in Dan Sullivan's great Eastern success,

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Regular matinees, Saturday and Sunday. Popular prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, February 22d—(Special Washington's Birthday matinee Monday, February 23d). A big new show! Le Quatuor Basque; Reno and Richards; Ryan and Richfield; Radiant Florence Bindley; Louise Montrose; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry; Franco Piper; The Biograph; and last week of Lola Yberr.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" (Soloists: Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mr. J. F. Veaco, Mr. G. Wanell—chorus of 150) and orchestral selections, including Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun."

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s to-day; at Alhambra Theatre to-morrow (Sunday). Phone East 383.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Augustus Thomas's "Arizona."

Anna Held in "The Little Duchess" will give way on Monday evening to Augustus Thomas's stirring drama of the South-West, "Arizona," which was so successful here last year. It is based on the story of a rancher's daughter, who marries an elderly cavalry colonel and, tiring of his inattention, plans to elope with Captain Hodgeman, an unscrupulous admirer. The plan is balked by the daring conduct of Lieutenant Denton, a devoted friend of the husband and a suitor of the misguided wife's younger sister. Rather than divulge what he knows, however, he loses his commission, and Hodgeman escapes for the time being even the suspicion of guilt. In the last act, however, he receives his just deserts and all ends well. The company is an especially strong one, and includes W. G. Cope, who played the rôle of Canby in the New York production; Edith Lemmert, a talented Californian girl, who will be the Estrella; and Dustin Farnum, Frank Campeau, John T. Burke, Agnes Muir, Eleanor Wilton, Alma Bradley, and Mary Churchill.

Fischer's New Success.

The management of Fischer's Theatre have secured another strong attraction in "Hoity-Toity," which has started on what promises to be a long and prosperous run. The three clever comedians, Kolb, Dill and Bernard, get back to their original style of parts in this burlesque, and keep the audience in roars of laughter all evening. Then there is a new-comer, George DeLong, who makes a genuine hit with his song, "De Pullman Porter's Ball." Maude Amber, in some stunning new gowns, has several catchy songs, and Winfield Blake, Harry Hermens, Olive Evans, Flossie Hope, Bertie Emerson, Charlotte Vidot, and Cloy Elmer all come in for enthusiastic applause. The burlesque is handsomely staged, and the snap and ginger of the pretty chorus adds much to the success of the production.

"My Partner" at the Alcazar.

The success of the recent revivals at the Alcazar Theatre has determined the management to produce for the coming week Bartley Campbell's well-known drama, "My Partner." This is the play that made Louis Aldrich famous, and has not been seen in this city for several years. Its scenes are located in a mining camp, and the plot tells of the troubles which resulted from two miners loving the same woman. Ernest Hastings will play Joe Saunders, and Alice Treat Hunt, Mary Brandon. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Ned Singleton, Albert Morrison; Wing Lee, George Osbourne; Major Britt, Frank Bacon; Matthew Brandon, Charles J. Stine; Josiah Scraggs, Clifford Dempsey; Sam Bowler, Calvin Dix; Johnson, Walter Belasco; Sheriff, Herbert Carton; Posie Pentland, Marie Howe; Grace Brandon, Eleanor Gordon.

"Iolanthe" at the Tivoli.

"Iolanthe" will be produced at the Tivoli Opera House on Tuesday evening, February 24th. This departure from the usual custom is occasioned by the appearance of the company in San José on Monday night at the Garden Theatre, where "The Mikado" will be presented, with Charles Williams as Koko. "Iolanthe" is one of the popular Gilbert and Sullivan works, and will be given a fine performance by Ferris Hartman as the lord chancellor, Arthur Cunningham as the Earl of Mountararat, Oscar Lee as Earl Tellere, Edward Webb as Stephen, the Arcadian shepherd, Arthur Hahn (a new-comer) as Private Willis, Caro Roma as the queen of the fairies, Bertha Davis as Phyllis, Frances Gibson as Iolanthe, and Maria Welsh and Hannah Davis as Celia and Lelia, respectively. The opera will be beautifully mounted. The first act is an Arcadian landscape, and the second shows the Palace Yard and Westminster Hall.

Second Week of Charles Erin Verner.

The first production in this city of Daniel Sully's successful Irish drama, "The Parish Priest," will be given by Charles Erin Verner during the second and last week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House. The play was written by Daniel L. Hart, who placed his scenes in an Irish-American community in Lucerne County, Penn., and introduced many characters which are typical of the locality. The rôle of the parish priest, Father Whalen, is said to afford Mr. Verner an excellent opportunity to show his versatility, for it is in a very different vein from his Robert Emmet of this week.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum has a genuine novelty in store for its patrons next week, when Le Quater Basque, a quartet of singers imported from Basque, a province south of the Pyrenees, will appear in their native dress and sing the songs of their country in their peculiar tongue. The other new-comers are Reno and Richards, comedy acrobats, described as being funnier and more daring than ever; Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield in Will Cressy's latest sketch, "Mag Haggerty's Father"; Florence Bindley, vocalist, instrumentalist, comedienne, and a great San Francisco favorite, who is now known as the "Girl in the Diamond Dress," on account of a magnificent costume, covered with brilliants, that she wears in her act; and Louise Montrose, late prima donna soprano of the Castle Square Opera Company, in operatic selections. Those retained from this week's bill are Lola Yherri, whose "Dream of the Dance" is one of the most artistic conceptions

ever staged here; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, in their amusing skit, "A Skin Game"; and Franco Piper, the clever banjoist.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Kilties Band.

The Kilties Band (Gordon Highlanders of Canada), numbering forty musicians, and including a vocal choir of sixteen and Scottish dancers, pipers, hughlers, swordsmen, and other features of a Scottish regiment, will give concerts at the Alhambra Theatre every afternoon and evening of the coming week. The programmes of the band are decidedly novel, and at every concert there will be a change of numbers. Prices for this engagement will be popular, ranging from 50 cents to \$1.00. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

The programme for Monday night will be: Overture, "Sancho Panza," Williams, bagpipe solo, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," Pipe-Sergeant Ferguson; gems of Scottish song, Godfrey, dance, "Highland Fling," Master Eugene Lockhart; solo for cornet "Inflamatus" ("Stabat Mater"), Rosini, Robert Gilliland; part song, "Scots Wha Hae," the Kilties Choir; Scotch reel in costume, Kilties famous reel dancers; intermission; ballet music from "William Tell," Rosini, arranged by Godfrey, solo for flute, "Paganini's Witches' Dance," arranged by Buckner, David Anderson; incidental music to "Henry the Eighth," Gorman, (a) Morris dance, (b) shepherd's dance, (c) torch dance, tenor solo, "Tell Her I Love Her So," De Faye, J. Coates Lockhart; sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; dance, "Hornpipe," David Ferguson; a hunting scene (characteristic), Rollinson.

Mascagni's Last Concerts.

On Sunday afternoon, at half after two o'clock, Pietro Mascagni will give a sacred concert at the Alhambra Theatre, when Rosini's "Stabat Mater" will be rendered complete, with a quartet consisting of Mrs. Davis Northrop, soprano, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, contralto, Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor, and Mr. G. Wanell, basso, a chorus of 150 voices, composed of the leading church singers of this city, and a large orchestra. This will be a performance such as San Francisco has never before heard. In addition, there will be a number of orchestral selections, including Mascagni's now famous "Hymn to the Sun," from his opera "Iris," and the ever-popular intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The prices for this concert are \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00, and seats will be on sale at the Alhambra Theatre all day. In the evening, a monster programme composed of popular music and the composer's own works will be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion, at popular prices of 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00.

Mr. Lind's Violin Recital.

Waldemar Lind, who has recently returned from Europe, where he has completed his violin study under the Belgian master, César Thompson, will give a recital next Thursday evening, February 26th, in Steinway Hall. Several of his numbers will have their first hearing in this city. Mr. Lind will be assisted by Arthur Fickenscher, pianist, and the following programme is one that will interest and delight students and lovers of the violin: Sonata, allegretto ben moderato, allegro, recitativo-fantasia, allegretto poco mosso, Messrs. Lind and Fickenscher; Concerto, No. 1, allegro energico, andante, allegro giocoso, Christian Sinding; "Etudes," Paganini-Thompson; Concerto, No. 2, adagio ma non troppo, Max Bruch; "Airs Russes," Wieniawski; serenade, Tschaiakowsky; "Passacaglia," Handel-Thompson.

The remarkable boy violinist, Jaroslav Kocian, who has been creating a furor in the East, will appear in this city at the Alhambra Theatre on Tuesday and Thursday nights, March 3d and 5th, and at a Saturday matinée, March 7th, under the management of Will Greenbaum. The sale of seats opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning, and prices will be 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

There will be a series of four operatic performances at the Tivoli Opera House commencing March 2d, under the directorship of Pietro Mascagni. They will take place on

Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights, and the operas will be "Cavalleria," "Zanetto" (for the first time here), and the "Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris," with chorus. There will be an orchestra of fifty people, and the operas will be presented with a big cast, including the well-known tenor, Avedano, Caro Roma, Arthur Cunningham, Frances Graham, Marie Welsh, and others. The prices for the performance will be \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50 cents. Seats will be on sale on Wednesday for the whole season.

Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged for two Lenten concerts at the Alhambra Theatre, Monday and Tuesday nights, March 9th and 10th, when the Coronation Choir and Glee Party, composed of some twenty members of the choir which took part in the coronation services of King Edward at Westminster Abbey last August, will be heard.

A New Oakland Newspaper.

The first issue of the Oakland Herald, a thoroughly up-to-date evening paper, will appear in Oakland early next month. Mr. John C. Klein, the vice-president and general manager of the new sheet, announces that its equipment will be very complete, including a new Goss press with color attachment, a battery of linotype machines, a stereotyping plant with the latest appliances, a photo-engraving department to illustrate the news of the day and to execute commercial work, and a job department capable of turning out high-grade, artistic work. The San Francisco headquarters of the Oakland Herald is located at room 912, Mutual Bank Building, corner of Market and Geary Streets.

William Gillette, in his successful drama, "Sherlock Holmes," will follow "Arizona" at the Columbia Theatre.

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S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary

Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 3,197,280.26
January 1, 1902.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOUTON.....Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier
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Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank
St. Louis.....Boatman's Bank
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
London.....Messrs. N. M. Roehild & Sons
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto-Gesellschaft
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
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Letters of Credit Issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.
F. L. LIFMAN, Asst. Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Ore.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets..... 4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.
411 California Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

Established 1889.

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid In..... 2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME Call on or Write E.C. DAKES ADVERTISING AGENCY 124 Sansome Street SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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If so, send for Pamphlet to

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43
Total Assets..... 6,415,683.87

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

According to William E. Curtis, President Roosevelt is creating a great deal of commotion by his sudden White House dinners, and has already made a heap of trouble for other hospitable people of Washington, D. C. Those who give fashionable dinners find it necessary to send out the invitations three or four weeks in advance in order to get the people they want, and it is not uncommon for some of the smart set to fix a list of dates at the beginning of the season covering two or three months, and ask their friends for those evenings. This is a great satisfaction to everybody concerned, and is becoming more and more the proper form. A popular society woman can turn to her engagement book to-day and tell where she will dine every night next month. An invitation to the White House, like an invitation from an emperor, is a command and must be accepted. No excuse except death or sickness will answer. Other engagements that conflict have to be canceled. Hence when the President sends out his invitations only a few days in advance, he sometimes creates a great deal of trouble and confusion by asking people who have already promised to dine elsewhere. One night last winter a senator and his wife had invited twelve of the most prominent men in both houses of Congress, with their wives, to dinner. The day before the hostess began to receive notes, reading, "I am very sorry, but my husband has just received an invitation to the White House, and will have to withdraw his acceptance from your dinner tomorrow night." It so happened that the President had made out a list of people he wanted to dine with him which included almost every man that had wanted to attend the senator's dinner, including the host himself. The senator's wife summoned every available man she could get hold of over the telephone in order to fill the vacant places at her table. Of course the President does not know anything about the embarrassments and disappointments that he causes, but if things get much worse a new rule will have to be adopted, and he will have to include in his invitations the words, "If no previous engagement prevents."

Another topic which has been interesting the national capital is the trouble which has broken out between the butlers of fashionable families and the hutchers, the baker, and the candlestick maker. According to the Cleveland Plain Dealer's Washington correspondent, the row started with the publication in an afternoon paper of interviews with grocers, butchers, and market men in which the different dealers protested that the necessity of paying commissions to the chief of the servants' hall compelled them either to boost prices to a higher pitch or furnish inferior goods. There was no other way to make a profit on the fashionable trade and pay the trading commissions at the same time. At the first they said that these commissions paid to butlers and the marketing servants had been small; later, they increased but still continued to be moderate; now, the traders charge, the demands of the servants have grown so great that a crisis has been reached. Prices had been of necessity raised to meet these demands until the heads of households began to complain of them as exorbitant, or else they made the charge, still more serious to the reputation of the trader, that his goods were no longer of fit or standard quality. The Washington traders decided that their reputations and fair names were likely to be ruined. Therefore they made the appeal through the newspapers in order that householders might understand the situation and take steps to abolish the commission custom inaugurated by their servants. The publication aroused the butlers to a pitch of fury. They held a public meeting to protest against this slander of their class, adopted resolutions, and were interviewed. Dealers in second-class goods, they claimed, had tried in vain to secure their custom by bribes, and failing had slandered them before the public. Thus the battle raged. Meanwhile the public chuckled when it learned that the high-priced viands advertised as gracing the tables of the mighty, high born, and rich, are the same old vegetables which any one can find in the stalls at the Central Market for half the price.

"An Old Maid," commenting on President Roosevelt's recent remark that "the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage . . . is in effect a criminal against the race, and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people," says in a letter to the Argonaut: "The man—professional, clerk, employee, or other—who on a small sal-

ary or income marries and raises a family in genteel misery—is a fool. The old man who, after acquiring a fortune, marries a young girl—usually the case—is a knave. The man who marries a woman for her money is a scoundrel. The man who marries to have a cook and a servant is level-headed, but uninteresting. The girl who marries a clerk or employee with a small salary is ignorant and to be pitied. The rich old woman who marries a nice young man is a fool. The woman who sells herself for money is despicable. The workingwoman who marries the workingman to be his servant deserves her fate. Marriage is only desirable when the man and the woman are intelligent, devoted one to the other, ready to bear in common the troubles of life, and to share its pleasures, when the man is valiant and a money-maker and the woman a good housekeeper. Unfortunately, such conditions are rare. There is more hell than heaven in marriage: the divorce court proves the statement. It is the men and women who think before they leap, even if they afterward find it is too late to leap, who are the wise ones. Men and women do not remain single deliberately; those who do not marry have been forced by circumstances to abstain from the joys of home life. The majority of single people are as deserving of esteem as the married ones. I will even say more—they have proved themselves far more intelligent than the majority of the married ones. Well-matched couples, able properly to bring up children, are a minority, a very small minority. In conclusion, I will state that the married women, whose standing permits her to bring up children and who deliberately avoids motherhood, is a freak of nature and is unworthy of respect."

London's oyster epidemic seems to be a bad one. According to the New York Herald's correspondent, not a single bivalve arrived at Billingsgate Market for several days last week, although ordinarily the daily supply is about 150,000. As an instance of the gravity of the situation for oyster merchants, one of their number at Billingsgate has been at pains to secure a medical certificate for his oysters. This sets forth that his beds in the Thames estuary are inaccessible to sewage. The difficulty, of course, is to convince the public, which is in a very incredulous mood regarding oysters at present, owing to reports of inspectors to the effect that almost all the beds are contaminated. It is said that men who habitually dined on brown bread, stout, and oysters have broken their custom of years, fearing the risk of typhoid. Stock brokers no longer treat good clients to champagne and oysters, lest they should lose them. One popular restaurant man in Cheapside, widely known about the city, suffered the loss of sixty barrels of oysters recently because nobody wanted them at any price, with the exception of one heroic customer, who was sorry he could not take the lot.

Opposition papers in England are beginning to dwell on "the other side" of the great Delhi Durbar. Much bitter feeling, we learn, has been aroused among the native rulers of India over the way they were treated. It is intimated that few of them came of their own desire to do honor to their king, but were induced to do so by various secret means which the Indian government possessed. It is said that while Lord Curzon has made good his promise that the Durbar would pay for itself, this applies only to the expenditure of the imperial government. It cost Kashmir \$250,000, Hyderabad \$500,000, and Baroda, Mysore, Travancore, Jaipur, Gwalior, Indore, and all the larger states sums of corresponding magnitude. It is asserted that all the smaller states had to incur debts to stand the outlays, and the already poor people will have to pay the money. The entire amount which the native states must make up by extra taxes is estimated at \$5,000,000. It is said that only Europeans were really guests. No provision, except possibly a tent to live in, was made for the native guests, no matter of how high degree they might have been. European guests of provincial governors got bed, lodging, and food. Native guests paid for everything, and were located, without exception, three, four, and five miles from the camps of their "hosts."

The advocates of women's rights will naturally be elated at the triumph of their cause in the Australian commonwealth. In pursuance of a law recently enacted by the commonwealth parliament, every adult woman will be permitted to vote at the federal elections in 1904. In New Zealand women have voted since 1893, and in South Australia since 1894, but neither in Australasia nor anywhere else

has woman suffrage been carried out on a scale so extensive as that which is now contemplated in Australia. Of the 1,827,000 voters, 973,000 will be males, and 854,000 females. In Victoria, however (says the New York Sun), the women will be able to cast, if they choose, more votes than the men, while in Tasmania and South Australia, the adult males but slightly outnumber the adult females. In the great cities a decided ascendancy will be exercised by women. Thus in Sydney they will have a majority of more than 2,000, and in Melbourne, of 26,000. It is in the mining and rural districts that the continued preponderance of men at the ballot-box is assured. Not every woman in Australia wanted the suffrage. Many ladies, who, to the eye seemed considerably over the voting age, declined to accept the franchise on the ground that they could not admit that they were over twenty-one years old. It is true, of course, that, having once voted, a lady would thereafter be unable to conceal her age, but this is an objection to woman suffrage which is now avowed for the first time.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature on every box. 25 cents.

Bromo Quinine

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 18, 1903, were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.		Closed.	Bid. Asked.
Alameda Artesian				
W. Co	5,000	@ 100	99	
Bay Co. Power 5%	15,000	@ 109 1/2	109	
Contra C. Water 5%	16,000	@ 104 1/2-104 3/4	104 1/2	106
Los An. Ry. 5%	11,000	@ 120 3/4-120 1/2	120 1/2	
Market St. Ry 6%	5,000	@ 124	123 3/4	
City 5%	25,000	@ 121 3/4	121 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	14,000	@ 123 3/4	123 1/2	
N. Pac. C. R. 5%	9,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
North Shore Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	102
Oakland Transit 6%	1,000	@ 122 1/2	122 1/2	122 3/4
Oakland Transit 5%	10,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	115
Oakland Transit Con				
Omibus C. R. 6%	4,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%	29,000	@ 112 1/2-113	113	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%	22,000	@ 124 1/2-124 3/4	124 3/4	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	3,000	@ 111	111 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	2,000	@ 111 3/4-111 1/2	111 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	2,000	@ 120 1/2	120 1/2	120 3/4
S. P. Branch 6%	5,000	@ 141 1/2	141 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%	12,000	@ 110 1/2-110 3/4	110 3/4	
S. V. Water 4 1/2	16,000	@ 102 1/2-102	102 1/2	
U. S. Gas & Elec.				
5%	6,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	

STOCKS.	Shares.		Closed.	Bid. Asked.
Water.				
Spring Valley	470	@ 87 1/2-88 1/2	88 1/2	
Contra Costa	135	@ 63 1/2-66	63 1/2	
Banks.				
Anglo Cal.	21	@ 97	96	
Powders.				
Giant Con.	1,045	@ 61 1/2-63	62	68
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	260	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4
Hawaiian C. & S.	365	@ 44 1/2-47	47	50
Honokaa S. Co.	345	@ 14 1/2-14 3/4	14 1/2	
Hutchinson	720	@ 13 1/2-16	15 1/2	16
Kilauea S. Co.	50	@ 8 1/2	8 1/2	8 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.	65	@ 28 1/2-29	28 1/2	30
Pauhaui S. Co.	530	@ 16 1/2-16 3/4	16 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gas	150	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Oakland Gas	200	@ 76	76	
Pacific Gas	200	@ 34	34	35
Pacific Lighting Co.	250	@ 55 1/2-55 3/4	56	
Sat. Elec. Gas & Ry	45	@ 38 1/2-39	38 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric	645	@ 42 1/2-44	43	43 1/2

Miscellaneous.
Alaska Packers. 308 @ 155 1/2-156 1/2 155 1/2 156 1/2
Cal. Wine Assoc. 315 @ 100-100 1/2 100 100 1/2
The sugars have been active, and on sales of 1,800 shares made gains of from one half to three points; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling from 44 to 47; Hana, from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4; Honokaa, from 14 to 14 3/4; Hutchinson, from 15 1/2 to 16; Makaweli, from 28 1/2 to 29; Pauhaui Sugar Company, from 16 1/2 to 16 3/4; closing in fairly good demand at 4 1/2 bid for Hana; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, 47 bid; Honokaa, 14 1/2 bid; Hutchinson, 15 1/2 bid; Makaweli, 28 1/2 bid; Pauhaui, 16 1/2 bid.
Spring Valley Water was strong, and advanced one and one-eighth points to 88 1/2 on sales of 470 shares, closing at 88 1/2 bid.
There has been a very good demand for the gas stocks, with small offerings. San Francisco Gas and Electric selling up one and one eighth points to 44 on sales of 645 shares.
Giant Powder on sales of 1,045 shares was sold down to 61 1/2, but reacted to 63, closing at 62 bid, 68 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

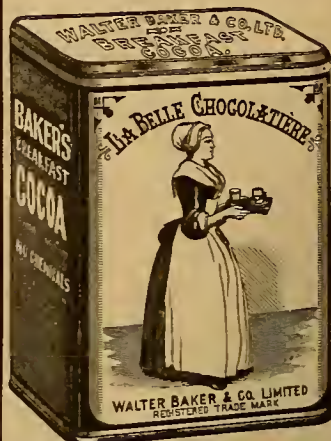
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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
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Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

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Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

Manufacturers of furnishing goods. Patentees and sole manufacturers of "THE NEVER-RIPE" OVERALL. The best in the world.

Gloves, laces, dress goods, ribbons, velvets, silks, flannels, oil cloths, cottons, linens, etc. Blankets, calicoes, umbrellas, cutlery, shawls, notions, smokers' articles, stationery, underwear, hosiery, white goods, suspenders.

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THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 Market Street (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

LANGUAGES.

ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES, 320 Post; est. 1871; principal T. B. de Filippis, A. M., LL. D., Paris. Madrid, instructs in Spanish, French and Latin; a few select pupils prepared for Harvard.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

TYPEWRITING AND MIMEOGRAPHING. Expert typewriting, 4c folio; copies 2c; mimeographing. Correspondence Exchange, 927 Market; room 305; Howard 1539.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once, at a reception in London, an indiscreet gentleman said to Lord North: "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite to you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife." "No, my lord," said the querist, trying to save himself, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

The other day Senator Hanna was entertaining some friends in the Marble Room of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., when it occurred to him that he had been a long time absent from the Senate chamber. "I must see what is going on inside," he explained, and hobbled to the door. Senator Beveridge was speaking on Statehood, and the Ohio senator smiled and remarked, as he returned to his friends, "It's all right, the Wabash is still overflowing its banks."

It is said that during the Civil War, Wendell Phillips was spending a day at a hotel in Springfield, Mass., when a "copperhead" guest entered into a conversation with him, not knowing who he was. After violently anathematizing all Abolitionists, and especially Mr. Phillips, the gentleman added: "And, by the way, I see that Wendell Phillips's name is on the hotel register." "Yes," said the latter, with an air of utter unconcern; "I wrote it there."

When Sidney Lee delivered his first lecture in the Lowell Institute course, he spoke of those Americans who went to England and achieved distinction there and thus obtained a place in his "National Dictionary of English Biography." He referred to the residence of Count Rumford in Rumford, N. H., afterward called Concord, which, the lecturer said with warmth, is a name known to the learned throughout the world. This palpable confusing of the Concord, N. H., with Concord, Mass., was too much for the gravity of the audience, and their amusement increased when some realized that the chief literary renown of Concord, N. H., comes at the present time from "Mother" Eddy!

In his "Random Reminiscences," Charles H. E. Brookfield says that one of the pleasantest companions he ever met in a theatre was Maurice Barrymore, who is now confined in a sanatorium in the East. Barrymore's popularity in all sorts of society robbed his first wife, Georgia Drew, of a good deal of his company. She was, Mr. Brookfield says, a devout Catholic, and, belonging to a practical race, she could on occasion select and hurl forth without hesitation the word best adapted to convey the meaning in compact form. One morning in New York she was leaving the house at about seven o'clock in order to hear her daily mass, when she met Barrymore in disheveled evening clothes coming home from a supper-party. He had his latchkey in his hand, and was steering a course up the steps, determined to discover the keyhole or perish in the attempt. His wife clutched her prayer book and looked glassily over his head. "Why, Georgie Anna!" he exclaimed, with the sentimental reproach of one who has been up all night; "aren't you going to speak to your husband?" "Oh, you go to h—!" she exclaimed, with an angry flash; "I'm going to mass!" And off to mass she went.

It is related that during the time that the Force Bill was before the House of Representatives, a number of years ago, the galleries were fairly clustered with black men, whose interest in the measure was intense. One afternoon, while the extremely acrid discussion of the bill was at its height, an aged, ministerial-looking darkey found a front seat in one gallery. A seat-mate was a negro youth who had a black bottle with him. It was not long before the young darkey nudged the old one, and offered him a swig from the hottle. The aged darkey took a long draw from the bottle, and by that time he seemed considerably excited. A representative from Massachusetts was making a strenuous speech in defense of the voting rights of the negroes of the Southern States. At the end of one of his most eloquent periods, the old black man suddenly stood up, leaned over the rail, pointed a long, black finger at the Massachusetts representative, and shouted: "An' dat's all right! Preach

de Word, man—preach it!" A roar of laughter swept the chamber, and the discomfited New Englander did not resume his speech until the enthusiastic old darkey had been led out of the gallery by a door-keeper.

Mrs. Bowen, wife of Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, who is acting as Venezuela's commissioner, was, before she was married, a Galveston girl. Their wedding took place in Caracas, and soon afterward, it is said, a revolutionary army and a government army met by chance on a mountain behind the United States legation, which is located in the environs of Caracas. When the Mausers began to pop and the flash of the rifles showed red on the verdant hillside, Mrs. Bowen rushed out to the piazza, where Mr. Bowen, long before inured to warfare of the calibre continuously served up in Venezuela, was unconcernedly puffing a cigar. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked and glanced apprehensively toward the sound of firing. "Oh, only a battle," Mr. Bowen replied. "But are we not in danger?" Mr. Bowen assured her of the mild nature of the battles, and although it was the first time she had been "under fire," she returned complacently to her needlework and never after allowed the scares about Venezuelan "wars" and "battles" to perturb her.

Roosevelt and the Reporter.

President Roosevelt is regarded as a ready assistant to newspaper men, and it is no uncommon thing for him to discuss freely state and political matters with correspondents. But there are occasions when his friendliness is put to severe tests. One of these, says the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, came soon after the Roosevelt family settled at Sagamore Hill last summer, when many greatly exaggerated stories of the exploits of the Roosevelt children found their way into the columns of the daily press. The President decided to put an end to these stories, and one day summoned a correspondent who had been active in supplying his paper with this class of news.

The President lost no time in stating the object of the summons.

"I have noticed, Mr. —, that a great many stories have appeared in the — regarding the exploits of my children. They have been very good stories, indeed, and I assume you are responsible for them. I have only one fault to find with them, and that is that they are not strictly accurate. Now, you know I am always ready to give you the facts, and hereafter whenever you wish exact information about the doings of members of my family, I wish you would come to me. I shall only be too pleased to oblige you. I will give you a bully good story right now, if you wish it."

The reporter sat up eagerly, even if somewhat crestfallen over the rebuke, as the President continued:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I are going riding just as soon as you depart. We shall ride 'cross country, jumping exactly twenty-seven fences and six ditches, and when we return we shall go bathing in our riding-habits. My son Theodore is hunting this morning, and I have just received a bulletin from the jungle informing me that he has already killed two elephants and a tiger."

The reporter saw through the President's little play, but there was no way to escape.

"Isn't Theodore a wonder!" cried the President, and then continued:

"Archibald, my second son, went out a little while ago to fish for tadpoles to be used as bait for whale. Ethel is tearing down the windmill at this very minute—step around the house and you can see her. Kermit, aged about seven, has just thrown a 200-pound secret-service man two bouts out of three in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling-match, and Quentin, my baby, is even now setting fire to the back part of the house."

"There, Mr. —, you have what I should call a fine story!" said Mr. Roosevelt, in all seriousness. "The facts are exactly right, and I trust you will not exaggerate, if you use them. After this, please come direct to me, and I will give you these stories about my family whenever you desire them. Delighted to have seen you. Good-morning."

Doctor—"How was it that you didn't hear the cyclone coming?" Victim—"Why, you see my wife had a sewing society meeting in the parlor at the time."—*Chicago Daily News*.

The Mother's Friend

when nature's supply fails is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Hen.

Alas! my child, where is the pen
That can do justice to the hen?
Like royalty, she goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for public buildings, yet
For custard, cake and omelette.
Or, if too old for such a use,
They have their fling at some abuse,
As when to censure plays unfit
Upon the stage they make a hit;
Or at elections seal the fate
Of an obnoxious candidate.
No wonder, child, we prize the hen,
Whose egg is mightier than the pen.

—*Oliver Herford in Carolyn Wells's "Nonsense Anthology."*

To My Old Hat.

And thou hast clasped my marble brow,
And daily sunk still deeper down
Until thy grim dole bide me now
From lofty sneer and worldly frown!
Thou once wert black—who now art brown,
But what care I for aught of that?
Thou art thy owner's rightful crown,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!
And I must buy another tile,
To catch the scoffer's quizzing glance,
With modern crown of pattern vile,
Distorted him—just horn of France!
It will not fit me well, perchance;
E'en you were years before you sat
In ease my heauty to enhance,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

And I must hold it on with care;
Unwilling tend its painful gloss;
Must watch it with affrighted glare,
Lest greedy hands procure its loss.
The winds will thy usurper toss,
Some ruthless wheel will crush it flat.
I've seen thee 'neath the carts that cross,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!

L'ENVOI.

Ah me! Too much this haunting fear!
Before I give thee to the cat
I'll wear thee for another year,
My trusty friend—my ancient hat!
—*Arthur Sturges in London Sketch.*

Puzzled.

"You must limit yourself to breakfast food,"
So said Doctor Wise;
"You must turn from doughnuts and cut out meat,
Take nothing but oats or pounded wheat,
And push away the pies."
I did as he said for a month at least,
And, suffering Job! how his hills increased.
"You mustn't eat breakfast any more,"
So said Dr. Smart;
"At noon take a little tea and toast,
At dinner a little brown bread at most,
And shun the deadly tart!"
I followed his orders faithfully
Till the firm lopped off my salary.

I went to Doctor Sharpe, who said:
"A change is what you need;
Take an ocean trip or go somewhere
And breathe the bracing mountain air,
It's not a case of feed."
I asked him meekly about his price,
And paid what he asked for his kind advice.

I couldn't go sailing on the sea,
Nor search for mountain air,
So desperately I ate and ate;
Determined to gamely meet my fate
I hucked the bill of fare,
And strange to relate, I didn't die,
But am well again! I wonder why?
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

It is said that one of the most inveterate writers-od of speeches was the late Lord Derby, of whom the story went that the manuscript of one of his most statesmanlike discourses, being picked up from the floor, where it had fallen, was found not only to be freely sprinkled with "Hear, hear," "Laughter," and "Applause," but also to contain a passage beginning: "But I am detaining you too long (cries of 'No, no,' and 'Go on.')."

Want 7,200,000 Bottles.

An enormous order for bottles has been placed with a firm in Pittsburgh, the largest in its history. Were the bottles to be placed end on end they would make a string about 1,500 miles long, from New York to Chicago and then back to Pittsburgh. William Lanan and Son, Baltimore, Md., proprietors of Hunter Baltimore Rye, awarded the Pittsburgh concern the contract for furnishing 50,000 gross of bottles during the year 1903. There are to be shipped fifty gross per day, and no less than three car loads per week. It will require 156 cars to carry the product from Pittsburgh to Baltimore, or four ordinary freight trains. Each bottle is twelve inches long. There will be 7,200,000 bottles, which will make a line of bottles about 1,500 miles long. Assuming that there are an average of thirty-two drinks to the bottle, the order will have a capacity of 230,400,000 drinks, or about three drinks for every person in the United States. In all there will be a capacity of 1,440,000 gallons in the 7,200,000 bottles. The above speaks volumes for the popularity of Hunter Baltimore Rye.

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From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.
VANCOUVER, Feb. 21st.
NEW ENGLAND, Feb. 28th.
CAMBROMAN, March 14th.
COMMONWEALTH, March 28th.
Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool. Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to CHAS. D. TAYLOR, 30 Montgomery St., Passenger Agent for the Pacific Coast.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINES.

AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York, Philadelphia, March 11 | Vaderland, March 21
St. Paul, March 18 | Philadelphia, April 1

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York, Zealand, March 7 | Vaderland, March 21
Finland, March 14 | Kensington, March 28
Piers 14 and 15, North River.
Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.
CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric, Saturday, Feb. 21
Coptic, Thursday, March 13
Gaelic, Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila), Friday, May 8
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.
Nippon Maru, Tuesday, March 3 (Calling at Manila)
America Maru, Friday, March 27
Hongkong Maru, Wednesday, April 22
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons
Sonoma, 6200 Tons
Ventura, 6200 Tons
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, February 28, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, March 12, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 24, 1903, at 10 A. M.
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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and C. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, March 5.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., Feb. 6, 12, 18, 24, March 2.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara:
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and Newport ("Ramona only").
Ramona, 9 A. M., Feb. 2, 10, 18, 26, March 6.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Feb. 6, 14, 22, March 2.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
Ticket Office, 44 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.
C. D. DUNANN, General Passenger Agent, 10 Market Street, San Francisco

SOCIETY.

The Mardi Gras Ball

The Mardi Gras Ball, which is to be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, will mark the close of the winter season, for with the coming of Lent the social gaieties will end. Newton J. Tharp and Ernest C. Peixotto, who are in charge of the decorations have transformed the Searles Gallery into a gorgeously rich apartment. Overhead is an arrangement of yellow and gold drapery interspersed with suggestions of pale green, while depending from the centre and the ends are three enormous golden globes studded with electric lights, the whole forming a canopy of great beauty and one admirably suited to the architecture of the hall. The walls are covered with yellow and gold drapery to correspond, ornamented at intervals with palm branches and heraldic emblems. The decorations of the House Gallery are simple but dignified, and in keeping with the general color scheme of the Searles Gallery. There will be a large orchestra in each gallery, which will play alternately.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who will lead the grand march of maskers, and will have charge of the floor, will be assisted by Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. Percy L. King, Captain F. E. Johnson, U. S. A., Mr. Orrin Peck, Paymaster Gray Skipworth, U. S. N., Mr. Allen St. John Bowie, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., Mr. John M. Platt, Mr. Milton Latham, and Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A.

The sale of tickets is as large as in any previous year, and bids fair to exceed even last year's receipts. The following are those who have secured boxes: Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. E. R. Dimond, Mr. J. P. Currier, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mr. M. H. de Young, Miss Flood, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. Herbert F. Hogdon, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. Irving M. Scott, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Berglund announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alma Berglund, to Mr. George Gilmore Winchester, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Winchester, of Oakland.

The engagement of Miss Laura Sanborn, daughter of Mrs. E. D. Sanborn, to Mr. Carlton Hohhs Wall, son of the late Joseph G. Wall, was announced at a dinner given at the University Club by Mr. William Sanborn on Tuesday evening, at which he entertained Miss Sanborn, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Edith Simpson, Mrs. Monroe Salishury, Mr. George Whipple, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. Wall.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Berthier, niece of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes, and Mr. William M. Klink, took place at Trinity Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening, February 17th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. F. W. Clappett, rector of the church. Miss Belle Harnes acted as maid of honor, and Miss Margery Moore, Miss Mahel Hogg, Miss Etelka Willier, and Miss Mollie Dutton were the bridesmaids. Mr. Henry Lamberton was the best man, and Mr. Jack Polhemus, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. Charles Anderson, and Mr. Paul Hutchins served as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper at the California Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Klink departed on Wednesday for Southern California, and on their return will occupy a flat on Pine Street.

The wedding of Miss Eloise Davis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis, and Mr. Wallace W. Everett, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Thursday. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Mr. and Mrs. Everett will take up their residence in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Theodora W. Stuhbs, daughter of President Stuhbs, of the Nevada University, and Mr. John M. Fulton, of Nevada, took place at the residence of the bride's father in Reno on Wednesday of last week. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, assisted by Rev. J. W. Phelps. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Stuhbs, as maid of honor, and Mr. John G. Stuhbs, of San Francisco, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, after a wedding journey in Southern California, will reside in Reno.

The wedding of Miss Marion Crawford, of New Wilmington, Pa., and Lieutenant James B. Taylor, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place at the residence of the Rev. William K. Guthrie, 2323 Pacific Avenue, on Wednesday of last week. Lieutenant Taylor and his bride will reside at Fort McDowell, where he is at present stationed.

The wedding of Miss Grace Gregory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory, and Mr.

Homer Astley Boushey took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2011 Van Ness Avenue, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Herbert Parrish, of the Church of the Advent. Mr. and Mrs. Boushey left on Thursday for Salt Lake City on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Winifred Morton, daughter of Mr. W. R. Morton, and Mr. James Webster will take place this (Saturday) evening at the home of the bride's father, 2616 Buchanan Street. Miss Genevieve Wiseman will act as maid of honor, Miss Ruth Morton and Miss Mahel Webster will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Elder Webster will serve as best man. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. William K. Guthrie.

The wedding of Miss Ruby Dawson, daughter of Mr. George Dawson, to Mr. Arthur A. Peralta took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the bride's residence, 2219 Devisadero Street. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Frank Ford. Miss Gussie Dawson was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Phillip Lyman Van Tassel acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a reception, and on Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Peralta departed for Greeley, Colo., where Mr. Peralta is superintendent of the Greeley sugar mills.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will give a reception in honor of the Baroness von Schroeder at her residence on Broadway on Tuesday, February 24th.

Miss Francis Harris gave a tea at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Christian Reis, on last Sunday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. C. L. Bent, Mrs. Lansing, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Nicholson, Miss Katharine Herrin, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss May Colburn, Miss Kathryn Robinson, Miss Mahel Toy, and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck.

Mr. Francis T. Underhill gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Jr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Laura McKinstry, the Misses Ide, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Edward Lynch, Mr. Maurice Raoul-Duval, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Charles Balfour, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Charles Clagstone, Mr. Edward Swan, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tohin, Jr., Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Harry Scott, and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

Captain Bowman H. McCalla and Mrs. McCalla will give a reception to-day (Saturday) at their new residence at the Naval Training School on Yerba Buena Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill gave a musicale at their residence on Laguna Street on Wednesday evening, when they entertained about one hundred and fifty guests. The major portion of the musical programme was devoted to Mlle. Zelle de Lussan's songs, which included "Thy Beaming Eyes," "MacDowell," "Rosy Morn," "L. Ronald," "La Paloma," "Yradier," "Auf Wiedersehn," Arthur Nevin; "Avril S'Evaille," Chaminade; valse, "La Bohème," Puccini; "Sleep Well, Sweet Angel," Franz Aht; "Tarentella," ("Carmen"), Bizet; "Habanera," ("Carmen"), Bizet. Mr. Fronani, who accompanied the diva, played three solos. At midnight an elaborate supper was served.

Mrs. Frederick Tallant will give a card-party at her residence, 2321 Buchanan Street, this (Saturday) afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her residence on Broadway on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Longstreet, Miss Howell, Mr. James D. Phelan, Captain F. L. Faison, U. S. A., and Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Mrs. Joseph Trilley will give a New England tea-party at her residence on Fillmore Street to-day (Saturday). There will be eleven ladies present who will all appear in colonial costume.

Mrs. William Willis and her niece, Mrs. Arthur Whipple Spear, gave a tea at the Willis residence on California Street on Tuesday. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William D. Haslam, Mrs. William A. Lange, Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, Mrs. James L. Martel, Mrs. S. T. Enos, Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty, Mrs. F. G. Caldwell, Mrs. Frederick S. Knight, Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. George A. Knight, Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mrs. Frederick William Kelley, Miss May Reis, Miss Lillie Reis, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Bufandeau, Miss Mildred Doherty, Miss Charlotte Hall, of Oakland, Miss Helen Pettigrew, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Helen Davis, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Carmelita Brittain, and Miss Adele Martel.

The Sketch Club will give a reception this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock at the club-house, 1308 California Street, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave an informal dinner last week, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering. Others at table were Judge and Mrs. Slack, Mrs. F. N. Woods, Mr. Woods, Miss Woods, Mrs. A. L. Brown, Miss Eva Wineburgh, Mr. Albert J. Lowenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton, and Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Preston.

Miss Ethel Kittredge was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Florence Starr on Saturday, February 14th, at which she entertained Mrs. R. M. Fitzgerald, Miss Holt, Miss Barker, Miss Crellin, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., Mrs. Walter Starr, Mrs. James Bishop, Miss Susie Byxhy, Miss Florence White, and Miss Jeannette Hooper.

Mrs. George A. Crux recently gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Winifred Lee Lyster, of Baltimore, at her residence, 2115 Baker Street. Among those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. George E. Whitney, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Mrs. Gordon Stimpson, Mrs. Percy Preston Moore, Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, Jr., Miss Katherine Hall, the Misses Stafford, Miss Laura Van Wyck, and Miss Esmina Deane.

Last of the Winter Dances.

The last dance of the Friday Night Club, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, was given at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday night, and was largely attended. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs.

W. K. Vanderhilt, Jr., Miss Anderson (guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dudley Evans), Miss Stella McCalla, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague, of New Orleans, and Captain Lawrence Adams, U. S. N. The dance was preceded by many dinner-parties, the most notable being those given by Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

On the same evening the last hop of the season at the Presidio was given by the officers of the artillery and cavalry corps, the guests being received by Mrs. Jacob Rawles, Mrs. George S. Grimes, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Garrard, and Mrs. Todd.

At the final meeting of La Jeunesse at Native Sons' Hall last Friday night, the guests were received by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick. The hall opened with a cotillion, those in the first set being Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Mahel Toy, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Mary F. Maus, Miss Mee, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Catherine Herrin, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss McKinstry, Miss Clarissa Evans, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Campbell, Miss Terry, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, Miss Curry, Miss Murison, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Reina Maillard, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Viola Buckley, Miss Milton, Miss Selfridge, and Miss Frances Allen.

The council of the San Francisco Golf Club has appointed the following committees for the coming year: Greens committee—J. W. Byrne, Captain E. A. Miller, and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster; house committee—Andrew Carigan, Thomas Binney, and Warren Gregory; tournament committee—Lieutenant Oyster, John Lawson, and W. E. Lester. No captain has been decided upon as yet, but one will probably be chosen this week. A schedule of events will soon be prepared by the members of the tournament committee. On Monday, February 23d, a thirty-six-hole scratch and handicap competition will be held on the Presidio links.

The Bayreuth plan of presenting Wagner's Nibelung's Ring is again to be adopted in London this spring. That is, the performances will begin at five in the afternoon, and after the first act an hour will be allowed for an early dinner or late lunch. Moreover, there will be no cuts, and men will not be obliged to wear evening dress. Another attempt will be made to admit no one to "Rheingold" after the music has begun; this part of the plan, however, broke down when tried a few years ago. As there will be no Bayreuth festival this year, the faithful are expected to turn up at Covent Garden in force.

The Stanford Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West will give its seventeenth anniversary party at Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 24th.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick was brightened by the advent of a son on Friday, February 13th.

"DANNY," BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOB, SON OF BATTLE," is selling well at Cooper's; price, \$1.20; 746 Market St.

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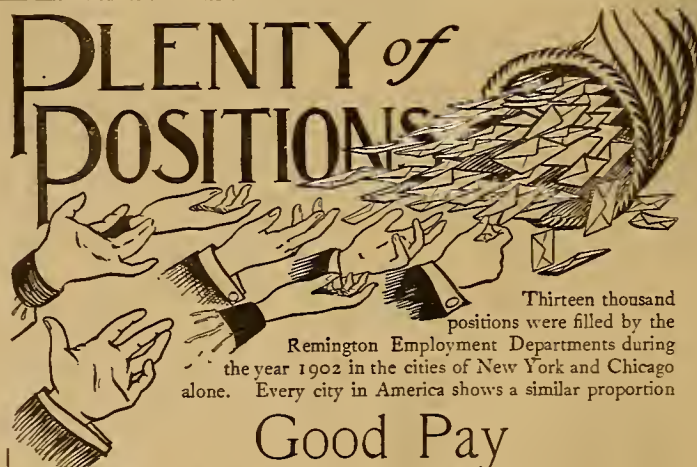
April is the month for the cherry-blossom festivals. The Nagoya Exposition will be open then. Why not join Cook's Party leaving San Francisco March 19th and see it all? A postal will bring a programme.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have departed for New York, where they will join Mr. Spreckels, who has just returned from Europe. They were accompanied East by Miss Lillie Lawlor, who will go abroad with them, and by Mrs. Richard Ivers, who is to visit her daughter, Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and Miss Helen Stubbs arrived from Chicago early in the week, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has returned from her visit to Santa Barbara, and was in town early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Jean Reid, and Mr. D. O. Mills will leave New York for their annual visit to Millbrae within a fortnight.

Miss Olive Holbrook will leave soon for Southern California on a visit to her cousins, Miss Susan Elmore and Miss Florence Elmore, who have been the guests of Miss Hallstead at her country-place in Southern California.

Baron and Baroness Alexander von Schroeder, and Baroness J. H. von Schroeder and children returned from Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Len D. Owens sailed on the Oceanic steamship Mariposa last Monday for a trip to Tahiti.

Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester has returned from her visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, since their return from abroad, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, at their Madison Avenue residence in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Martin expect to occupy their cottage at Newport the first of next month.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Elizabeth Center, after a trip through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, will go to Coronado for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., arrived from the East last week, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marjory Ide and Miss Ide are to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan until the arrival of their father, Hon. Henry C. Ide, the Philippine commissioner, who will sail from the islands about the middle of March, on a leave of absence of several months. Mr. Ide, with his daughters, will spend part of his vacation in the East.

Mrs. W. H. Talbot and Miss Talbot were in New York during the week.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Taylor will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where they will be joined by their mother, Mrs. Taylor, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan came up from Burlingame for a short stay early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Gertrude Eells has been visiting Mrs. T. D. Griffin at her residence at Mare Island.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has returned from her visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman are sojourning at Monterey, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank W. Griffin has departed for Santa Barbara, where she will remain during the early spring.

Mr. Ernest A. Wiltsee has been paying a brief visit to his friends in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy have returned from a month's visit to New York.

Mr. J. S. Van Buren, general manager of the China Commercial Steamship Company, sailed for Hong Kong on the steamship China last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, accompanied by their sons, Philip and Theodore, sailed from New York last week for Europe, where they will travel for about eight months. In Italy they expect to meet Dr. and Mrs. Beer (née Lilienthal), who are on their wedding journey.

Mrs. Edith Coleman is spending the winter with her son at Phoenix, Ariz.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. W. Willis, Miss C. Willis, and Mr. W. Ohhett, of Nevada City; Miss Keith, and Mr. Victor MacLean, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. T. Whelan, of New York; Mr. Henry Sheldon, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. Bauch, Mr. and Mrs. Sacks, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. James, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Kane, Mrs. E. M. Heller, Miss M. G. Ewing, Mrs. S. A. O'Neill, Mrs. R. W. McChesney, Mr. T. C. Hotelling, and Mr. Arthur Pillsbury.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. White, Miss May A. Countiss, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Newton, Mr. Harold T. Rankin, and Mr. N. O. Wheeler, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Johnstone, of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. James H. Braden, of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Giles, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gregory, of Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Horn, of Melbourne, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lindsay, of Milwaukee; Mrs. E. J. Hoadley, of Hartford; Mr. Morris Lang, of Cincinnati; Mr. F. I. Shidle, of Pittsburgh; Mr. James Mulhall, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and Mrs. A. H. Powers, and Mrs. Ella Graham.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Mrs. Miles and Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, have returned to Washington, D. C., after their tour of the world.

Brigadier-General Joseph C. Breckenridge, inspector-general, U. S. A., on the retirement of Major-General Robert Hughes, U. S. A., in April, will be promoted to the rank of major-general. Brigadier-General Marshall I. Ludington, quartermaster-general, U. S. A.,

will then be made a major-general and retired, and succeeded as a major-general by Brigadier-General James F. Wade, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander Edmund B. Underwood, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Underwood, who arrived from Washington, D. C., last Sunday, visited friends at Mare Island early in the week. On Thursday they sailed for Samoa, accompanied by Miss Augusta Kent.

Colonel Wallace F. Randolph, U. S. A., who has been appointed chief of artillery, with rank of brigadier-general, commanded the artillery operating under General William R. Shafter in Cuba. He became colonel of the First Artillery in 1899, and since the reorganization of the artillery arm of the service in 1901, has performed the duties of chief of artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Garlington, sailed for Honolulu on the steamship China last week to make the annual inspection tour of the military camps and quartermaster and commissary departments in the Hawaiian Islands. During his absence Captain Ralph H. Van Denman, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., will be in charge of the inspector-general's office at department headquarters.

Colonel K. H. L. Meade, U. S. M. C., who has recently been in command of the marine barracks at New York, is to assume command of the barracks at Mare Island, to relieve Colonel Francis H. Harrington, U. S. M. C., who will sail for Manila on the transport Logan on February 28th.

Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Van Orsdale, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Vancouver Barracks to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas C. Woodbury, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who will come to the Seventh Infantry at the Presidio. Colonel Van Orsdale will return here in July, when the Seventh Infantry will sail for the Philippines.

Captain Purnell F. Harrington, U. S. A., now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it is said will be ordered to Bremerton, Wash., to take charge of the navy-yard there. Captain Harrington will become rear-admiral next August.

Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., who will succeed Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., as chief of the inspection board for the Coast, will soon return from Honolulu, where he is in command of the Hawaiian Naval Station.

Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Andrews, arrived from Honolulu last week to report for duty here.

Major Charles W. Hohhs, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Casey, on Puget Sound, and upon his departure will be accompanied by Mrs. Hohhs and Miss Hohhs.

Miss Ethelwyn Lewis, sister of Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has departed on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. S. S. Leach, at Fort Leavenworth, where Major Leach is in command.

The Washington's Birthday reception of La Puerta del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Arthur Sperry is regent, will be held at Century Hall on Monday, February 23d, at three o'clock.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Union Versus Paritans.

We think it but just to the public that they know the facts concerning the boycott now on in connection with our restaurants at 749 and 413 Market Street.

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We deplore the present state of affairs, not only on account of our employees and ourselves, but also on account of the annoyance it occasions the public.

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Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, has pointed out in his annual report that, after twenty-five years, only 72 per cent. of Harvard graduates have married; that the living children in each family number, on the average, only two; and that, therefore, Harvard men not only do not relatively increase the population, but show so marked an infertility that, in four or five generations, there would be few, if any, living progeny of the Harvard classes of 1875-1880. President Eliot concludes from these facts that the "regrettable result" is due to "the late postponement of marriage by young men," which is made "almost unavoidable" by the "pro-

tracted education now prescribed for men who enter the learned and scientific professions."

It is a mistake, however, to suppose, as one might from Dr. Eliot's figures, that this lack of fertility is confined to college graduates. Statistics show that the great increase in population of the United States during the last half-century is due to immigration, and to the fertility of our foreign-born, rather than to the productivity of the native American. For instance, here in San Francisco, native white persons whose parents were also born on American soil form only 24.4 per cent. of the total population. In other places the percentage is still less. In the Borough of Manhattan, only 16.9 per cent. of the total population were born of American parents. In Chicago, the percentage is 20.8; in Boston, 26; in Cleveland, 22.9. It is doubtless facts of this sort that caused President Roosevelt to say, during his tour of New England, last fall: "A man to be a good citizen must . . . first be a good father; I hope the father of many children"; and which led him to write the famous "race suicide" letter in which he said: "If the men of the nation are not . . . ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest good for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future."

Foreign observers have for some time been concerned about America's future. Mr. J. Weston, writing in an English review, contends that after the third or fourth generation, white persons in America show a tendency to lose their vigor. He points out that Hawthorne and Burroughs have noted in "both human and vegetable productions, a tendency to spindle upwards and lose their steady growth," and he thinks that the population of the United States would decline were it not for foreign immigration.

This view is, in a measure, confirmed by the facts. In New England, supposedly the stronghold of the American stock, the census of 1900 shows a population of 2,805,346, of which 1,743,710 were foreign born or of foreign parentage. These figures compared with those of 1890 show that the alien had increased four times as fast as the native. Boston has 35 per cent. of foreign-born inhabitants. Yet these 35 per cent. in one year show 6,098 births, while the 65 per cent. of American stock show only 2,408 births. In other words, the rate among Americans was 8 per 1,000; among others it was 39 per 1,000—five times as many! Dr. Jesse Pickering, in a report made to the city government of Boston as far back as 1851, arrived at the conclusion that there was no natural increase in the strictly American population. A writer in *Popular Science Monthly* says that "we have not now so many people as we should have had, if immigration had never come to us, and the native stock had continued their early rate of increase."

Figures often lie, the saying to the contrary notwithstanding. For instance, the other day, in a suit at law, it was proved by statistics that the death-rate among clergymen was greater than among locomotive engineers. The opposing attorney suspected a nigger in the woodpile, and investigated. He found that engineers usually retire from their strenuous occupation when they get along in years, and so, when they die, are often credited to other trades, or merely listed as "retired," or "without occupation." Clergymen, on the other hand, hang on to the end, and are always listed as clergymen in the mortality tables.

Despite these little idiosyncrasies of statistics, however, and despite the suspicion that an exhaustive study might somewhat modify the apparent tendencies of the figures above quoted, it is difficult effectively to combat Mr. Weston's conclusion, in which he says: "Rightly

enough, the Republic prides herself on her Anglo-Saxon spirit and creative force, and admits that it is essential to her well-being to preserve her racial affinity with the mother country. But how is this to be done with sterile natives, prolific foreigners, and an ever-increasing volume of Jewish, Slavic, Italian, and Austro-Hungarian immigrants, and a corresponding decrease in Saxons, Celts, and Teutons?"

That there is a serious negro problem in this country, and that there has been one for nearly a century there is no gainsaying. Agitation of it in its first stage resulted in the abolition of slavery. Its second stage brought enfranchisement of the freedmen. The third stage now reached has to do with the question whether enfranchisement was a failure, and what more can be done to help the condition of the race and of the South at the same time. In a speech before the Union League Club of New York, Secretary Root has started a discussion of the subject. The gist of his statement was that the negro in the South is now generally denied the right to vote. This has been accomplished by means of educational qualifications. His right to aspire to office is in great measure denied. To this extent the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, the Secretary said, have proved failures. What is now to be done?

Many answers have been given in the press, but they do not all agree. The Southern press is a practical unit in the proposition that the white race must rule, whether it is a minority or a majority, and that such rule will be maintained peaceably if possible, forcibly if it must. That section hails with joy a quotation from Lincoln during the Douglas debates, that he favored "the race to which he belonged having the superiority." This has been met by showing that Lincoln's mind changed considerably on the negro question in the eight strenuous years that followed, and that he died before the subject of enfranchisement became acute. John S. Wise, of Virginia, maintains that the South must let the negro vote, submit to a reduction in representation, or meet the alternative in a bloody uprising of the blacks. Mr. Wise is counsel for the Virginia negroes who are testing the Virginia constitution in the courts. Those who favor the political extinction of the colored race argue that the negro without the ballot would still have the protection of the Constitution in its guaranty of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They disagree with the dictum of Sumner that "a righteous government can not be founded on the exclusion of a race." Sentiment on the subject has become practically exhausted both North and South. The fact that remains is that theoretical justice to the colored race can not be accomplished because the whites of the South will not permit it. Will the South be coerced? Will the North ever attempt to do so? Will it want to do so? To do so would certainly create a political turmoil scarcely less disastrous than civil war. The South has now disfranchised the colored vote to all practical purposes, and the North, which has invested immense sums in Southern enterprises since the war, seems to be more interested in the preservation of its capital than in the fate of the negro, and seems also to have come to a closer sympathy with the attitude of Southern men.

Under the American idea of government, the uplifting of the black race must continue to be a problem so long as it remains unsolved. For more than thirty years we have gone on the assumption that the ballot would inspire the negro to gain a higher plane of development. Whether the fault is his or another's, it can not be denied that the right to vote has not elevated the Southern negro, and that the majority of

race in the South are to-day unfit properly to exercise the elective franchise. The question is, however, Can the Southern States permanently hold the negro in a position of industrial servitude akin to peonage, and scarcely removed from his former position of slavery? There is suggested but one other peaceful solution. It rests on the Booker Washington idea that the negro must make himself worthy of the franchise. The educated and property-owning negroes are not debarred from the ballot in the South. Mr. Washington proposes that the negro shall fit himself for the franchise by his own efforts. The North can and will assist such efforts with the means of education and training. It seems about the best basis for the uplifting of the race and its ultimate enfranchisement.

The latest Washington dispatches say that there is to be an extra executive session of the Senate to dispose of the Panama Canal and Cuban treaties. It is, however, expected that the session will last only two or three weeks. The appropriation bills are rapidly being ratified. During the past few days the omnibus building, agricultural, and post-office bills have been passed, the former carrying an additional \$500,000 for the San Francisco custom-house. The Statehood riders to these bills were withdrawn by Senator Quay, but the general question of admitting the Territories drags along without settlement. The champions of the bill are at any time ready for a vote, but a minority of Eastern Republicans, who fear the dominance of Western influence in the Senate, oppose it. By permission of the Statehood forces, the less important measures coming before the Senate have been passed upon, and Senator Morgan has been permitted to speak against the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty. Perhaps the most important measure passed during the week, was the Philippine currency bill, which gives to the islands a stable, cheap money at a ratio of 32 to 1, and is in accord with the petitions of the commercial bodies at Manila. A notable fact to be kept in mind with reference to the canal treaty is that the option on the property of the French Company expires March 4th, and unless the treaty is ratified by that date, the whole agreement may fall to the ground, and Nicaragua become the chosen route.

Benjamin Kidd, writing to the London Times, depicts a serious condition in South Africa. Agriculturally the country is at a low ebb, although the Transvaal alone, properly tilled, might support twenty million people, and British South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi might rank next to the United States in the production of food. The difficulty of attaining such a degree of development lies in the labor conditions. The Kaffir is the native laborer, and there are enough of them for the purpose, but they will not work more than enough to supply their own slight necessities. What is done by the Kaffir in the way of tillage is mainly performed by the women, while the males prefer to loaf or hunt or work in the mines. The country being healthy, immigration by whites would be a natural solution, but the presence of the Kaffir makes manual labor so degrading that white immigrants are no more attracted to South Africa than they are to our Southern States. Moreover, Kaffir labor is so cheap that competition on the part of white labor would probably prove impracticable. It has been proposed to make native labor compulsory, but the scheme smacks so much of slavery that it finds few supporters. Mr. Chamberlain is said to have suggested the importation of coolies. The proposition is not seriously regarded by any large numbers, because the introduction of yellow laborers would prove acceptable neither to the whites nor to the blacks, and would inevitably be productive of an incalculable amount of friction. No promising solution has yet been found, and in the meantime the fertile acres of South Africa remain barely scratched.

To San Franciscans it is not a particularly startling piece of news to be told that there is no bubonic plague in San Francisco, and that there has been no bubonic plague in San Francisco since December 11th. However, wide publicity given to the statement by Dr. Wyman, of the Marine Hospital Service, will doubtless have a good effect throughout the East. The doctor's letter is addressed to Governor Pardee, and says in part:

Replying to inquiry, I have to say that no case of plague has been discovered in San Francisco since December 11th, nearly two months and a half ago, and then only one case. Official reports show . . . that searching inspections are being made daily in Chinatown, and proper sanitary measures are being rigidly enforced, including radical measures for the destruction of rats. Bacteriological examinations of captured rats are being made daily, and the last infected rat was found on December 8th, since which time bacteriological examinations have been made of three hundred and twenty-four dead rats, and none found infected.

It is indeed highly gratifying to note that even our Chinatown sewer rats are frisky and in good health.

One of the marvels of the past decade is the development of interurban trolley-car systems in the Eastern States. Only a few years ago the trolley-car was competing with, and outstripping, the horse-car. To-day it is making war on the locomotive. The feat of traveling from New York to Chicago, almost entirely on trolley lines, was recently achieved. New England is a veritable network of electric track. There are now twenty thousand miles of trolley track in the United States. The cars, many of them, are luxurious in appointment, and as large as steam cars. On numerous lines they run at the rate of forty miles an hour. They go everywhere,

stop for anybody, carry all sorts of farm produce—milk, butter, eggs, garden truck, fruit. In Connecticut—a State without large cities—twenty per cent. more passengers were carried on trolley lines than on steam lines in 1901. Between Muncie, Ind., and Indianapolis—fifty-three miles—sumptuous, heavy cars, of three hundred horse power, cover the distance in two hours. Some of this distance is made at the rate of a mile a minute. Much time is consumed in threading the streets of both cities. The number of passengers carried by the steam railroads has fallen off over twelve millions in seven years—a result directly attributable to the growth of electric systems. The fares charged are only a fraction of those on steam roads.

Up to the present time, the impulse of this new movement has scarcely touched California. About Los Angeles something has been done. On the north shore of the bay here a little more has been accomplished. It is also announced that by April 1st the San Mateo-San Francisco line, with an equipment of twenty-five forty-five-foot cars, will be in operation, making the trip in thirty-five or forty minutes. But potentially more important and significant than any of these enterprises is the news that the electric plant now being installed at Globe, in Tulare County, will turn part of the power generated, to running cars between that place and Hanford. H. E. Huntington is behind the enterprise. It scarcely need be said that the inauguration of a system of trolley-cars in the rich and level San Joaquin valley would mark an epoch in the history of that part of the State. Long hauls of perishable products over hot and dusty roads would be eliminated. Land would undoubtedly increase greatly in value. Immigration would be attracted. The towns of the whole valley would feel the stimulus. In the mountain streams there resides an incalculable amount of power which may be turned to running electric cars. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Globe-Hanford line will mark the beginning of an intertown system such as will work an agricultural revolution in the San Joaquin. The telephone, the rural mail service, the automobile, and the trolley-car—the poor man's auto—are now making great changes in country life, and may yet serve to check the drift of the country population to the congested cities.

Mr. Bryan, the "crown of thorns" orator of Lincoln, Neb., is seriously disturbed. Some person has ventured to class him among the millionaires, and he devotes a whole page in a recent issue of the *Commoner*, his personal organ, to a vigorous refutation of the charge. In a comprehensive review of his personal financial experiences, he says that when he was nominated in 1896 he was possessed of only \$3,000 or \$4,000. The nomination was evidently a good thing for him, whatever it may have been for his party, for shortly afterward he felt in a position to contract to have a house built that was to cost \$10,000, and, as is usually the case, actually did cost more, though how much more Mr. Bryan does not say. In addition to this house, Mr. Bryan has a modest farm of thirty-five acres, which costs him more than he gets out of it, and also real estate and personalty valued at from \$15,000 to \$20,000. From his book, "The First Battle," he has received in royalties \$17,000, but to the various bimetallic committees he has contributed an equal amount, so that the book can not be said to have increased his wealth. It may be admitted that Mr. Bryan has successfully answered the charge of being a millionaire, but the public is still in the dark as to why he considered it necessary to refute the charge so vigorously.

The other day a section of the press reported, under scare-heads, that a German warship had been seen taking soundings in Havana harbor. Later it was learned that the men were not taking soundings, but were fishing. The incident showed how ready was the press to "fly off the handle." In general, during the Venezuelan trouble, there has been much reckless scare-head war talk. Probably many people have become accustomed to think of a war with Germany as a possibility. To those of this frame of mind the following answer by Carl Schurz to a newspaper query should be antidotic:

"In response to your letter, asking me to give you my views about the possibilities of a war with Germany, I have this to say: A war between the United States and Germany would be so awful, so incalculable a calamity, that only the most absolute and evident necessity could serve as an excuse for it. Not even the wild jingo on either side will pretend that such a necessity exists, or is in prospect. In fact, there is no real question of difference whatever between the two countries important enough to disturb their ancient friendship. A war between them would, therefore, not only be criminal, but idiotic—an absurd atrocity, a murderous nonsense. Even to suggest the possibility of such a war under such circumstances, and to agitate the public mind by such suggestions, is a piece of mischievous recklessness."

On Monday, the last day for introducing bills in the legislature, 52 were presented to the assembly, bringing the total up to 951, and 131 were introduced in the senate, making the number there 901, or 1,852 in both houses. Seventy or eighty have been passed. Among the more important activities of the legislature this week have been the enactment of the coyote scalp claims bill by the assembly, carrying an appropriation of \$107,560, and the completion of work by the committee on the general appropriation bill, calling for \$11,754,463.65, which total will probably not be altered materially by the action of the legislature. Accordingly, the tax rate will be not more than sixty cents. The various investigating committees have been active. Further discreditable testimony has been given before the pilot investigating committee; the assembly committee has finished work at San Quentin and is now investigating Folsom; and the committee investigating the Glen Ellen home will, it is said, find the trustees legally responsible for the misuse of the Jessup fund, and will find cause for censure in other matters. What may prove the most important action of the legislature, however, is the adoption

of the joint resolution asking Congress to call a convention for the purpose of submitting to the States a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people. If the legislatures of two-thirds (30) of the States adopt similar resolutions, it is mandatory upon Congress to call a constitutional convention. The amendment must then be ratified by three-fourths of the States. In the past, twenty-nine States have taken such action, but not all in one year, which is one of the requirements as the Constitution is interpreted. During the present year, however, five legislatures have already passed the resolution, and in three States it has passed either senate or assembly. There appears, therefore, some chance for the success of the movement.

Professor Buck, of the University of Chicago, has been investigating the polyglot population of that city, and has published his conclusions in a pamphlet entitled "A Sketch of the Linguistic Conditions of Chicago." He finds that there are fourteen languages besides English spoken by permanent colonies of more than 10,000 persons each. Newspapers appear regularly in ten languages, and church services may be heard in about twenty different tongues. He figures that Chicago is the second largest Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, the third Norwegian, the fourth Polish, and the fifth German—New York being fourth in German-speaking people. Besides the permanent colonies, there are smaller bodies ranging from less than a hundred to 7,000 speaking other foreign languages, which bring the total up to some forty different tongues. This condition is claimed to wrest the palm of cosmopolitanism from Constantinople and Cairo and give it to Chicago, which the professor denominates "an unparalleled babel of foreign tongues." The foreign tongues tabulated in the pamphlet, and which are each represented by a substantial number of people, embrace the following:

German, Polish, Swedish, Bohemian, Norwegian, Yiddish, Dutch, Italian, Danish, French, Croatian and Servian, Slovakian, Lithuanian, Russian, Hungarian, Greek, Frisian, Roumanian, Welsh, Slovenian, Flemish, Chinese, Spanish, Finnish, Scotch Gaelic, Lettic, Arabic, Armenian, Manx, Icelandic, Albanian, Bulgarian, Turkish, Japanese, Portuguese, Breton, Estonian, Basque, Gypsy.

Truly a striking list. It is quite evident that Chicago is receiving its full share of foreign immigration, which has been enormous in the last year. The grand total from all countries in 1902 was 739,289. Italy leads in numbers, Austria-Hungary is second, and Russia third. The total is only second to the banner immigration year of 1882, when 788,992 immigrants landed in the United States. Its character has, however, considerably changed. In the latter year Germany furnished most, and neither Russia nor Austria-Hungary were conspicuous in the list. At present three-fourths of our immigration is from southern and eastern Europe, while the movement from Scandinavia and the British Isles, as well as from Germany, has greatly subsided.

According to the newspaper reports, the State convention of Democratic clubs, held here Monday, closed its session with "three thunderous cheers for William Jennings Bryan as the true exponent of Democratic principles, and for Franklin K. Lane as Democracy's standard-bearer in California." Not only this, but the convention adopted a report, a clause of which vehemently objected to giving men who had "treacherously" bolted the Bryan ticket of 1896-1900, a place in the councils of the party. Finally, J. Aubrey Jones made an impassioned speech in which he declared that if the Democracy turned its back on William J. Bryan it courted defeat and would deserve it. A lengthy list of resolutions was adopted, declaring for the initiative and referendum, for independence for the Philippines, for a new system of voting in California, for direct election of senators, for higher wages to letter-carriers, etc. About one hundred and fifty delegates, representing thirteen clubs, with an active membership of two thousand voters, were present at the meeting and at the Washington's Birthday banquet and harmony feast at night.

There are elements of humor in some of the boycott notices contained in the trades-union papers, witness the following from the *Labor Clarion*:

UNFAIR CORSETS.
The Corset Cutters and Ironers' Union, No. 9007, A. F. of L., of Bridgeport, Conn., has issued a circular appealing to organized labor for assistance in the union's fight against the George C. Batcheller Company, manufacturers of the Thomson Patent Glove-Fitting Corsets. The firm reduced wages and discharged its employees, notifying them that they would be required to sign individual contracts to secure reemployment. The corsets named have been declared unfair.

How, now, what's this? Do loyal and orthodox members of the Marine Cooks' Union, No. 6742, ask their best girls if they wear 'em, and what kind they are, before they venture on a chaste salute or a hearty embrace? How embarrassing for a modest youth! Are the unions going to discipline the thoughtless huggers? Are they going to refer to the girls as scabs? Are they going to expel those gallants whose amorous arms can not forbear to encircle fair wearers of unfair corsets? We venture to assert right here that if they do, it means the eternal busting-up of labor unions. They never could stand a strain like that!

With the payments for next month the first year's subscriptions to further the work of the California Promotion Committee will expire. The first year of its work will have been completed. When the movement was inaugurated, one year ago, there were many who doubted whether the money would be forthcoming to enable the committee to carry out the plans that were formulated at that time. When an appeal was made to the citizens, however, the generosity of the response exceeded expectations. The movement was new then—every-

thing was in the future. The committee is now making an appeal for the renewal of those subscriptions, and it has the work of the last year to point back to. It is gratifying to hear that not only are the old subscriptions being renewed, but new ones are pouring in. This is as it should be. The committee is doing a most important work for the development of the State, and should receive the hearty support of the entire body of the citizens. It did good work last year; it can do better work this year if the merchants and others interested will give it enough money to carry out what it wants to do, and what should he done.

During the last congressional campaign there was considerable talk about the opposition of the letter-carriers to Congressman Loud on account of his attitude toward an effort to increase their salaries. The subject has again reached an acute stage owing to the appearance here of a special agent of the Civil Service Commission, who has conducted a most searching inquisition. The letter-carriers were relieved from duty for one or two hours in hatches of sixteen, and during this period they were required to write answers to a series of typewritten questions which go very minutely into their actions during the campaign. It is not known whether Congressman Loud filed a complaint, or the inquiry is the result of information obtained during an earlier investigation of the president of the Letter Carriers' International Association, who was in California during the campaign. At any rate, seven letter-carriers are reported to have been suspended for offensive partisanship in politics. Two of them are known to have favored Loud in the campaign, but there is considerable suspicion that the removal of these two was a blind.

Some very interesting facts are being brought out in connection with the proposed forest reserves in Shasta, Plumas, Lassen, and Siskiyou Counties. The expressed purpose of these reserves is to conserve the water-sheds in that section. The residents of those counties are opposing the reservations, and are having maps prepared showing the actual conditions there. The Shasta County map has been finished, and shows that the proposed reserves cover about two-thirds of the water-sheds in that county; that only a few spots in it are well timbered, and that the location is not favorable for the preserving of the water-shed. Of the 659,234 acres included in the proposed reserves only 959,600 are government lands, and the remainder would have to be purchased. Moreover, the proposed reserve will overlap 382,983 acres of railroad land. The *Chronicle* points out that the Southern Pacific Company would receive \$1,914,915 in and script for this land, and surmises that it is a scheme for unloading worthless remnants of land grants.

The construction of the Midland Pacific Railway within the next year is now an assured fact. The company has succeeded in placing an issue of \$5,000,000 of bonds, which is ample to cover the entire cost of construction. Work has been commenced on the first section of the road, and it will be pushed steadily until completed. The purpose of the road is to secure better facilities for marketing the product of the oil fields in the southern part of the State. The line is to extend from the Sunset oil district to tide water at Port Harford, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, including a spur to the Midway oil fields. The cost of construction is placed at \$25,000 a mile. When this line has been completed the company hopes to build an extension to Bakersfield and McKittrick. On the line now being constructed the road must climb to the summit about thirty miles from Sunset, and from that point there is a gentle slope westward to the sea. Contracts have already been secured from oil producers that will insure a large and paying traffic for many years.

In this hustling age there are some people who think a weekly journal too leisurely for any use, and who therefore pin their faith to the morning paper—or, in more acute form of tachyomania, to the damp noon extra and the red-bued evening edition besides. Indeed, there may be some excuse for this opinion when ponderous, slow-moving weeklies like *Harper's* make clear by their editorials that they are two weeks behind the date of issue. For instance, in its number dated February 21st, *Harper's Weekly* says in its most convincing manner that the Alaska treaty "seems doomed." As a matter of fact, the treaty was not only not "doomed," but was actually ratified by the Senate on February 11th, which fact was duly reported by dispatches in our dailies of the 12th, and duly stated and commented upon to the length of a column in the *Argonaut* mailed to subscribers on Friday evening, February 13th. Moral—but the moral is obvious.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 21, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Perhaps the editors of the *Argonaut* may think it worth while to give an *ex cathedra* answer to the query: When a month is expressed by a numeral, should it precede or follow the numeral designating the day of the month? E. g.: Does "2-6" mean February 6th or second of June?

[We reply: In England and on the Continent a date like March 10, 1903, is usually written 10-3-'03. In America it is usually written 3-10-'03. Both methods of writing dates have the sanction of usage, and both are entirely correct—just as it is entirely correct for an American writer to spell it "connexion," while the "Encyclopedia Britannica" spells the same word "connection." To avoid ambiguity, however, an Englishman domiciled in California would naturally adopt the American method, at least in business matters, while the reverse would be proper for an American in England. Speaking abstractly, the English and Continental method is more logical, inasmuch as the figures are put down in natural sequence, first days, then months, then the year.—Eds.]

On good authority, it is stated that there are ten thousand persons in the Philippines. The island of Kulon, south-east of Mindoro, is to be set aside by the government as a per colony.

OLD CLO'S TO SELL!

Lady Dealers Who Make Enough to Ride in Autos.

There is a new business coming to the front here, that is odd enough and typical enough of the present trend of New York life to be worth a few moments passing consideration. It is one of those businesses that within the last ten years was looked upon as discreditable to buyer and seller. It has not quite passed beyond that stage yet, but it will do so within the next year or two.

Some days ago I was lunching with a friend, a lady who has all those surroundings of wealth that belong to countless women in New York, and have come to be regarded as necessary. As we sat talking, the butler brought in the midday mail, and my friend, after opening and glancing through three or four letters, threw one over to me.

"There," she said, "you may be able to do something with that woman. I've never had any dealings with her myself, but some girls I know have. They say she's quite honest and gives good prices."

The letter, well written and spelled, had the appearance of coming from a person of refinement and education. It was, however, from a Mrs. So and So, who was a dealer in cast-off clothing. She stated that she was willing to pay well for clothes that were of good materials, and from good dressmakers, that she came personally at any specified hour, and, of course, it was understood the transaction would be conducted with fitting secrecy.

I admit I was astonished. I had never heard of a person whose means were ample selling their clothes. I had heard once or twice that young actresses bought cast-off clothing, and I had vaguely wondered at the time where they found it. Not, surely, in the kind of shops that advertise it on lower Sixth Avenue, where a few bedraggled gowns and cloaks are hung up in a dirty show-window. I inquired of my friend.

"Oh, yes," she said, "lots of women sell their clothes now. Some of them are very rich, but one never can have too much pocket money. I never do, because for years I have given my things to some poor relations in Brooklyn. That is, the good things, and then the worn things go to charities. I think selling them rather a small business myself. But quantities of women with much larger dress allowances than I have do it all the time. That woman who sent the letter is supposed to be one of the best people. She has worked it up into a regular business, is, they say, quite a lady, and goes round in an automobile. She has no shop or anything of that sort, but has an apartment where she makes appointments with buyers. You write to her, you know, and say you're Mrs. Thingum Bob, of the Four Hundred, whose finances are just now in a state of partial eclipse, so that you have to buy your winter suit second-hand. She gives you a private appointment, which insures you against meeting any of your friends whose finances may also be in a state of partial eclipse, and you go there in a veil and a hansom, and find her waiting with all her best winter gowns ready."

"But how awful it would be if you chanced to buy the dress of one of your totally eclipsed friends."

"Oh, it's part of her business to protect you against any such calamity as that. She knows who you are, and what set you go out in. That's an important side of her business. She's not supposed to show you the clothes of your eclipsed friends."

I thought this unexpected revelation of thrift in high places quite interesting, and by the aid of various other well-informed friends pursued my investigations further. There is no question that the traffic in the second-hand apparel of the well-to-do is becoming quite a large and flourishing business. It is only within the last few years that it has passed out of the Jew-old-clothes-dealer plane to that of the Lady in the Automobile.

It is said that those who first realized its possibilities were the younger lot of society girls. These artless maidens formed the plan of selling their ball-dresses at the end of the winter for nominal sums. The barter was found satisfactory to both parties. The ball-dresses, which at the end of a season's hard wear were crushed and torn, were of no use to the owners. To get say twenty dollars for each of four or five gowns gave them quite a comfortable little sum of money for spring spending. On the other hand, the dresses were of great value to the second-hand dealer. They came, without exception, from good *couturières*, were made of excellent materials, and were well cut and sewn, and though crumpled, were not much worn. By a little dextrous freshening up, a new ruffle round the skirt, clean chiffon over the shoulders and neck, neat mending of torn lace, and pressing of rumpled ribbons, they were rejuvenated to almost their pristine freshness. The gilt letters on the inside of the belt spelt the name of a famous firm, and that the garment did truly emanate from that firm was proved by its elegance of cut and inimitable style.

Thus rehabilitated, the dress would sell for quite or nearly double what had been paid for it. Who bought it was not a question that troubled the head of its former owner. Having found out so easy and expeditious a way of clearing out her wardrobe, and augmenting her pocket money, she instituted a regular spring and autumn sale. Other apparel was included, till finally an entire discarded outfit was disposed of. For a dress, unless very handsome or in excellent condition, she would get from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, for an evening cloak from twelve to fifteen, for a separate

waist—always according to the condition it was in and the house which had made it—from two to ten.

But this was just the young and simple side of the business. Her older friends, her mother, her aunt, began to realize the possibilities that lay dormant in their own cupboards and bureau drawers. And her clothes to theirs were as Cinderella's to the wicked sisters'. So they hopefully joined the procession. When they were women of large means and good taste, they found that the reality exceeded their happiest expectations. For the gowns they had been giving to poor relatives, who otherwise had to go cold and half clad, they got as much as fifty and seventy-five dollars. A dress that had come from some famous *couturière* in Paris, costing there from two to three hundred, very slightly worn, and discarded when it is still in the height of the mode, would bring as high as eighty or ninety. Thus did the canny ladies of fashion see the dollars they had cast upon the waters coming back after many days. And thus did the head of the business transfer her patronage from the street-car line to a red automobile.

The only people not heard from in the transaction are the poor relatives. We all know that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but it is hard on the lamb, anyway, that it has to be shorn.

Who buys the clothes is one of the interesting questions connected with the subject. It is also one of those that no one seems really capable of answering. When the business was in its incipency, it was said that the buyers were almost entirely young actresses, and that they are still one of the most profitable sources of income of the Lady in the Automobile. It is an unwritten law among them that they must dress well, not well in the sense of being decently garbed in serviceable clothes that fit and look smart, but well in the sense of always being in the van of the fashion, decking themselves with what is the very latest cry. And only those who live in New York and dress in this manner know what it costs. So the seller of cast-off clothes fills, for the actress at least, a long-felt want. For these young women can not honestly buy at first hand such costumes, and, strange as it may seem, there are many of them who do not care to procure them dishonestly.

One of my sophisticated friends informed me that it was generally understood that quite a good many women who went into smart society and were not well off, patronized the Lady in the Automobile. The matter seemed to be one that you alluded to in hushed tones, like a family scandal. Personally, I did not think it was so perfectly awful, but I have found out that there are a good many women in the world who have the peculiarity of looking upon things that are feebly unconventional as shockingly disreputable, and things so disreputable that they make your hair stand on end as mere little lapses that well-bred people don't notice. The way they spoke of the ladies going to buy second-hand clothes, had a wicked, surreptitious tone about it that reminded one of the descriptions of Paul Bourget's duchesses driving across Paris, heavily veiled and cowering in the corner of a hired *fiacre*, to a rendezvous with a lover that they hardly knew by sight.

In Paris, the buying and selling of such clothes has come to be recognized as an open and above-board business. There is a little shop opposite Félix Pontin's where the American girl students used to go, and which, before I left, began to be quite a flourishing place. At first it was a tiny *boutique*, with one show-window, a series of glass cases lining the walls, and a still more tiny fitting-room in the rear. It presented an appearance of demure elegance far removed from the slovenly chaos which marked other places of the kind. In the show-window there would be one or two beautiful articles of dress, and a particularly *chic* hat, collar, or ruche.

Inside, the glass cases were hung with costumes which the visitor was allowed to take out and study, in order to verify the claim of the *patronne* that everything was clean and fresh. When you entered, you told her what class of garment you had come to see. She seemed to be spasmodically provided, for I went there once with a girl who wanted an evening-dress, and she showed us several beautiful ones, and afterward returning for the same purpose with another friend, she had only one, of an amazing gorgeousness, that looked as if it might have first seen the light in the *corps de ballet*. If you asked her where these dresses came from she would immediately shut her mouth and shrug her shoulders. That was a point upon which she professed to know nothing. The "models" at many of the great *couturières* own the dresses they walk up and down in, and at the end of the season sell them to such shops as the one I describe. But whether all the dresses came from "models" was a question that no one could answer.

It was surprising to see the number of Americans that visited this shop. I have no doubt that many who bought three or four costumes for a sum that would not have given them one new one, returned triumphant to dazzle their native city with their Parisian splendor. I know one Californian girl who bought three stunning "confections" for something like seventy-five dollars, and I make no doubt is now taking the breath out of the simple girl friends of her youth with her magnificence. Before I left Paris the place had begun to grow so successful that prices were going up. Gowns that had been twenty dollars were nearly double that, and a new show-window had been opened on the side street.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, February 14, 1903.

THE LOOT OF PANDAN.

How Jim Ragan of F Company Won the Prize Package.

Captain Morton shook both fists at the tranquil sky and cursed long and vehemently. F Company had marched twenty miles under a blazing sun for the especial purpose of surprising the Negros Island branch of insurgents in their mountain stronghold, Pandan, but the insurgents were not at home. They were grouped about the surrounding hills, literally kicking up their heels in glee at the discomfiture of the Americans. A few of them were shooting in the general direction of the town.

With a final malediction of much potency and originality, the captain turned to his men, who were casting furtive glances at the town and impatiently waiting permission to forage.

"Second and fourth squads remain here," he ordered. "The rest of you get into the town and see what's there. Bring me a chicken, some one."

The men granted the permission disappeared through the bamboo hedge that bordered the town as quickly as a startled covey of quail scurry into the brush. The members of the two disappointed squads set about helping the company cook to establish a temporary kitchen.

One of the bandits left his hill-top and moved down toward the Americans. He appeared presently on a little knoll a few hundred yards away. The sound of his voice came faintly but distinctly to the soldiers. "Vamos ladrones."

The captain made a megaphone of his hands and retorted in Tagalo with the affirmation that the insurgents were all persons of unmentionable parentage. Then he laughed. "Don't shoot," he admonished his men, "I like that fellow's gall."

The foraging party began to return straggling, with bananas, chickens, and miscellaneous articles of dress, musical instruments, knives, and the like.

"Gee, Cap!" cried a little corporal, "here comes Jim Ragan with the prize package of loot. Blest if it isn't a woman!"

"Well, I'll be damned," said the captain, slowly.

A tall khaki-clad private stepped out from between the bamboo clumps, holding his Springfield lightly tucked under one arm, on the other an exceedingly pretty mestiza girl clung rather confidently, it seemed. The soldier gently withdrew his arm and came to the rifle salute.

"Presidente Socsin's daughter, sir," he reported. "Found her locked up in one of the shacks."

The daughter of Presidente Junipero Socsin of La Carlota had been abducted a few weeks previous by the bandits because that official had welcomed the advent of the Americans to Negros. F Company had been on the trail of the abductors ever since.

"Cr-Buenas dias," said the captain, removing his hat. "That is all the Spanish I know. Tell her it's all right, Jim."

"Buenas dias, señor," replied the girl, in a startled little voice, resuming hold of the private's arm as soon as it was disengaged.

"H'm," said the captain, noticing this movement with a slight smile. "Guess you had better act as special escort, Jim. Here, you dirty ragamuffins," he shouted to the remainder of the company, "get out of sight; can't you see that you frighten the lady?"

F Company was certainly not dressed for parade. Two weeks on the trail through jungles, crossing several rivers and rolling down mountain paths had wrought havoc with their khaki clothing. The "kid glove company" resembled a gathering of scarecrows and was bitterly conscious of the fact, consequently it withdrew, much abashed.

"Get her something to eat, Jim," ordered the captain. "She can have my chicken."

Ragan hustled over to the extemporized kitchen, and appropriating the cleanest tin cup and plate, returned with food enough for several strong men. For the first time in its history F Company almost forgot to eat. Some of the men had procured a cart and carabao, and a heated discussion ensued as to the best means of making a ride in that jolting, lumbering vehicle endurable for "The Loot."

"She'll be shaken to pieces in that thing," insisted one. "The only thing to do is to make a litter."

"Who in blazes is going to carry it?" queried another. "We're all half dead."

"Pity some of us aren't entirely dead. The government is losing money on you."

Here the captain interrupted. The blanket rolls were piled into the cart and the men scurried through the town to apply lighted matches to the nipa houses.

"Now will you be good?" inquired the captain, looking toward the watchers on the hillside. The solitary one on the knoll danced up and down in frenzied rage. "Fall in! Fours right! Forward, march!"

Throned on a high pile of government blankets, Consuelo Socsin was escorted to La Carlota in triumph. When Ragan handed her down to Presidente Socsin in full view of half the regiment and the colonel, the triumph was complete. The men smiled placidly, as if to say, "F Company did this."

The presidente, irreverently known to the regiment as Jumping Junipero, would have embraced each man successively, but on first attempt he received a rude rebuff of "Get t' hell out of here." The company disappeared to its barracks to seek rest and beer.

Three weeks later Jim Ragan entered the captain's room and, saluting, waited for permission to speak.

"Fire away," said Captain Morton, cheerfully.

"I want to ask a favor," hesitated Ragan, "I want to talk to you as man to man for a few minutes."

"All right, Jim," said the captain. "Consider me temporarily reduced to the ranks."

Ragan spoke in an embarrassed manner, looking fixedly at the floor. "Well," he gulped, "I am very fond of Socsin's daughter, and she is—er—rather fond of me."

"Ye-es," said Captain Morton, quietly. "Quite natural. What next?"

The soldier was at ease immediately. "Socsin don't like the idea. He has it all arranged to marry Consuelo to some damned Dago. In a few days he will speak to the colonel and I will suddenly discover that I am detailed somewhere on the other side of the island. You know that the colonel and Jumping Junipero are thick as the chums. Or else Consuelo will be sent back to the convent at Manila."

"I'd like to help you, Jim," said the captain. "But what can I do? We are both in the service, remember."

"Oh, Cap, you ought to know some way," insisted the private. "You got us through that slough at Santa Ana, and—well, I'd rather have stayed there than lose her."

The captain chewed reflectively on an unlighted cigar. "When I wanted to marry," he remarked, absently, "there were objections and obstacles. We ran away. Of course, you couldn't do anything of that sort."

"No," said Ragan, watching the captain's face intently.

"Well, let's change the subject," said the officer, abruptly. "Those are fine horses of the colonel's." He pointed to the open window, through which could be seen the colonel's carriage, presented to him by Presidente Socsin. The horses could hardly be still for an instant.

"Those horses," continued the captain, watching with much interest a big lizard on the ceiling, "can beat any horses in Negros."

"Oh—" cried the captain, suddenly, "regarding that matter, you see that I can do nothing."

"I understand," replied Ragan. His spirits seemed to have revived. "Thank you, captain." He saluted and left, with a trace of a smile on his face.

Colonel Jones, U. S. V., never forgot his dignity. Even in a blue shirt, splashed with mud from head to foot, in the trenches, he had preserved his dignity. When on the skirmish line it had been necessary to sprawl on his stomach, he did so in a dignified manner. He was dignity personified that afternoon, as he stepped down the stairs to enter the carriage.

He stopped suddenly and stared in dignified amazement. Surely, he thought, his eyes were playing him tricks.

The Filipino coachman was thrown from his seat, and struck the ground with a distinct grunt. A mestizo girl in white leaped lightly into the carriage, and a soldier mounted the driver's seat. The vehicle disappeared in a cloud of dust.

An excited sentry discharged his piece into the air, which brought most of the regiment and all the idle population of the town to headquarters in a very few minutes.

"What is the matter, colonel?" inquired Captain Morton, appearing in his shirt-sleeves, with a cigar in his mouth.

"The matter, sir?" replied the colonel, with dignified indignation. "The matter is that one of your damned gutter-snipes has stolen my carriage and run off with the presidente's daughter."

"The case of Young Lochinvar—" began the captain.

"Damn it, sir!" stormed the colonel, "your joke is ill-timed. I'll Young Lochinvar him. Sergeant Allen, take your detail in pursuit instantly."

Fifteen men who had been improvised as "rough-riders" galloped out of the town at breakneck speed. But when they had proceeded a little distance I regret to say that the sergeant ordered "Halt."

"We are in no hurry," he remarked, calmly.

"But the colonel said—" began one of the men.

"You take a running jump at yourself, Hungry Hogan," said the sergeant, sharply. "What in hell has the colonel got to do with the 'Negros Light Cavalry?' My horse is lame. There is a padre at Pontivedra. Let Jim have time to get hitched, seeing that he is fool enough to want to. Damned little amusement he will get afterward. It's Bilibid Prison for keeps to him, I guess."

"It's a shame," said another of the men. "If a man can't keep his loot, what did we volunteer for?"

"Because we were born foolish, I guess," replied the sergeant. "Any one got a bottle?"

Meanwhile Captain Morton had sought out "Jumping Junipero" and explained to him with much difficulty, through an interpreter, that in America Señor Diego Ragan's social standing was as high as the colonel's. By degrees the presidente began to be consoled. In the end he seemed quite happy. He desired to embrace his new son-in-law with all possible speed. There remained only the colonel to be reckoned with, but the captain chewed his cigar dubiously.

Just as the last rays of the setting sun tinted saffron and crimson the west side of the volcano Malaspinas, the rough-riders escorted the carriage containing the two offenders into town. Theoretically, they came in disgrace, but from all appearances their return was

an event to be celebrated. The soldiers cheered noisily and the natives, catching the spirit of the thing, shouted, "Viva!"

But suddenly all the clamor ceased. The colonel stood on the summit of his stairs, awful in his dignity.

The carriage was driven up to headquarters, and Ragan assisted Mrs. James Ragan (*née* Socsin) to alight. Together they ascended the stairs, closely followed by the sergeant.

The sergeant saluted. "The prisoner, sir," he reported.

"Very well," said the colonel. "Wait, sergeant."

An audible chorus of growls broke the silence, low, ominous growls. A volunteer regiment never learns to repress its feelings. It will achieve the alleged impossible, and it will undergo anything, but it maintains the right to growl.

Regular army officers had dubbed this regiment "Lawyer Jones's Hoodlums," and pitied its colonel. Yet it was a reasonable regiment, and far better behaved than a regular army one. The colonel wanted these men to preserve the esteem for him which he believed them to hold, therefore these growls disturbed him. But they did not unbend his dignity.

"My man—" he began, sternly. The listeners did not even breathe. "The next time you desire to borrow my carriage, remember to obtain my permission through the proper channels."

Gently, but still in a dignified fashion, he bent and kissed the startled girl on the forehead. "Con permiso di usted, señora," he said.

Then pandemonium broke loose in three languages, English, Spanish, and Tagalo. The band, which had been waiting with their instruments for the coming concert, struck up "There'll Be a Hot Time," the anthem of the Eighth Corps.

"And to think that we've been blaming the colonel because the corned beef we got was rotten, and the regulars got good stuff," said one of the men. "He's the only colonel in the army."

And he was—for that regiment. W. O. MCGEEHAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1903.

Appendicitis Victims.

The idea that appendicitis is merely a fashionable disease is, like many another popular notion, a fallacy. It is a complaint which is prevalent at the present time both among the rich and the poor. Says the London *Daily Mail*:

The general belief that it is a new disease, manufactured by modern surgeons, is also incorrect. Only recently during some excavations in Egypt a mummy was brought to light upon which the doctors made further excavations; and at this strange post-mortem it was discovered that the cause of death, at least two thousand years ago, must have been appendicitis. To come down to more modern times, though to a date sufficiently long ago for the matter to be regarded as an old one, it may be mentioned that Addison published a book on appendicitis in 1836. In those days the complaint, with all its variations, was comparatively a rare one, and usually was referred to as typhilitis or perityphilitis. And by those names it was commonly known till about three years ago, when its rapidly increasing prevalence necessitated its closer study. Up to about 1898, indeed, the reports of the various hospitals contain no mention of the word appendicitis, speaking only of perityphilitis. Why during the last few years the complaint has increased by leaps and bounds not even the greatest authorities can explain. The majority of the medical text-books are silent as to its causes; even the "Encyclopedia Britannica" makes no mention of them. Yet the theories on the matter are many, and most of the doctors differ. The majority of them, however, agree that the old theory that appendicitis could be set up by swallowing a cherry stone is untenable, for the simple reason that the appendix—that unaccounted-for little cul-de-sac in one's interior organization—is not large enough to admit of such an intrusion. It may be caused by some hard matter lodging in the intestines, by a blow, or even by imagination! At least one authority, speaking of the matter recently, declared that many of those who are operated on were not really suffering from the complaint at all, but that they worried themselves into the belief that they were, and would not be satisfied until they had had their appendix removed.

The Bismarck *Tribune* gives some interesting statistics of the personnel of the North Dakota legislature. Out of ninety-eight members of the house of representatives whose birthplace has been looked up, the Canadian provinces lead with twenty-one members; Norway follows a close second with fourteen who first saw the light of day in the land of the midnight sun. The Badger State lines up in third place with nine names. Minnesota and Germany tie with seven each. The rest are scattered as follows: England 3, Scotland 1, Russia 1, Sweden 5, Iceland 1, Michigan 5, New York 5, Iowa 4, Illinois 4, Indiana 4, Massachusetts 1, New Jersey 1, Vermont 2, Ohio 2, Pennsylvania 2. Of these ninety-eight members, fifty-one follow the plow; twenty-two are merchants, five deal in farm implements, and a like number deal in dirt, four are bankers, three edit newspapers. There are two lawyers, two druggists, two "politicians" and a surveyor, contractor and insurance man.

In a remarkable speech delivered the other day at Khartoum, Lord Cromer made some striking observations as to the future of the Upper Soudan. One great obstruction to the development of Egyptian industry, he said, was the high price of coal. At Khartoum it was recently thirty dollars a ton. He added, however, that he had recently heard that there was great prospect of finding good coal south of Khartoum. "Such a discovery would be of greater value than the finding of gold, for it would materially alter the whole problem of the development of the Soudan."

BISMARCK IN RETIREMENT.

Sidney Whitman's Gossipy Reminiscences—Some Anecdotes of Frederick the Great and William the First—Princess Bismarck's Attitude Toward Royalty.

Sidney Whitman, who has achieved distinction as a writer, a student of politics, and a man of affairs, has brought out a readable book of "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," which intimately pictures the home life of the Iron Chancellor after his retirement and gives the reader a better idea of the kinder side of Bismarck's character. Through his comprehensive volume on "Imperial Germany," which greatly pleased the prince, Mr. Whitman received an invitation to visit Bismarck at his country seat at Friedrichsruh, and as a result of this meeting, a warm friendship sprang up between them. On ten different occasions Mr. Whitman was the guest of the Bismarcks, not only at Friedrichsruh, but at Varzin and Schoenhausen, the prince's other country estates.

When Mr. Whitman paid his first visit to Friedrichsruh, the fire of Bismarck's indignation had indeed died down. He says:

It was smoldering beneath the ashes. His heart was still steeped with bitterness—he had no idea of the place he still held in the affections of his countrymen. His judgment was for once at fault. Only after his son's marriage, as he approached his eightieth year, did he gradually regain that faith in his countrymen which had been so rudely shaken. There must have been a proud consciousness that the extraordinary popularity which shed its rays over the last years of his life was a tribute paid to him on his own terms. He had scorned to keep back or recant a word that might have imperiled it. He would accept nothing at the price of a lie. His popularity came as the reward of a conqueror among men who dictate his own terms and accept homage as his due. Unique as a triumph of character was this tribute rendered by a whole nation to an old man in private life.

Mr. Whitman says that every day a crowd collected about the gates of Friedrichsruh to catch a glimpse of the prince as he left the Schloss for his afternoon drive. People came from all parts, and especially on holidays; for even at that time Friedrichsruh had become a shrine for pilgrims:

Sometimes they vented their feelings in loud cheers; at others they uncovered in silent reverence. This was only one of the many indications of the prince's hold upon the heart and imagination of a vast section of the German people that I noticed during my first visit to Friedrichsruh, whereas the foreign press, and, more particularly, a part of the German press, endeavored to make the world believe that the sentiments of his countrymen toward him were of a totally different nature. Scarcely a day passed but telegrams arrived embodying good wishes and expressions of devotion from some social gathering throughout the country. When the train stopped at Friedrichsruh every head was put out of the carriage windows in the hope of catching a glimpse of the "retired" statesman. And should he happen to be on the platform to welcome a friend or bid adieu to a visitor, a forest of hats waved in deferential greeting. One of the sincerest tributes of those days came from Bavaria, in the somewhat cumbersome shape of barrels of Bavarian beer. There was no end to them, sent by Bavarian breweries in the hope of receiving an autograph letter in acknowledgement, expressing appreciation of the excellence of the brew. For whereas Prince Bismarck's closer countrymen had quietly acquiesced in him being put on the list of the "played out" ("Auf dem Aussterbe Etat") as one whose opinions were of no further consequence, the shrewd Bavarians had still the most implicit faith in his judgment on a matter of far more importance to them than politics or even religion—the quality of their beer.

While Bismarck managed to accumulate quite a fortune, he never speculated on the strength of information he received as chancellor. For example, he once told Mr. Whitman:

"I had invested what was a large amount for my circumstances in Russian state bonds. Shortly afterward our political relations with Russia became somewhat strained. Although I did not feel the slightest anxiety concerning the stability of Russian values—in which I have always had unabated confidence—I did not think it consonant with the etiquette of my position as German Chancellor to be personally interested in Russian stocks at such a critical juncture. So I gave instructions to Bleichroeder to sell out my holding. He implored me not to sell, and I felt that he was right. However, I still adhered to my resolution, and it cost me a good round sum of money, for at that particular moment all Russian securities had gone down very much. That loss I never made up again."

On one occasion Bismarck mentioned the two attempts which had been made on his life:

He told me of Cohen, who shot at him in 1866 Unter den Linden; that two shots from Cohen's revolver passed through his coat. After he had grappled with his assailant a couple of soldiers who seized hold of the assassin were about to ill-treat him. Bismarck called out to them, "Don't hurt him; we want him alive. He is of more use to us alive than dead." Bismarck always remained convinced that Roman Catholic priests incited Kullmann to make his attempt at Kissingen, and were even present on that occasion to see he carried it out. He told me that there were several priests among the crowd, and that on seeing one he even called out, "Stop that priest!" but in vain. Kullmann fired five shots at him, two of which struck the back of the carriage.

After Hödel had made his attempt on the emperor, the first words which old William uttered were, "Why, I don't even know the man!"

Concerning the more harmless incidents of German court life, Bismarck related the following:

"It was occasionally one of my functions to present all sorts of people to the king, and it now and then happened that my head was so full of more important matters that the very name of the person I was about to present lapsed from my memory. When that was the case I used to put a bold face upon it, and there being no time to inquire after names, I bluntly presented a man I did not know as Count Solms. You see, there are so many Count Solms that the king could not possibly know them all by sight. On the other hand, a man whose name might be Müller or Schulze was not likely to take it very much amiss if he were presented as Count Solms, which, after all, is a good family name. I got out of my difficulty in this manner on more than one occasion, and it never failed."

Bismarck was fond of relating several stories that showed beneath old King Frederick's roughness

there was a fund of deep feeling. Here is one he told as an instance of the king's endeavor to put right the results of his own violent temper:

In the course of some military evolution the king, irritated by some mistake of a captain, ran after him with his stick in order to strike him. The captain ran away. The next morning the commanding officer reported to the king that the officer in question, one of the most efficient in the regiment, had sent in his papers.

"Tell him to come to me," said the king. The officer, in great perturbation, came.

"Good morning, Major," he apostrophized the officer, who was speechless with surprise. "I wanted to tell you of your promotion, but you ran so fast I could not catch you up. Good-morning."

Another time an officer endeavored to get a comrade into bad odor with the king by telling his majesty that he was a drunkard. In a subsequent battle the latter's fitness was conspicuous, whereas his slanderer played a very poor part. When afterward he defied past the king at the head of his regiment, his majesty called out to him in a voice of thunder, "The sooner you take a drink the better." ("Sauf er Auch").

Bismarck's story of King William's despondency in the early days of "Conflict-Zeit" is well known. In relating it to Mr. Whitman one day, he said:

"Yes, I found royalty in a bad way; it was too weak for what is required under our monarchical conditions. Now and then I fancy I have been the means of making it a little too powerful, at least for a time. Have you heard the story of the rider who could not get on his horse, and called upon his patron saint to help him into the saddle?"

"I pleaded ignorance."

"Well," he continued, "the patron saint came to his assistance and gave him such a powerful 'lift-up' that he vaulted clean over the saddle and to the other side of his steed. 'Gently, don't be so vehement,' cried the rider. That, you see, was something like my action with regard to royalty. I now and then fancy I may have been too vehement" (heftig).

The renowned painter, Franz von Lenbach, whom Mr. Whitman met at the chancellor's home and who was a great friend of the family, commenting on Bismarck's exquisite delicacy of feeling and refinement, said that even those harmless forms of lubricity, such as are current more or less in every society in after-dinner anecdotes, were entirely foreign to his nature. Mr. Whitman adds:

Lenbach told me that during all the years he had known the prince, more than twenty years, he only remembered one solitary occasion on which he had ever heard him speak sharply, let alone say an unkind word to any one. A man servant in leaving the room had carelessly slammed the door. This evidently had jarred on Bismarck's nerves, for he rang the bell, and when the man appeared told him in a curt tone that he was to leave at the end of the month. About a quarter of an hour afterward he rang the bell again, and said in a mollified voice, "You may stay." That was all.

Mr. Whitman says that Bismarck's personal relations with the Americans he had met in the course of his career had invariably been of the most cordial nature:

Nearly all of them were attracted to him by the charm of his manner. They admired his character. Bismarck's intimate friendship with Motley, the historian, is well known. He was also particularly attached to George Bancroft, so that when it became a question of Bancroft being recalled from his post of United States minister at Berlin, Bismarck wrote specially to his friend Motley and begged him to intercede with the President to allow Bancroft to remain; and he did remain. Bismarck told me that when General Grant came to Berlin he accompanied him to see one of the reviews at the Tempelhofer Feld. Grant was not well that day, and they had to drive out in a closed carriage. Grant looked downcast, and told Bismarck that it worried him to think that he was to meet the Prussian soldiers sitting cuddled up in a carriage like any ordinary civilian. "Never you mind that, General Grant," Bismarck said, "you may sit here hidden from view, but our soldiers are well aware what sort of fighting man is in this closed carriage."

One day Mr. Whitman remarked that he could not quite understand the point which people, both in Germany and in England, were so fond of making of the English nationality of the Kaiser's mother, the late Empress Frederick. She was almost entirely German by blood, he argued, and the English royal family had been essentially German in their home life in her younger days, her father's influence having been decidedly German. "Yes, indeed," said Bismarck, "but there are Germans who are far more English than the English themselves. It was the empress's misfortune that in her position she felt herself to be an Englishwoman." Mr. Whitman adds:

The crown princess had brought up her daughters with a strong feeling of attachment for England, together with a conviction of the superiority of everything English. Thus, they always spoke English by preference, and when on a visit at German courts would sign their names in the visitors' book in English as "Princess of Prussia." The story went that one day their brother William—the present German emperor—heard his sisters exclaim that they longed to "go home." He asked them what they meant by "home." They said, "Home to England, to grandma!" Prince William rebuked them thus: "Now let me tell you this, I am a Prussian prince and you are a couple of geese." The crown princess now and then made disparaging remarks about German things, which ill-natured gossip eagerly laid hold of and enlarged upon. Thus during the illness of her husband at San Remo some British ships appeared in sight, and her expressions of delight were interpreted in an invidious sense. These and many other stories had been brought to Bismarck's knowledge. Although they could not be pleasant to him, he made no comment, but he regretted the frame of mind which called them forth as being an unfortunate one for all concerned.

Of the famous Times correspondent, M. de Blowitz, who recently died, Mr. Whitman says:

I had long harbored an idea that the real hero of the Berlin congress was neither Prince Bismarck nor Lord Beaconsfield, but the Chevalier de Blowitz. For whereas Bismarck had only played the uninteresting part of an "honest broker" and Lord Beaconsfield had been obliged to rest satisfied with a compromise with Russia, the gifted correspondent of the Times achieved next to impossible; he surpassed himself. He beat his own record by sending the Berlin treaty to the Times before the original draft was even signed. What Prince Bismarck told me at Varzin confirmed me in my surmise as to the prominent part played by this prince of journalists at the congress. The prince said it was urged in a certain quarter, that the chevalier should receive some mark of distinction from the Prussian government. Bismarck suggested that the third class of the Order of the Crown would meet the case. In

a certain quarter it was objected that the second class of that august order would be more appropriate. Bismarck replied that hitherto no journalists had ever received so high a distinction; on the other hand, it could not be gained said that there was only one De Blowitz in the world. So he decided to refer the matter to Lord Beaconsfield. "Give him the second class," said Beaconsfield, coaxingly, and the chevalier got it.

On the occasion of Bismarck's seventieth birthday the German nation collected a large sum of money by public subscription, with which they bought back the estate which had once formed a part of the family property of Schoenhausen, and made him a present of it:

A sum of 1,200,000 marks beyond the amount required for that purpose remained in hand, and was placed at the prince's free disposal to do with what he might deem fit. He decided to devote it to a fund to be named after his birthplace, and to be administered for all time to come from Schoenhausen. It was intended to provide assistance to deserving young Germans who had embraced the scholastic profession and might be in need of support prior to obtaining regular appointment; also to assist poor widows of German schoolmasters toward the education of their children. Thus has Prince Bismarck insured his name being held permanently in honor by a hard-working and most deserving section of the community. But to the stranger the interest of this foundation is enhanced by the conditions under which it—in common with all similar dispositions in Prussia—is administered: they are indeed such as could hardly find a parallel outside the state of Frederick the Great. For instead of remaining an appanage of the Bismarck family, thus possibly later on becoming a source of favoritism, this trust is administered by Prussian law under the strict control of the State. The president of the House of Lords for the time being exercises supreme jurisdiction over its dispensation. Not even a Prince Bismarck, having once designated a sum of money for a purpose of public utility, is allowed in Prussia to influence its administration. He relinquishes all control over it. Hence in perpetuating his memory in the village of his birth, Prince Bismarck at the same time gave a striking illustration of the spirit of conscientious responsibility which underlies the administration of trust funds in the country he devoted his life to bring to glorious recognition.

Princess Bismarck's lack of veneration for rank even of a royal degree, struck Mr. Whitman as being all the more remarkable since the prince, than whom no man was freer from the trammels of conventionality, down to the very last had a keen sense of what was due to those of royal blood:

If irritated he could tell an emperor that he would not allow him to trespass into his wife's drawing-room; under the influence of the amenities of every-day intercourse it was far different. He never made the slightest distinction between people of different station—more particularly if they met under his roof—but for all that a reigning grand duke or princelet was something decidedly "extra" in his eyes—une autre pâte—and was treated as such. This was beyond his own volition, the natural result of inherited strong monarchical feeling. Not so with the princess. She might have been a republican, though I do not mean one of Anglo-Saxon race, rather the wife of a blunt Swiss burgher. She was free from that vanity which suns itself in the warmth of a regal smile. During many long years she had fulfilled the duties of representations in Berlin and carried them out with the quiet dignity and assurance of one born to a position in good society. Yet we know that her heart was never in the task. Not even the knowledge that her husband was the centre of all this glitter could obliterate the feeling in her that this was after all a fictitious world, one in which the genuine had scarcely any foothold. Not once did I ever hear her refer to a period which with others would have constituted past glories to dwell upon in fond memory as the only solace left for present neglect.

Mr. Whitman says that despite the many presents Princess Bismarck received from royalties, there was not a single memento of any of them in her tiny boudoir adjoining the drawing-room.

Every inch of space was wanted for those she loved and for the few—however humble their station—who were devoted and true to her husband. Gorgeous tankards, mugs, centrepieces, and every other form of silver and gold plate poured into the house as offerings from the outside world during the later years of her life. Among these was the costly dinner-service I have already alluded to. But not even on Prince Bismarck's birthday did I see a trace of any of these things on the dinner table or about the house. For the princess attached little value to articles of luxury, however costly, unless they were connected in her memory with some distinct trait of human kindness. This was the case with a small silver-gilt goblet, its cover ornamented with wrought roses in enamel. It was a memento from an intimate friend of the family, long since dead, whom she had nursed through sickness. This goblet—although almost insignificant as an ornament—had always a prominent place in the centre of the table.

When the order was received from Berlin that the German ambassador in Vienna and his staff were to take no official notice of Prince Bismarck, or of any member of his family, or to accept invitations to the wedding of Bismarck's son, Count Herbert, Prince Reuss was placed in an embarrassing position:

He had to choose between the alternative of asking to leave Vienna on private business or of simulating illness. Not being in very good health at the time, he chose the latter. But his consort refused to share his diplomatic retirement. She was "at home" when Prince Bismarck called, and welcomed him as an old friend. She even jeopardized her husband's diplomatic career by taking the man who was under imperial ban upstairs to her husband's bedroom. Princess Reuss subsequently returned Prince Bismarck's call in person, and had a long chat with Princess Bismarck, to whom she said: "You know, my husband is, after all, only an ambassador, and must obey instructions as long as he is in charge here. But I am the daughter of a German sovereign prince (the Grand Duke of Weimar), and I will not take orders of this kind from Berlin. Moreover, it is a great pleasure for me to meet you and your husband, and I am delighted to see you."

Mr. Whitman says that in his last days, Bismarck longed to be in harness again, and at times when something in the conduct of public affairs did not go exactly to his liking, he would burst out pathetically: "Ah, I should like to give them a bit of my mind!" "Ich kann aber das Stueck nicht mehr blasen." ("Alas! I am no longer able to play that tune!")

The volume is supplemented by an index and two characteristic portraits, one of Prince Bismarck, which serves as a frontispiece, and another of his wife taken in 1892.

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AMERICA'S COZY CLUBS.

Homes of Good-Fellowship Described by "Van Fletch"—The Graduate Club of New Haven—John Hays Hammond's Valuable Collection of South African Horns.

Clubs, like cities and homes and every social community, have their special characteristics. If they are harmonious and hospitable they are what we quaintly call cozy, and if they are cozy, they are comfortable. Of the clubs that memory picks out of many enjoyed in a life of much wandering, nearly all that are remembered as being especially cozy have their habitat in a deserted family mansion retaining something of the family atmosphere and all the hominess of residential arrangements. London, for example, has many clubs that owe their coziness largely to the fact that they occupy old homesteads. The whole line of Piccadilly opposite the park is studded with them and Dover Street has a goodly number also. In fact, the club centre of London, nearly a mile in diameter, is largely tenanted by clubs located in ex-family habitations and jealously preserving the home characteristics.

In this country also, in the older cities, the coziest and chummiest of club organizations flourish. In New Orleans, the Boston Club is unique. That it should be named Boston seems strange, for about the time the club was established, Ben Butler made Boston and Beans, and even the letter *B*, decidedly unpopular. Neither was the Boston Club founded by Bostonians who flocked to the South after the war. "Boston" happened, at the time, as "Bridge" is now, to be the name of a popular game in which the "nine hole" was denominated "hell," and they called it Boston, not for short, but for spite. In Philadelphia, the Rittenhouse Club, although "built-on-to" until there is scarce recognition of its homely beginnings, stands for coziness and genial good-fellowship. Men of national and international fame for their accomplishments in life, and far past the meridian of longevity, are to each other George, and Henry, and William, within the friendly walls. In Louisville, the Pendennis warms the cockles of every heart that enters its noble portals, and sustains the Bourbon hospitality of a Bourbon State with a dignity befitting a congregation of doughty colonels and good judges.

Those who remember the old Century Club in New York regret the moving to new and modern quarters in the club centre of New York, because of the loss of that something called coziness, which is impossible to obtain in any structure not planned for the housing of femininity. In Boston, the Saint Bodolph and the Somerset and the Union are hospitable types of the cozy club, but it remains for the Tavern Club to express masculine communal-domesticity in its rarest quality. It is similar to what the Bohemian Club of San Francisco was when the atmosphere of the farm was conveyed to it from the market underneath it on Pine Street. In those days thought of the country was imported into that mid-city domain of art and culture from the chicken-coops and fruit bins of the market, and is badly missed in the modern quarters now occupied by the club, in spite of its Redwoods adjunct on Russian River.

It is the present enjoyment of lodging and living in the Graduates Club of New Haven, an adjunct of Yale University, in fact if not officially so, that sets me to thinking of coziness and cozy clubs in particular. I have a little box of a room, judged by modern spacious divisions of houses, but it is cozy. On a steamship it would be called sumptuous in size and would cost a thousand dollars a week to occupy. The bedrooms of the club are clustered so conveniently about a group of bath and toilet-rooms that all are a part of each other and of the whole. From No. 1, I look out upon a large open space, with lawns and gardens, and especially a fine old pine-tree that tells of more than a hundred years of residence in New Haven and more than a hundred years companionship with the dwelling which is the nucleus of the Graduates Club. It is a sturdy old pine, and I am getting to be very fond of it. My bed is by a window opening on the gardens, so that I need never draw the curtains to obtain privacy, and it is a joy to study astronomy from beneath eider-down quilts with head resting on eider-down pillows with big *Y's* embroidered on them. Meteorology also becomes an interesting science when one sleeps with one's nose against a window-pane; especially if there be frost in the night and Jack settles on the glass of the window and imprisons the end of the sleeping nose. On awakening there is no need to look at a thermometer to learn the temperature.

The pipes-and-ale room of the Graduates Club has an appearance as Johnsonian as the famous Cheshire Cheese in London. Some one donated enough hundred-year-old wall-paper from out the colonial scrap closet of his grandmother, who was a cousin of Jonathan Edwards, to cover the stunted walls of the room, and others donated heirloom settles from the chimney-corner of Revolutionary Days and furnished the den in keeping with its genuine antiquity. In the big meeting-hall, built-on at the back, and connecting with the dormitories, rests Professor John Hays Hammond's famous collection of South African horns, including the now celebrated Dilemma species which attacked him when engaged in one of his hunts in South Africa, and escape from which saved to Sheffield and to Yale and Science a brilliant servitor. The value of the collection is hard to estimate because they all fell to the gun of Professor Hammond, but a market value of one hun-

dred thousand dollars was put upon the Dilemma specimen alone, so that some conception may be formed of the value of twenty or more equally rare and fine examples of things fast disappearing before the advance of civilization.

VAN FLETCH.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., February, 1903.

OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It would be a great favor to me—and I am sure to other readers as well—if you would print in your columns a poem called "The Revenge of Hamish." The author's name I do not remember. Very sincerely,

E. A. ARNOLD.

The Revenge of Hamish.

It was three slim does and a ten-tined huck in the bracken lay;

And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awake on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the bracken and
passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;

In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears on turn.
Then the huck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown
did go.

Full high in the hreeze, and he stood as if Death had the
form of a deer;

And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slower came to a close,
Till they woke and were still hreath-bound with waiting and
wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds
shot by.

The does and the ten-tined huck made a marvelous
bound,

The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was
nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochhuy to the
hunt that waxed wild.

And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the
hounds

For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the
wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen
stand;

But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead: "Go
turn!"

Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the hurn,
Do thou turn them to me; nor fail lest thy hack be red as
thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half hrown of his hreath with
the height of the hill,

Was white in the face when the ten-tined huck and
the does

Drew leaping to-hurn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were
o'er weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and hounded away to
the hurn.

But Maclean never hating his watch tarried waiting
below.

Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was
greenish and stern,

And his eyes sat hack in the socket, and shrunken the eye-
halls shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to
see.

"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a heacon the wind
bath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined huck made out," spoke Hamish,
full mild,

"And I ran for to turn, but my hreath it was hrown, and
they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined huck in the sight of the
wife and the child

"I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a
snail's own wrong!"

Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen
all:

"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his hack let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the hite of
thong!"

So Hamish made hare, and took him his strokes; at the last
he smiled.

"Now I'll to the hurn," quoth Maclean, "for it still
may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined huck for a gift to the wife and
the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and
over the hill

Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward
shame;

And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-hacked
Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about
turns he.

"There is none hetwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams
under breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the
crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart
goes dead for a space,

Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks
through the glen,

And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a
desperate race.

Not a hreath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all
the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the
sea,

And the lady cries: "Clansmen run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook
him and hold

"Fast Hamish hack from the hrink!"—and ever she flies up
the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle
and strain,
But, mother, 'tis vain; hut, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the hrink, and dangles the
child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all
stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her
knees.

Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! hut please, hut please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with
a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe,
and a song,

Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye
all,

Ten blows on Maclean's hare hack shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the hite
of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his
tooth was red,

Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, hut it never
shall be!

Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the
sea, if dead?"

"Say yea!—Let them lash me, Hamish?"—"Nay!"—"Hus-
band, the lashing will heal;

But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet hairn in
his grave?

Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will hare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean
gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to
the earth.

Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would
tremble and lag;

"Strike hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced
with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke
with a song.

When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace
down the height,

And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a
wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the
thanksgiving prayer—

And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift
pace,

Till her finger nigh felt of the hairn's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child
in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible
height in the sea,

Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and
pallid Maclean,

Age-feebly with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of
dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his hack drip-
ped in the hrine.

And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,

And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began
to shine.

—Sidney Lanier.

An Incident of the Plague in the Philippines.

A correspondent of the *Medical Record* says that in
December last a padre in a northern province of Luzon
told his congregation that he had had a vision in which
he had seen San Roque, the patron saint against
cholera, descending into a well, and that San Roque
had informed him that whoever drank or bathed in the
waters of this well would have no cholera, that he (San
Roque) thought that his people has been chastened
enough, and had come back to protect them. This an-
nouncement was made immediately after the priest
had heard that cholera no longer existed in the pro-
vince. Immediately following the announcement of the
priest, the people of the vicinity flocked to the well
by hundreds, the news rapidly spread, and within a
week a crowd of thousands had collected, many com-
ing from distant provinces and camping in the fields.
It was a sight never to be forgotten to see hundreds
of men, women, and children, stripped stark naked,
standing about the well and having its waters poured
over them, while others were drinking the water and
carrying it away in bottles. The conditions were pres-
ent for a most virulent outbreak, for many of the faith-
ful came from districts in which cholera still existed,
and the well was certain to become ultimately infected
and prove a focus from which the disease would be
transmitted in all directions. Argument was useless
with the pilgrims, and it became necessary for the
authorities to close the well by force, and place it under
an armed guard—for the people firmly believed that
San Roque would stamp out cholera, if they only did
as the priest told them.

The international committee in Paris has awarded
to St. Louis the Olympic games for 1904 which have
been conceded to Chicago. They would have been held
in the lake city as arranged had not the postponement
of the St. Louis Exposition enabled that city to put in
a strong bid for the games as an adjunct to the fair.
An interesting feature will thus be added to that display
which may attract and retain many visitors in spite
of the drawbacks attending athletic contests in St.
Louis in midsummer. Reasons of sentiment alone were
sufficient to insure the success of the games when first
revived some years ago at Athens. No such sentiment
will be aroused next year. There is danger that the
games may become merely a side-show and be dwarfed
as at Paris, three years ago, by the manifold feature
of the exposition.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Heroines of Poetry."

To him "who is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds," Constance Elizabeth Maud's book will appeal. "Heroines of Poetry" is a collection of stories of women characters of the poets done into every-day prose. For what reason we know not! Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" have a niche of their own, inasmuch as they serve to acquaint the schoolboy with the outline of the great plays before he is mature enough to grasp them in their entirety. But what child does not read and love "The Princess," "The Golden Legend," "Elaine," "Hiawatha"? And although Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Keats may not be such universal household gods, still the bare stories of Lamia or Savitri, or the Beloved without their rhythm are like the song without the music, the flower without its fragrance.

For when we read in "The Princess" the manly assurance of the prince,

"Henceforth thou hast a helper, me; that know
The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free. . .
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words,"

what do we care for the prose of Constance Elizabeth's version, "Men and women must rise and sink together; neither can do without the other, and no great good can come to either unless they pull together."

While "brevity," we are told, "is the soul of wit," we get more brevity than wit in the exchange of the metrical

"Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight
Brought the sunlight of his people
Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

for the prose text, "At the door of Hiawatha's wigwam stood old Nokomis to receive them."

Again, when we read in the prose version of the story of "The Fair Maid of Astolat" that "on the tenth day she asked for the priest that she might confess her sins and be shriven before she died," we get the letter, to be sure, but do we not get the spirit, too, when we read in Malory's quaint text, "So when she had thus endured a ten days she feeble, so that she must needs pass out of the world, then she shrived her clean and received her Creator. For, she said, since it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of heaven to have mercy upon my soul."

And are we not robbed of a just inheritance when Browning's description of the little duchess,

"My friend, I have seen a white crane higger!
She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That ever-filled her,"

is rendered into "For she was small and dainty as a fairy, and loved nothing better than to sing and dance all day?"

The volume is published by John Lane, New York.

Persian Literature.

The distinguished Arabic scholar, Professor Edward G. Browne, of Cambridge, has addressed his important work, "A Literary History of Persia," "most of all to that small but growing body of amateurs who, having learned to love the Persian poets in translation, desire to know more of the language, literature, history and thought of one of the most ancient, gifted, and original peoples in the world." Most of these "amateurs" will, however, regret to learn that they must await the second volume for a discussion of the more familiar names—Ferdousi, Hafiz, and Khayyám. The present work covers the period from the earliest times to, but not including, the great epic poet, Ferdousi. In order not to convey a wrong impression by Professor Browne's use of the word amateur, it should be stated that the work is in no degree popular, and very great concentration and interest in Persian literature will be required for its perusal.

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$4.00.

A Practical Work on the Labor Problem.

We have no hesitation whatever in saying that for the business man, the practical man, not the theorist, John Graham Brooks's work on "The Social Unrest" is the most direct and informative that has appeared for many a long day. All those problems connected with labor unions and employers are discussed, not vaguely and with much theorizing, but concretely and with constant return to information from, and statements of, business men and leaders in the union movement. No feature of the book is more striking than the constant quotation from practical men in the

thick of the fight, with great numbers of whom Mr. Brooks has come in contact, and who have given him, in confidence, information that they would never have permitted to be published over their signatures. Mr. Brooks himself is undoubtedly tinged somewhat with socialistic ideas, though he is nowhere dogmatic or extreme. On the contrary, he points the way to a better condition of affairs, without socialism, through joint agreements between employers and their unionized employees. This, he claims, is not a panacea, but will greatly aid in reducing the friction that is now so irritating to both sides.

Mr. Brooks has for twenty-five years been a lecturer upon economic subjects. He was for two years expert in the employ of the United States Department of Labor at Washington. On every page of the book is evidence of his minute knowledge of his subject. Even to those who will not be in sympathy with some of the author's ideas, the book will prove in the highest degree interesting and provocative of thought. We commend it emphatically to every person—especially to the practical man—who has more than a casual interest in the tremendous problems of labor and capital.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Theology and the Social Consciousness," by Henry Churchill King, professor of theology and philosophy in Oberlin College, is a brief treatise based on a series of lectures delivered before the Harvard Summer School of Theology in 1901. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Children's First Story-Book" (25 cents), by May H. Wood; "Electra," a Spanish drama (70 cents), by B. Pérez Galdós, edited with notes and vocabulary by Otis Gridley Bunnell, M. S.; and "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" (40 cents), a comedy in four acts, by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, edited with notes and vocabulary by Edwin Carl Roedder, Ph. D., of the University of Wisconsin, are published by the American Book Company, New York.

M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), who has considerable popularity in England as a writer of pleasant love stories, has added to her lengthy list "The Manor Farm." It is a humorous tale of two Somersetshire widower cousins, one of whom has a son, the other a daughter. They dwell in the "Manor House," which is divided in two by a wall. Of course, the cousins agree that their children shall marry. Beulah and Reuben, however, are of a different mind. Other lovers and beloveds figure in the story, and finally the two parents quarrel and become sworn enemies. Then at once, of course, Beulah and Reuben hit it off, and the parents make up. It is a very amusing light novel, and is handsomely printed and bound. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The name of Chauncey C. Hotchkiss on the cover of an historical novel is guarantee of a good story. His "Strength of the Weak" was very good; "For a Maiden Brave" is even better. The book's hero, John Chester, is a student at Yale during the Revolutionary days. He undertakes to guide an expedition through British-held territory for the purpose of capturing a Tory. In the carrying out of this purpose he encounters perils innumerable from the plottings of a varlet cousin and said cousin's innamorata and accomplice. Chester's rich uncle is also the object of the twain's deep dark designs. But there appears on the scene a beautiful girl, secretly a patriot, with whom, with inexorable inevitability, Chester falls in love. Subsequent events may be left for the reader to discover. Of course, the story is rather improbable—all tales of adventure and peril are—but it is nevertheless readable. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Though "Ancient Athens" is rather the most ambitious work yet produced by Professor Ernest Gardner, many books of weight already bear his name, and all are highly regarded by archaeologists. For nearly twenty years Dr. Gardner has been engaged in making excavations in Greece, and he is perhaps the highest living authority on Hellenic history. "Ancient Athens" is semi-popular: it will interest the seriously inclined general reader as well as the historical student. The latest results of research are embodied therein, the style is lucid, and the book is a handsome octavo of nearly six hundred pages. Its one serious fault lies in the illustrations. In this respect the grave error has been made of sacrificing quality to number. Many landscape half-tones are too small or too much blurred

to convey any clear impression. Such are the pictures on pages 15 and 217, for instance. Evidently the films were originally poor, and the fault does not lie with the reproduction process. The line drawings, the plates, and the photographs of single objects are, however, generally good. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

"Kulóskap, the Master," is a collection of Algonkin folk-lore, which has been translated metrically by Charles Godfrey Leland, F. R. S. L., M. A., ("Hans Breitman"), and John Dyneley Prince, Ph. D. The book will appeal both to the student of ancient Indian myths, and to the general reader with a taste for the naïve and simple songs of a vanished race. The book may be compared with one on Zuni folk-lore, manuscripts for the publication of which were left by Cushing, and with Grinnell's various works of similar character. The authors say justly that "very few persons are aware that there has perished, or is rapidly perishing, among the Red Indians of North America, far more poetry than was ever written by the white inhabitants." To preserve a little of this imaginative literature is the commendable aim of the present work. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

It is amazing how much viscid flattery an author can get for his literary begettings if he only sets diligently about it. Most reviewers are anxious to please, and a personal letter from a real author will stir them up to say nice and dishonest words about almost anything. So here comes James Henry Foss, real-estate dealer, with a production called "A Gentleman from Everywhere," about which he has sent us two letters, and besides a booklet containing fifty-nine more or less eulogistic notices of which the publications that printed them should be ashamed. For Mr. Foss reveals himself in his biographical story to be a wishy-washy person, with a liking for weak poetry, and the talent for writing weaker, with no literary ability, and with more than a touch of the fanatic. He is a rank sentimentalist, essentially a braggart, and altogether a very curious person, all of which estimate is abundantly justified, to our mind, by the frontispiece portrait of this one-time book-agent. Published by the author, 18 Claremont Park, Boston.

A Novel as a Real-Estate Boomer.

Louisville papers are authority for the statement that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," not only brought to Cabbage Patch residents, the gladdest, richest Christmas their pinched lives had ever known, but has started a tide of immigration toward this suburb of Louisville. Before Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, now Mrs. Cale Young Rice, introduced Mrs. Wiggs to her thousands of friends, the Cabbage Patch was held as undesirable a living spot as Kentucky could show. Now, all Louisville takes its guests to see the Cabbage Patch and to discover, if possible, Mrs. Wiggs, Miss Hazy, Lovey Mary, and all the rest; while every traveler through Kentucky stops off at Louisville on the same errand, and kodak enthusiasts haunt the region at all hours. Nor is this all. The Cabbage Patch has become—fashionable is hardly the word—popular among the lower circles of Louisville's people; and one landowner has let contracts for twenty-two new cottages to meet the demands of would-be Cabbage Patchites. These new cottages will be ready to accommodate the spring rush, which the appearance of "Lovey Mary" in book-form is expected to increase.

This new picture of life among the lowly promises to have as great a success as its predecessor, for those who smiled at the quaint sayings of the widowed Mrs. Wiggs and the amusing antics of her children will be glad to get another glimpse of them. The new story, by the way, is not a sequel, although several other familiar characters again appear in its pages. Here is a characteristic bit of advice, taken at random, which shows that the sympathetic Cabbage Patch philosopher has lost none of her original charm:

"If you want to be cheerful, jus set yer mind on it an' do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!' It wasn't fer my own sake I ast it—some people 'pears to enjoy bein' low-spirited—it was fer the children an' Mr. Wiggs. Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile. . . . The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more about other folks than about yerself."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Buffalo Bill's" daughter, Miss Irma Cody, was married to Lieutenant Clarence Armstrong Stott, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., at North Platte, Neb., on Tuesday.

Philip L. Weaver has been appointed assistant attorney-general of the Hawaiian Islands by Attorney-General Andrews. He is a nephew of General S. C. Armstrong, who founded Hampton Institute for the education of negroes, and a graduate of the University of California, class of '91, and of the Hastings College of Law.

In order to relieve Marconi from the necessity of performing service in the Italian army, King Victor Emmanuel has transferred him to the navy, which sphere of activity he will doubtless find more congenial, if, indeed, it does not afford a larger opportunity for the exercise of his talent. The connection may be merely nominal. Nevertheless, the incident illustrates the strictness of the requirement of Italy that all able-bodied citizens shall perform some military duty.

Marie Corelli is again indignant. This time her anger has been aroused by a story which has been circulated to the effect that she, with the assistance of a literary friend, has been engaged for nearly two years on a work largely of a biographical nature, which will be published in the course of the next few months. Miss Corelli says she has not been so engaged, nor would she ever dream of accepting the assistance of any friend, literary or otherwise, in writing anything. And she declares that she is not and never will be a biographer, either of her own life or of the lives of other people.

The preliminary passage of arms in the suit against Mme. Therese Humbert and her husband, brought on behalf of the banker, M. Cattani, and now awaiting judgment, developed into a sort of popular glorification of these incorrigible swindlers. The courtroom was crowded, and showed the admiration of the Parisians for Mme. Humbert and her accomplices. The arguments and testimony of the plaintiff were interrupted by ironical laughter, while the final plea of the Humbert advocate was greeted with salvos of applause. Many people are inclined to think the prisoners will be acquitted, because the victims are almost all capitalists, company promoters, sharp-eyed, hard-fisted bankers and professional money lenders, whom the indefatigable Therese accuses of usury, and some of whom, according to official experts, lent money on a sixty per cent. basis. No Parisian jury, it is argued will sympathize with these unpopular money-lenders.

Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of electricity, says he is tired and intends to drop industrial science for two whole years and rest himself by taking up pure science and investigating the thousand and one properties of metals and chemicals that he has notes about in his book. He does not consider this a strenuous vacation, but says: "All I'm going to do is what every pure scientist does—the fellow who finds out the actions of metals and chemicals under different conditions and in various combinations by experimenting, but who does not apply the results industrially. Guided by my notes, I'm going to mix things in laboratory mortars and chemists' tubes and what not, and watch for results. That's all pure science does. It never thinks things out, like industrial science. It just blunders, stumbles against discoveries, while industrial science is the result, in greater part, of concentrated and consecutive thought. It will be fun, and maybe I'll find out something worth while—who can tell? Anyway, I'm looking forward to a real good time."

At last the notorious Earl of Yarmouth has landed an heiress with a fortune. His engagement to Miss Alice Thaw, daughter of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who made an immense fortune in coal and iron, has just been announced. Having exhausted his moral, social, and financial credit in England, and being in what are called reduced circumstances, the earl, who is the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, came to the United States several years ago in search of an heiress, and has been so gracious as to offer his coronet to a dozen or fifteen young ladies of property. Each in turn has squelched him, and, being pressed for means to pay his board and cigarette bills, he has made use of his title in the theatrical and newspaper business, without great success in either. He wrote articles for the sensational New York newspapers for so much a column as long as the editors would pay for them, and then he played minor parts at different theatres as long as curiosity would lead people to a theatre to see an actor earl.

LITERARY NOTES.

History as She is Wrote.

A kitty-cat playing with a casket of crown jewels; a small boy monkeying with his father's double-barreled, twelve-gauge, shot-gun; a bull in a china-shop—these are some of the things which just now occur to us to compare with a young woman writer who twists the facts of universal history for the fell purpose of writing pleasing fiction. The license of poets, it strikes us, is an an infinitesimal divergence from rectitude compared with the liberties that authoresses of unhistorical "historical" novels now take with dead royalty. The ideas regarding history of young persons whose steady diet is this sort of literary pap most surely be wonderful, most wonderful, and beyond that out of all whooping. The precipitator of these remarks is Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's book, "Vive L'Empereur!" the plot of which is something like this: Talleyrand, Michael Ney, M. le Maréchal Victor, M. le Général Bertrand, and M. Charles Teste, plotters, meet at the house of a baroness. The throne of Louis Philippe is tottering. The men come to conspire with Talleyrand to make the Duke de Reichstadt king. At a critical moment, however, Talleyrand declares the duke can not live a month. The rest are aghast. Then Talleyrand produces papers proving that the duke is not the son of Napoleon; that Napoleon's child was a girl; that she was exchanged at birth for the son of an Irish officer; that she now lives in Ireland. Immediately they are all for her.

In the next chapter we are introduced to the girl; she looks strikingly like Napoleon. The plotters have an audience with her in her Irish home; they tell her of her royal parentage. Meanwhile, she has fallen in love with Michael Ney (son of General Ney, who, according to this authoress and others, we believe, escaped execution to live happily in the United States). The twain know that if she becomes empress of the French, they can never marry. So she refuses the tendered empressship, and through an extraordinarily convenient window burls into the dark blue dashing sea the documents upon which her cause rests. Thus ends the book.

This is quite an ingenious tale. The trouble is that it is sadly out of date. It is behind the times. It lacks local color. We suggest a change in the ending. Let Michael Ney marry Norah, Napoleon's daughter. Let Talleyrand's hatred induce the pair to fly to America under the assumed name Morgan, and settle in Connecticut. Then let a son be born, grandson of Napoleon—a very bright boy, in fact, a genius, who, let the reader at last perceive, is no other than our own beloved J. Pierpont Morgan. Now that would be a story worth the telling.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

The True Historie of an Olde Plaie.

In form and matter, the little book "On Seeing an Elizabethan Play" could scarcely be bettered for the purpose for which it was designed. Even taken apart from the Stanford University production of Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," it is very interesting. The authors have given us terse and illuminative essays on theatre buildings and their interior arrangement at the beginning of the seventeenth century; on the play in question itself; on its scenes; and on its music (with reproductions of the scores). To these essays has been added a reprint from an old book of directions on the conduct of gallants at the play.

The little volume is most pleasingly bound, and the frontispiece and title-page are modeled after those of ancient books. It is, however, regrettable that into so attractive a volume some errors should have crept. For instance, it is spelled "Gulls Horne-Book" on the title-page, "Guls Horne-Booke" in the reprint. An essayist spells it *Dekker*, the title-page *Decker*. A writer says on page 9 that "we are fortunately able to reproduce here the views of both the exterior and the interior of the Swan." The less fortunate reader, however, looks for the exterior view in vain.

Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

Religion Versus Science.

Many are the strenuous efforts which have been put forth to reconcile the conflict between religion and science. Every time it has been done to some one's satisfaction, it seems necessary for some one else to do it all over again, which would seem to indicate that it has never yet been done with universal satisfaction. W. H. Mallock, a writer of unquestioned ability, who has gathered laurels in the romantic field and earned substantial fame

as an essayist, has recently tried his practiced hand on the subject. The result is a remarkably well-conceived and thoughtful quarto volume entitled "Religion as a Credible Doctrine." He has at least reduced the question to a minimum. It is written in the interest of no creed. The basis of the inquiry as far as religion is concerned is confined to three elemental propositions which are vital to all religions: the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and the free-will feature of belief. What he has made plainest in his argument is that there are two worlds, the one spiritual, the other material, and that the exploration of each requires a totally different set of human faculties. The cosmic world we interpret by the exact methods of science; the moral or spiritual world by standards which individual judgment may supply. There is therefore room for both without collision. "The known remains always finite, the unknown always infinite." To comprehend the reconciliation one must "get rid of the utterly false idea that no two beliefs can be true which the intellect is unable to reconcile." Thinking people, both scientific and religious, will find the volume full of interesting matter.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has written a detective story, described as having a distinct psychological and ethical interest, which is about to be issued from the press of the Century Company under the title of "A Comedy of Conscience."

"Middle Age Love Stories" (seven in number), by Josephine Dodge Daskam, is to be published soon by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The special edition of Frank Norris's works, now in preparation, will be known as the "Golden Gate" edition, and will consist of a limited number of sets, probably not more than one hundred and fifty, printed with special type on a fine quality of paper. There will be eight volumes in the set, including the four earlier novels, the two completed parts of the trilogy of "The Wheat" and two more volumes of Mr. Norris's short stories and literary essays. A feature of the edition will be extensive bibliography of Mr. Norris's writings, which is now being prepared by Mrs. Norris. Separate editions of the essays and short stories will be brought out at about the same date.

Myrtle Reed, author of "Lavender and Old Lace" and the "Spinster Book," is preparing a novel which is said to be "in a field hitherto uninhabited by writers of fiction."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are publishing a record of the mountaineering ascents undertaken to date in the Himalayas in J. Norman Collie's "Climbing in the Himalaya and Other Mountain Ranges." The book is illustrated with photogravures from mountain photographs, and contains maps. Mr. Collie is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the Alpine Club.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Life of Henry Ward Beecher" is now rapidly approaching completion.

Gouverneur Morris is the hero of Carter Goodloe's "Calvert of Strathore," which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Jefferson also plays a prominent part. The scene of the story is the American legation in Paris, through whose doors, so to speak, is witnessed the dark and tragic procession of the great revolution. The hero is connected with the American legation, and the heroine is a brilliant young woman of the French nobility.

The Macmillan Company promises for this month "Athletics and Outdoor Sports by Women," by numerous hands, introduced by a general preface by Miss Lucille Eaton Hill, Director of Physical Training at Wellesley College.

The new volumes in the English Men of Letters Series to be published this spring by the Macmillan Company are "Crabbe," by Alfred Ainger; "Jane Austen," by H. C. Beeching; "Browning," by G. K. Chesterton; "Hobbes," by Sir Leslie Stephen; "Lowell," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; "Emerson," by Professor Woodberry; and "Franklin," by Owen Wister.

The death of Julian Ralph, famous as a war correspondent, calls to mind a unique venture in which he was interested, in collaboration with Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling—namely, the publication of a newspaper in the field during the Boer war. It was called the *Friend*, and was put in permanent form by Mr. Ralph under the title of "War's Brighter Side," and dedicated to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

San Francisco Conservatory of Music

This institution has grown so rapidly within the last two years that Professor Bonelli was obliged to look for more extensive accommodations. He therefore moved to the opposite corner of Eddy and Jones Streets. The building has been entirely remodeled by Mr. Bonelli, and made an attractive and ideal one for a Conservatory. Bay-windows have been added, the building painted, and the entire interior beautifully papered and repainted. The imported Italian transparent shades give the building at night a most picturesque appearance, almost like a panoramic scene, whilst the effect in daylight is beautiful from the inside. The shades not only answer as a decoration, but are found very useful in the music rooms in the daytime, giving all the light necessary, besides a cheerful and charming appearance. On entering the Conservatory, your first impression is that of Oriental decorations. At the base of the steps a large bronze statue greets you. To the left, on entering, is a large, bright, cheerful office, used exclusively by Professor Bonelli and his private secretary. The next room is occupied by the bookkeeper and stenographer. Next comes the reception room, and aside of these ten other rooms devoted to teaching purposes only. The doorways of all the rooms are hung with elegant portieres, and the rooms in general bear the impression of refinement and cheerfulness.

There are eighteen pianos in use at the Conservatory, four claviers and four technicians. No matter when one calls, the sound of music may be heard from one room or another, even as late as ten p. m., for the stringed instruments are kept busy from six



o'clock until late. Every Thursday evening the violin orchestra meets. This includes many experienced players as well as students. Monday evening is devoted to the Mandolin Club, whose good work has been highly praised by many of the San Francisco critics.

One has only to enter the Conservatory and an air of business impresses one. Professor Bonelli is materially assisted by his wife, who takes great interest in the welfare of the Conservatory. Concerts are given once a year by Professor Bonelli personally, the performers being students of the Conservatory only, at which time a prize is always presented to the student who has received the highest percentage in theory and harmony through several oral and written examinations prior to the concert.

All branches of music are taught here by the most competent teachers in the city. The piano department is in charge of Professor Bonelli and two assistants, theory and harmony being taught exclusively by Mr. Bonelli. Special course to children and beginners. Visitors are kindly requested to call any afternoon between one and three o'clock.

E. S. BONELLI, Director.

301 EDDY STREET, COR. JONES
San Francisco, Cal.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Marvel for All Time.

In 1429, Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, was tried by an illegal court at Rouen Castle, France, condemned, and, in 1431, was burned at the stake in the Rouen market-place. In 1450, Charles the Seventh ordered an inquiry into the circumstances of the trial, but little came of it. In 1452, Pope Nicholas the Fifth, on an appeal of Jeanne's mother, ordered an inquiry, which duly took place, but was without formal issue. In 1455, by order of Pope Calixtus, the trial was reconsidered by a great court of lawyers and churchmen, and the condemnation of Jeanne was solemnly annulled and declared wicked and unjust. All the testimony, faithful records of which remained, was reviewed; much new testimony was taken. "The evidence so given is unique in its minute and faithful narration of a great and noble life; as indeed that life is itself unique in all human history"—so writes T. Douglas Murray, who has translated for the first time into English the Latin record of the trial which in 1841 was rescued from oblivion among the archives of France by Jules Quicherat. The story of this trial is one of the most enthralling dramas in all history. This book, either to the general reader or to the student of history, is of the highest interest. He whose imagination remains unfired by this wondrous tale is surely no better than a clod.

Here is an untutored, unlettered girl, eighteen years old, "not only imposing her will on captains and courtiers, but showing a skill and judgment worthy, as General Draganoroff says, of the greatest commanders, indeed of Napoleon himself . . . in two short months accomplishing more than Caesar or Alexander accomplished in so much time, and at an age when even Alexander had as yet achieved nothing." The full title of Mr. Murray's admirable volume (which contains many illustrations, and is most handsomely bound) is "Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France: Being the Story of Her Life, Her Achievements, and Her Death, as Attested on Oath and Set Forth in the Original Documents."

Imported by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"The Lord Protector."

S. Levett-Yeats's latest book, "The Lord Protector," gives, as the title implies, a glimpse of the stirring times of Cromwell's England, and presents to us the lord protector from a sympathetic point of view. The picture we get of the inward grace of the man is gratifying, if not convincing. When we see this warrior-statesman, of massive brain, gigantic ambition, and almost unlimited power, limned as a loyal friend, a zealous follower of the "Word," a patient protector of the imperious girl who defies him, and the generous enemy who looks upon his fallen foe with tears on his iron cheeks, we are grateful for the picture—and hope it does not flatter.

The romance upon which the story turns is not so satisfying. The villain is so debonair and winsome that, although we have the author's word from start to finish that he is a very bad man, we are ready to fall into line with Lady Dorothy and "Sweet Patience," and agree with them that "Let a man hut have turfed a little, flung a main or so, killed his man, and run through his estate, and I'd wager a thousand to ten he wins his way better with a woman than any Master Graveairs." Perhaps it is because the hero—the good man—is so deadly dull and heavy, with "his gravity of countenance and severity of feature," that we could almost wish to see him lose, and the "smiling, damned villain" win the prize. But the author, with consistent "Roundhead" justice, sends the dear villain to the reward of the unrighteous. Years later, when by sorrow and trials the imperious Lady Dorothy is changed from a hot-headed girl to a grave and stately woman, the hero is pardoned by Cromwell's successor, returns to England, meets Dorothy in the woods, and, we read, "takes his pardon from her lips," which leaves no doubt as to the happy finale.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

New Publications.

"Henry Ashton," a story, by R. A. Dague, ex-State senator and attorney-at-law, is published by the author, who is of Alameda, Cal.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has published a gorgeous calendar, giving twelve pictures in color of scenes along its route. A limited number are to be distributed to applicants.

We commend to the attention of Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of English in the University of California, a novel called "A Son

of Destiny," by Mary C. Francis. We advise that this book be used in the class-room as an awful example of bombastic, turgid, and grandiloquent writing. The work is published by the Federal Book Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Solitaire," by George Franklin Willey, is a simply told romance dealing with the memorable disaster in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, whereby a family of pioneers were swept out of existence in an instant. Solitaire, a hero hermit, and a wonderful fabled carbuncle, figure conspicuously in this story which is chiefly of local interest. Published by the New Hampshire Publishing Corporation, Manchester, N. H.

"The Adventures of M. D' Haricot," by J. Storer Clouston, is a rather clever satire on English people and English customs. The hero, a young French royalist, is an exile in London, where he has many amusing adventures. The book has no discoverable plot, but is simply a string of incidents more or less comic. M. D' Haricot finds the English not such a bad sort when you come to know them, which is quite conclusively proved by his taking hack to France—after much philandering, he it said—an English bride. Albert Levering has drawn for the book a number of effective sketches. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A valuable addition to the literature of criticism has been made by Professor Lorenzo Sears, Ph. D., of Brown University, in his "American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods." The work is well written and is an endeavor to pick out that which is really significant, and to estimate it in a fair and sympathetic spirit. The scope of the book is such as to allow rather extended quotation from notable works old and new. One feature of the work obtrudes itself upon the reader's attention—namely, the nearer the present day the book discussed, the less dogmatic the opinion of Mr. Sears. The professor appears to lack the quality of cocksureness characteristic of reviewers. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 net.

Since the Spanish war the discussion of the administration of dependencies has become a very relevant subject in the United States. Alpheus H. Snow, believing that the so-called "elastic clause" of the Constitution of the United States was intended to provide for the administration of dependencies, set about to verify his belief by a study of the factors producing our nation and of practice subsequent to its establishment. "As a result of the inquiry," says the investigator, "I found my belief fully corroborated—the clause in question in fact containing a statement of the principles of the administration of dependencies in a Federal empire." This study by Mr. Snow appears in an octavo volume of six hundred pages under the title, "The Administration of Dependencies," with a subtitle, "A Study of the Evolution of the Federal Empire, With Special Reference to American Colonial Problems." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.50.

RECENT VERSE.

Were I Her Violin.

Lillian, in art excelling,
Gently sweeps the fiddle strings,
And the slumbering genius dwelling.
Dwelling in the violin,

Murmuring, wakes, and stirs within,
And in voice exulting, swelling,
All its passion-story telling,
Answers to her touch, and sings.

Just in such wise would I confess
My worship and my tenderness—
Clasped close beneath my lady's chin—
Were I her lucky violin.

—Frank H. Hamilton in the Philharmonic.

The Violin.

I hold between my quivering hands
A violin new-strung,
Wrought of a master builder's love
To be the vibrant tongue
Of the unseen, and utter sounds
For mortals yet unsung.

Mute though it lies and musicless,
My breath upon the strings—
Warm with the love that bares to me
The mystic soul of things—
Wakens the slumberous tones and stirs
Melodious murmurings.

Musing with memory and dream,
And dumb with the desire
That in this fibre hurried deep
The builder's heart of fire—
O Violin, the magic how
Is all the gods require.

Out of the silence of your soul
To smite the rhythmic flame
Of pain and rapture, and attain
The builder's wondrous aim,
Sounding through all the universe
The demiurgic Name.

O Violin, my Violin,
'Tis awesome to command
The silences to utter sound!
The wise gods understand
How all day long the magic bow
Lies moveless in my hand.

—Elsa Barker in January Bookman.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says in his reminiscences: "I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, 'I threw this off last night,' or 'I send you fresh from the pen' this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the hack of your table drawer for one, two, or three years."

"The Wind in the Rosehush," stories of the supernatural, by Mary E. Wilkins, will be brought out next month.

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New Sayings of Mrs. Wiggs

From "Lovey Mary"

"I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid and smile."

"You never kin tell which way any pleasure is a-comin'. Who ever would 'a' thought, when we aimed at the cemetery, that we'd land up at a first class fire?"

"Don't you go an' git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'stid of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself."

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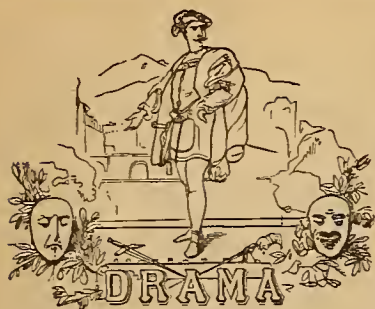
LOVEY MARY AND MRS. WIGGS

THE delightful philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs, as expressed in her quaint sayings, has brought joy to the hearts of thousands. She is a gay challenge to every pessimist, a general banisher of blues, and a rebuke to grumblers. The new book, "Lovey Mary," re-introduces Mrs. Wiggs, and every reader of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will want it.

With eighteen full-page illustrations by

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Price, \$1.00



"Hoity-Toity" is just about the same old thing as "Fiddle Dee-Dee," "Whirl-I-Gig," and all the rest of the familiar kindred, but the audience remains faithful, and seems to be firmly rooted in its deep attachment to the dear old story. Story is too sane and sober a term, however, to be applied to any part of the entertainment offered at Fischer's, consisting, as it does, of rag-time songs, vigorous dances, disconnected scraps of comedy dialogue, and highly colored spectacle.

The three comedians are becoming as familiar as a h c, but their jokes and antics never seem to pall. They drift upon the stage in this latest performance in exaggeratedly fashionable riding costume, and are greeted with welcoming laughter, the audience being perfectly aware in advance that it is the part of Messrs. Kolb and Bernard to fall upon, abuse, violently belabor, as well as cozen and cheat, the wealthy but bewildered Sauerbraten represented by the artistically corpulent Max Dill. All this takes place exactly foreseen, each burst of kicks and contumely being rapturously anticipated and enjoyed in advance by the audience.

To the women, the principal features of the performance was Maude Amher, who started in a rival beauty show on her own account, and was quite handsome and very imposingly gowned in a dashing costume that was the very extreme and quintessence of the present rage for black and white in dress. Miss Amher followed up this success by another and even more dazzlingly becoming costume, which displayed her splendid figure to full advantage, and, in fact, hestowed as much bliss upon the appreciators of millinery as the three comedians did on the joke gourmandizers.

Winfield Blake was made up as a money king—Morgan, I suppose—and was rather clever in his part. Indeed, the little scene of matrimonial pursuit and evasion between him and Miss Amher was very neatly done. This same pair also gave a successful take-off of the homhasto-furioso style of operatic singing, in which Mr. Blake was so very funny that for the nonce he became a rival comedian to the popular three.

Messrs. Kolb and Dill, however, in a subsequent song and dance, had a chance to discover the strength of their hold on the favor of the audience, for the latter, being denied an encore, acted like a lot of spoiled children, and so clamorously whistled and yelled and stamped its huffed will as to block the performance for an appreciable length of time.

The bill at the Orpheum this week has both variety and merit. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry head the programme with an inconsequent, but fairly amusing, little skit which is the vehicle for displaying the facility of the Barry pair for provoking the laughter of the house over trifles light as air. The two dance, sing, go through comic pantomime, and successfully fill up their fifteen minutes with cobwebs of comicality that are instantly hushed away from the facile Orpheum memory by the turns of their numerous successors.

Louise Montrose, although we are to understand, I believe, that she is a Castle Garden success, is a shrill singer, a self-conscious performer, and an indifferent dancer. Her dances, which are supposed to be typical of various nations, lack character and individuality. Furthermore, Miss Montrose is an ineffective dresser. Her principal recommendation to favor is that she is a whole-some-looking girl, whose pretty blonde hair seems to be of the same hue of nature.

Another dancer, Lola Yherri, who, by the way, seems to have a very pronounced talent for advertising herself, sets expectation on tiptoe in advance, which is scarcely realized in her performance. "La Belle Mexicaine," as Miss Yherri calls herself, sets out to give a Hindoo, a Grecian, a Spanish, an Oriental, and an English dance. There was, however, a strong family resemblance between different dances. Miss Yherri waded a lavender limb as in the Grecian, a yellow in the Spanish, and a pink one in the English dance, the pretty article in question revolving coily amid

a swirl of silk petticoats in the good old American way. Preliminary stereopticon views of an illustrative character, interspersed with striking pictures of cloud and water effects and appropriate changes of costume, give variety, color, and beauty to the performance, and made the mediocre quality of the dancing less noticeable. And furthermore, Miss Yherri's costumes are costly and beautiful, and, with their profuse gold hroideries, of quite a barbarous richness.

There was still another dancer, billed as "Radiant Florence Bindley, the girl with the diamond dress." Naturally, nobody had expectations of anything more unusual than a commonplace girl tightly encased in a non-commonplace dress who would shriek a little, kick a little, and jig a little in order to display the diamond dress to the fullest advantage. Florence Bindley, however, turned out to be a small, extremely possessed, and thoroughly competent young woman, whose several costumes, short of the diamond dress, are of the most ordinary description, but whose talents are varied and unmistakable. She has a pretty voice, a fetching manner in singing, great skill in playing on the xylophone, and a decided talent for burlesque. Her imitation of the French sentimental songster, with its redundancy of gesture, its exaggeration of accent, its play of vocal absurdities, its dashes of accompaniment, and its broadly humorous character, made up an immensely spirited and amusing performance. In fact, the sparkle of the girl herself quite eclipsed that of the diamond dress, which was merely a short-skirted black background for a variety of large ornaments of cheap brilliants decorating the dress in a haphazard but sufficiently effective manner.

The Basque quartet are four operatic singers with young, fresh voices, who give "The Blue Danube" and extracts from "Carmen" and "Faust" in excellent style.

One of the most interesting features on the programme was the skillful musical execution of Franco Piper, who thinks nothing of playing an air, in which the time is well marked, on two or even three banjoes while tossing them simultaneously in air. The ascending banjo marks the rests while the continuance of the air is lightly but surely picked from the strings of the recovered one; or this ambidextrous performer skillfully plays a variety of familiar airs on two instruments simultaneously, or propels one along the floor, rapidly revolving it, and at the same time tossing off the air of "Auld Lang Syne." Unusual manual dexterity is noticeable in every quick, exact movement of this performer, and one notices something swift, certain, and well-balanced even in his gait, or his manner of taking a seat.

The acrobats of this week run to comedy more than to startling feats, but serve their turn in amusing the audience.

There is but one play, something on the usual order, but with perhaps more humor both in the comedy and the comedian than one usually dares to expect. Mr. Thomas Ryan is a good stage Irishman, and developed the funny business in the piece successfully, while Mary Richfield, with her quiet, matter-of-fact manner and realistic pettishness, is an excellent foil to her wild Irish partner.

The biograph, with its usual interesting miscellany, always makes a good finale.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

William Gilbert, brother of Mrs. David Belasco, and a member of the well-known vaudeville team, Gilbert and Goldie, died in New York on Tuesday from the effects of an operation for cancer.

It is settled now that Weher & Fields' "Helter-Skelter" will be the burlesque to follow "Hoity-Toity" at Fischer's Theatre. Miss Olive Vail, a clever soubrette, will shortly arrive here to become a member of Fischer's company.

Ada Rehan's sudden determination not to appear in New York in Haddon Chambers' new play is said to be due to the fact that the rôle she was to play was that of a woman of thirty-seven, and in the actress' opinion the part to be played by H. Reeves-Smith was very much stronger than her own. Two of Miss Rehan's sisters are to appear with Blanche Walsh in the forthcoming production of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." They are Hattie Russell and Kate Byron, who are great New York favorites also.

Great interest is being taken in the entertaining programme that is to be presented at Fischer's Theatre next Thursday afternoon by the proprietors of the theatre as a testimonial of appreciation to Manager S. H. Friedlander. Barney Bernard, who has heretofore appeared as a laughable Hehrew, is to throw aside burlesque for the nonce, and will appear as Shylock in scenes from "The Merchant of Venice." Many of the musical gems of "Hoity-Toity" are to be included in the programme. Mr. Friedlander's countless friends and the many who feel grateful to him

for the pleasure they have derived from the Weher & Fields' burlesque will doubtless crowd the house to overflowing.

Hilda Clark, the former prima donna of the Bostonians, was married a fortnight ago to Frederick Stanton Flower, a millionaire broker and a nephew of the late ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower, in New York.

Alf C. Wheelan, the well-known comic-opera comedian, died in San Antonio, Tex., on February 14th, of heart trouble. He was last seen here in "Florodora," in which he interpreted the rôle of Professor Tweedle Punch.

Mascagni has just had the title of Chevalier of the Order of Savoy conferred upon him by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. This honor is attributed to the king's desire to show sympathy with the composer as a result of his recent tribulations in the United States. With the Order of Savoy goes a pension of about \$600 a year during the Chevalier's life.

At the close of her engagement at Montreal to-night (Saturday) Mrs. Partrick Campbell, the much-discussed English actress, will practically begin her Western tour, which will bring her to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, April 6th, for a two week's engagement. The *pièce de resistance* of her repertoire will be "The Joy of Living," a translation of Hermann Sudermann's great play, "Es Lebe das Leben," by Edith Wharton.

William A. Brady has secured the dramatic rights to the late Frank Norris's last novel, "The Pit." According to the terms of the contract, the play must be written by a first-class playwright, and one of the most prominent actors in the country will take the principal part. Because the scene of the book is laid in Chicago, and because the story has been widely read there, the play will be produced in that city first, October 15th having been set for the opening.

The first of a series of professional matinee performances by students of the Paul Gerson School of Acting will be given at Fischer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 26th. Four one-act plays, ranging from farce to drama, will be given, besides an exhibition of fencing, dancing, and physical culture. There will also be several vocalists who will make their first appearance. This performance will illustrate in many ways the high standard of efficiency attained by the instructors.

It was a French champagne, after all, that splashed the how of the German Emperor's yacht, the *Meteor*, as she slid into the water last spring. A jury in the United States Circuit Court at Milwaukee decided this point last week, and incidentally gave George A. Kessler, the American agent of Môt and Chandon champagne, a two-thousand-dollar verdict in the suit for libel he brought after the publication of a telegram from Dr. von Hollehen, the former ambassador from Germany, asserting that a German brand had been used.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ackerman celebrated their silver wedding on Tuesday evening at their residence on Broadway and Van Ness Avenue, when they entertained their guests with a vaudeville programme, in which most of the artists at the Orpheum took part.

The Frawley company, with Mary Van Buren as leading lady, has been playing a very successful engagement at Manila.

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To night, Sunday night, and all next week. Matinée Saturday only. Has more than repeated its former triumph. *Kirke La Belle* presents America's greatest play,

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By Augustus Thomas.

March 9th—Will "m Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes*.

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Commencing Monday evening next, perfect revival of the famous drama,
FANCHON THE CRICKET

Prices—Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, 35c, and 50c.

Monday, March 6th, Sidney Grundy's greatest success, *Sowing the Wind*.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning Monday evening, March 2d, Miss Maud Odell in

UNDER THE RED ROBE
Adapted by Edward Rose from the novel by Stanley Weyman. Original music by William W. Foster.

Popular prices—10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. A good reserved seat at all matinees for 25c.

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, March 2d—A vaudeville sunburst: The De Forrests; the Andraesen Brothers; Farmer Jones and his Educated Pigs; Le Quattro Basque; Reoo and Richards; Radiant Florence Biddle; Louise Montrose; the Biograph; and last week of Ryan and Richfield.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Selected from the singers who took part in the coronation services at Westminster Abbey last August—10 boy sopranos, 2 male altos, 3 tenors, 3 basses. Mme. Marie Horton, solo contralto.

Reserved seats, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. Box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday morning. Chickering piano used.

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Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m., and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of "Arizona."

Every bit as interesting as last year is the present production of Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" at the Columbia Theatre, which is to run another week. The cast is strong, and the stage settings a treat to the eye from the time the picturesque scene of Canby's ranch in the Aravaipa Valley, with miles upon miles of desert stretching away to the setting sun, is unfolded in the first act until the curtain falls upon a happy scene of reconciliation at the end. Mr. Thomas has caught the local color and atmosphere admirably, and has been especially happy in introducing typical characters of the South-West. There is bluff, generous-hearted Canby and his comely, yet doubting wife; Estrella, wavering and open to flattery; chivalrous Lieutenant Denton; sprightly Bonita, a charming product of Arizona; the trusting soldier-husband; the vaquero, Tony; the hunt Dr. Fenlon, who makes love to Miss McCullough, the strong-minded school-teacher; Lena, the servant-maid, who has been deceived by the designing captain; and Sergeant Keller, her father. The most important of these roles are played by W. G. Cope, Edith Lemmert, Dustin Farnum, Frank Campeau, John T. Burke, Agnes Muir, Eleanor Wilton, Alma Bradley, and Mary Churchill, and all compare favorably with the actors who played the parts last year.

Next Thursday the sale of seats opens for William Gillette's engagement in "Sherlock Holmes," which begins on Monday, March 9th. This play is founded on the character made famous by Dr. Conan Doyle, and has enjoyed a remarkable success. It ran a whole season in New York, several months in London, and last year drew crowded houses in most of the large Eastern cities. This is Mr. Gillette's fourth and last season in the play, and although somewhat late in the day, San Francisco theatre-goers can congratulate themselves on seeing the popular actor-playwright in the rôle of Sherlock Holmes, rather than some inferior star or stock company leading man. For, like "Secret Service" and other of his phenomenally successful plays, "Sherlock Holmes" will still be a big attraction when it goes the rounds of the stock company theatres all over the country, after it has been discarded by Mr. Gillette.

Mascagni at the Tivoli.

Although San Francisco music-lovers were cheated out of seeing several of Mascagni's most successful operas, including "Iris," "William Ratcliff," and "Zanetto," which were given in the East, the Tivoli Opera House has arranged to have the popular Italian composer conduct his famous "Cavalleria Rusticana" next week on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights, when Ave-dano, the tenor, will appear as Turridu, Caro Roma as Santuzza, a rôle which she has sung with great success in England, Arthur Cunningham as Alfio, and Bernice Holmes as Lola. The "Hymn to the Sun," from "Iris," will be sung by a large chorus, and classic selections from the works of other celebrated composers will complete the bill. There is no doubt about the success of the Mascagni performances, for nearly all the tickets for the four performances have been sold. On the alternate evenings, "Iolanthe," which has done well at the Tivoli Opera House this week, will be repeated.

"Under the Red Robe" at the Grand.

Maude Odell will make her stellar début at the Grand Opera House next week in the powerful romantic play, "Under the Red Robe," which was first produced here at the Baldwin Theatre, in October, 1897, when Mary Hampton, then at the height of her popularity, played the part of the heroine. The drama was one of the many that was launched after the great success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and is full of dramatic situations and picturesque scenes, in which the handsome costumes of the day are an important part. The hero, Gil de Berault, is a soldier of fortune, who enters the service of Cardinal Richelieu, being given that choice as an alternative to death for having transgressed the law against dueling, and, in endeavoring to dispose of one of the cardinal's enemies, he meets the man's sister and falls in love with her. An exceedingly interesting play is developed in following his fortunes to their successful issue in his marriage to the woman of his choice.

"Fanchon the Cricket."

Another success of long ago, "Fanchon the Cricket," is to be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week. Alice Treat Hunt will have the title-rôle, in which Maggie Mitchell starred for many years. The remainder of the cast will be as follows: Father Barbeand, George Osbourne; Kandy, J. Lester Wallace; Didier, Frank Bacon; Etienne, Edwin Stanley; Pierre, Calvin Dix; Colin, Albert Morrison; Father Gaillard, Clifford Dempsey; Mathieu, Herbert Carton; Martineau, Walter Belasco; Old Fadet, Marie How; Mother Barbeand, Kittie Belmont; Madelon, Eleanor Gordon; Mariette, L. Arvidson; Suzette, Florence Campbell; Manan, Lillian Quinn; Annette, Francis von Reynogon; Sydney Grundy's comedy, "Sowing the Wind," will be the next attraction.

At the Orpheum.

The De Forrests, whirlwind dancers, who present a novel terpsichorean act, will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum next week. The other new-comers are the Andraeson Brothers, hand to hand balancers, who will make their first appearance in this city; and Farmer Jones and his troupe of educated musical pigs. The splendid singers of Le

Quatuor Basque will be heard in new selections; Reno and Richards, comedy acrobats, will vary their amusing act; and Louise Montrose will sing some new popular songs. Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield, who are being enthusiastically received in Will Cressy's hilarious sketch, "Mag Hagerty's Father," will appear for the last week; and Florence Bindley will introduce new specialties.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Kocian's Concerts.

The Bohemian violinist, Jaroslav Kocian, who has created a furor in New York, Chicago, and Boston, will give four concerts at the Alhambra Theatre next week, under the management of Will Greenbaum. Kocian is touring under the direction of Rudolph Aronson, the discoverer of that other famous violinist, Kubelik, who studied under the same masters as Kocian. Miss Julie Geyer, the noted pianist, will appear in conjunction with the violinist, and Franz Spindler will act as accompanist. The programmes for the first three concerts are as follows:

Tuesday evening: Concerto, D-major, Paganini-Wilhelm; Kocian; novelette, E-major, Schumann, valse, Nicolaus Rubinstein, Miss Julie Geyer; canzonetta, D'Ambrosio, romance, Svendsen, scherzo tarantelle, Wieniawski, Kocian; caprice Espagnol, Moszkowski, Miss Julie Geyer; fantasie Bohème, Sevcik, Kocian.

Wednesday afternoon: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saëns, Kocian; chant Polonais, Chopin-Liszt, Csardas, Joseffy, Miss Julie Geyer; Dumka, Kocian, scherzo valse, Tschaiakowsky, Kocian; rhapsodie, No. 12, Liszt, Miss Julie Geyer; I Palpit, Paganini, Kocian.

Thursday evening: Concerto, E-major, Viuextemps, Kocian; Barcarolle, A-minor, Rubinstein; "Hark! Hark! the Lark," Schubert-Liszt, Miss Julie Geyer; romance, D'Ambrosio, Rondo des Lutins, Bazzini, Kocian; caprice, Moszkowski, Miss Julie Geyer; adagio and rondo, Paganini, Kocian.

The sale of seats is now in progress at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, and the prices are 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50. The matinee on Wednesday has been especially arranged so that professional musicians, occupied at the theatres on Saturday afternoon, may have at least one opportunity to hear this talented violinist.

Coronation Concert Party.

The Coronation Choir, Glee Club, and Concert Party, composed of singers who took part in the coronation services of King Edward the Seventh at Westminster Abbey, in August of last year, will be heard at the Alhambra Theatre on Monday and Tuesday nights, March 9th and 10th. The party is composed of eight boy sopranos, two male altos, three tenors, and three basses, and is assisted by Mme. Marie Horton, the famous English contralto, and Mr. Dudley Caustin, a well-known English entertainer and reader. The company has just completed a tour of Canada and is en route to Australia. Its programmes will consist of Glee's madrigals, and other styles of songs, and solos by the various members of the organization. Prices of seats for the concerts are \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents. The sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store on Wednesday.

The date for the next Zech Symphony Concert takes place at Fischer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 12th, when the programme will include, among other selections, Goldmark's "Russian Wedding" symphony, the "Slavonic Dance" by Dvorak, a "Suite" by Mr. Von Der Mehden, of this city, and Mr. Zech's own symphonic poem, "The Raven," which will be one of the big musical novelties of the year.

Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged for two more recitals by Zelle de Lussan, during the latter part of March. Mlle. de Lussan will close her concert tour in Butte City Mont. and will return here especially for these programmes.

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An Interesting Organ Recital.

The first public use of the new pipe organ recently built for the First Congregational Church of Oakland will be signalized by a presentation of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," Thursday and Friday evenings, March 5th and 6th. A special chorus of some two hundred voices has been in rehearsal for several months in preparation for this event. The soloists will be Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano; Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto; J. Frederick Veaco, tenor; and Ralph T. Fisher, basso; with William B. King, organist, and Alexander Stewart, musical director. The new organ, which cost \$12,500, has 3,100 pipes and three manuals, and is one of the largest organs on the Pacific Coast.

The big racing event at Ingleside Track this (Saturday) afternoon will be a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, the distance being a mile, and the value of the purse \$1,000. Next week the racing season changes to Oakland, when the Thornton Stakes for two-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$2,500, will be run over a four-mile course on Saturday, March 7th.

E. D. Price, who was for many years identified with the old California Theatre, has arrived in this city to take charge of Belasco & Mayer's theatrical enterprises.

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VANITY FAIR.

In discussing the story that Colonel Bing-ham, for six years past superintendent of public buildings and grounds, had been ordered to duty at Buffalo because he did not approve the costly improvements at the White House and had refused to certify certain vouchers for parts of the work, Representative Cochran, of Missouri (Dem.), said he could not close his eyes to the fact that the tendency to extravagance in official circles in Washington was an unmixed evil. The desire to imitate the courts of Europe was so great that it was impossible to discern the difference between the functions here and in foreign courts. How often was it heard that this or that official could not live upon the salary provided for his office, although that salary was greater than in Civil War times, while the purchasing power of the money was vastly increased. Official and social life in Washington fifty years ago, Mr. Cochran said, afforded the best example of culture and the highest refinement in the history of the government. The President's reception forty years ago, he said, consisted in throwing open the doors of the White House to all who desired to come, but that, he admitted, was impossible now. But, in his opinion, it was an evil thing to contemplate that men of modest means could not accept places on the hench or in the departments because they could not afford to buy the luxuries of richer people. Representative Cannon, of Illinois (Rep.) on the other hand, pooh-poohed the idea that the President was aping the manners of European rulers, and those about him the customs of European courts. He told of an Englishman, who had never been presented to his own sovereign, and who came to Washington with a yearning desire to see the President, but said he could only spend ten days in Washington. Mr. Cannon arranged for the presentation, and the introduction was over in fifteen minutes. "I do not think we are in any danger," he concluded, "from putting on frills. We are getting along very well."

The New York Sun's Washington correspondent, in commenting on these alleged White House extravagances, remarks: "The President of the United States receives a salary of fifty thousand a year, and this amount seems large or small to the people of the country, according to the point of view. It is commonly believed that President Cleveland and President Harrison, and in lesser degree, President McKinley, saved a considerable part of their annual salaries. President Roosevelt has, beyond question, surpassed all his predecessors in the magnitude and number of his entertainments. When Chester A. Arthur occupied the White House he surprised the people with the lavishness of his entertaining. This was especially marked when he entertained at dinner at different times in the course of one winter the whole Congress, comprising more than four hundred men, besides many other guests invited with them. But President Roosevelt has been almost as lavish in his entertainment of senators and members of Congress, and he has entertained other guests in a much larger number than any other President."

As to the expenses of the White House borne by the President and the government, the Sun's correspondent says: "The President pays a much larger proportion than is commonly supposed. The first large expense incurred by a President when he comes into office is an outlay of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for horses and carriages. The government provides no horse or vehicle for the President's use, although there is an impression to the contrary. This impression is a natural one, for the government does furnish two horses and a carriage for the use of each member of the Cabinet. Many of the assistant secretaries in the executive departments have each one horse and carriage at the expense of the government, and more than one bureau chief has a horse and carriage free of cost. The secretary to the President has a team of horses and a carriage. The White House stables are furnished and maintained out of the Federal Treasury, and the government also pays the President's coachman and footmen and stablemen. The President pays his own servants almost without exception. The White House steward is paid by the government, and one or two other helpers, who receive laborers' wages, are paid by Uncle Sam. The President, of course, pays all the bills for groceries, meats, and other provisions used in the White House. The china, table linen, and all accessories of the dining and dining-room equipment are pro-

vided by the government, and always have been, just as the furniture for the parlors and sleeping-rooms are provided."

The expenses of a President, especially if he has a large family, as Mr. Roosevelt has, are naturally very heavy, for it is necessary for him to meet many expenses that a private citizen does not incur. "This," concludes the Sun correspondent, "leaves out of consideration altogether the expensive state entertainments. Scarcely an additional dollar of extra expenditure is incurred by the government when the President gives a large state dinner, reception, musicale, or other form of entertainment. In the case of a very large dinner the arrangements are usually placed in the hands of a professional caterer and the conditions, so far as expense is concerned, are not very much different from those which obtain when a private citizen of means gives a large dinner at a fashionable hotel. The bill for the entertainment is made out, in some cases at so much per plate, due allowance being made for cooking which is done at the White House and certain provisions which the White House store-rooms afford. At the great state dinners, however, a good deal of the food, especially in the way of desserts, is brought by the caterers, and the bill is never a moderate one. The President also pays a large number of extra waiters and kitchen help. It is probable that a state dinner, where seventy or eighty guests are entertained, costs the President from \$500 to \$800."

It is no longer "the thing" to have one's luggage decorated with the "pasters" of foreign hotels, steamships, and railways. Young men who wanted to appear "knowing" and to get the reputation of being traveled without the trouble and expense of traveling, had their friends who went abroad send them the necessary pasters. Some even holdly wrote to hotels in Switzerland, France, and London asking for the coveted bits of paper. Then when they disfigured their suit cases with foreign labels they were delighted if every time they crossed the ferry people read the evidences of travel with awe and expressed envy and admiration in their eyes. Some even had their different pieces of baggage varnished so that the labels would not come off. Now, however, the doubting Thomases glance contemptuously at the portable picture galleries and say to their companions: "Pooh! that don't prove anything. Likely as not he bought 'em." So now (says the New York Press) the real traveler, the one to whom a trip abroad is not the event of a lifetime but an almost annual occurrence, tries to keep his luggage as free from foreign labels as possible in order that he may not be confounded with the spurious article.

Commenting on the subject "Is Society Worse Than it Was in England," Gwendolen Ramsden says in the Nineteenth Century: "If there be reason to think that society is deteriorating rather than improving, it is not owing to the had influence of a few among the aristocracy, who, by their conduct, have extinguished the respect hitherto accorded to their old family names, but rather to the apathy of some, and the timidity amounting to cowardice of others, belonging to that vast majority of respectable people who condone conduct which in their hearts of hearts they condemn. They ought to be the example, but they have never realized their responsibilities. With some the dread of being considered strait-laced or prim, is far greater than the fear of evil. Virtuous themselves, they yet know and believe all the evil gossip about others from whom they readily accept invitations and benefits. They allow gambling to go in their houses, for they have not the pluck to forbid games of cards being played for money. Idle people are encouraged by them to play 'bridge,' not merely as a recreation in the evening, but as the business of the day, beginning after luncheon and continuing throughout the night. In entertaining their friends and acquaintances, so anxious are they to be popular and please those who are the fashion of the day, that they encourage flirtations among married people, and would sooner think of leaving out the husbands than of not including in their invitations the well-known admirers of their guests."

The writer does not agree with those who blame Americans for the laxity of present-day manners and morals. "It is true American girls are supposed to be independent and free and easy in manner," she comments, "but surely not so silly or so devoid of womanly dignity as to behave as a few English young ladies do, who, in trying to copy fast married women, only succeed in

imitating the saucy, romping manners of factory girls, and even, like them, in 'keeping company with their young man.' For what else can it be called when girls consent to drive off at night in hansoms with their partners, instead of dancing? Yet this has been known to occur at halls where chaperones were considered superfluous. As to American women, they certainly encourage extravagance in dress, but they are generally speaking well-educated, energetic, self-reliant, and those who have married Englishmen have in most cases proved to be exemplary wives and mothers."

Every year the upper class men of Syracuse University adopt some scheme that will distinguish them from the lower class men. Last year it was corduroy trousers. This year over one hundred students of Syracuse University have signed the following agreement: "We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to let our mustaches grow from date unless this promise is dissolved by mutual consent." Only upper class men will be allowed the hirsute lip, as it has always been against college custom for lower class men to wear mustaches.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, February 25, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Bay Co. Power 5%.	48,000	@ 109 1/2-110	110	110 1/4	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	2,000	@ 98 1/2	98	100	
Los An. Ry. 5%	7,000	@ 120 3/4	120	120 1/2	
Los An. Pac. Ry.					
Con. 5%.	4,000	@ 106 1/2	106	107	
Los An. Lighting					
GT. 5%.	3,000	@ 106 1/2			
Market St. Ry. 5%.	10,000	@ 121 3/4-122	121 1/2	122	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.	18,000	@ 123 3/4	123 1/4		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.	6,000	@ 75 1/2			
Omnibus C. R. 6%.	5,000	@ 127 1/2	127		
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry.					
5%.	10,000	@ 104 1/2-105	104 3/4	105	
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%.	19,000	@ 124 1/4-124 1/2	124 1/2		
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	2,000	@ 110 3/4	111 1/2		
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	23,000	@ 111 1/2	112		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series A.	2,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	17,000	@ 120 1/2-120 3/4	120 1/2	120 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. Stpd.					
5%.	5,000	@ 110 1/4-110 1/2	110		
S. V. Water 6%.	20,000	@ 110 1/2	110		
S. V. Water 4% 2d.	21,000	@ 101 1/2-101 3/4	101 1/2		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	10,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2		
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.	10	@ 66	66	66 1/2	
Spring Valley.	195	@ 86 1/2-87 1/4	87	87 1/4	
		BANKS.			
Anglo Cal.	80	@ 96-97	96 1/2		
		POWERS.			
Giant Con.	45 1/2	@ 68-73 1/2	72	74	
		SAGARS.			
Hana P. Co.	160	@ 4 1/2-5	4 1/2		
Honolulu C. & S.	90	@ 47	46 1/2	47 1/2	
Honolulu S. Co.	135	@ 14 1/2-14 3/4	14 1/2	15	
Hutchinson.	425	@ 15 1/2-15 3/4	15 1/2	15 3/4	
Pauhan S. Co.	645	@ 16 1/2-17	16 1/2		
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Central L. & P.	50	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4	
Equitable Gas.	1,950	@ 3 1/2-4 1/4	4 1/4	4 1/2	
Oakland Gas.	385	@ 76 1/2-77	76 1/2	77	
Pacific Gas.	125	@ 34 1/2-35	35		
Pacific Lighting Co.	55	@ 56 1/2-57	56 1/2		
S. F. Gas & Electric	975	@ 43-44 1/2	44	44 1/2	
S. F. Gaslight Co.	90	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4	
		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers.	65	@ 155 1/2-156 1/2	155 1/2		
Cal. Wine Assn.	70	@ 100 1/2-100 3/4	101	101 1/2	
Pac. A. F. Alarm.	300	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2		
Pacific Coast Borax.	340	@ 165	165		

Giant Powder has been active, and on sales of 465 shares advanced 1/4 points to 72 1/2, closing at 72 bid. 73 asked. This stock has been forced upon the hear interest, they not being able to secure stock for delivery on their maturing short contracts, but at the close the market was easier and more stock was being offered.

The advance in Equitable was made on the pool of the stock. Eastern parties having deposited \$75,000 for the option of buying two thirds or all that may be deposited of the stock at \$5 per share within ninety days from February 27th, the deposit to be forfeited if the stock is not taken over.

The sugars on sales of about 1,500 shares have made fractional gains, and closed in fair demand at the advanced prices.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.
FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTAB-lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A gentleman who was discussing with the late Dr. Parker the problem of a future existence exclaimed: "The fact is, sir, I am an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that," Dr. Parker replied, as he showed his companion the door.

In his reminiscences of George Washington, Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells of the general's anger at Monmouth, when he met General Lee. Washington asked Lee why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied: "You d—n poltroon, you have never tried them!"

Abraham Lincoln had a rule for evading difficulties. At a Cabinet meeting one day, it is related, Mr. Seward jokingly remarked: "Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day." "I don't remember," answered Lincoln, musingly, "but I think it very likely. I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me, I will for them. If I didn't, there might be a collision."

Representative Kitchin, of North Carolina, relates an amusing story of an old justice of the peace in his county. It seems that two young attorneys were trying a case before him. After the arguments had followed the testimony of the witnesses and the case was closed, the old fellow, awakening from deep reveries into which he had fallen, said, addressing one of the lawyers: "You know, Hank, I gave you the decision in the last two cases, so I will give this one to Tom. You can't expect to get them all."

In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles tells of a very stingy Chinaman who took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the sitter, indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "Ham and —," "Sinkers and cow," etc. "Watch me faze that waiter with an order which I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said: "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the yokes broken." But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em." It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

Charles H. E. Brookfield says he was in Stevenson's company at the moment when the germ of the idea of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was conceived. Stevenson was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business, and with whose methods he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. "He is a man who trades on the Samuel," Stevenson declared in his rather finicky, musical Scot's voice. "He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face; with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair; with Samuel's eyes cast down in self-deprecation, he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings; but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial."

William E. Curtis says that when a certain new senator delivered his first great speech in Congress, and was looking around for compliments he approached Senator John P. Jones, the venerable philosopher from Nevada, while the latter was smoking his post-luncheon cigar in the cloak-room of the Senate. "Did you hear my speech on the Philippine question?" inquired the senator. "I certainly did," was the reply. "May I ask you what you thought of it?" "D—n good speech," ejaculated Jones. The young senator's face lighted up with pleasure at the compliment as he resumed in a confidential way: "Senator Jones, you are the father of the Senate, and I am the youngest child, and I should like to ask your advice. Having heard

my speech, you can see what I am capable of, and I would be grateful if you would be good enough to tell me whether, in your opinion, it would be better for me to speak frequently or hold myself in reserve?" "Young man," said the senator, "you've got a d—n good vocabulary, and if you'll take my advice you won't make any more speeches until you have cultivated your intellect up to it."

Booker Washington tells this characteristic story of one of his countrymen: "I called an old negro farmer into my office and explained to him in detail how he could make thirty dollars an acre on his land if he would plant a portion of it in sweet potatoes; whereas, if he planted cotton, as he had been doing for years, at best he could make only fifteen dollars an acre. As I explained the difference, step by step, he agreed with me at every point, and when I came near to the end of my argument, I began to congratulate myself that I had converted at least one man from the one-crop system to better methods. Finally, with what I fear was the air of one who felt that he had won his case, I asked the farmer what he was going to cultivate on his land the coming year. The old fellow scratched his head and said that, as he was getting old and had been growing cotton all his life, he reckoned he would grow it to the end of his few remaining years, although he agreed with me that he could double the product of his land by planting sweet potatoes on it."

Venezuela's Irresponsible President.

During many weeks spent in Venezuela recently, William Thorp had unbounded opportunity to make an intimate study of Castro in his palace at Caracas and during his holiday festivities at La Victoria, when he threw off the presidential paint and became his natural self. In an interesting article in *Harper's Weekly* he writes:

It is impossible to conceive a more irresponsible person. He knows nothing of the obligations of statesmanship or the power of foreign countries. When I spent Christmas with him at La Victoria, he told me that he was profoundly disappointed at his inability to fight the warships of the Germans, the British, and the Italians. "If Venezuela had a navy, however feeble," he said, "we would soon settle this matter one way or the other. We would sailly out and attack them. If they had the courage to land troops, I would lead my brave soldiers against them, and rout them with terrible slaughter."

On another occasion I met him at La Victoria in the middle of an open-air festa. He was dancing under the trees in a very lively and frolicsome fashion with the peasants of the neighborhood and some ladies he had brought with him from Caracas. I had to ask him whether he would apologize to the allies if they demanded an apology. I asked his factotum, General Linares Alcantara, to procure me an opportunity of speaking with the president, and showed him a cablegram which I had just received from Washington. "It is impossible," said Alcantara, with a gesture of despair; "the president dances. He does not do business. He has done no business for a week. Perceive! I have here fifty telegrams from Mr. Bowen, from Washington, and from our government officials in Caracas. They are unopened. The president would not thank me to show them to him while he dances, and he has danced for a week."

Presently Castro perceived me, with an open cablegram in my hand, and he walked over to me, his partner hanging on his arm, and asked what it was about. I told him that the allies were reported to have demanded an apology from him.

Immediately he struck a Napoleonic attitude, waved his arms excitedly in the air, and declared: "General Castro never apologizes. He will not apologize. He has nothing to apologize for. He demands an apology from the allies."

The girl, still hanging on his arm, clapped him on the back, exclaiming, hysterically: "Viva Castro! Viva Venezuela! Bravissima Cipriano!" The crowd took up the cry, whirling around their partners in an excited fandango, and beating the empty bottles from which they had been drinking on the little iron tables which stood around.

Captain—"Well, what do you want?"
Tramp—"Captain, believe me, I'm no ordinary beggar; I was at the front." Captain (with interest)—"Really?" Tramp—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back."—*Tit-Bits*.

Indefinite: "You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."
"He did, but she dyed."—*New York Sun*.

"Not One Mouthful"

of table food should be given a child before it is one year old," says Dr. Holt. What substitute then? Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely the safest and best infant food obtainable. Avoid unknown brands. Send for "Baby's Diary."

—A FINE QUALITY OF WHISKY IS LIKE A FINE quality of anything else. It costs a little more, but nothing is too good for us Americans. Insist on having "Jesse Moore" Whisky.

Nan's Adventures Up to Date.

It is a long time since a bit of doggerel has attracted so much attention as the jingle about "Nan of Nantucket," which originally appeared in the *Princeton Tiger*. All over the country, the newspaper bards have added new verses, until now the adventures of the mercenary Nan make quite a thrilling story. We quote the original lines, and a few of the most amusing additions:

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a hucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the hucket, Nantucket.
—*Princeton Tiger*.

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—
The man and the girl with the hucket;
And he said to the man
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the hucket, Pawtucket.
—*Chicago Tribune*.

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an asset;
But Nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the hucket, Manhasset.
—*New York Press*.

The pair then went on to Natick;
When the man thought he might turn a trick,
They had nothing to pawn,
As the hucket was gone,
And the people would give them Natick.
—*Boston Transcript*.

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima.
So glum she appeared, they said, "Fie, ma."
But she raved, "You well know
That the hucket of dough
Is mine," Nan exclaimed, "How you Lima!"
—*New York Sun*.

So they heat their way up to Woonsocket,
Where the judge found their names on the docket;
When 'twas over the man
Remarked sadly to Nan:
"Gee! Didn't the legal Woonsocket!"
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

But they came to the river Shetucket,
And they still had the cash in the hucket;
'Twas a sad, sad affair;
Nan left the man there,
And as for the hucket, Shetucket.
—*New Haven Register*.

Pa followed Nan to Jamaica,
Where a copper did soon overtake her.
'Where's the hucket,' he cried.
'Won't tell,' Nan replied.
Then Pa shouted "Judge, won't Jamaica?"
—*Ex.*

With Nan's cash Pa lit out for Miami
But in jail he remarked "Now, where am I?"
Nan said with a jeer:
"You're in jail, Pa, I fear."
And Pa sadly replied, "Oh! Miami!"
—*Ex.*

Nan's hucket was really a sack
And she huddled it into a hack;
Pa weeps—good old man—
For a far away Nan,
Her address now is, Nan, Hackensack.
—*New York Sun*.

(Preliminary Announcement.)

The
Oakland Herald
Oakland's (Alameda County) New Evening
Daily will appear early in March.

ALL THE NEWS,
40 Cts PER MONTH

High-Grade Job Printing at
Fair Prices.

Advertisements, subscriptions, etc.,
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Market and Geary Streets.

With the object of introducing the newspaper to the attention of the public a sample copy will be sent free to every person in Alameda County, as far as may be practicable.

Orders for advertisements should be sent in early.



Japan

April is the month for the cherry-blossom festivals. The Nagoya Exposition will be open then. Why not join Cook's Party leaving San Francisco March 19th and see it all? A postal will bring a programme.

THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Twin Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the MEDITERRANEAN From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

The New England and Commonwealth will sail through to Alexandria on the January and February voyages. CAMBROMAN, March 12th. COMMONWEALTH, March 28th. VANCIVER, April 2d. Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool, Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to CHAS. D. TAYLOR, 30 Montgomery St., Passenger Agent for the Pacific Coast.

International Mercantile Marine Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON. Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York, Philadelphia... March 11 | Vaderland... March 21 St. Paul... March 18 | Philadelphia... April 1

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS. Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York, Zealand... March 7 | Vaderland... March 21 Finland... March 14 | Kensington... March 28 Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903 Coptic... Thursday, March 19 Gaelic... Tuesday, April 14 Doric (Calling at Manila)... Friday, May 8 Coptic... Wednesday, June 3 No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903. Nippon Maru... Tuesday, March 3 America Maru... Friday, March 27 Hongkong Maru... Wednesday, April 22 Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6300 Tons Sonoma, 6300 Tons Ventura, 6300 Tons S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, February 28, 1903, at 2 P. M. S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, March 12, 1903, at 10 A. M. S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 24, 1903, at 10 A. M. J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.



Steamers leave San Francisco as follows: For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle. For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., Feb. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): Pomona, 130 P. M., Feb. 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, March 5. Corona, 130 P. M., Feb. 6, 12, 18, 24, March 2. For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara: Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M. For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and Newport (Ramona only). Ramona, 9 A. M., Feb. 2, 10, 18, 26, March 6. Coos Bay, 9 A. M., Feb. 6, 14, 22, March 2. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month. For further information obtain folder. Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). Freight Office, 10 Market St. C. D. DUNNAN, General Passenger Agent, 10 Market Street, S. F.

SOCIETY.

The Baker-Kittredge Wedding

The wedding of Miss Ethel Kittredge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, and Mr. Edmund Baker, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1818 California Street, on Monday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland, and the Rev. F. W. Clappett, of Trinity Church. Miss Mary Barker was the maid of honor, and Miss Grace Holt and Miss Eleanor Warner acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Philip Paschel was the best man, and Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Walter Perry Johnson, Mr. Henry Van Dyke, and Mr. Rev. Blanchard served as ushers. A wedding supper followed the ceremony, those seated at the bride's table, besides the bride party, being Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Florence Starr, Miss Mona Crellin, Miss Helen Davis, Rev. C. R. Brown, and Rev. F. W. Clappett. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, after a short wedding journey in Southern California, will reside in San Francisco.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

The Mardi Gras Ball at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening was a great success, the attendance reaching about eight hundred. Many pretty costumes were worn by the ladies, and the change in the rules permitting the gentlemen to mask added new life and interest to the gaiety of the merry revelers until the masks were removed and supper served. The ball was preceded by several dinner parties. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Virginia Lofie, Mr. Walter Hohart, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. W. Balfour, and later occupied a box in the Seales Gallery. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young also gave a dinner-party, their guests being Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Deane, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Edward Tobin, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham.

Others who entertained hox-parties at the ball were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. E. R. Dimond, Mr. J. P. Currier, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Miss Flood, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. Herbert F. Hogdon, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, and Mr. Irving M. Scott.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Cameron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Cameron, to Lieutenant Raymond Briggs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in Manila on March 25th, and soon after the ceremony Lieutenant Briggs, accompanied by his bride, will come to California, where he is to be stationed for duty.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence A. Britton, daughter of Mrs. John A. Britton, of Oakland, to Mr. Walter F. Kellogg.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annette Van Rensselaer, of Dallas, Tex., and Mr. Louis C. Masten, son of the late N. K. Masten. Miss Van Rensselaer is a niece of Mr. H. E. Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific Company.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mamie Costigan, daughter of Mr. J. H. Costigan, to Mr. Henry Howard Blood.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Perrault, daughter of Dr. E. L. Perrault, to Mr. Carl A. Yardi, of Cloverdale.

The wedding of Miss May Palmer, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George H. Palmer, and Dr. Richard Frank Tomlinson took place at the home of the bride's parents on Monday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. George C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Gertrude Palmer, who acted as maid of honor, and Dr. N. P. Crooks was the best man. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to the recent death in Santa Barbara of the groom's father. Dr. and Mrs. Tomlinson departed on Tuesday on their wedding journey to Southern California, and upon their return will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Rhodes, daughter of Mr. M. G. Rhodes, and Mr. William Holt, of Sacramento, took place in the Memorial Chapel at Stanford University, at Palo Alto, last Saturday, the Rev. Heber Newton officiating. It was the first marriage solemnized in the new building.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at which she entertained Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Genevieve King, Miss

Hazel King, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Violet Buckley, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Louis Bruguiere, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Herbert Cadwalader, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent and Mrs. Gerrit L. Lansing gave an informal luncheon on Thursday, complimentary to Mrs. John Johnston. Others at table were Mrs. Gardiner Shaw, Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser, Miss Ednah Robinson, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Frances Harris, and Miss Amy Porter.

Mrs. William J. Landers will give a luncheon to-day (Saturday) in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Johnston, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dance at the Burlingame Country Club on last Saturday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at which they entertained some fifty guests.

Mrs. James D. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey gave a luncheon at their residence on Franklin Street on Tuesday, at which they entertained Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Milton Bailey, Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Alice Herrin, Miss Thornton, Miss Maud Woods, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Lucie King, Miss Hazel King, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Florence Callaghan, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Edith Curry, and Miss Edith Simpson.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon at her residence on Broadway, in honor of the Baroness von Schroeder. Those who assisted her in receiving were Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Alfred Voorhies, Mrs. Henry Glass, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. McCalla, and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan.

Signor Pietro Mascagni was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Friday evening, and on Wednesday evening he was entertained at a banquet at the Palace Hotel by a notable assemblage of prominent Italians of this city. Mr. Andrea Sbarboro acted as toastmaster, and speeches were made by Mayor Eugene Schmitz, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Dr. de Vecchi, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. G. Almagia, Mr. Gavin McNab, and others.

Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla gave a reception on Saturday last at their new residence at the Naval Training School on Yerba Buena Island. The hours were from four to seven o'clock, and those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. George Oulton, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Miller, Miss Eells, the Misses Harrington, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Johnston, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Symmes, Miss Aubrey Lewis, and Miss Mabel Toy.

The last dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club was held at Cottillion Hall on last Friday night. Miss Ethyl Hager, assisted by Mr. Knox Maddox, led the german, and those in the first set were Miss Reina Maillard, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Elsie Wilshire, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Laura Sanborn, Miss Collier, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Laura Scott, and Miss Sperry.

Mrs. A. W. Wilson gave a dinner at her residence, 2430 Broadway, on last Saturday evening in honor of Bishop Sidney C. Partridge, of Kyoto, Japan, and Mrs. Partridge. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Campbell.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch gave a novel "Klondike Dinner" in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday night, when he entertained Mayor Schmitz, Mr. G. W. Carmack, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. George T. Coffey, Mr. James M. Wilson, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. A. J. Beaudette, Mr. E. J. Livernash, Mr. James Hamill, Mr. Frank H. Ames, Mr. Jack Dalton, Mr. L. R. Fulda, Mr. George de Leon, Mr. Lindsay Scrutton, Mr. Thomas McGowan, Mr. George Wilkins, Captain H. H. Norwood, Mr. Charles Lamb, Mr. William Liggett, Mr. Richard Butler, Mr. C. J. Berry, Mr. W. J. Berry, and Mr. Stewart Menzies.

The High Jinks Committee of the Bohemian Club has arranged with Professor Ferdinand Stark and his orchestra for a series of concerts to be held in the club every Saturday afternoon, during the month of March. Following is the announcement of dates and hours: Saturday, March 7th, Jinks Room (luncheon), 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; Saturday, March 14th, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M.; Saturday, March 31st, Jinks Room (luncheon) 12 M. to 2:30 P. M.; and Saturday, March 28th, Green Room, 3 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. The last concert of the old series will take place this (Saturday) afternoon between 3 and 3:30 P. M. in the Green Room.

The Tavern of Tamalpais, just under the summit of the mountain, which rises 2,592 feet above the level of the sea, is an excellent destination point for those desirous of enjoying a pleasant day's outing. The trip through Mill Valley on the Scenic Railway is luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting.

—"JOHN ERMINE OF THE YELLOWSTONE," Frederick Remington's latest novel; illustrated by the author. Price, \$1.20 at Cooper's, 746 Market St.

Golf Notes.

Walter Fairbanks, of Denver, Colo., who carried off the amateur golf championship of Southern California last year, won it for the second time on Monday by defeating C. E. Maud by a score of 2 up and 1 to play at the Los Angeles Country Club links over a 36-hole course.

The Pacific Coast amateur golf championship will be played for over the Presidio links on March 11th, 12th, and 13th. Some of the Southern experts have entered, including Messrs. Maud, Orr, and Fairbanks, and an exciting contest is looked forward to.

In the thirty-six-hole handicap tournament at medal play on the Presidio links on Monday, H. C. Golcher, who played from scratch, made the best gross score, and captured the first prize offered by the club. The other two prizes offered for the best net scores were won by C. H. Bentley and Dr. J. R. Clark, each player making the thirty-six holes in 171 strokes. Bentley's gross score was 195, and Dr. Clark's 183. H. C. Golcher's score was 178.

The qualifying round for the Council's Cup will be played this (Saturday) afternoon. The contest will be eighteen holes, medal play. The best eight scores to qualify.

An Interesting Series of German Recitals.

Hermann Rlotte, reader and expounder of German classical literature, is to give a series of recitals at Century Hall on Friday evening, March 6th; Tuesday, March 10th; and Monday, March 16th. This will be a great treat for literary people, students of the German language, and those who enjoy good elocution. His first lecture will consist of classical offerings including scenes from "Nathan der Weise," by Lessing, Mr. Rlotte's own translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and "Die Gold Gräber," by Geibel. The second recital will be devoted principally to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," translated by Waldmüller, and for his last evening Mr. Rlotte will give humorous selections in eight different dialects, and Schiller's "Der Taucher," "Das Gericht im Urwald," by Grosse, descriptive of lynch law in the Black Hills, and "Der Erlkönig," by Goethe. The price for the course will be \$2.00, or \$1.00 for single recitals.

The will of the late Alexander Boyd, the millionaire capitalist, who died on February 5th, has been filed for probate in the county clerk's office. With the exception of a few bequests to relatives and intimates the capitalist left all his estate, valued at \$2,000,000, to his widow, Mrs. Jean McGregor Boyd. She is also named as executrix, and is to manage the estate during her lifetime, and may make such disposition of it as she chooses at her death. The will was drawn in 1898, when the millionaire was eighty-two years of age. He instructs his wife to support, from the estate, their two sons, and to pay to their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rosie Boyd, and her two children the sum of \$200 per month each for a period of 125 months. Mary Jane Weeks, a sister of Mr. Boyd, is left \$200 per month for life; Helen C. Boyd, a niece, is left \$50 per month for life, and Margaret McGregor, a sister-in-law, \$100 per month for life.

The recent sale of relics of the Hawaiian royal family in Honolulu did not call for any spirited bidding. Either times are too hard in Honolulu or the taste for such souvenirs has died out, for, according to accounts, some of the finest pieces of furniture went for less than it would cost to replace them, allowing nothing for their historical associations. Many of the treasures were purchased by agents for the Kapiolani estate. The only offering over which there was any contest was an old gilt and bronze clock, which went to Banker S. M. Damon for two hundred and ninety dollars. It was a present to one of the Hawaiian monarchs from Louis Philippe of France, and was made in Paris.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson will give a monologue and dramatic recital on Monday evening in Century Hall which promises to be a real treat to those who have been fortunate enough to secure invitations. Mrs. Hanson will be assisted by six young society ladies, a noted violinist, soloist, and a pianist.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, DENTIST, PHELAN Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 806 Market St.)

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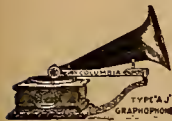
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, who recently returned from the East, are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Emma Rutherford will visit California the latter part of this month. Miss Alice Rutherford and her brother, who left on a yachting trip in Cuban waters a few weeks since, will return about April 1st and join Mr. and Mrs. Crocker in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, Jr., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame for a few days early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott are at the Hotel Del Monte, where they will make a lengthened stay.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander is expected here from New York within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell McNutt have been spending a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Warren were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week. Mrs. Henry Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck have gone to Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Arthur Callaghan during the Lenten season.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, who recently returned from an extended Eastern trip, visited her family in San José during the past week.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King will leave soon for Santa Barbara, where they expect to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, of Oakland, were at Del Monte during the week.

Ex-Governor George Baxter and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, who are at present at San Diego, will soon pay a visit to San Francisco. Mrs. Baxter has been for the past three weeks in New Orleans, where her mother has been seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mahel Toy leave on Monday for a visit to Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has departed for Santa Barbara, where she will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent and Mrs. Gerritt Lansing, who have been spending the past six weeks in San Francisco, will soon return to "Fernside," the family residence in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, accompanied by Miss Carrie Gwin, who have spent several months in the South, are expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Duval Holman, of Portland, Or., have been the guests of Mrs. Spencer C. Buckhee during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bond spent a few days at Santa Barbara early in the week.

Mrs. F. M. Smith has left Oakland for San Diego, where it is hoped, she will thoroughly recuperate from her recent illness.

Mrs. Pritchett, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry L. Wagner, has departed for Washington, D. C., where she will be the guest of Mrs. Francis G. Newlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, after a short visit to New York, recently sailed from Boston for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and Miss Jacqueline Moore have returned from the North-West.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter and a party made up of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, of Vacaville, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Farrells, of Oakland, spent several days at Byron Springs early in the week.

Mr. Frank E. Anderson, vice-president of the Bank of California, and Mrs. Anderson, have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coleman visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross visited San José during the week, and were the guests of the Misses Morrison.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. William Burling, who has for the past year made her home at San Rafael, will soon leave for Southern California, where they will remain during the spring months. Dr. Page, U. S. N., is now attached to the *Montgomery*.

Mr. A. Gerry Field left for Tarral, Chihuahua, Mexico, last Saturday.

Mr. Theodore Worces has taken a studio at 307 Fifth Avenue, New York. He will give an exhibition of his Samoan and Hawaiian pictures at the Noe Gallery, on Fifth Avenue, this month.

Mrs. A. C. MacFarlane, of Honolulu, is sojourning at Byron Springs. Judge Sewell passed a portion of last week in San José.

Mrs. Helen Hecht was at Nice when last heard from. She will spend Easter in Rome, and then travel through Sicily. She is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clarence Friend, of Milwaukee.

Miss L. Nora Harnden, who has been traveling in the East and Europe for the past two years, has returned to Alameda.

Mrs. Daly, widow of the late Marcus Daly, of Anaconda, Mont., has taken apartments at the Palace Hotel, with Mrs. H. Carroll Brown, of Baltimore.

Among other guests at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. A. S. Walker, Miss Agnes E. Walker, of Honolulu, and Colonel C. H. Maddox, Captain Charles F. Taylor, and Mr. Thomas Denigan.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. F. C. Owen and Mr. Earl Barker, of Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter, Miss Florence Lowden, and Mrs. G. C. Davis, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Giselman, Mrs. William Quinton, Mrs. E. A. Mason, Mr. Ar-

nold Genthe, Mr. H. S. James, and Mr. E. B. Power.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Cahle, Mrs. H. Gilbert Hart, and Mr. Charles P. Rowley, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hinkley and Mrs. J. W. French, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Shields, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tennant, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Osgood, of Oakland, Mrs. James F. Blaine, of Minneapolis, and Dr. W. E. Everett, of Dawson.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U. S. N., is expected to arrive here within a few days. With a party of friends he left New Orleans on Wednesday for Southern California. The visitors will spend several days in Los Angeles, San Diego, and other places in Southern California, and will then come to San Francisco for a week's stay.

Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., is to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general on the retirement of General Nelson A. Miles in August. Brigadier-General Samuel S. Sumner will be promoted to the grade of major-general on the retirement of Major-General George W. Davis, U. S. A., in July, and Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., will be appointed a major-general to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of General Young in August.

Chaplain Oliver C. Miller, U. S. A., who has been stationed at San Francisco since April, 1901, has been transferred to the Thirtieth Cavalry, and ordered to sail for the Philippines about April 1st.

Miss A. C. Kent, who sailed with Commodore Edmund B. Underwood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Underwood on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* last week, is, upon her arrival at Pago Pago, to be married to Ensign Claude C. Bloch, U. S. N., who is attached to the naval coaling station at that place.

Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., it is understood, will succeed Captain Charles D. Sigbee as chief of the Naval Bureau of Intelligence at Washington, D. C. Commander Schroeder is now returning from the Island of Guam, where he was assigned to the command of the naval station in April, 1900, taking the place of Rear-Admiral Richard P. Leary, U. S. N., who returned on his own application.

General Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Eagan, who have been spending the winter in California, left for the East last Sunday.

Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriman, retired, U. S. A., who, during the Cuban war was commanding general of this department, has been promoted to the rank of major-general.

Major Charles A. Booth, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio for some months, has been ordered to Vancouver Barracks.

Major William F. Lewis, U. S. A., medical department, arrived from the East during the week en route to the Philippine Islands. He is returning to service there at his own request.

Colonel Edward H. Plummer, U. S. A., came up from the military reservation at Monterey for a short stay during the week.

A Mecca for Art Students.

The studio of fine and domestic arts at 1601 Gough Street, corner of Bush, is one of which this city can well be proud. The opportunities offered young ladies in fitting themselves to make their homes artistic and attractive are unequalled in San Francisco. There lessons are given in sculpture, wood-carving, oil and water colors, china painting, pressed flower work, pyrography, and embroidery, each department being in the hands of unusually competent teachers, and the whole under the charge of Mrs. A. Curtis, who will be pleased to have those interested in such branches call at her studio and examine the work of her pupils.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, Diamond-Jeweler, 10 Post Street, will move March 1st, 1903, into his new store, No. 712 Market and No. 25 Geary Streets—Mutual Savings Bank Building.

— "KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; SPRING STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St.

The Conveniences of the Palace Hotel

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM JANUARY 15, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	San Jose, Elgin, Elgin and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Eureka, Eureka and	7:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25 P.
7:30 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, and from San Jose	7:25 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7:55 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 A.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25 P.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Gothen Junction, Bakersfield	6:25 P.
8:30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Potter, Eureka	7:55 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chico, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tulucome and Angels	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	6:55 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo	1:25 P.
10:00 A.	Graceland City Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Baywood, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans	11:35 A.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25 P.
12:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25 P.
11:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Willits, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55 A.
3:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4:25 P.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55 A.
6:00 P.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Golden State Limited—Stops carried on 1st train for Chicago	8:55 A.
6:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	1:25 P.
6:30 P.	Niles, Local	7:25 P.
6:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7:55 P.
6:30 P.	Vallejo	11:25 A.
6:00 P.	Oakland Mall—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago	4:25 P.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez—Westwood	8:25 A.
7:00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	7:55 P.
8:05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55 A.
9:10 P.	Hayward, Niles, Local	11:55 A.
11:25 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	1:25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge),
(Foot of Market Street)

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	7:50 P.
6:30 P.	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations	11:50 A.
8:30 P.	Leaves Los Gatos 4:55 PM Sunday	

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
11:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—
10:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.COAST LINE (Broad Gauge),
(Third and Townsend Streets)

6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 P.
7:00 A.	New Almaden	7:40 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Olney, Hollister, Santa Clara, Los Gatos, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10:45 P.
10:00 A.	Pacific Coast Express—New Orleans, Los Angeles, and East	11:35 A.
8:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00 P.
2:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	11:00 A.
3:00 P.	Del Monte Express—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Clara, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15 P.
3:30 P.	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:38 A.
14:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45 A.
15:00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	9:00 A.
15:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	10:00 A.
16:15 P.	San Jose, Belmont, Redwood, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:48 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:36 P.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited, Eastbound San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Del Monte, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	10:25 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19:45 P.
11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	19:45 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

X Saturday and Sunday only.

† Stops at all stations on Sunday.

‡ Sunday excepted. § Sunday only.

d Saturday only.

e Connects at Fresno. f With trains for Hanford, Visalia, At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.

g Via Coast Line.

h Tuesday and Friday.

m Arrive via Niles.

n Daily except Saturday.

o Via San Joaquin Valley.

p Stops Santa Clara north bound. From Hollister and Salinas change to coast line at San Jose.

q Stops at all stations on Sunday.

r Stops at all stations on Sunday.

s Stops at all stations on Sunday.

t Stops at all stations on Sunday.

u Stops at all stations on Sunday.

v Stops at all stations on Sunday.

w Stops at all stations on Sunday.

x Stops at all stations on Sunday.

y Stops at all stations on Sunday.

z Stops at all stations on Sunday.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He got the stage fright." "He! How?"
"Married the homeliest girl in the company."
—Town Topics.

Sarcastic: "Guest—Waiter, bring me a beefsteak. A real large one, as my eyesight is very poor."—Ex.

Economical Robbie: "Do you say your prayers every night, Robbie?" "No; some nights I don't want anything."—Ex.

"Bryan still seems to think he's very much like Thomas Jefferson." "And so he is." "Nonsense!" "Fact. The only difference is that Jefferson is buried."—Philadelphia Press.

Softiegh: "Are you quite sure Miss Banks is not in?" The maid: "Of course I am. She gave me one of your photographs in order to make me doubly sure."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Watts-Trumps: "Oh, yes, we had a delightful time. We played cards the whole evening. Mr. Watts-Trumps—" "Nonsense, Lucy; we only played between the anecdotes."—Tit-Bits.

Lady caller (to old family servant)—"Well, Bridget, did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India?" Bridget—"Of course he did. Shure we have the horns of the craychurs hung in the hall!"—Punch.

Blessed sleep: "Supposing you woke up some day and found yourself a millionaire—what'd you do?" "Go right to sleep again, so that the knocking of the tax assessors on the door wouldn't annoy me!"—Baltimore Herald.

Subbubs—"We've got a new girl at our house." Backlots—"Hah! It's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her?" Subbubs—"The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least."—Philadelphia Press.

Vocal gymnastics: Miss Amelia Verisopich (sympathetically)—"Thank you so very much! Do you know, I should think it would tire your eyebrows excessively to sing for so long a time."—Judge.

Uncertain: "Johnny," said the teacher, "have you ever seen a dry-dock?" "I seen Doc Jones behind his barn drinkin' out of a bottle yistady, but I dunno whether he was dry or just takin' it 'cause he's got the habit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tallent—"What's this? 'Lost, a house dog; a liberal reward will be paid for his return.' Why, man, there's your dog out in the yard this moment." Gilrose—"Yes; somebody'll come along and steal him as soon as that advertisement gets about."—Boston Transcript.

The aunt (telling the story of the sleeping beauty)—"What do you think did the prince give the king's daughter to wake her? Well, how does your mamma wake you up? What does she give you in the morning?" Elsie—"A spoonful of cod-liver oil, auntie."—Brooklyn Life.

Playwright—"That villain in my play doesn't act his part up to the lines. He must wear a look of worry and desperation." Manager—"Oh! don't get excited, I'll fix that. John, go up on the stage and start a rumor that I have skipped with the box-office receipts."—Baltimore News.

"I see it's become so windy on the corner where the Flatiron Building has been erected in New York that sometimes people are blown off their feet." "How humiliating it must be for a New Yorker to be carried off his feet by anything that doesn't come from Europe."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Public spirit rewarded: "I see Sbenston is assessed twice as much on his personal property as he was last year." "Yes; the assessor found out he was the only man living in the block that paid anything for having the street sprinkled last summer, and we soaked it to him."—Chicago Tribune.

"Can't I sell you an encyclopedia?" asked the affable agent of the short-haired woman who meets him at the door. "I believe not," she answers, slowly closing the door; "I believe not. I am president of our culture club, and I have heard all there is in all the encyclopedias several times over."—Judge.

"But, mamma," protested Miss Bulyon, "why are you sending out invitations for a diamond wedding? You haven't been married nearly long enough for that." "What's that got to do with it?" demanded Mrs. Bulyon; "your father's financial standing would make anything less than a diamond wedding absurd."—Chicago Evening Post.

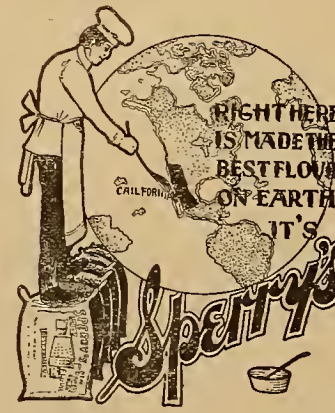
Mrs. Nextdoor—"Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano playing." Mrs. Homer—"I'm glad to hear you say so if you are really sincere." Mrs. Nextdoor—"Why, what do you mean?" Mrs. Homer—"Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving, or whether we were merely getting used to it."—Chicago Daily News.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

First chauffeur—"Whose make is your machine?" Second chauffeur—"Well, about one-third the manufacturer's and two-thirds the repairer's."—Puck.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS	6:05, 7:35, 9:00, 11:15 A.M.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 P.M.	Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 P.M.	SUNDAYS	8:00, 9:40, 11:15 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 P.M.
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Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco.
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Week Days.	Sun-days.	Destination.	Sun-days.	Week Days.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio	9:10 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
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3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	Novato.	10:40 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
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5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		6:05 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma	10:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
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7:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	and	6:05 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
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5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Rosa.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Headsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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3:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland	10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
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7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	and Ukiah.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Guerneville.	7:35 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
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3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		10:40 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma	9:10 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
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5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.		10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
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3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Sebastopol.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
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Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Alburia; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers and Booneville; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lienley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedran Heights, Hultville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Eragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dry, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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Week Days.	Sun-days.	Week Days.	Sun-days.
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9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 M.	9:15 A.
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1:45 P.	9:00 A.	12:50 P.	3:30 P.
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5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.	5:50 P.
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.....	11:30 A.	4:35 P.
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.....	1:30 P.	5:45 P.
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.....	2:35 P.	8:00 P.
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Ar. Stockton	11:10 a	12:08 p	7:10 p	11:15 p
" Merced	1:20 p	1:40 p	1:28 a
" Fresno	3:00 p	3:00 p	3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	5:51 p	7:58 a
" Visalia	10:25 p	4:48 p	5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p	7:35 a
" Kansas City	2:35 a	7:20 a
" Chicago	2:15 p	8:47 p

a for morning. p for afternoon.

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4:00 p m is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a m daily.

8:00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p m daily.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 9, 1903.

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Senator Chauncey M. Depew has become celebrated as a raconteur, a profession in which a vivid imagination is part of the stock in trade. His stories, however, having been of the after-dinner variety, when the subject was too unimportant to be worth criticizing, and the condition of his well-fed audiences too torpid to be critical, they have been allowed to pass as part of the entertainment without objections on the ground of their accuracy. In a recent more serious story, he has been less fortunate. Taking part in senatorial eulogies on the

character and career of the late Amos T. Cummings, Mr. Depew, after stating that Mr. Cummings was made managing editor of the New York Tribune by Horace Greeley, went on to draw a pathetic picture of Mr. Greeley's death. He said it occurred the day after he, with Greeley, had spoken at their last meeting of the campaign of 1872. They returned together to the latter's study, where Greeley acknowledged the bitterness of his certain defeat for the Presidency, and then, in Senator Depew's words, "his head falling upon his desk, he burst into uncontrollable sobs. I sent for his family. The brain that had done such splendid work snapped. The next morning he was taken to an asylum, where he died. His heart literally broke at the moment when he bowed his head upon his desk."

This, from the fictionist's point of view, was a very effective tale. But the Tribune, awkwardly enough for Depew, has taken occasion to state the actual facts, which are that the mass-meeting referred to was held on October 12, 1872; that from that time to the end of the campaign Mr. Greeley was prevented from active participation by the serious illness of his wife, who died on October 30th; that when the election was concluded he resumed the editorship of his paper in the full possession of his faculties, and continued his work until November 12th, when he succumbed to exhaustion, caused by his sleepless vigil at his wife's bedside at the end of a hard campaign, and died on November 29th—more than six weeks after the meeting at which he made his last speech with Senator Depew.

As a story-teller Mr. Depew's fame is secure. As a statesman we do not know that it is very great. And as an historian he is certainly not a success. This story emphasizes once more how fallible are men's memories, how worthless is human testimony regarding happenings of past years, how difficult it is to keep the historical record straight. Seven cities claim Homer's birthplace. The wonder is there are not seventy.

Most of the talk about Presidential candidates for 1904 is going on in the Democratic field, and Judge Parker, of New York, is still the centre of discussion on that side of the fence. A peculiarity of the Parker boom is the colorless character of his recommendations. In the present state of Democratic inharmoniousness, no man can be seriously considered who actively espoused the cause of Bryanism in the last two campaigns, nor can one who bitterly opposed him. In the first instance, Bryanism in a candidate would invite the antagonism of sound-money Democrats again, and would array against him the personal hostility of Cleveland, Hill, and Gorman, and their followers. In the second instance, Bryan is still strong enough to defeat a candidate of whom he disapproves, at the polls, if not in convention. Parker stands between the two on neutral ground. He has not been noted either as a silver or a gold bug. Consequently, when a leading Democrat is asked for his preference in candidates he can safely name Judge Parker, without the ill-will of either faction. The New York Press has charged that Parker is the hope of the trusts who have failed to fasten their clutches on the Republican party, and even Bryan in his recent Columbus speech intimated that the forces behind Parker have their headquarters in Wall Street, and are inspired by their desire to defeat President Roosevelt. His candidacy is strongest in the South, from which section he is receiving many invitations. He is not only refusing them, but has been so backward about avowing his candidacy that the suspicion has gone forth that he has grave doubts of Democratic success in 1904, and prefers to lie low until 1910, when his term on the bench will have nearly expired, and at which time he will be sixty-two years of age—ripe and ready. While at present Judge Parker has the strength that naturally

accrues to a neutral Democrat in a field of warring factions, he stands for nothing which is likely to attract Republican votes next year, or which will strongly affect the independent vote. Without such help the chances of his election seem small. The New York Herald has tried to canvass Democratic sentiment, but with slight success. Out of eighty-nine interviews only thirty-one expressions were gained and twenty-three of these favored Judge Parker. Both Cleveland and Olney are still talked about. Between them the latter stands the best chance. He would poll as many votes as Cleveland in the North and East, and vastly more in the South, where Cleveland is cordially hated. As between the two, also, Olney would have the preference of Bryan, who is bound to be a factor in the choice of a Democratic candidate.

A rose by any other name, so 'tis said, would smell as sweet. But a "ladrone," by any other name, so the Manila censor appears to think, might affright the American people. Ever since the time last summer, when some of Uncle Sam's military were metamorphosed, over night, into "constables" (a word savoring of generous paunches, pinky, shaven gills, and a general air of pompous authority), the snippy dispatches from Manila have constantly chronicled the capture, the escape, or the surprising recrudescence of "ladrones." What is a "ladrone"? everybody began to ask, with the result that it was explained that "ladrone" was Filipino for highway robber, wholesale chicken-thief, horse-stealer, in short, all-around bad man. There seemed to be a good many "ladrones" last fall; lately they have been increasing in numbers. A Manila dispatch of February 9th, however, was evidently sent by some rabid anti-imperialist while the censor was asleep.

It told how two hundred "insurgents" had engaged with a force under Inspector Keithly, seven miles from Manila, and had been routed with a loss of fifteen of the "enemy," and one officer of the constabulary. But another dispatch, dated February 22d, set things right again. It spoke of the same force, but referred to its members correctly as "ladrones." It did seem a trifle odd, though, that these cattle-thieves should have been commanded by "General" San Miguel, an "irreconcilable" (not a rebel, mark you), and that they should have been uniformed. This time, it appeared from the dispatch, they had captured forty scouts and ten men, and had surrounded two towns, eleven miles east of Manila, and the following day captured a large force of constabulary, who, however, escaped. Their number had increased from two hundred to three hundred. Still they were ladrones. Nobody felt alarmed.

But what extreme confusion of mind follows the perusal of the latest Manila message! "General San Miguel's force of insurgent ladrones," it reads, "has abandoned Montalbar." "Insurgent ladrones," forsooth! This must be looked to.

Speaking more seriously, it, indeed, appears that a small, but vigorous, rebellion against American rule has broken out almost under the walls of Manila. Perhaps it will be suppressed without much trouble. But it will certainly bear watching.

The one phase of the matter, which seems most serious to the observer at this distance, is the danger to school-teachers throughout the islands. If insurgents are operating boldly within a few miles of Manila, American teachers, some of them women, certainly can not be altogether safe in little towns of the interior.

In this connection may be noted Governor Taft's urgent appeal for reduction of the Philippine tariff, which the President transmitted to Congress by message on Friday last. The industrial conditions, pictured by Governor Taft in his November report, were certainly

not roseate, but he declares that they are now "considerably worse." Sugar and tobacco, the two leading industries of the islands, he says are in a wretched condition, but may be helped by reduction or removal of the duties. "Customs receipts have fallen off one-third the past month." "General business stagnant."

Since the above was written Congress has adjourned without passing the Philippine tariff bill. Senator Hoar, speaking during the last hours of the session, said that this failure, in the face of Governor Taft's appeal, and the President's special message, was the "first great object-lesson" showing that we are not fit to govern the destinies of a people eight thousand miles away, who have no voice in the government.

If Governor Taft is right, the immediate future in the islands is indeed dark. If Senator Hoar is right, it will continue to be so.

The Fifty-Seventh Congress has adjourned *sine die* with large questions looming up in the future. The stirring speech of Speaker-to-be Cannon, delivered in the House during the last few moments of the session, suggested, if it did not threaten, a House revolt against what Cannon called the "legislative blackmail" of the Senate. "In impassioned tones," say the dispatches, "he prayed that his life might be spared until a righteous public sentiment should lash the Senate into majority rule. He declared that the House must force the issue, or become the recorder of the will of one man in the Senate." And the members cheered him to the echo. Evidently, when Congress meets in December, with Cannon in the chair, there is to be a battle royal.

Despite the great Statehood filibuster in the Senate, the list of bills made laws at this congressional session is a long one. Foremost among them is the creation of a new executive department—the Department of Commerce—to which the President has appointed George B. Cortelyou as secretary. Three bills relating to trusts, whose effectiveness has yet to be tested, were passed—the Elkins, the Knox appropriation, and the publicity clause of the Department of Commerce act. Memorable, too, was the speedy removal of the duty on coal, in the face of a great fuel famine in the East. Besides these measures, there were the army staff corps bill, the militia bill, the immigration bill, and the naval appropriation bill, providing for increase in the personnel of the navy to meet the growing demand for men. Though the Philippine tariff bill failed, \$3,000,000 was appropriated to relieve distress and famine, and a currency system was provided. The anarchy bill was passed, and the Alaskan boundary treaty was ratified. As to appropriations, the amount aggregates \$753,484,018, as against \$800,624,496 for the last long session. The total for the Fifty-Seventh Congress is, therefore, in round numbers, a billion and a half, or, to be exact, \$1,554,108,514, as against \$1,440,489,439 for the Fifty-Sixth Congress.

The last few days of the session in the House were marked by a determined filibuster on the part of the Democrats, excessively irritating to contemplate, and, apparently, barren of results. Its ostensible purpose was to force the majority to rescind its action in deciding a contested election case adversely to James J. Butler, a Democrat, from Missouri. Roll-calls were constantly demanded by the minority leaders, and, as it requires more than half an hour in each case, business moved at a snail's pace, and legislative tempers were sadly ruffled. It is difficult to see what was gained by the action of the Democrats.

With the passing of Congress, the Senate enters upon an extraordinary session for the consideration and disposal of the Panama Canal and Cuban reciprocity treaties. Our government has secured an extension of the option on the property of the French Canal Company, and the general consensus of opinion in Washington seems to be that the Panama treaty will be ratified. However, Senator Morgan evidently has some support, and will, if possible, defeat it. His opposition is mainly based on two points. First, he contends that inasmuch as the Spooner bill provided for perpetual control of the canal strip, and as the Colombian constitution prohibits such cession of territory, the present treaty, providing for a hundred-year lease, with privilege of renewal, is, in fact, in violation of both the Spooner bill and the Colombian constitution—in other words, is a "juggle." Second, he alleges that corruption has been employed in securing ratification of the treaty; and is to be employed on a still greater scale in gaining the consent of the Colombian Congress. As to Cuban reciprocity, it appears there is to be determined opposition on the part of Senator Teller, and the treaty may fail. It seems impossible that such a measure can obtain the necessary two-thirds vote.

An association numbering among its members the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Strathcona, Lord Charles Beresford, and other Englishmen of note, has been formed in London to investigate the question of England's food supply in time of war. It has long been contended that, as England imports four-fifths of the wheat necessary for consumption, even a temporary interruption of the importation of breadstuffs would be a disaster of vast magnitude. Such an interruption in the event of war would be likely, and, however efficient England's army, however strong her navy, a hundred thousand starving men clamoring for bread in London would soon render the prosecution of war abroad impossible, and peace, on whatever terms, a necessity. It is this problem the association will study, and endeavor to solve. It has already been suggested that the government build huge granaries, in which a great quantity of grain might be stored for a war emergency, but the plan has heretofore met with little encouragement. Undoubt-

edly much light will be thrown on the subject by the minute investigations of the new association. In the meantime, the facts brought out serve to show how many and complex are the questions to be considered when a great nation goes to war. Not only does England's army, in that expressive phrase, "march on its stomach," but of England itself it may be said with equal truth, that she "goes to war on her stomach."

The bitter criticism of the President's course in appointing negroes to office in the South—notably Dr. Crum to the collectorship at Charleston—has moved him to write a letter, stating his general attitude. This letter, addressed to the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is clear and to the point. President Roosevelt, in substance, declares that in his appointments the "prime tests" have been those of "character, fitness, and ability"; that when there offered no suitable man for any office, within party lines, he did not hesitate to go beyond them; that he certainly could not "treat mere color as a permanent bar to holding office any more than . . . creed or birthplace—always provided that in other respects the applicant or incumbent is a worthy and well-behaved American citizen"; that in appointing negroes to office he had merely been continuing the policy of President McKinley; that, indeed, the proportion of negroes to white men among appointments in the South had been only one in a hundred; and, finally, that he, the President, was "totally at loss to imagine" why the appointment of Dr. Crum as collector at Charleston should have caused any more excitement than the re-appointment of a negro collector at Savannah. Further, after calling the South to witness as to the uprightness of his appointees, the President said:

"I need hardly say that to connect . . . any or all my appointments, or my actions in upholding the law at Indianapolis, with such questions as 'social equality' and 'negro domination' is as absurd as to connect them with the nebular hypothesis or the theory of atoms."

Again, in conclusion:

"In view of all these facts, I have been surprised and somewhat pained at what seems to me the incomprehensible outcry in the South about my actions—an outcry apparently started in New York for reasons wholly unconnected with the question nominally at issue. I am concerned at the attitude thus taken by so many of the Southern people, but I am not in the least angry; and still less will this attitude have the effect of making me swerve one hair's breadth to one side or the other from the course I have marked out—the course I have consistently followed in the past, and shall consistently follow in the future."

The Senate at the session just ended having failed to confirm the appointment of Dr. Crum, the President, on Thursday, again sent the nomination for confirmation to the Senate just convened, plainly evidencing his declared purpose not to "swerve a hair's breadth" from the policy he has marked out.

Senator Joseph Ralph Burton, who hails from Abilene, Dickinson County, Kan., has recently distinguished himself epistolarily quite as successfully as did General Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Athens, O., though in a different way. General Grosvenor's oh-please-buy-my-book letters savored of knavery. Senator Burton's epistle arouses only inextinguishable laughter, and wonder that any senator could be so simple as to invest two thousand presumably hard-earned dollars in a wild-cat investment company, claiming to pay dividends of 72 per cent. a year. Perhaps the senator, like the general, will deny that he wrote the damnable letter, and, if so, we hope with better success.

It appears that the communication in question has been found among those of several thousand other suckers in the offices of the notorious National Securities Company of St. Louis, recently raided by the police. The letter states that he (Burton) has decided to invest two thousand dollars in the concern; that he "feels" the money will be safe, and that he "knows" it will be quite impossible to find a more profitable investment.

It is customary, we believe, for fond Kansas parents to point to Kansas statesmen as examples for their sons. We fear, however, that the case of Get-Rich-Quick Burton will serve to point quite a different moral. If it does so successfully, however, and really restrains Kansas youth from sending their surely hard-earned dollars to foxy swindlers, perhaps the mental discomfort the exposure will cause Senator Burton will be justified by its good effect on the community at large.

The exposure of the St. Louis turf concern some weeks ago, has precipitated investigations of similar firms in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. It is alleged that the first of these concerns had collected \$2,500,000 from customers, with most of which the officers decamped. In New York, among other records, six large books were found, containing names of physicians only. One of them was suggestively marked "Done." In Chicago similar prosperous concerns were found, and in this city, so the *Examiner* alleges, a "big racing stable" is conducted in two small offices in the McCallaghan Building. It indeed seems as if the number of people who believe it possible to get something for nothing were increasing.

The health department of New York City has been investigating the adulteration of drugs there with startling results. Samples of phenacetin were obtained from more than three hundred drug stores.

Less than one-fifth of these were found to be pure. Some were adulterated with greater or less percentages of acetanilid, others were pure acetanilid with no trace of phenacetin in them. As phenacetin costs one dollar an ounce, and acetanilid eighteen or twenty cents a pound, the incentive is apparent. Samples of tinctures to the number of two hundred and fifteen were also examined, and of these forty were found to contain wood alcohol instead of the real article. Wood alcohol is a poison, and in time produces blindness, paralysis, and St. Vitus's dance. When examined, the dealers confessed that they had bought the drugs from peddlers at

from one-quarter to one-half of the market price, without asking any questions. As large quantities of phenacetin are smuggled into the country, the presumption is that the dealers were trying to defraud the government instead of their customers. The *Medical Journal*, in commenting on the developments, justly says "that it is appalling—almost incredible—that four-fifths of the pharmacists in question should be dishonest to the point of endangering life for such a paltry gain in dirty money." Undoubtedly the same vicious practices, on the part of druggists, prevail in this city.

The practical failure of the Statehood bill last week closes what is said to be the longest, and is unquestionably one of the most notable, deadlocks in the records of the Senate. The only ones comparable with it are those over the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman act, and over the Wilson tariff, both of which occurred in Cleveland's second term. A singular feature of the present contest was the loss of control by the majority party. The deadlock lasted from December 10th last to February 24th. The original bill, providing for the admission of all three States, passed the House last session. During vacation a sub-committee from the Senate visited the Territories to investigate. Their report was favorable to Oklahoma, but adverse to Arizona and New Mexico. Senator Quay took up the fight for the omnibus bill, the Democrats, scenting four new Senators, joined him, and the bill became the regular order early in the session. In the long struggle which followed the filibusters were able to prevent a vote, and also succeeded in preventing its passage as a rider to appropriation bills. The approaching end of the session suggested compromise. The minority offered to admit New Mexico and Arizona in 1905 as one State, to be called Montezuma, with the provision that Arizona might be set off as a separate State when its population reached 300,000, if the people desired, and Congress approved. This would have made a State second in size to Texas only. Its area would have about equaled the New England States, the Middle States, and Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia thrown in. Its population would be about equal to three-fourths of that of the city of San Francisco, or half that of Boston. The offer also included the admission of Oklahoma in 1905, and the annexation to it of Indian Territory in 1906. The statehood forces refused the compromise, in spite of the urgent advice of Senator Quay that it might be accepted on the half-a-loaf principle. The Republican contingent, which had made an omnibus bill majority possible, went back to their party ranks, and, a motion to keep the Statehood riders on the appropriation bills failing, this action marked the failure of Statehood legislation in this session. The outcome is likely to keep the matter out of politics, as neither party is in position successfully to charge the other with being an opponent of admission of the Territories. Neither are the Democrats quite certain that Quay has not used them to obstruct other business—possibly an anti-trust law.

It has repeatedly been stated that Quay is the man who "blocked legislation." Upon his shoulders is heaped abuse because an extra session has been necessary. In the interests of truth it ought to be plainly stated that the blame for blocking legislation can not rest upon a majority of any body which stands ready to vote upon a measure, as did fifty-three or more Republicans and Democrats in the Senate. The blame, if blame there be, can only lie with a minority, which, by filibustering, avoided a vote.

The fact set forth in a Berlin dispatch, that a new station yacht for the German navy is to be called the *Alice Roosevelt*, strikes us as a bit peculiar. "By minor changes," says the dispatch, "the vessel may be converted into a torpedo boat." Since when, we should like to know, has it been the fashion of our European first or second cousins to name war vessels after royal princes or other monarchies, or daughters of presidents of republics? War with Germany is doubtless an exceedingly remote contingency, but should it unfortunately occur, it would certainly be unpleasant and distinctly awkward for the *Oregon*, for instance, to have to send the torpedo boat *Alice Roosevelt* to the bottom of the sea. It would be really unchivalric. Perhaps the Kaiser will reconsider his announced intention. At any rate, this last endeavor to get into the good graces of the American people is not likely to be reciprocated in kind. We rather fancy that if it were proposed to name even a ten-foot tender after, say, Crown Prince Frederick, there would go up from good Americans "a vibrant, ululant, and plangent cry" of protest that would shake the heavens.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the county clerk of this county by a company calling itself the "Western Pacific Railway Company," capital stock, \$50,000,000, of which \$1,250,000 has been subscribed by the following persons: Walter J. Barnett, \$1,490,000, and Henry F. Fortmann, J. Dalzell Brown, A. C. Kains, John Treadwell, F. M. West, James Treadwell, David F. Walker, George A. Batchelder, John Lloyd, and C. A. Gray, \$10,000 each. The purpose of the company, as stated, is to acquire and operate the railroad and terminal properties belonging to the San Joaquin Railroad Company, San Francisco Terminal Railway and Ferry Company, Stockton and Beckwith Pass Railway Company, and Sacramento and Oakland Railway Company, and to build a railway from San Francisco, through Oakland, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and thence through Beckwith Pass to Salt Lake City. Numerous branch lines are also provided for. Bills are now before the legislature, permitting the State to lease for terms of not over fifty years unimproved land on the harbor front, in consideration of the construction of a seawall by the lessee. These bills, indorsed by the Chamber of Commerce, are understood to be in the interests of the new company. Both have been favorably reported, but some opposition is developing. Temporarily, at least, the new com-

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ROOSEVELT."

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SAN FRANCISCO.

DRUG
FRAUDS IN
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pany has met with a setback, in the refusal of the secretary of state to grant the application for incorporation (though the \$5,000 fee was tendered), on the ground that a company of the same name, whose franchise is held by the Southern Pacific, is already in existence. Considerable speculation has been aroused as to what large interests, if any, are behind the company. George Gould's name has been much mentioned, but nothing definite, apparently, is known.

That unspeakable political pirate, J. Edward Addicks, has finally been defeated in his hold-up of the State of Delaware, which commonwealth, for the first time in years, now has two representatives in the Senate of the United States. No such record as this of wholesale bribery of thousands of voters in a sovereign State is to be found in the history of this country. According to Mr. Kennan, \$400,000 was spent by Addicks in campaign years ago. Into Kent County, one year, \$40,000 in crisp, new, consecutively numbered bills were brought by Addicks's lieutenants. A few days before election, there were none in circulation. A few days after, every country store and hank were flooded with them. It is yet too early, however, to say whether Addicks's defeat is a real or a barren victory. Of the two senators elected one is anti-Addicks and the other pro-Addicks. If the latter proves to be merely a tool of Addicks, and is permitted to distribute patronage for the purpose of strengthening the forces of corruption so that Addicks may make good his boast to win the senatorship in 1905, Delaware may yet have to struggle long before she is rid of the Addicks incubus.

The latest device for making apparent the desirability of residence in California that has been developed by the promotion committee, is one that should at least make Easterners envious of those who live here. Every morning at nine o'clock the highest and lowest temperature for the preceding twenty-four hours, together with the weather condition as furnished by Forecaster McAdie, is to be telegraphed to New York. There it will be bulletined in large figures upon the side of one of the tallest buildings on Broadway, where the unfortunate New Yorker, suffering from the cold of a frozen winter, or the heat of a prostrating summer, may learn how comfortable he would be if he lived in San Francisco. The idea is an excellent one. People are strongly affected by their climatic environment, and a realization of how easily they may exchange discomfort for comfort should decide many Easterners to make their homes here. The application of the idea might be extended so as to include other cities as well. The owners of the building in New York, upon which the bulletins are to be placarded, furnish the space and the bulletins for the sake of the advertisement, and owners in other cities could perhaps be found who would be willing to do the same thing. Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia all have climates as trying as that of New York, and all have people whom it would be desirable to attract to this State.

Congressman Woods has struck an unexpected snag in his effort to succeed Colonel John P. Irish as naval officer in the custom-house of this city. When the congressional delegation returned to San Francisco last summer, they were tendered a reception by the Union League Club. Congressman Woods, having no ambition to return to Congress, expressed himself very freely on the subject of Cuban reciprocity. After discussing the President's attitude with great frankness, he declared that if the interests of California and her industries required a hostile attitude to the President of the United States, he should hold that attitude to the end. This was extremely frank, but it was not discreet if Mr. Woods expected to ask any favors of the President. He is now asking for such a favor, and the President is recalling this speech at the Union League Club. Senator Bard and Representative Metcalf called on the President and urged the appointment of Woods, and the President expressed surprise that they should ask such a thing. President Roosevelt has indicated his willingness to have Woods explain the matter if he can, and Woods is now trying to do it.

The basis upon which the great street-railway strike of last April was settled, was a raise of regular wages from twenty-two to twenty-five cents an hour, a thirty-cent rate for overtime, and a provision that all runs be finished in fourteen hours after commencement. The carmen now want a further increase. The *Chronicle* reports the proceedings of the meeting at which action was taken as follows:

Division 205, Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees, known as the Carmen's Union, at a meeting attended by over one thousand members, unanimously and without a dissenting voice adopted a new wage schedule, calling for three dollars a day for nine hours work or less. From six to nine hours are to constitute a day's work, to be performed within ten and one-half consecutive hours. Thus the minimum rate for the longest run of a day would be thirty-three and a third cents per hour, while for a short run of six hours it would be fifty cents an hour. This applies to conductors, motor and gripmen, target, switch, and signal men and all employees receiving the same wage rate at present. Washers, repairers, trackmen, construction men, east-welders, oilers, sweepers, lampmen, and all other employees receiving two dollars a day at present, are to have a minimum wage rate of two dollars and a half a day. Overtime is to be paid at the rate of one and one-half wage. The new schedule and rules will be sent to the general officers of the International Association of Street Railway Employees at Detroit for approval, and, if approved, to go into effect May 1, 1903.

A striking illustration of the important place the automobile has already achieved in this country, is the announcement that Columbia University, of New York, has added to her curriculum a course in "traction engines and automobile carriages." France, in 1902, exported automobiles amounting in value to \$20,000,000.

BY RAIL TO THE RIVIERA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

"The Riviera" is a term the English use, but not the French. The phrase is almost unknown in French conversation. French newspapers occasionally use it, but always with quotation marks or in italics. Their usual phrase is "Le Littoral du Méditerranée," or simply "Le Littoral"; when they wish to be poetical they call it *Le Côte d'Azur*—"The Azure Shore." As for the phrase "Riviera Française," like that famous phrase "double entendre," it does not exist in French. "Riviera" reminds one of the term "Frisco." If you meet a man in New York who once passed through San Francisco, he always hails you with a knowing air and says, "Well, how are things in 'Frisco?" Yet no San Franciscan ever uses the phrase "Frisco"—you must go abroad to hear it. So of "Riviera": although the English use it continually, the French use it not at all. The word, of course, is Italian, but the Italians use it in a very general way, as with them it simply means "coast."

Americans who are prone to grumble at their railways ought to go abroad—it would cure them. Our railways have many faults, but with all their faults, they are the finest in the world. We traveled from Paris to Nice by the "train de luxe" of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée, or let us call it, for short, the P.-L.-M. Limited. This train is one of the fast "limited express" trains of Europe. It runs only during the winter season, at first three times a week; after the fifteenth of January, when the crowds flock to the south, it runs daily to the end of March. I was told in Paris that this P.-L.-M. Limited is the finest train running out of that city. But I do not believe it. Ten years ago I traveled on the Orient Express, which runs from Paris to Constantinople, and even then it was a better train than the P.-L.-M. Limited is now.

The Paris-Nice limited train is made up entirely of "wagon-lits," or sleeping coaches, with one restaurant carriage. The "wagon-lits" are run by the great Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, which runs its cars all over Europe; it also runs the restaurant carriage. But the compartment for which you pay an extra of 80 francs is about half the size of the Pullman drawing-room on an American train. It is not nearly so comfortable; it has none of the numerous little Pullman conveniences, and its only toilet accessory is a wash-basin. Now let us compare the prices. From Paris to Nice the distance is about 630 miles. For this you pay (first-class fare) 122 francs; you pay "supplemental" or extra for the wagon-lits, 40 francs; you are allowed only fifty-six pounds of luggage free; if you have the ordinary amount of travelers' luggage, the extra luggage tariff will cost you about 65 or 70 francs. This will make a total of about 230 francs, or \$46 for the 630 miles.

Now take the finest train in the United States. Beyond question that at present is the Twentieth Century Limited on the New York Central. From New York to Chicago is a run of 1,000 miles—nearly twice as far as from Paris to Nice. The fare on this fine train is \$20; supplemental for limited train and sleeper, \$8, making a total of \$28, with one hundred and fifty pounds of luggage free. Thus the P.-L.-M. Limited Paris-Nice train costs nearly twice as much as the Twentieth Century for about one-half the distance, and allows you only one-third as much luggage. Time from Paris to Nice, 630 miles, 15½ hours; time from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles, 20 hours.

When it comes to the running of the trains, there can be no comparison. The French trains make tolerably fast time, but they are extremely uncomfortable. The carriages are shorter and lighter than our heavy Pullman coaches; they have fewer wheels and lighter trucks. Of late years clumsy vestibules have been added, which, compared with our solid devices of steel and leather and brass, look as if they had been knocked together by a country blacksmith's apprentice out of old scrap iron and broken-winded bellows. The coaches run with a "joggety-joggety-jump" motion, partly owing to their shortness and lightness, and partly to the absence of the massive trucks which the American constructors put under their cars. Then the sleeping berths run at right angles to the rails, instead of parallel with them; as a result the unfortunate sleeper, instead of lying at his ease, as on the smooth-running American limited trains, is rolled around, tossed about, and humped up and down through the long and sleepless night.

Compare the service of the trains. On the American limited trains there are not only restaurant cars, but handsome saloon cars, in which are reading and writing rooms, with daily papers, pictorials, magazines; there are smoking-rooms, barber shops, room for stenographer, telegraph blanks, code-books, and even telephones for telephoning from stations. On the so-called "luxurious trains" of the P.-L.-M. between Paris and Nice, there are not only no such luxuries, but even ordinary comforts are lacking; there is absolutely nowhere to stand or sit outside of one's narrow compartment; so, when Paterfamilias has got up and dressed, he has to stand out in the narrow aisle while Materfamilias is dressing, to be jostled by all the other passengers and the passing train men. There is not another spot for him to stand on.

The restaurant service is fairly good on the French trains. It is the conventional table d'hôte dinner, served as such dinners usually are on trains—that is, with long waits between the courses and with dishes frequently served cold. But it is much better than many of the dinners served on American trains in the Middle West. It is about equal in excellence to the ordinary American limited service. It is not nearly so good, however, as the dinner served on the Twentieth Century Limited. For that matter, such a dinner would be hard to excel anywhere for the price. When we rode over the Twentieth Century, into New York, we had a dinner served

us for a dollar and a half which was faultless. It was well chosen, it was well cooked, it was well served. Last, but not least, it was served on hot plates. On the hill of fare were Chesapeake oysters, Wisconsin black bass, prairie chicken, and delicious roast beef—that kind of beef which has been raised in luxury and unlimited grass on a boundless prairie, shipped in palace cattle-cars to Chicago, spoon-fed there by trained nurses, wooed into euthanasia by wild-eyed stock-yard executioners, and sold at a special low price by the Beef Trust to the New York Central because they love one another.

Ah me! Sometimes, when I am eating the curious freak meats of Southern Europe—of which one kind always tastes like veal and another like beefy veal—I think of that Chicago beef, and weep.

It is a dreadful shock to have such a dinner served you just before you arrive in New York: for the same dinner at Delmonico's or Sherry's will cost you five times as much, and sometimes it will not be so good.

To return to the Orient Express. When I was last on that train, it was made up not only of wagon-lits, but also of coaches exactly like our Pullman sleepers for those who preferred them. There are several trains in Europe, by the way, where they run Pullman coaches; on the Orient Express, on the Midland Railway in England, and between Naples and Rome in Italy. On those lines, they have been running Pullmans for years, but the people do not seem to demand more of them. In Europe, they are very conservative.

To offset the drawbacks of European railways, it is only fair to say that in many respects they are superior to ours. Their roadbeds are magnificent. Their viaducts are of the most substantial character. They never have grade crossings, but run either above or below the level of the highways. Their tracks are straight, their curves are long, obstructions on their line are almost impossible, the lines are carefully patrolled, almost every minute of the day, and every safeguard is thrown around them which would tend to preserve human life. The criminal carelessness which in the United States permits express trains to run at a high rate of speed through busy towns, would not be tolerated in Europe.

On our train traveled the Princess Yousouff Dolgourouky, on her way to Nice, in which city she owns a magnificent villa on the Boulevard Duhouchage. This lady is the morganatic widow of the late Czar Alexander. She was probably well provided for when Czar Alexander turned over all the Russias, the crown and throne to Czar Nicholas. Her morganatic dowry must be a comfortable one to enable her to occupy such a fine villa in Nice, which is not a cheap town. Still I was a little surprised to see that even a left-handed empress was willing to travel with the common herd in this way. Surely her morganatic highness ought to have a special train, or at least a special carriage.

The conductors on these wagon-lits are curious persons; they speak six or eight languages, and are almost unintelligible in all. Germans seem to understand their German with difficulty; Frenchmen struggle vainly with their French, and after a violent wrestle with one in English, I was heavily thrown. I am puzzled as to their nationality, but have finally come to the conclusion that they were born on the wagon-lits.

A placard in six languages is in each compartment, which reads that "the conductor must clean the shoes of any passenger who makes the demand." It really seems hard to order a six-foot fellow with a handsome moustache, a fine uniform, and brass buttons, to black your boots for you; but he will do it cheerfully and accept your tip gratefully. The consideration of the company is shown by their placing the placard on the front of the berth, which is not let down until nightfall. Thus the brass-bound conductor is spared the ignominy of continual contemplation of his shame.

The English of the conductors is matched by an equally weird tongue spoken by the waiters in the restaurant car. When one told me that he had "zgrampled aix," I was lost in wonder as to what he meant, until he told me "œufs brouillés," and then I knew he meant "scrambled eggs." When another asked me if I wanted "huddadoze" I was nonplussed; he added explanatorily, "bummes de derre," but I still did not identify the vegetable until he said "Kartoffeln."

If the last half of the nineteenth century was the age of the railway, this is emphatically the age of the tramway. I mean the steam railway as contrasted with the electric tramway. The profound effect of the construction of electric tramways is already being felt; before a generation is over, it will have brought about a revolution—an economic, a social, and, perhaps, a political revolution. Paris, a most conservative city, is already yielding to the tramway; before another decade her fortifications will fall, the walls which now pen up the people of Paris will give place to circumvallatory boulevards, like the beautiful Ring Strasse of Vienna, and the Parisian populace will pour out into the surrounding suburbs, as the people of London have done.

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

Other European cities have already felt its influence. If the home-dwellers in the United States believe that the amazing growth of the electric tramway is confined to their country, they are much in error. I have no statistics at hand, but from observations I would be inclined to think that Europe is increasing in electric mileage much more rapidly than we. All over France, Switzerland, and Italy, enterprising capitalists have built and are building many miles of electric tramways. Even in poor old medieval Spain the mule is giving way to the trolley. I can not say what Germany is doing, for I have not traveled there recently, but I suppose they have numerous tramways, as they boast of the fastest electric line in the world.

It is nearly nine years since I visited Nice, and in that time the town has become transformed. Electric tramways

from the Place Masséna in every direction. Eastward they run through Villefranche and to Beaulieu. Westward they run as far as Cagnes, a village half-way to Cannes. The Monaco trams nearly meet the Beaulieu tram on the west, the Mentone tram on the east. In a few years there will be a continuous line of electric tramways along this coast all the way from Marseilles to Genoa.

When we reached Nice, it was a brilliant morning. The picturesque city was flooded with sunshine, a welcome sight to those who had not seen the sun for weeks. It was so inspiring, after the gloom of the northern cities, that we heeded not the clamoring cabbies, but walked from the station down the fine Avenue de la Gare. Presently we came to the terminus of a tramway which led to the quarter we intended to seek—Cimiez. We entered a car. The conductor at once doffed his cap, saying: "Bonjour, sieur à 'dame." I thought the man was drunk, and gazed scrutinizingly at him; but there was no smell of liquor on his breath, and he was apparently sober. When he took our fare, he said "Thank you" as he handed me the change. This convinced me that if not drunk he was mad, and I looked around uneasily that we might effect our escape if this lunatic should grow violent. But nothing happened except that he continued to show this abnormal and alarming courtesy to the other passengers as well as to us. He assisted all the old ladies to mount and to descend from the car; he respectfully murmured to a man "Will Monsieur give himself the trouble to move up a little?" as the car grew crowded; as a young woman waved her sunshade at him at an "optional stop," he took off his cap and said pleasantly, "Very sorry, Mademoiselle, but we are complete"; when he went forward he addressed the motorman in such polite terms that I was irresistibly reminded of Captain Reece of the good ship *Mantelpiece*, who always said "If you please" to his crew. I reached our point of destination in a dazed condition, and was still further amazed when the conductor took off his cap to us when we got out.

His mild address to the young woman when telling her the car was full was a strong contrast to the tough car-conductors of Chicago, when they bawl: "Aw, take de next car!" His gentle requests to the passengers to move up was not at all like the L-road ruffians in New York, when they shout to the sheep-like flock of passengers, "Move up, dere, and step lively now, youse!"

I did not solve the mystery until I had ridden a few times in this tramway from Nice to Cimiez. This, by the way, is an aristocratic suburb, made up principally of large hotels, and fine villas inhabited by foreigners, most of whom are wealthy and many of whom are millionaires. The Cimiez tram cars are divided into first and second class; the millionaires naturally use the first class, and they almost invariably give the conductors a penny tip when paying their fares. The Nice Electric Company runs its best cars and puts its best conductors on the Cimiez line. There are doubtless Americans who might demur to the first and second class restriction on a street-car line, but when they got over their over-bated democracy, they would find it extremely convenient. If you are in a hurry, you are tolerably sure to get a place in the first-class compartment by paying six cents for it, when the second class costs but three; people who are economical, who are not in a hurry, or who are poor, will allow several cars marked "complet" to pass, in order to save the extra fare. That is right—they should not be forced to pay more than they can afford, merely to ride on a cushioned seat. Some people have more time than money, others more money than time.

Apropos, I have more than once seen nice-looking, well-dressed English girls riding in the second-class compartment; I have also seen other nice-looking, well-dressed English girls get into the first-class compartment; I have then seen the first group join their first-class friends and pay the extra fare, without any apparent sign of embarrassment. Neither the six-cent ladies nor the three-cent ladies would show the slightest self-consciousness. If we had such divisions in America, I wonder how many American girls would care to be found in a second-class compartment by a friend?

It must not be supposed that all the trams in Nice are like this millionaires' tram; very much to the contrary. Most of them have but one compartment. The people go there; they are nice, good-humored, honest people, but they have strong odors about them. Here in the sunny land of fair Provence, people are fond of eating "bouillabaisse" and garlic, and you can tell it by their breath. Then the cars are largely filled by people hearing bundles—men with mysterious sacks, girls with heaps of linen, sometimes clean and sometimes not, old women carrying gigantic baskets full of garden truck and live stock. One such sat in a tram car opposite me the other day, and she had in her lap a large market-basket with two flapping lids. I noticed one of these lids moving oddly from time to time, but as it was in the morning and I was entirely sober its only effect was to excite my curiosity. But beside the old woman there sat a red-legged soldier who was carrying what in America is called a "stop-over jag"—that is, the fumes of his last night's spree still lingered with him. But things are very different in the morning, and at that time of day gentlemen with "stop-overs" are prone to see ultramarine spiders and hottle-green mice. Our red-legged warrior was gazing at this strange manifestation like a pointer dog; he shuddered and shook, but at last braced himself and averted his gaze from the moving basket-lid as much as to say, "No, no—I am mistaken; the blamed thing isn't moving. But I won't look at it all the same." As he turned away his face, the moving lid suddenly lifted; out of the basket came the head of a live goose; poised on its long neck, it had an undeniably snaky look, and it began pecking at the nearest object, which happened to be the soldier's hand. With a wild shriek the terrified warrior leaped

from the car, and fled up the street, to the amazement of the old lady with the basket.

This reminded me of an incident I once noted in San Francisco on the Haight Street car. Old Dr. Harkness, president of the Academy of Sciences—now dead—had two weaknesses: one was mushrooms, the other snakes. Out near the Park, the doctor got on the car, dirty, but radiant. He had been rooting around the hills south of the Park, and had found a pathological mushroom. He told me that it had an entirely new and strange disease, although at the Academy of Sciences his collection contained the spores of some ten thousand mushroom disease germs. I told him that if they were mine, I would burn them all in order to decrease mushroom mortality—and that of mushroom eaters. But the doctor smiled a pitying smile, and went on pointing out to me the beauties of his diseased fungi. While talking he had placed on the seat by his side something wrapped in a handkerchief. There was only one other person in the car—a man on the same bench. My eye wandered from the doctor to the man, because I realized dimly that the stranger was moving. But so was the doctor's parcel. The neatly rolled-up handkerchief was writhing, twisting, and bumping itself along the bench toward the stranger; the stranger was sliding backward toward the other end of the car, with an expression upon his countenance of the most abject terror. When he got to the end of the car, he flung himself upon the conductor with a wild scream; yelling at him: "Take that thing away!" the stranger fell in a faint. The conductor advanced and examined the parcel. It was one of the doctor's snakes, which had got its head out of the handkerchief and was making its way toward the terrified stranger.

"What a fool that man must be," said the doctor, pettishly, "to be terrified by a little snake."

But then the doctor did not drink.

What a retentive recorder is the human brain. Somewhere Dr. John W. Draper writes—I think in his "Intellectual Development"—to this effect: "An impression once made upon the brain is never obliterated. It may be covered over, but it is never effaced. Years may imprint new pictures upon the sensorium, but the old ones are beneath. It is a palimpsest."

So there suddenly started up before me another picture as I saw the fleeing figure of the scared soldier disappearing up the street, his long steel scabbard beating on his shins. It was the picture of the incident in the San Francisco street car. I could recall distinctly the features of the conductor—a man I never saw before or since; I could recall the white face of the unconscious man, as he lay upon the floor; and I seemed to see the bristling, bushy, white hair of the old doctor as he gathered up his snakes and stooped over the stranger to feel his pulse.

Nice, January, 1903.

A RHYME OF THE VASTY DEEP.

(After a Course of Kipling.)

A twin-screw brig, with an A1 rig, was the good ship *Bolivar*,
All spick and span, from the donkey-man to the bilge on the
capstan bar;
She was pully-haul, with a ten-foot yawl, and a regular
chantey crew,
And right avast, at the mizzenmast, the scarlet bo'sun flew.
And oh! dear lad, what a time I've had collecting sailor
slang,
And weaving it into the strangest songs that ever a sailor
sang;
Well, they mayn't be true, but they seem to do, for the checks
are large and fine;
There's nothing like cheek when your fame's unique, and the
pay's five dollars a line!
We had hugged the shore for a week or more, till on the
seventh night,
From out of the gloom the thwartship boom of the *Deutsch-*
land loomed in sight;
And inch by inch, as she dipped her winch, and her fulmar
flying high,
Through the sleet and mist, with a forward list, she strove
to pass us by.
"Full steam ahead!" our captain said—and we heard the pen-
nant crack—
With a twist of the heel he put the wheel abeam on the star-
board tack;
With bilge in hand, he took his stand abaft on the taffrail
hatch,
And the *Bolivar*, like a shooting star, began to snore and
ratch.
So away we went, with our foc's'les bent, and our hawse-
pipes smoking free,
While the kentledge on the kelson shone atop of the topmast
tree;
On the poop abaft, where they forced the draught, the coal
chutes glimmered white,
And we spliced the guys to the cathead ties, and made the
doldrums tight.
And never a word we spoke, but heard the bull-mouthed
breakers call,
While close behind the sou-west wind went yammering down
the pawl;
The garboard strake was all ashake where the spinnaker-
thrush comes through,
And still avast, at the mizzenmast, the scarlet bo'sun flew.
And they piled each grate with the best Welsh slate, till the
gunwales almost broke—
You could hear them hum like a distant drum as the gurry-
butt gave the stroke.
Then the halliard peak began to leak and the engine-room
grew hot,
For the hobstays jammed, McAndrew damned, and the cap-
tain slanged the lot.
* * * * *
And inch by inch, while she dipped her winch, and her ful-
mar flying high,
Through the sleet and mist, with a forward list, the *Deutsch-*
land passed us by.
But oh! dear lad, what a time I've had collecting sailor
slang,
And weaving it into the strangest songs that ever a sailor
sang;
Well, they mayn't be true, but they seem to do, for the
checks are large and fine;
There's nothing like cheek when your fame's unique, and the
pay's five dollars a line! —Syren and Shipping.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Maude Gonne, who, owing to her incessant fight for the cause of Irish liberty, is generally known as the Irish Joan of Arc, and Major McBride, the well-known hero of the Boer war, who organized the redoubtable Irish Brigade, which gave such a good account of itself during the early days of the fighting in South Africa, were married in Paris, on February 21st.

Governor S. W. T. Lanham, of Texas, has sent in his first veto. It disapproves a bill allowing the marriage of a man to his stepdaughter, and of a widow to her daughter's husband after that daughter's death. The governor says he can see no good reason for the legislation proposed, or that it is necessary either from public policy or sound morality. Applause followed the reading of the veto in the House.

The festivities of the pontifical jubilee of Leo the Thirteenth, which began on Friday, February 20th, will extend until April 28th. On March 3d, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Papal coronation and the ninety-third birthday of the Pope was celebrated in St. Peter's amid great splendor. On April 28th, the Pope will have completed the years, months, and days of the pontificate of St. Peter, and will hold a grand reception at the Vatican, and possibly deliver a speech.

In describing the Durbar great state ball, one correspondent writes: "Lord Kitchener took part in the state lancers, dancing with Mrs. Bourdillon. His knowledge of the figures was of the vaguest kind, and in consequence, whenever the call 'sides' was given, all he succeeded in doing was to tie himself and his partner in the most absurd knot, to the intense amusement of the others in the set and of the large crowd looking on. The hero of Khartoum was beaming with delight, and so he blundered through to the end. When the music ceased he was in the middle of the room, looking for his partner, and laughed heartily when she came up and found him."

King Edward has promised to send Queen Victoria's priceless collection of jubilee presents for exhibition at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition as his personal contribution toward the success of the exposition. The king personally announced this decision to D. R. Francis, president of the St. Louis Exposition, who, accompanied by Ambassador Choate, was received in audience by his majesty at Buckingham Palace last week. King Edward told Mr. Francis that he had been prompted to take this step by his keen appreciation of the affection and respect in which the American people always held his mother, and as a token of his intimate sympathy with American interests.

In compliance with the request of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, President Roosevelt has accepted the resignation of her son, Second Lieutenant Algernon E. Sartoris, of the Tenth Infantry. The reason for the resignation is that Mrs. Sartoris is in ill-health, and desires her only son to be near her. Young Sartoris is a grandson of General Grant, and has had two years' experience in the army, having been appointed a first lieutenant in the volunteer engineer corps, in May, 1898. He was promoted the following year to be a captain, and was honorably mustered out soon afterward. Last May, President Roosevelt appointed him a second lieutenant in the regular army, and he was assigned to the Fifteenth Infantry, later being transferred to the Tenth. He is now in Manila. The President was willing to give him an extended leave of absence, or to have him ordered to duty here, in order that he might be near his mother, but Mrs. Sartoris would not consent to this, and insisted that he should resign.

Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the well-known inventor of the famous Gatling gun, died in New York last week, at the age of eighty-five. Last October, he celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Sanders, of Indianapolis, whose sister was the mother of General Lew Wallace. The celebrated inventor's last years were spent in perfecting a new plow he invented, which, it is expected, will revolutionize agriculture on the great farms of the West. The plow runs by gasoline motor of sufficient power to propel the machine with the shares at any depth up to twelve inches. The plow not only plows, but harrows, rolls, and seeds the ground at the same time, thus saving one-fourth the cost of planting. The idea of his destructive Gatling gun was suggested to him early in the Civil War by the spectacle of the great number of soldiers sent home for burial, who had died, not from bullets, but from disease in the hospitals. It occurred to him that there were too many men in the service. He thought if something could be invented whereby one soldier could do the work of a hundred, the other ninety-nine could stay at home, and there would be fewer widows and orphans in consequence.

Again rumors come from Brussels that the French pretender, Prince Victor Napoleon, is about to abdicate in favor of his brother, Prince Louis, whose prestige has been enhanced by his promotion to the rank of a general in the Czar's service. Prince Victor, it is said, has no desire to reign or even to play an active part as pretender. The political heir of Napoleon the First, Napoleon the Third, and of the Prince Imperial, is of an easy-going and happy disposition, quite content to lead the life of a good *bourgeois* in the Belgian capital, the Mecca of political exiles. The prince, who is a familiar figure to the Brussels *boulevardiers*, is not of the cut that heroes, and particularly French heroes, are made of. Of medium height, slightly bald, and inclined to *embonpoint*, Plon-Plon's elder son has nothing in his features or appearance to indicate his Bonaparte ancestry. As the prince is quite content to continue in his present mode of existence, there is nothing improbable in the announcement that he is prepared to accede to the wishes of the Bonapartists at home, and renounce his claims in Prince Louis's favor. The truth is that the French imperialists are fully aware that a change must be made in the party ranks to prevent the complete disruption of Bonapartism.

SOUTH AFRICA'S DIAMOND MINES.

How Precious Stones Were First Discovered—The Mad Rush of Prospectors—Trouble With the Kaffir Laborers in the De Beers Mines—Perils of Mining.

That truth is often stranger than fiction is again demonstrated in the entertaining account of the chance discovery of diamonds which Gardner F. Williams gives in his valuable work on "The Diamond Mines of South Africa." It appears that one of the trekking Boers, Daniel Jacobs, had made his home on the banks of the Orange River, near the little settlement of Hopetown. He was one of the sprinkling of little farmers who was stolidly content with a bare and precarious living on the uncertain pasture lands of the veldt. Here his children grew up about him with little more care, says Mr. Williams, than the goats that browsed on the kopjes.

They had never seen a doll or a toy of any kind, but the instinct of childhood will find playthings on the face of the most barren karoo, and the Jacobs children were luckily close to the edge of a river which was strewn with uncommonly beautiful pebbles, mixed with coarser gravel. Here were garnets with their rich carmine flush, the fainter rose of the carnelian, the bronze of jasper, the thick cream of chalcedony, heaps of agates of motley hues, and many shining rock crystals. From this parti-colored hed the children picked whatever caught their eye and fancy, and filled their pockets with their chosen pebbles. So a poor farmer's child found playthings scattered on a river bank, which a little prince might covet, and the boy might have skimmed the face of the river with one little white stone that was worth more than his father's farm. Fortunately for the future of South Africa, he did not play ducks and drakes with this particular stone, which he found one day in the early spring of 1867, but carried it home in his pocket and dropped it with a handful of other pebbles on the farmhouse floor. A heap of these parti-colored stones was so common a sight in the yard or on the floor of a farmhouse, on the banks of the Orange and Vaal, that none of the plodding Boers gave it a second glance. But when the children tossed the stones about, the little white pebble was so sparkling in the sunlight that it caught the eye of the farmer's wife. She did not care enough for it to pick it up, but snook of it as a curious stone to a neighbor, Schalk van Niekerk. Van Niekerk asked to see it, but it was not in the heap. One of the children had rolled it away in the yard. After some little search it was found in the dust, for nobody on the farm would stoop for such a trifle.

When Van Niekerk wiped off the dust, the little stone glittered so prettily that he offered to buy it:

The good vrouw laughed at the idea of selling a pebble. "You can keep the stone, if you want it," she said. So Van Niekerk put it in his pocket and carried it home. He had only a vague notion that it might have some value, and put it in the hands of a traveling trader, John O'Reilly, who undertook to find out what kind of a stone the little crystal was, and whether it could be sold. He showed the stone to several Jews in Hopetown and in Colesberg, a settlement farther up the Orange River Valley. No one of these would give a penny for it. "It is a pretty stone, enough," they said, "probably a topaz, but nobody would pay anything for it."

Perhaps O'Reilly would have thrown the pebble away, if it had not come under the eye of the acting civil commissioner at Colesberg, Mr. Lorenzo Boyes. Mr. Boyes found on trial that the stone would scratch glass:

"I believe it to be a diamond," he observed, gravely. O'Reilly was greatly cheered up. "You are the only man I have seen," he said, "who says it is worth anything. Whatever it is worth, you shall have a share in it."

"Nonsense," broke in Dr. Kirsh, a private apothecary of the town, who was present. "I'll bet Boyes a new hat it is only a topaz."

"I'll take the bet," replied Mr. Boyes, and at his suggestion the stone was sent for determination to the foremost mineralogist of the colony, Dr. W. Guyon Atherstone, residing at Grahamstown. It was so lightly valued that it was put in an unsealed envelope and carried to Grahamstown in the regular post-cart.

When the post-boy handed the letter to Dr. Atherstone, the little river stone fell out and rolled away. The doctor picked it up and read the letter of transmission. Then he examined the pebble expertly and wrote to Mr. Boyes: "I congratulate you on the stone you have sent me. It is a veritable diamond, weighs twenty-one and a quarter carats, and is worth five hundred pounds. It has spoiled all the jewelers' files in Grahamstown, and where that came from there must be lots more. Can I send it to Mr. Southey, colonial secretary?"

This report was a revelation which transformed the despised Karooland as the grimy Cinderella was transmuted by the wand of her fairy godmother:

The determination was so positive and the expertness of the examiner so well conceded that Sir Philip Wodehouse, the governor at the Cape, thought the rough diamond at once, at the value fixed by Dr. Atherstone and confirmed by the judgment of M. Henriette, the French consul in Cape Town. The stone was sent immediately to the Paris exhibition, where it was viewed with much interest, but its discovery, at first, did not cause any great sensation. The occasional finding of a diamond in a bed of pebbles had been reported before from various parts of the globe, and there was no assurance in this discovery of any considerable diamond deposits.

An account is given of the subsequent discovery of diamonds at what is now called Kimberley, where the famous De Beers Mines are located, of which Mr. Williams is general manager. Among the motley array of prospectors who rushed from every portion of the globe "to the diamond beds in the heart of South Africa," were a score of fortune-tellers and wizards who professed to be able to see through the earth. They did not need to dig diamonds:

Credulous prospectors filled their laps with silver and gold. Payton tells of one whose tent in Dutoitspan was thronged, day and night, with eager dupes, showering shillings upon her, and her income was reckoned at \$150 a day. Many of the Boers had unshakable faith in her. When she told a poor Dutchman that there was nothing in his claim, he could not be persuaded to dig any longer. If she promised diamonds and none were found she had an easy defense: "The niggers must have stolen them." Then the wrathful claim-holder would pounce on his Kaffirs and haul them to the "tronk," the police station of the camp, where the blacks were searched to the tips of their toes. Sometimes the wizard guessed right, for diamond stealing was common, and precious stones would be brought to light with joy to the owner and credit of the fortune-teller.

Mr. Williams describes fully the crude devices for

securing the gems at first, and the improved methods now in use; what happens to the stones from the time they are discovered until they are ready for the market; how diamonds are formed; the history of the diamond trade and statistics of its present state; and sheds new light on the character of Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Alfred Beit, and many other prominent men who have been identified with the rise and development of the diamond mines in South Africa. Here, for example, is an account of how Rhodes squelched a strike among the Kaffir laborers who refused to go to work on a Monday morning:

After some protracted but ineffective appeals, I sent word to Mr. Rhodes, who happened to be at Kimberley, that the Fingos refused to work, and suggested that he might come over and try his persuasive power on them. So he did, but after an hour of fruitless parleying we determined to try the demonstration of force, for the Fingos not only refused to work themselves, but harried the other natives from entering the mine. As they numbered from five to six hundred, they were rather a formidable barrier at the underground entrance. We then decided to call in the assistance of the police and our own guards, Mr. Rhodes riding to the police station, while I rode to a station where a number of extra guards were posted. When we came back into the compound with a force of fifteen men armed with carbines, the Fingos instantly began to pelt us with bottles and stones, and anything else which would serve as a missile. At this outbreak I asked the officer in charge to fire a few blank shots at the crowd of rioters, and in less than a minute there was not a native to be seen in the open area of the compound, for all scurried off like frightened sheep to their rooms. We then went around the compound, picking out the ringleaders, thirty-three in all, ranged them in line and sent them to jail. They were soon brought up before the magistrate and each was fined \$15.00, which they obtained by a little begging from their brothers in the compound. Meanwhile, it was difficult for us to restrain every native left in the compound from going to work that day on the first shift.

After the ringleaders came back to the compound, they wanted a meal, but they were forced to go underground and work eight hours before any food was provided:

Then they were singled out and led around the compound, one by one, as an exhibition or warning to others, before they were finally discharged from the employ of the company and sent away from the works. One of our interpreters had been taken along with the rioters by mistake. He was so vociferous that some one put him in with the other noisy boys. A few days later, when I wanted an interpreter, the unlucky one said: "All right, Baas, I don't mind interpreting for you, but I don't want to be run in for it."

Very untrustworthy are the natives, who will steal every opportunity that presents itself. As a result, a fine wire netting is stretched over the top of the De Beers compound to prevent the sly tossing of precious crystals over the walls, to be picked up by confederates outside the mining areas. Precautions are also taken to prevent the smuggling away of diamonds from the compounds, and all communication by the natives with persons outside the walls is carefully restricted:

Until the expiration of his contract, no native can go through the compound gate, except by special permission, or when he is taken under guard before a magistrate for some offense. If convicted, when his term of imprisonment expires, or after he has paid his fine, he must return to the compound and complete his contract. Before leaving the compound his clothes and person are thoroughly searched to prevent the disappearance of diamonds with them. Gems were sometimes found secreted in clothing, or shoe heels, or canes, or cans with false bottoms, in fact, in anything that the natives were allowed to take out with them. Even this close inspection did not bar the practice of stealing, and there was an inexplicable trickle of fine diamonds from unlooked-for quarters, until it became known that natives on the point of leaving the compound were swallowing diamonds and conveying them away.

In 1895, one native had the nerve and capacity to swallow a lot of diamonds worth \$3,750, and did not appear to suffer by this strain upon his digestion:

There has been only one authentic instance where a native has embedded diamonds in his flesh—this was done by a native in De Beers Convict Station, who made an incision under the shin bone and concealed several small diamonds wrapped in a rag. This native had symptoms of tetanus, and the visiting physician (Dr. Otto) searched the man's body, and, finding an ugly looking wound on his leg, cut it open, and, to his great surprise, found a rag full of diamonds. The native soon recovered, a wiser, if poorer, man. There is no apparent fear of swallowing any stone which can be forced through the throat, and in one instance a diamond as big as a large chestnut and weighing 152 carats was hidden for over seven days by this means.

The swallowing of a rough diamond is evidently so easy, but so difficult to detect, that it was necessary to put an end to the practice by providing a longer period of detention and search:

At the close of their contracts, natives whose terms of service have nearly expired are placed together in a commodious room capable of holding two hundred men or more. They enter this room entirely naked. Their clothes and baggage are deposited in sacks marked in accordance with the number on the arm band. Blankets are supplied for clothing, and as wraps when sleeping. They are fed, and generally well cared for, free of cost to themselves. While in the detention room they are under strict supervision of white guards, so that any diamonds they may have swallowed must be left behind before they leave. Natives have been known to keep diamonds in their bodies for over seven days. At the end of five days of detention, generally on Saturday morning, they are released. Meanwhile, the clothes placed in the sacks have been thoroughly searched: and departing natives are not allowed to take away with them anything but soft goods. In fact, they are even required to leave their hoots behind, for cunning smugglers used to insert diamonds in their hoot heels so neatly that the trick could not be detected without cutting away the greater part of the sole of the hoot. Boots and shoes, and other articles which are not allowed to be taken from the compound, are sold or given away to customers or friends before their owners leave.

Commenting on the perils of diamond mining, Mr. Williams says that on one occasion, two natives were shut up in the dead end of a tunnel for ninety-five hours:

They had no food, but managed to obtain a small quantity of water as it trickled down from the roof and sides of the tunnel after finding its way through the blue ground from the level above. These men had more air space than is usually the case, and the temperature in the ends of the tunnels ordinarily ranges from 75 to 90 degrees. When rescued they were

greatly exhausted, but after a few days of medical treatment they were quite fit again, and resumed their work in the mine. At another time, when natives were shut in for nearly two days, they swallowed small balls of soft mud, and when rescued it took a considerable time to bring their digestive organs back to their normal condition. On several occasions the white miners have been victims to similar experiences, overtaken and enveloped in the mud. The longest period of time that a white man has been confined in the end of a tunnel is about two days, and there were a dozen or more natives with him. By giving the usual miners' signal of tap-tap-tap, on the walls of the tunnel, we knew he was alive, and it may be imagined that no time was lost in extricating him and his men from their perilous position.

In May, 1898, there was a great mud rush through the 1,120-foot level, from which a whole gang of native workers barely escaped alive:

On this occasion "Jim," one of the best or the "baas" boys, was almost hurled alive with his gang of fifteen men. The rush shut this working party up in a narrow passage on this level for more than sixty-four hours. When the men were rescued at length from their stifling quarters, where they were imprisoned for more than two and a half days, without a morsel of food to eat or a drop of water to drink, all were greatly exhausted, as might be supposed. But in spite of his sufferings, the brave leader, Jim, went back at once into the mine to grope back over the mud in search of one of his gang whom he supposed was missing, and he would not return to the surface until he learned beyond doubt that all had been rescued.

The endurance of the native miners under such circumstances is remarkable:

In July, 1898, a Basuto boy, "Joseph," was almost buried in a mud rush, and was completely shut in the "dead end" of a tunnel, on the 960-foot level. The attempt to clear a passage to rescue him was begun at once, and the work was pushed without a respite night and day, but it was late on the third day before the place of his entombment was reached. He was found lying crouched beneath some timbers resting on an overturned truck, around which the mud had risen to the depth of two and a half feet. The rescue party had given up all hope of finding him alive, and were about to blast the enveloping mud in order to pull out the truck when a faint cough was heard, apparently coming out of the dense mass of mud. The natives at work were badly frightened at this weird sound, and called up the contractor in charge, who finally succeeded in digging out the poor Basuto boy nearly lifeless. One of his legs had been pinned beneath the truck so heavily that the circulation of the blood was stopped, and mortification set in, necessitating its amputation. The boy bore the operation with the characteristic fortitude of his race, and is stump-putting about to-day with a wooden leg. He had been shut up for more than three days in a little hole in the ground wholly without food and drink, and with only a few cubic feet of compressed stagnant air to breathe.

From the sorting tables the diamonds are taken daily to the general office, under an armed escort, and delivered to the valuator in charge of the diamond department:

These experts clean the diamonds of any extraneous matter, such as small particles of adhering blue ground, by boiling them in a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids (aqua regia), or, still better, in fluoric acid. When the stones are cleaned, they are carefully assorted with reference to size, color, and purity, and made up in parcels for sale, formerly to local buyers, who represented the leading diamond merchants of the world. For several years past De Beers Company has sold in advance its annual production to a syndicate of London diamond merchants who have representatives residing in Kimberley.

For the safe-keeping of the gems in the De Beers Company's office there is a strong-room, or vault, built of very thick concrete walls, which are fire and burglar proof:

The door of the vault is secured by several bank locks of the latest and best design. The keys fitting these locks are kept by several officers in the secretary's department of the company, who must all be present at the opening and closing of the strong-room. Inside the strong-room are burglar-proof safes, with doors also secured by several locks, which can only be opened by two or more persons having separate keys. In addition to these safeguards, the strong-room is protected by the application of an electric-alarm system. Two armed guards are on duty at the offices at night, and connections are made by which they can signal for help should an attempt be made to break into the building. Even if both men should be overpowered before they could give a signal, no robbery could be effected: for, as soon as they should cease to send test signal reports at regular intervals, an armed force would soon arrive on the ground and frustrate any attempted burglary. Under existing conditions for the sale of diamonds only a small quantity of precious stones are kept at the diamond office: but in former years the quantity, at times, has been very large, and the most stringent precautions were necessary. It may be noted further that adequate measures have been taken also to protect the office from assault in the daytime.

Mr. Williams's book of nearly seven hundred pages is handsomely bound in green and gold, and illustrated with a lavish number of remarkably well-chosen illustrations, including photogravures, process pictures, and wood cuts, all of which are admirably executed.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$10.00 net.

The Forest of Vallombrosa.

According to the dispatches, the Forest of Vallombrosa, best known through Milton's famous lines in "Paradise Lost,"

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shade^s
High overarched imbower"

was recently partly destroyed by fire. The forest is fifteen miles east of Florence, and consists of splendid fir, beech, and chestnut trees. In the forest is what was formerly a Benedictine abbey, founded about 1038 by John Gualbert. The present magnificent conventual buildings were erected in 1673. The abbey was suppressed in 1869, and the buildings are now used for a School of Forestry, supported by the Italian Government. Vallombrosa was visited by Dante, and is mentioned in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." In modern times it has been a favorite resort of artists and tourists.

The chaplain of the Massachusetts senate by a slip of the tongue gave thanks on Lincoln's birthday for the work accomplished by "Robert" instead of "Abraham" Lincoln.

A NIGHT IN LITTLE HUNGARY.

New York's Famous Slum Restaurant—Its Melancholy Music, Bad Wine, and Worse Food—Curious Jumble of Habits—Copious Kissing in Public.

New Yorkers have a mania for dining out, and to satisfy this mania New York has become a city of restaurants. But even so, the restaurants are soon known by heart. Everybody has been everywhere: the Chinese on upper Broadway is as a tale that is told, "Maria's" is as familiar as the change of the seasons, there is no longer the charm of novelty in the Café Boulevard's cask-lined cellars, and the old Martin is just like anywhere else.

It was at this stage that some one discovered Little Hungary. Novelty was not Little Hungary's only charm, though it had a good deal of that. In the days of its modest youth it was honestly and legitimately musical. Long before the sensation-hunters found it, it was a cheap Hungarian restaurant below stairs on East Houston Street. East Houston Street in New York is not quite the same as the Barbary Coast in San Francisco, but it has a family resemblance. All about it are the swarming streets of the unredeemed, wig-wearing, dyed-in-the-wool Russian and Hungarian Jews. There are signs in Hebrew down there, and Hebrew is talked on every side. In warm weather the population lives entirely in the streets, and sleeps on the roofs and fire-escapes, and the push-cart market on Saturday night is one of the sights of the city.

Here, in this cellar, where they found the wines of their native land to inspire them, various Hungarian musicians used to meet, after they had done their stunts in the different orchestras throughout town, and play for one another. It is said that at that stage of its life the music heard in Little Hungary was of its kind hard to beat. An errant artist or two, newspaper men searching for odd material, a few musicians who had received the tip from friends, used to wander down to Little Hungary, and when other restaurants were being cleared and the waiters were yawningly gathering up the cloths, the cellar on East Houston Street echoed to wild Tzigane harmonies and the applause of men. A few months after this people were going down to Little Hungary in dress-suits and opera-cloaks.

Then Little Hungary grew and waxed great. The cellar was decorated with paintings which were so bad they added a touch of local color. A table d'hôte dinner was served with three kinds of wine. And finally an orchestra was hired, which played every night after dinner for money. It was not the same thing as the gathering of odd musicians in the days when Little Hungary was a second-rate Houston Street café, but it was good music, and they played fine things down there, and do still, if you go up to the leader and ask him.

The restaurant and general surroundings of the place are quite pretentious and the business evidently thriving. Half an hour after we were seated at our table the other evening, the room was full. The company was of a mixed and heterogeneous order. One-half of it was of the most bald and undisguisable respectability—strangers like ourselves come to Little Hungary to see "one of the sights of New York," blasé ladies and gentlemen, not in their best clothes, who had drifted down from the purlieus of Fifth Avenue to see if a cellar on East Houston Street would offer them better entertainment than Sherry's or Delmonico's, family-parties of decent Jews, which sometimes included the grandparents and the last baby.

The other half seemed largely composed of parties of men and women who looked as if they might have been a poorer class of shopmen and their best girls out on a lark. They, too, had an air of almost severe respectability—but, I am fair to confess that after the three wines, which went with the table d'hôte dinner, had sprinkled that somewhat meagre repast, their manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Nobody, however, seemed to object to the artless and primitive way they had of amusing themselves. After seeing a man kiss the girl next to him with open and unashamed delight, I expected to see the company look properly shocked. But they did not seem to mind it at all. The strangers from Fifth Avenue were mightily amused and evidently glad they'd come, and the decent Jew families looked on indifferently while the babies lapped up soup from large pewter spoons.

The dinner was bad. Some one said the wine was, too. There was a great deal of it, and possibly the joy of pouring it out made people drink more than they intended. It came in a queer sort of decanter thing that fitted in a rack, and from the bottom of which a long glass tube projected. To pour it out you took the decanter, inserted the end of the glass tube into your glass, and then pressed with it on the bottom of the glass, and, in some mysterious way, the wine came out. It fascinated everybody, and before the end of dinner it was obvious that that half of the company which did not bear the stamp of an unblemished respectability upon its brow had pressed the glass tube into the flowing bowl not wisely but too well.

The man who had kissed the girl seemed to find the performance so agreeable that he repeated it several times, till the recipient of the kisses had evidently grown to expect them. She was an ugly, thin, lank-looking female, in a white shirt-waist and a huge black hat. She had a large mouth and square, white teeth, that she showed in glistening rows when she smiled. The first kisses had been administered under the shel-

ter of the hat, which was a spreading umbrageous affair. The man had put his head under the shade of its nodding plumes and then withdrawn it looking proud of his prowess, while the girl had tried to maintain a modestly embarrassed air, and only succeeded in looking immensely pleased. Toward the end of the dinner they did not bother any more about the hat, but sat with their arms twined around one another, and, I blush to state, the lady did as much of the kissing as the man.

All, however, were not of this tender frame of mind. Next to us sat a young man of a Semitic appearance, well dressed, good looking, evidently prosperous, in the company of a large, rather handsome woman, habited in mourning. The first half of their dinner was achieved in mildly talkative tranquillity. And then clouds darkened the horizon. I don't know how it came about, but quite suddenly the gentleman seemed to get into a furious rage. They were sitting so close to us I could not help hearing that he believed the lady to have been guilty of telling him a lie; indeed it was a lie with an adjective in front of it. The accused did not show much spirit. I expected to see her retaliate with considerable fire. But she sat and stared moodily at him as he went on working himself up into a seething fury. Presently large tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. She explored in her back draperies, slowly and with dreary deliberation, produced a handkerchief, and mopped them away.

At this stage, the restaurant having become insufferably hot, we repaired to the upstairs room on a level with, and opening off, the street. Here are the musicians who have made Little Hungary famous, and here is another setting forth of round tables. This is the evening entertainment. The diners come up from below, and new people come in from all over town to listen to the music. The men smoke and once again the company is expected, each and all, to drink. You sit at your table and you order a glass of something or a cup of black coffee. Then the orchestra plays, and sometimes, when a shaggy-haired, shabby individual steps from his table to murmur in the leader's ear, you hear music that makes you feel it was worth while coming to Little Hungary, even if the people do make love under your nose and the dinner is a thing to leave a nightmare memory.

Many new people came in from outside, and they all took things to drink. The strange, mad music, the heavy, spiced fumes of heated wines and spirits, the reek of cigars and cigarettes of every sort, seemed to combine into a heady whirl of mingled sounds and scents. The orchestra, when not concerned with "Mr. Dooley" or "Under the Bamboo-Tree" played mysterious and impassioned harmonies which seemed curiously out of accord with the surroundings—sometimes mournful, sometimes yearning, sometimes fierce.

The people that had dropped in were of all sorts—many of them were men. Two near us, dressed in dingy tweeds, with flannel shirts and soft caps in their hands, talked Hungarian music with the insight of connoisseurs. On the other side were a couple of lads, who began to discuss the steel trust, and became so excited their voices rose above the violins. Some more Jewish families appeared, and there was a great deal of handshaking and loud greetings from their end of the room. The babies fell asleep in the arms of fat, smiling mothers.

The victims of the continued potations were occasional, but complete. And no one paid any attention to them when they fell like the beautiful snow. One man, in company with two others, rose to address his companions, and then on re-seating himself made some fatal miscalculation and sank to the floor. This would only have been matter for a moment's hilarity, but he obstinately refused to rise, and sat there, pale as ashes, and with a face set in tragic lines. Then two lusty men had to come forth from some inner place, where they were kept for such emergencies, and raise him from his lowly seat. He came up protesting, and all in one piece, like a statue. They had to bend him into shape to sit him in his chair, and, once deposited, they settled him there and left him.

His friends were embarrassed at the publicity of his downfall, and they tried to make him go, but he wouldn't stir. He seemed to like it. They coaxed, they pleaded, they sat with their arms round his neck, but he wouldn't budge. But they never got out of temper with him. It was a strange exhibition. If their friend had simply made himself ridiculous in any other way they would have spurned him. But he had made himself disgusting, imbecile, horrible, and they were treating him like a fallen angel. Men talk of women being hard to understand. Their motives are as simple as a b c compared to those of the Stronger Sex.

As the evening advanced, the smoke grew thicker, the drinks more numerous, and the wild music seemed to become at once madder and more melancholy. Toward ten o'clock the more respectable portion of the company began to leave. The effects of a potion peculiar to Little Hungary, and called a "Fourth of July," were beginning to be seen on all sides. The guests from Fifth Avenue gathered up their wraps, the Jew mothers bunched their sleeping babies on their shoulders, and the Jew fathers struggled into their overcoats. The evening at Little Hungary was, for them at least, over. Out in the street squads of little boys were waiting for us. They followed the more likely looking groups from block to block, demanding pennies and shouting out to one another the results of their hold-ups.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, February 26, 1903.

THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

Why a Celebrated Young Painter Married a Cripple.

The beautiful little town of Etretat, built in the shape of a crescent, with its points firmly anchored on two white cliffs projecting into the sea, reposed quietly under the sun of a warm July day. A crowd, sitting on the beach, was watching the bathers. Children were playing with the white pebbles left by the receding waves. On the terrace of the casino, another crowd made a bright display of elegant toilets, while a number of young people could be seen strolling leisurely in the avenue at the end of the terrace. Avoiding this fashionable gathering, the celebrated young painter, John Sumner, walked by the side of a hand-carriage in which was seated a young woman, his wife. A servant pushed the rolling-chair slowly, while the invalid looked with a gloomy eye at the blueness of the sky, the brightness of the day, the joy of others.

At a short distance, two young men were talking. "Wasn't she a cripple before her marriage?" said one.

"Certainly."

"And yet John Sumner married her?"

"Yes, as one often marries—foolishly."

"But, still—"

"No still about it. You know, painters make a specialty of ridiculous marriages. They nearly all marry models or women of more or less doubtful character. Why? No one knows. As for this couple, their marriage came about in an unusual and terrible way. The little woman has played a comedy, or rather a fearful drama. She was a model, of course. She posed for him. She was pretty, dainty, with a divine form. He fell in love with her as any youth will when a pretty woman sets her snares for him. She was bright, and gifted with that apparent natural elegance which makes so many Parisian women of her class able to rival, and even outshine, their more respectable sisters. And perhaps she loved him. At any rate, for three months they were perfectly happy together.

"One evening I was accompanying them in one of those walks along the river in which Sumner and I took such delight. It was a radiant, peaceful night, a night when the soul seems to leave its mortal dwelling and take its flight through space, toward unknown regions, which our fancy peoples with ethereal, beautiful, perfect beings. We were silent, enrapt by the grandeur of our thoughts, our aspirations.

"Suddenly Josephine (that was her name) uttered a cry. 'Oh, did you see that big fish that jumped yonder?' she said to Sumner.

"Without looking, without knowing, he answered: 'Yes, dearest.'

"You did not see it," she snappishly replied, 'because your back was turned.'

"He smiled, but made no answer. Then she did all she possibly could to exasperate him; she went even so far as to sing one of those stupid, vulgar ballads so irritating to a sensitive nature. In vain he begged her to stop, but all without avail. From that day, a veil seemed to have been lifted from his eyes. He saw her as she was, perhaps worse than she really was.

"With the fear of losing him, Sumner's model became reckless. She followed him everywhere; she accosted him and upbraided him in public places. Finally he resolved to flee, but, before doing so, he sold his paintings, realizing therefrom about twenty thousand francs. This sum he inclosed in his farewell letter. He then came to my studio.

"A few hours later, a sharp ring of the bell startled us. I opened the door. A woman violently pushed me aside and passed in. It was Josephine. In the meantime Sumner had arisen. She threw his money at his feet with a truly noble gesture, saying: 'Take your money, I don't want it.'

"The artist and the model faced each other, both pale and defiant. I begged Sumner to let me talk to her. He consented. I took her aside, reasoned, argued, and finally told her that he was about to accede to the wishes of his family and shortly would marry the young lady who had been chosen for him.

"Turning toward him, she gasped: 'You are going . . . to marry?'

"Yes," he said, bluntly.

"She made one step forward. 'If you do, I'll kill myself.'

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you hear?' she repeated, in an inexpressible tone of anguish, 'if you marry, I will kill myself.'

"Well, do so, if you wish," he replied, affecting carelessness.

"Oh, don't defy me; I'll jump from that window.'

"He laughed, advanced to the window, opened it, and bowing ceremoniously, said: 'Nothing need prevent you, mademoiselle.'

"She looked at him one second, fixedly, terribly, wildly; then, taking a start as if to jump a hedge in a field, she passed before me, before him, cleared the balustrade, and disappeared.

"I never will forget the emotion I felt before that open window, after having seen that body falling through space. I dared not look. Instinctively I recoiled as if I, too, were going to fall. John stood aghast, motionless. They brought in the unfortunate girl. She had two broken legs. Never will she walk again. Her lover, crazed with remorse, and perhaps also moved by such a desperate proof of love, married her. That is John Sumner's story."—Adapted from the French of Guy de Maupassant by Mrs. Robert Burns.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Lord Randolph Churchill visited the diamond fields of South Africa, while looking at a huge parcel of diamonds, he remarked: "All for the vanity of woman." A lady, who heard the remark, added, "and the depravity of man."

It is related that a prisoner, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with one hundred dollars to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror, and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman; "an awful time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer."

When a colored waiter, dubbed "Snow-hall," accidentally spilled some soup on a Southern representative whom he was serving, the wrath of the congressman knew no bounds. After a long scolding, the infuriated Southerner roared: "Snowhall, you have scalded a man who may yet be President of the United States." Snowhall's face relaxed, and two gleaming rows of ivories came into prominence. "Lawd, mistah," said he, "when you gets to be President I reckon I'll be Gawd."

A story is told of a pastor of a small New England town who went to New York and returned to his home with the idea that he had seen about all there was to see. When he was asked by one of his trusted friends if he had studied the gambling dens and gambled himself, he hesitatingly confessed that he had. "Where?" queried his astonished friend. "Well, you see, it was this way. I went down to the Bowery and found one of them gamblin' machines. And, would you believe it, I just stood there and risked pennies in that machine till the gum wouldn't come any more."

The appointment of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford to the command of the English Channel squadron has brought to light a new anecdote. It appears that he consulted Sir Frederick Treves, whom King Edward considers the best doctor in the world. "Tell me the symptoms," said Treves. As the admiral enumerated them the doctor became more and more interested. "Excellent, charming, splendid," cried Sir Frederick, as the symptoms were unfolded to him, and when the list was completed, said: "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the rarest case of the century. You are the lucky dog that heretofore was thought to be extinct."

In Moscow, the other day, a Russian lady created quite a scene on the street by rushing up to a youthful-looking pedestrian, and shouting to her husband: "It's Gorky; it's the great Maxim Gorky!" Then, addressing the stranger, she added: "Welcome to Moscow!" and before he was aware of her intentions she had embraced the blushing object of her admiration, meanwhile remarking: "Let me give you a kiss for your last drama. It is immortal, as you will see." In a few moments a crowd collected, not so much to see the great Gorky, but because there was a shrill scream, when the ardent lady was pounced upon by a pretty young woman, who belabored her with her heavy umbrella, punctuating the blows with insulting ejaculations. At last the police took them to the station for explanation, where it was made clear that Maxim Gorky was hundreds of miles distant at the time, and that a well-read and enthusiastic married lady had publicly embraced and kissed a strange man, who was walking innocently with his betrothed, thus "creating the false impression that she had some right to be thus familiar, and shaking the confidence of his bride."

Attorney Ben White, who recently returned to Macon, Mo., after a visit to Indian Territory, relates an incident which illustrates the North American Indian's rapid assimilation of American humor. "The allotment rolls for the Chickasaws were closed at midnight on the twenty-fourth of September," he says. "Children horn after that hour were cut out, but up to midnight every male member of the tribe was entitled to three hundred and twenty acres of land, worth now about one thousand dollars, but which promises soon to be worth many times that amount. The evening of the twenty-fourth was an anxious time for a little Indian family dwelling not far from the registry office. An interesting event was anticipated. The watchers' eyes were fixed on the clock as the

hands slowly, but with grim certainty, crawled around to the midnight hour. At exactly twenty minutes to twelve a brand-new Chick of the male persuasion came into this sin-loving world. The twenty minutes was worth a thousand dollars to the family. He was christened, without any outside suggestion, 'Johnnie on the Spot.' I have heard the term used several thousand times, but it never seemed to fit an event as strikingly as it did that one. There were plenty of witnesses to make affidavit that Johnnie was born before the twenty-fifth, and there was no difficulty in proving up his claim of three hundred and twenty acres of first-class land."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Ballade of Lent.

The days of penance are at hand;
Maidens and men are nobly bent
On self-denial duly planned
According to the rules of Lent.
Away with idle merriment—
Dinners and dances, cards and plays!
We play the pious penitent—
But only for the Forty Days.

Flirtation by Jeannette is hanned;
My mood is likewise reverent;
To church I go at her command,
And hear the sermon eloquent
Of deeds undone and time misspent;
We vow reform; and who shall raise
The question if it's permanent,
Or only for the Forty Days?

While self-denial rules the land,
The world of fashion must invent
Amusements of a harmless brand—
Pastimes to suit the innocent;
The sins we love must now be blent
With piety—for Fashion pays
Profound regard to precedent—
But only for the Forty Days.
Satan, you grumbler, be content!
Though we renounce you and your ways,
And think it proper to repent,
It's only for the Forty Days!

—Frank Roe Batchelder in *Life*.

Not "Beautiful Snow."

O the soot! The beautiful soot!
Soft as a kiss and as black as a boot.
Drifting and falling on alley and street,
Falling also on the people you meet;
As dark and as deep is this beautiful soot
As the Democrats painted Apostle Reed Soot.

Ceaselessly, heavily cometh it down,
Clothing in mantle of sable the town;
Soiling the features of matrons and maid,
Dyeing all skins with an African shade,
Slowly evolving a city of brunes
(A century more will find us all coons).
Pompeii's fate warns to constantly root
Or we will be buried in beautiful soot.

Once I was black as the beautiful soot;
Now no one knows but what I'm a beaut;
For, thanks to Smoke Jones and his little flim-flam,
The fairest of blondes is as dark as I am.

O why should we fear to embezzle and loot?
We may hide all our tracks with beautiful soot.
—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

The Lost Art.

Ah! the art of conversation—has it fled
With the dead?
Is there no one to appreciate the *mot*
Or to wait with eager eyes
For the wisdom of the wise?
I am driven to surmise
It is so!

For the people of the present never stop
Talking shop;
They have idiotic hobbies which they run,
And they gabble o'er the port
Of their everlasting sport—
Monomaniacs, in short,
Every one.

Hear the cyclists talking gradients and hills,
Brakes and spills,
Hear them adding on the mileage, till one feels,
As one listens to the sound
With a misery profound,
That one's brain is whirling round
Like their wheels.

Then the chatter of the fishers—how it slips
From their lips!
Rod and tackle, flies and salmon—till you wish
You could drown them in the sea
Or consign them to the Dee,
Where they really ought to be,
With their fish.

Nor can golfers boast of any better wit—
Not a hit!
With their bunkers, and their caddies, and their greens,
And approaches that have rolled,
And the halves that they have holed—
Little tales that should be told
The Marines.

Yes, the art of conversation must have fled
With the dead;
Not a single soul will listen when I start
To converse upon a line
Which is singularly fine
And peculiarly mine—
Ancient Art.
—London *Punch*.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Englishman Impaled.

War between the Scotch and the English is on once more. This time swords and long bows are not the implements of vengeance, but the pens of authors. Not long ago the publication of "The Unspeakable Scot" aroused much resentment among the dwellers in Caledonia by its unjust criticism of the Scotch people. A counter-thrust has now appeared from the pen of Angus McNeill, entitled "The Egregious English." This is made up of scathing irony, sarcasm, criticism, and hypercriticism, directed against the English people and some of their customs and institutions.

In brief, Mr. McNeill says England is decadent. Her men of business are "Willie boys"; her journalists are tied to apron-strings; her employed men are servile slaves; her women are as homely as Don Quixote's duenna, and with no redeeming qualities of mind; her army is weighted down with commissioned officers, knowing well how to climb the social ladder, but understanding nothing and caring as much about how to scale a kopje; her clergy are deposed creatures, dishing up to a gluttonous public pabulum containing no ingredients of true religion or ethics; her politicians are wire-pullers; her poets died long ago; and her fiction writers are skilled only in glossing over the vulgar and presenting the manufacture to an undiscerning public. And so on through the list of subjects to the last, "The Beloved"—the Englishman abroad—well described in the irony of the author as follows: "He drops fatness and blessings as he walks. He smiles benignly and graciously and 'I-am-glad-to-see-you-all-looking-so-well.' And before him runs one in plush, crying: 'Who is the most popular man of this footstool?' And all the people shall rejoice and say, 'The Englishman—God bless him!'"

The author is always entertaining, but, of course, he exaggerates. His pungent sallies are humorous, instructive, and on the whole well-aimed, and will undoubtedly soothe the feelings of the Scotch, possibly benefit the English, and certainly amuse Americans.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Four Novels.

The struggling musician living in an atmosphere of emotion, and surrounded by Bohemian conditions, is liable to involve himself in entanglements that bring sorrow to himself and to his posterity. "The Son of a Fiddler," by Jennette Lee, is a New England story along this line of the illegitimate son of a violinist, who, developing musical aspirations of his own, goes to Boston to make his way. He meets there his actress mother. She causes him to lose sight for a while of his high aspirations, but an old German musician arouses his ambition to pursue once more his musical studies, and he goes to Germany to complete his education with the girl who has "loved him always."

Another New England story is "The Diary of a Saint," by Arlo Bates. The book covers one year in the life of a pure-minded New England girl, and portrays the difference between religion and morality. Besides it has a human interest. It is in the form of a diary, and this method of handling the subject has been an aid to the author in presenting his material in a convincing way.

"Roman Biznet," a first novel by Wood Panghorn, deals with the problem of heredity. The scene is laid in New York State. The hero is a young man with the incongruent inheritance of Indian blood, and a strong passion for music bequeathed to him by a German ancestor.

Frank Lewis Nason has drawn from the land of the setting sun in his romance, "To the End of the Trail." This book makes the portrayal of Western life rather than the "love-making" the chief aim. It presents a touch of tragedy at the close.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, each, \$1.50.

Education Problems.

The mass of statistical information and reports on educational matters that has been issued by England, France, Germany, and the United States has been sifted by R. E. Hughes, M. A., B. Sc., for the framework of his book, "The Making of Citizens." The volume treats of the primary and secondary school systems of each of the four nations, and it has been the desire of the author to condense the literature of the subject and to give, in brief, a comprehensive view of comparative education. It is interesting to note the author's summing up: "Thus the whole drift of our investigations points to this one main

conclusion: every country has, in the main, that system of training best adapted to its present needs, and most capable of developing in such a way as to meet future national needs."

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Peter von Duikelspiel and Other Moods More Serious," a book of verse, by John Campbell Haywood, is published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

"The Extra-Canonical Life of Christ," by B. Pick, Ph. D., D. D., is a series of extracts from the so-called apocryphal gospels and other early books. Apart from the value of the book to the theologian, it will be found by the general reader very curious and interesting. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

With every successive volume of Dent's edition of Thackeray we like it better. At the price, we have had nothing superior in book-making for a long time. The latest volume to appear is "The English Humourists." The edition is ably edited by Walter Jerrold, and is illustrated in fine taste by Charles E. Brock. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

To Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics has been added "A Selection from Mrs. Browning's Poems," edited by Heloise E. Hersey; "A Journal of the Life, Gospel Labors, and Christian Experiences of that Faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, John Woolman," and "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents each.

"The Lost Art of Reading" is one of the books a man should read, not with expectation of agreeing with the author, but for the stimulus of contact with an original mind. Gerald Stanley Lee is a nonconformist. He knows how to write truly and delightfully, and life is as much his subject as literature. To those who are touched by the cry, "The simple life!"—who are a bit weary of the clamor of book hucksters and the strain of keeping up to date, we commend this volume. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

The books of E. Nesbit, otherwise Mrs. Hubert Bland, are not nearly so popular in this country as in England. But certainly this author's latest ought to be popular everywhere. It is called "The Red House," and is a delightful domestic story of two delightful people's honeymoon and the year after, spent in a big old house near London. Both "Chloe" and "Len" are literary, of simple tastes, remarkably clever, and healthily human. The story is told with a wealth of pure and infectious humor, and ought to make its every reader an optimist. There are good illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of the works of Jane Austen has appeared. The volumes are seven inches tall and four inches wide. They are bound in a pleasing shade of red huckram, with a simple ornamentation of gilt, and gilt tops. The print is not large, but is clear; the paper is thin, but opaque and of good quality; there are about 325 pages in each book. Each novel has an introduction by Austin Dobson (who is eminently competent); five have drawings, by Hugh Thomson, of fairish merit, and one has rather better pictures by Charles E. Brock. The titles are: "Sense and Sensibility," "Mansfield Park," "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" (bound together), "Emma," and "Pride and Prejudice." We think the set a very attractive one at the price. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 80 cents each.

The dean of American astronomers, Simon Newcomb, has prepared a work on the heavens entitled "Astronomy for Everybody," sub-titled "A Popular Exposition of the Wonders of the Heavens." The volume was suggested to the author by the cordial reception his articles of the same character received when they appeared in *McClure's Magazine* some years ago. In preparing the work he was confronted with the difficulty of presenting a subject abounding in technicalities without making technical explanations. He met it by compromising, using such explanations only when absolutely necessary. It is rare that men of such high attainments as Simon Newcomb write books for popular reading, and this fact, in addition to the inherent value of the book, assures for it an appreciative reception. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

LITERARY NOTES.

Cabbage Patch Chronicles Continued.

The several million readers of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will find "Lovey Mary" simply a continuation of Cabbage Patch chronicles, with a character or two added. Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice writes with quite as much charm as did Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan—a rather surprising thing, by the way, considering that endeavors to duplicate a success are usually rank failures. The hook has nothing that could properly be called a plot, but depends, as did "Mrs. Wiggs," upon the chief character's homely philosophy, and upon a series of more or less amusing incidents in the lives of the Patchites, among which are amateur theatricals, a "first-rate" fire, and the marriage of Miss Hazy through the kind offices of an "astrologer."

One's chief interest in a book which, though bearing no marks of positive genius, still has an enormous sale among all classes, lies in the fact that it necessarily reflects the tastes of the American people. No person of discrimination, we think, will seriously contend that the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" is either a person of surpassing brilliancy of intellect, or of extraordinary insight into human character. Yet her hook finds millions of appreciative readers, conclusive proof, to our mind, that the subject-matter and manner of treatment are such as to appeal to the masses and classes alike. What, then, are the ingredients that have gone to make up the alluring qualities of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary"? First, both stories are absolutely pure in tone. There is not in either the slightest shadow of morbidity. They are strictly stories *virginibus puerisque*. Second, the curious characters, at which the reader is invited to be amused, are all on so humble an intellectual level that no person can for a moment take offense. People who know not a line of Homer's "Iliad" can still smile when that work is presented to Mrs. Wiggs, and can still feel superior. Again, who can not appreciate the humor of the playing of "Faust" by a select lot of Patchite touse-heads in the school-house? Better, by far, was Frank Norris's gentle satire on the grand opera in Chicago, but on thousands of people, who read about the Cabbage Patch play with appreciation, all Norris's wit would have been lost—would have shot over their heads. That is the secret of Mrs. Rice's success, and the point we wish to make. Every incident, every character, in her hooks are reduced to their lowest terms; they transcend the experience of no one, rich or poor, high or low. When Norris satirizes an ignorant stock-broker, how could it be expected that people more ignorant than the stock-broker should appreciate the satire? But Mrs. Rice does nothing of this sort. She holds up to be laughed at only people who can not read! Her incidents find counterparts in the experience of every little girl. Her humor is as real, and no more complex, than Mother Goose. Her system of ethics is optimistic and simple. Here is the secret of writing a popular novel—he pure, he genuine, he optimistic, he humorous, he sentimental, he conventional, but, above all, use only incidents about which everybody knows, which everybody understands.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Mrs. Older's First Novel.

"The Socialist and the Prince," by Mrs. Fremont Older, deals with California life during the 'seventies. In a crisp, vigorous manner the author tells the story of the labor conflicts, when the workmen first foresaw the evil of Chinese competition, and, roused by the burning words of Stryne, the Socialist, (Dennis Kearney thinly disguised) formed the Workmen's Party, with the watch-word, "The Chinese Must Go!"

But, notwithstanding the insight and force of the portrayal of these conditions, the political situation pales into secondary interest as the love-story develops. As the lovely Theodosia Peyton rustles through the pages, in her trailing satin gowns, the industrial welfare of the nation sinks, by comparison, into insignificance. It is Theodosia and her interest in the Socialist, and Theodosia, the enchantress of the Prince, that hold our attention, for, with all the gusty caprice of a March trade-wind in her nature, the blueness of the San Francisco Bay and skies reflected in her eyes, and the brightness of the gold shining in her hair, she is the young and glorious California personified.

The sympathy of the reader is so evenly wrought upon by the indomitable force of Stryne, the Socialist, with his high ideals and steadfastness to principle, and the Prince, whom loom "resounding glories, powerful brains, triumphs of history," that he

does not wonder at the heroine's inability to decide between them. The situation is only saved by a duel between the rivals, and the woman's heart goes with the vanquished. With his return to health, the beautiful Theodosia marries the Prince, and lives happily ever after in his ancestral halls. The charm of this book, however, is better felt than told, for it is a typical California story, full of color and spirit and absorbing interest.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The biography of W. W. Story, the poet and sculptor, is being written by Henry James, and will be published under the title of "William Wetmore Story and His Friends, from Letters, Diaries and Recollections."

Edward W. Townsend has entirely abandoned his "Chimmie Fadden" vein, and struck a novel idea in "A Summer in New York," which will be published shortly. The story is told in love letters.

Under the title, "A Girl of Ideas," Charles Scribner's Sons announce for March publication a novel of interest, by Annie Flint. It is the story of the business career of a girl whose imagination is her only capital.

The Duke of Ahruzzi's account of his record-breaking trip, "On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea" (two volumes), which is to be published this spring, will undoubtedly be the most important contribution to northern polar literature since Nansen's "Farthest North." That it is a work of world-wide interest is evidenced by its intended simultaneous publication in English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, and Italian.

"An Easter Song," by Grace Hihhard, with decorations by Gordon Ross, is announced for early publication.

The memoirs of the late M. de Blowitz are to be brought out this summer. The adopted son of the author, M. Stephane Lausanne de Blowitz, editor of the Paris *Matin* (whose wife is an American lady), will contribute the first chapter, describing the childhood and youth of M. de Blowitz. Other chapters will be entitled "How I Became a Journalist," "Alphonse the Twelfth Proclaimed King," "The French Scare of 1875," "The Berlin Congress," "Gambetta and Bismarck," "What the Sultan Told Me," "Exile of the French Princes," "How Bismarck Retired."

The German emperor's speeches are being translated by Wolf von Schierbrand, and will be published in the spring under the title, "The Kaiser's Speeches." The volume will contain the most important speeches delivered by the emperor during his reign, and a number of observations made before his accession.

Next month a book in autobiographical form, by George Gissing, entitled, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," will be published. It is, in part, a picture of the life of a literary hack, who, after much tribulation, falls on better days.

Maurice Hewlett's novel, written around Mary Queen of Scots, is to be ready in May.

Israel Zangwill's new book, which will be published this month by the Macmillan Company, under the title of "The Grey Wig," contains six stories. The opening one gives the hook its title, and the others are "Chassé Croisé," "The Woman Beater," "The Eternal Feminine," "The Big Bow Mystery," "Merely Mary Ann."

"The Light Behind," a new novel, by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, a niece of the premier English duke, the Duke of Norfolk, will soon be published. Mrs. Ward is the daughter of James Robert Hope Scott, who came into possession of Abhotsford by his marriage with the granddaughter and sole descendant of Sir France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth.

There is to be yet another posthumous hook by Sir Walter Besant. It is to be a volume of essays, and will be entitled, "As We Are and As We May Be."

Mary MacLane has written a new hook, to be published this spring, which is said to be quite different in character from her "Story of Mary MacLane," and to be written with more reserve.

"The Lieutenant Governor," a novel dealing with strikes in the imaginary State of Alleghenia, by Guy Wetmore Carryl, will be published next month.

"A Rose of Normandy," by William R. A. Wilson, which will be published by Little, Brown & Co., this spring, is a romance of France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Canada during the days of La Salle's

explorations. The hero is Henri de Tonti, La Salle's faithful lieutenant, and the heroine, Renée, is the "Rose of Normandy."

Frank T. Bullen is writing a novel, of which Admiral Blake is the hero.

Mary Catherine Crowley, the author of "The Heroine of the Strait," a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac, has written another novel with its scenes laid in that interesting section, but with the War of 1812 for the historical background. It will be published next month by Little, Brown & Co.

Paul Elder has prepared a booklet for the Easter season, made up of quotations on "Happiness," which will be a companion collection to that very successful little volume on "Friendship," published a year ago. A picture of the Stevenson Fountain in Portsmouth Square will serve as a frontispiece.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Early Spring Gladness.

Now clap your hands together,
For this is April weather,
And love again is horn;
The west wind is caressing,
The turf your feet are pressing
Is thrilling to the morn.

To see the grass a-greening,
To find each day new meaning
In sky and tree and ground;
To see the waters glisten,
To linger long and listen
To every wakening sound!

To feel your nerves a-tingle
By grackle's reedy jingle
Or starling's brooky call,
Or phoebe's salutation,
Or sparrow's proclamation
Atop the garden wall!

The maple-trees are thrilling,
Their eager juices spilling
In many a sugar-camp,
I see the huckets gleaming,
I see the smoke and steaming,
I smell the fragrant damp.

The mourning-dove is cooing,
The meadow-lark is wooing—
I see his flashing quills;
Cock-robin's breast is glowing;
The wistful cattle lowing,
And turning to the hills.

I love each April token
And every word that's spoken
In field or grove or vale;
The byla's twilight chorus,
The clanging geese that o'er us
Keep well the northern trail.

Oh, soon with heaping measures
The spring will bring her treasures
To gladden every breast;
The sky with warmth a-heaming,
The earth with love a-teeming—
In life itself new zest!

—John Burroughs in March Century Magazine.

To My Lady's Fao.

Ob fan, that waftest fragrant air
Against her cheek divinely fair,
And now, a fluttering cloud, dost rise
Between me and her heaven-blue eyes,
Know'st thou the jealousies that spring
Within this heart, to see thee bring
At her hand's bidding, wantonly,
Coolness between my love and me?

Ob pleasing fan! To be forgiven,
Be thou the wing that wafts to heaven;
A little further spread thy pride,
Leaving a space, not over wide!
Then make, while eyes look each in each,
And hearts have lost the need of speech,
While lips draw nearer for the kiss,
A screen between the world and bliss.

—March Lippincott's Magazine.

Our Secret.

Your voice, to me is like the fountain fall
In some sequestered courtyard, overhid
With flowers of pomegranates humming red—
Whose rhythmic waters ceaseless calm and call.

Your glance, to me is like a restless star—
The instant ere it stakes its light on space,
To reel as some wild centaur down the sky,
Past steadfast orbs enchain'd to heaven's car.

To me, your touch—ah, no, to all save me
Let that remain beneath pomegranates red—
In that dim courtyard with the fountain hid,
A listless languor of the memory!

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in the Bookman.

An application for leave to open a public library in Constantinople was recently made to the Minister of Public Instruction. He refused permission on the ground that the books, of which a list of some ten thousand had been furnished him, were immoral and "dangerous for the Sultan." La Fontaine's "Fables" especially were objected to, from their frequent references to the lion as the king of beasts, which, it was urged, "would be regarded as degrading to the kingdom and insulting to the Sultan."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Zola's "Truth."

"Truth," besides being the last novel of Emile Zola, is his longest as well. The sheer labor of massing incident upon incident, character upon character, detail upon detail, is such as to command admiration for Zola's industry, whatever may be said of the literary merits of the book. As everybody knows, the work is a fictitious parallel of the Dreyfus case, and expresses Zola's views regarding the Roman church. Unlike other of Zola's books, "Truth" is seldom offensive from a moral point of view, and it is unquestionably a striking picture of the gross mediaeval superstitions of the masses, kept down and in the dark by the Roman church and other religious orders. Behind every page one feels the influence of Zola's own bitter experience still rankling. To the reader who stands apart from the great religious controversies that rack France, the novel is, however, too long, and far too polemical to have the highest interest as a work of fiction. In order to make his point regarding the beneficent condition, which would follow the elimination of the Catholic clergy as a political force, Zola presents in the penultimate chapter a picture of affairs twenty years after the conviction of the innocent Jew. In the last chapter, a character, who, in the first chapter, was said to be thirty years of age, is "over eighty." This device of the author for getting before the reader what he hoped would come true in the Dreyfus matter about 1940 is a serious artistic fault. Evidently the translator, Mr. Vizetelly, is aware of it, for he says that he has pruned the work slightly here and there in the last part.

The meaning of the book is thus summed up by Marc Froment, the persecuted Jew's most loyal friend, where he says:

The only regret which Marc now expressed was that he had not been able to utilize that prodigious Simon affair as an admirable lesson of things, which would have instructed the masses, enlightened them like a blaze of lightning. There was the complicity of all the powerful and the oppressors, handing themselves together to crush a poor, innocent man, whose innocence imperiled the compact of human exploitation, which the great ones of the world had signed together. There were all the avowed crimes of the priests, soldiers, magistrates, and ministers, and, finally, there had been the division of the country into two camps—on one hand the old authoritarian, antiquated, and condemned social order, on the other the young society of the future, free in mind already, and ever tending toward increase of truth, equity, and peace. If Simon's innocence had been recognized, the reactionary past would have been struck down at one blow.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Romance of the Colorado River."

The reader of magazines and the visitor of art galleries in these days is becoming familiar with the romance, beauty, and grandeur of the great Western plateau region. There is nothing more interesting in this part of our continent than the Colorado River, with its rush of stream and remarkable cañons, cut by the waters of ages out of the solid rock.

It was in 1869 that Major Powell, with a small company, made the descent of this river and he subsequently wrote an account of his trip and observations. During 1871 and 1872 the intrepid explorer made another expedition. This time Frederick S. Dellenbaugh accompanied the party, and he has recently written of these explorations in "The Romance of the Colorado River." The book is sub-titled "The Story of Its Discovery in 1540, with an Account of the Later Explorations, and with Special Reference to the Voyages of Powell through the Line of the Great Canyons."

The work is an octavo volume, well bound, and has four hundred pages. The printing is excellent, and the pages are made very attractive to the eye by many artistic and well-chosen illustrations that tinge the imagination with a conception of the charms of the Colorado region.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.50 net.

Another Novel of the French Revolution.

In his "Calvert of Strathore," Carter Goodloe presents the story of the French Revolution from an American standpoint, which is like seeing the familiar pictures of the brilliant French capital in her triumph, her death-throes, her ruin, through calcium rays of the red, white, and blue.

The story takes up the time of Jefferson's succession to Benjamin Franklin as minister plenipotentiary to France, and turns on the intimate political relations of the two countries at the time of the overthrow of the French Government, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, Alex-

ander Hamilton, and John Jay, with their democratic principles and ardent advocacy of the rights of men, live again under the revivifying touch of the author. The flower of our American statesman is unsparingly contrasted with the weak-kneed Louis the Sixteenth, "hull-headed" Danton, and the degenerate French nobility, till the shriek of the eagle is the dominant note of the book.

The romance that strings the historical events together has also a strong American savor, in that, while it lacks none of the thrilling situations indispensable to the French novel—the intrigues, the dueling, the beautiful woman disguised as a page—it is withal sweet and wholesome. And while the hero, Calvert of Strathore, combines with a wonderfully fine personality an equally wonderful list of virtues, he is drawn with such a simplicity and sincerity that we do not find him impossible. But it is not until we are almost ready to give up the beautiful Adrienne, as utterly unworthy such a lover, that the tightly folded hud opens, reveals its heart of gold, and blossoms into a woman worthy even of Calvert of Strathore.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

To the series of Temple Primers has been added the essay on "Mediaeval French Literature," by Gaston Paris. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 40 cents.

"The Weaving of Webs" is a dashing story of the Civil War, by Francis W. van Praag. It contains the usual mixture of love and adventure, and is just the sort of thing that those who like this sort of thing will like. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Days of the Son of Man," by Rosamond D. Rhone, is another attempt at a popular narrative in which the Christ is introduced. Such attempts possess perennial fascination, but can never be entirely satisfactory. The present book is written with reverence and good taste. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

There have certainly been few more agreeably bound, printed, and illustrated works in the series of Temple Classics than the two-volume reprint of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" The binding is flexible, the tops are gilt, and there are colored frontispieces and other drawings by J. A. Symington. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, two volumes, \$1.00.

The scene of Burton Egbert Stevenson's novel, "The Heritage," is Ohio: the time just before the Revolution, and the actors Stewart Randolph, scion of the Virginia aristocracy, as hero; General St. Clair; Indians who hold the hero in captivity for three years; Mad Anthony Wayne; the brother of the hero; their pretty cousin, Ruth, the cause of much solitude and heartturning; Washington, and Arnold. The action of the story is brisk. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The John Crerar Library: A List of Bibliographies of Special Subjects," is the third publication of that institution "intended to make available the resources of the library in the field of subject bibliography, so far as they are brought out in its classed subject catalogue." In other words, this octavo volume of five hundred pages is a valuable addition to the literature of "where-to-find-it," not only to those who have access to the Crerar, but to students everywhere. The price is plainly nominal, and probably does not cover the cost of white paper and postage. Published by the John Crerar Library, Chicago; price, 50 cents, postpaid.

"The Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden, Sc. D., LL. D., is a valuable juvenile book of four hundred pages. It aims to present the elementary, the interesting, and the more easily understood facts about astronomy, physics, heat, light, sound, electricity, magnetism, mechanism, meteorology, chemistry, geology, zoology, botany, the human body, ethnology, archaeology, ancient Egypt, races of mankind, language, writing, food, fire, weapons, dwellings, boats, society and religious ideas—it aims to present these very simply to the inquiring minds of boys of ten or twelve. There are numerous illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.35.

A psychological study of a morbid woman is the theme of Frederick Van Eeden's novel, "The Depths of Deliverance." Hedwig, we suppose the "heroine," is a Dutch girl, hysterical, emotional, neurotic. Ignorant of the realities of life, she marries a man who loves her "spiritually." She is unhappy, and finally

leaves her husband and becomes the mistress of another man. Then she "abhors herself," and goes from bad to worse. But she is finally "redeemed." The book is dully written, and will interest few people. What moral it has appears to incline toward a larger knowledge of physical matters by young girls. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

"The Thousand Eugenias," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, pretends to be nothing more than a pretty romance told in an engaging manner. There is a poor but beautiful governess, a wealthy suitor of the daughter of the family in which the governess is employed, some Parisians, who like Mme. Humbert and Becky Sharp, have the secret of living on "nothing a year." The "Eugenias" are stolen shares in a mine. This novelette, "The Thousand Eugenias," is followed by six or seven short stories, all of which are entertaining. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

We suppose it is eminently fitting, in this commercial age, that our millionaires, as well as our great novelists and poets (what few of the latter we have), should get their biographies written, even before they die. Morgan has not yet been biographed by his loving friends, but Barnard Alderson has done the work very nicely for Andrew Carnegie. Alderson's picture should make the Laird of Skibo's heart flutter with extreme happiness, and cause him to think still less of Homer. The book is readable enough, and contains a number of pictures. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.40.

Yale University not long ago established a course of lectures, entitled "Yale Lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship," with the purpose in view of helping to raise the standards of civic duty. In accordance with the idea, Henry Codman Potter, D. D., LL. D., delivered a series of addresses that are now issued in book-form under the title, "The Citizen in His Relation to the Industrial Situation." The subjects treated are "The Industrial Situation," "The Citizen and the Working Man," "The Citizen and the Capitalist," "The Citizen and the Consumer," "The Citizen and the Corporation," and "The Citizen and the State." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

"She was beyond the pale of society, was Lizette, but no bird among all those that twittered in the Gardens of the Luxembourg was more innocent of knowledge of wrongdoing than was this same Lizette. She had found her life—John Murdoch. She lived her life as best she knew, by loving him as few are loved, by caring for him as a little mother might, by helping him as few are helped." This is how Edward Marshall, the author of "Lizette," writes of the "establishment" which John Murdoch, an American art student with money (*mirabile dictu!*), sets up with a girl who "fell in love" with him while he was huying her beer at the Café Dompérille in the Latin Quarter. The story is pure romance, Lizette is impossibly sweet and good. Yet we rather think that the sentimentality of the book will make it sell. There is a thrill on every page. Published by Lewis Scribner & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

(Preliminary Announcement.)

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Five or six years ago, some strolling actor at the Orpheum, an Italian, I think, did a remarkably clever turn, in which he made up with miraculous versatility to represent in rapid succession a number of prominent European composers in the act of leading an orchestra. Liszt's face, with its silver aureole, was among them, I remember, but the most striking of all was Mascagni's. Having seen him in the flesh, I realize now how closely the vaudeville mimic had caught the likeness of the great Italian. It was a younger Mascagni we saw then, rapt and austere in mood, in comparison with the genial, open-faced man, mellowed by time and prosperity, whose countenance within a month's time has become so familiar to us. But how little we thought then that we would ever see the famous composer conducting one of his own operas in person in San Francisco, haunt of cheap theatres, and joy of the second-rate actor.

There was no lack of musical appreciators, either in attendance or enthusiasm, at the Tivoli on Monday night. Since the theatrical manager, like nature, abhors a vacuum, the managerial heart had cause to expand with joy when beholding the assemblage of a huzzing and expectant throng that filled every cranny of the Tivoli, and spent a distracted fifteen minutes hobnobbing heads toward the stage that they might see the great man enter. It was a gala occasion, and while ladies did not come out in full opera toilet, there was a great deal of splendor, with clusters of diamonds winking everywhere against backgrounds of costly lace.

The programme was admirably selected, beginning with the "Tannhäuser Overture," and never, it seemed, was that tone-painting of a soul, tossing between the raging dissonances of the evil hosts and the soaring, celestial strains of a spiritual exaltation, more nobly expressed. From that point all that followed on the programme was of Mascagni's own composition.

The prelude from "William Ratcliffe" is full of that melting, Verdi-like sweetness which is the most notable characteristic of Mascagni's music, and the cause of his great popularity. Many faults are found with his orchestration scores by competent critics, who point out occasional crudenesses and hollow-sounding planes between mountain peaks of beautiful melody. But the hold Mascagni's music has on the people is in the dominating, human note which touches the imagination, and knocks at the heart.

Two movements from "The Eternal City" "Dawn" and "The Carnival"—were given, neither of them of great weight nor classical dignity as musical composition, but both irresistible in their claim on human sympathy. "The Carnival" begins with a wild swirl of Latin gayety, and one can almost hear the laughter of the multitude, the strain of guitars, the ebb and flow of mirth and challenge, while in "The Dawn" the harmonious hush that preludes a city's awakening changes to a joyous climax, melodiously punctuated with the chime of the morning bells. Too superficially effective, the musical purist will say, but nevertheless full of charm, of coloring, of sweet-toned melody. Mascagni shows, in nearly all of his compositions, his love for the harp. We hear its rhythmic throbbing continually, even before recognizing its familiar heat in the opening notes of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Only a musician can explain what hitherto unknown meanings the composer, with his little magic wand, contrived to develop in the well-known overture that came to us with a sense of intense and lingering sweetness, whether of passion or of pain. But one thing we felt—that in an opera of primitive passion, sung by fairly competent vocalists, the human voice and presence, so exacting in their claim on the attention, were almost overlooked in the flood of impassioned harmonies that poured from an inspired orchestra under the guidance of the young maestro. Mascagni has done wonders in a short time in winning from his orchestra a steady, direct, and unfailingly sympathetic response. He has the magnetism of the born leader, and, with no score before him, innuendoes in advance to those under his baton, coming changes in time and intonation,

or marked movements that are imminent, thus smoothing the path before them, and making of their execution a mingled marvel of inspiration and precision.

Various effects tending to a greater realism were observable in the presentation of the opera, as Mascagni had taken a hand in rehearsing both principals and chorus. The choice of singers was necessarily restricted, and the vocal performance, in spite of the inspiration of Mascagni's presence, was not one of exceptional merit. For one thing, Avedano's big, round, resonant tenor has shrunk to about one-third its former volume. It is evident that a tenor voice needs much coddling to keep it in vigorous health, and the lusty owner, with a change of occupation, has evidently let practicing go by the board. Miss Marlotte's Lucia was merely a fill-in performance, and Bernice Holmes's Lola was only acceptable, lacking both in emphasis and audacity. Arthur Cunningham's Alfio, considering that we are habituated to regarding the singer as merely a comic-opera vocalist, was very creditable. His voice sounded immense, but its defect was its inflexibility and unsusceptibility to the modulation of those changing tones by which the Italian opera-singer so admirably expresses varying shades of emotion.

There remains Caro Roma, who, as Santuzza, showed that, in spite of the greater exactions that grand opera makes on the voice, she was well able to cope with them. She never forces her voice, which has freshness, purity of tone, and much sweetness. While not particularly dramatic in style, she sings with considerable expression, and some unfamiliar and effective business in her acting showed an intelligent and ready response to the suggestions of Mascagni.

The female chorus began with a flat tone, but steadily improved, and the prayer, by the full chorus before the church door, was exceedingly well done.

"The Hymn to the Sun," which has been pronounced the most striking number from Mascagni's "Iris," and which had been played in previous concerts, closed an exceedingly interesting, and, on the instrumental side, a most beautifully executed performance.

The reason for the greater popularity of "The Mikado" over its co-operas is particularly explainable after seeing that opera and "Iolanthe" in rapid succession. The playful satire, the irresistible humor of "The Mikado" appeal to almost all who speak our tongue, while in "Iolanthe" there are a number of shrewdly aimed hits that meet with a popular response only in an exclusively English audience. The social and political institutions and customs in England are alluded to repeatedly, and where these allusions meet with a guffaw in London, they are received here with scant recognition or with indifference. Nevertheless, the greater proportion of the Gilbertian humor in "Iolanthe" is universal in its appeal, and the music is characterized by those fresh and unexpected beauties, and those sudden, sly drolleries which make the wedding of text and tone in these collaborated operas so ideal a union.

There is a falling off, however, in the merit of the Tivoli performance of "Iolanthe" as compared with that of "The Mikado." For one thing, the singers are not so happily cast. Edward Wehh is Strephon, a part which calls for several love ditties, and singing of a more pleasing nature than the little comedian is up to. He tried his conscientious best to make music, but his strident, penetrating voice, so accustomed to hurling the robust jest into the teeth of an expectant house, refused to soften, to blend, to mellow. As a result, the duets between him and Bertha Davis, the constant smiler, who appeared as Phyllis, were more distressing than enjoyable. Miss Davis herself has a way of sliding a tone or two away from the pitch occasionally, especially when she sings alone. She thus signaled herself in her first solo, "Good-Morrow, Good-Lover." In the ensembles, however, the defects of her voice and execution are less noticeable, and in them she has sufficient volume to hold her own fairly well.

A very inexperienced little singer, Frances Gibson by name, took the part of Iolanthe, and sang her part with a drowning gaze fixed on Steindorf's haton. Miss Gibson is quite young enough not to look a day over the seventeen years prescribed for the appearance of the magically youthful Iolanthe. Her soft, modest little contralto is quite untrained, but she is rather pretty, and has a very pleasing voice in speaking, something one can rarely say of the minor members of comic-opera companies, who habitually squawk and squeak and gabble, like a flock of barn-yard fowls.

Caro Roma, who sang and acted very well as the dignified and substantial queen of the

fairies, is the big gun among the female vocalists, for Marie Welch's opportunities were but few and small in the part of Celia, although the glimpses we had of her fresh, charming voice were provocative of a desire to hear more. Arthur Cunningham was a majestically sportive Earl of Mountararat, and Arthur Hahn as the scarlet-coated private, sang with robust effectiveness, and kept his countenance under the queen's openly expressed admiration in a manner to excite wonder.

Ferris Hartman was nowhere to be seen, although we occasionally heard his familiar voice issuing from the legally pursed-up lips of the Lord Chancellor during that venerable peer's musical moments. But Ferris Hartman "as he is spoke," and Ferris Hartman's all-persuasive geniality were utterly extinguished in the exceedingly able assumption by the comedian of the rôle of that dryly amusing and senile peer, the Lord Chancellor. It is the old story. Give the funny man something to work his wits on, and he can be funny and clever at once. Give him clowning and horse-play, and he will make a merry fool of himself. It's all in the way of business.

The choral numbers went extremely well, so much so that it was something of a surprise that the house did not respond more warmly to the interpolated lines about Columbia in "Britain Won Her Proudest Bays," a very stirring chorus, and rendered extremely well.

The presiding genius of the costuming department was at fault. The fairy costumes of the female chorus were a series of color blasphemies. One felt like invoking the shades of Lady Jane and Bunthorne, and crying in pained surprise, "Red and yellow! Primary colors! Oh, South Kensington!" when the chorus-girls, covered with gilt-trimmed gauze in all the normal colors, came tripping in. There was a further error in their costuming, which gave the unconscious girls a faintly grotesque appearance. Their flesh-colored tights were in such strong color contrast to their hodiecs and transparent skirts, that it gave their legs an absurdly cut-off look, much as if these members were pirouetting and skipping around in a bodiless condition. Thus there was quite an opportunity lost, for one of the spectacular charms of the opera is the opportunity it offers to treble the graces of several dozen pretty girls by costuming them as fairies with appropriate daintiness and beauty.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

William Gillette is "Sherlock Holmes."

Monday night promises to be a gala occasion at the Columbia Theatre, when William Gillette will return, after an absence of five years, in his phenomenally successful play, "Sherlock Holmes." This four-act melodrama, founded by the actor-dramatist on episodes in the popular detective stories of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, was originally produced under the direction of Charles Frohman, at the Star Theatre in Buffalo, on October 24, 1899, and later, on November 6th, was taken to the Garrick Theatre in New York, where it ran for the entire season. On September 9, 1901, after a season spent in a tour of the principal cities of the United States, Mr. Gillette began an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre in London, and finished the season there. Last year he again drew crowded houses in the East, and this season—the last—"Sherlock Holmes" has been equally successful. Meanwhile, the play has been taken on tour in England by five different companies, and there is hardly a city of any size in the British Islands but what has seen at least one company in this remarkable play.

Mr. Gillette's interpretation of the rôle of the famous detective is said to be on a par with his amusing liar in "Too Much Johnson," and his Federal spy in "Secret Service." The latter play, it will be remembered, was produced at the Baldwin Theatre at the time that play-house was burned to the ground, when Mr. Gillette lost all his scenery and costumes, and was forced to complete his engagement here at another theatre. In his supporting company this season are Ida Conquest (who was last seen here with John Drew), Adelia Cortelyou, Margaret Gordon, Ralph Delmore, Herbert Percy, Edgar Selwyn, Quinton MacPherson, Harry McArdle, and Griffith Evans. Especial attention is called to the fact that, during Mr. Gillette's engagement, the curtain will rise promptly at eight o'clock each evening, and at two o'clock at the Saturday matinees. Late-comers will not be seated until the end of the first act.

Mascagni at the Tivoli.

The success of the Mascagni performances at the Tivoli Opera House has been so pronounced that the management has arranged for four more appearances of the great Italian composer next week—on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights. The bill will be practically the same as this week, save that the overture selection will be changed, and more of Mascagni's music given. On the alternate evenings, Gilbert and Sullivan's ever-welcome opera, "The Mikado," will be revived with the same cast as a few weeks ago, including Ferris Hartman, Edwin Webb, Caro Roma, Bertha Davis, Arthur Cunningham, and Oscar Lee.

Another operatic treat is in store for San Francisco music-lovers. Zelle de Lussan has been engaged by the Tivoli management for four performances of "Carmen" during the first week of April, when the diva will have completed her concert tour. Avedano will appear as Don José, Marie Welsh as Michaela, and Arthur Cunningham as the Toreador. De Lussan's first appearance here in "Carmen" was in 1889, when, it will be remembered, she came West with the Ellis Company.

Maude Odell is "The Countess Valeska."

For the second week of her engagement at the Grand Opera House, Maude Odell will appear in the Napoleonic play, "The Countess Valeska," in which Julia Marlowe scored one of her greatest successes. The drama is in four acts, abounds in stirring war scenes and striking climaxes, and calls for some fine stage pictures. The action takes place in the vicinity of Friedland, previous to and during the famous battle from which Napoleon emerged in triumph. In fact, in one of the acts, the great general appears, attended by his marshals and brilliant suite. As the Polish countess, Miss Odell is said to have even a better opportunity for powerful acting than she has in the rôle in which she has been appearing during the week in "Under the Red Rohe."

"Hoity-Toity" Still Popular.

Edgar Smith and John Stromberg's merry burlesque, "Hoity-Toity," is doing well at Fischer's Theatre, and it will probably have many weeks before its successor, "Helter-Skelter," is needed. It is full of snap and dash, and contains many catchy songs and choruses, among others, "King Kazoo of Kakaroo," "The Society Queen," "I'm An American Billionaire," "The Minstrel Show," "Love à la Mode," "Ma Poppy Belle," "Those Scandalous Eyes," and "Games of Chance." Next week the company will be still further strengthened by the appearance of Miss Olive Vail, a pretty singer and dancer, who is expected to make quite a hit with a song entitled "Cherry Blossoms."

At the Orpheum.

Lillian Burkhart, who is probably the most popular comedienne on the vaudeville stage, will return to the Orpheum next week. Her opening offering will be a dainty curtain-raiser called "Fifty Years Ago," by Henry Hubert Davies, a former San Franciscan, who is now achieving literary fame in London. The Salamhos, well remembered here as mysterious fire-eaters, come back after a long absence with a brand-new act, presenting marvelous experiments in wireless telegraphy and electricity. The other new-comers will be Musical Dale, whose playing on silver bells and the concertina is especially enjoyable; Rice and Walters, acrobatic grotesques,

in their novel act, "Bumpity-Bumps"; and Dave Nowlin, a clever mimic, who will make his first appearance in San Francisco. The De Forrests, whirlwind dancers, the Andraessens, hand-to-hand balancers, and Le Quatour Basque, will begin the last week of their engagements.

"Sowing the Wind" at the Alcazar.

"Fanchon, the Cricket," will give way at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday evening to a revival of Sydney Grundy's charming play, "Sowing the Wind." Oza Waldrop, the clever little ingénue, whose third matrimonial venture has ended in the divorce court after only a few weeks' duration, will have a prominent rôle, and others in the cast will be Ernest Hastings, George Oshourne, Albert Morrison, Clifford Dempsey, J. Lester Wallack, Frank Bacon, Walter Belasco, Calvin Dix, Alice Treat Hunt, Marie Howe, and Eleanor Gordon. "Mlle. Fifi" will be the next production.

Irving's New Play.

Victorien Sardou and M. Moreau have based their drama, "Dante," which Sir Henry Irving will produce at the Drury Lane Theatre about Easter, on incidents in the "New Life" and "The Divine Comedy," which have been amplified and run together. Says Sir Henry, in discussing the play:

"The first incident was taken from an allusion in the 'Vita Nuova' to the fact of Dante, after the death of Beatrice, having fallen in love with and been beloved by a young friend of the dead girl's. A mutual bereavement brought the two together, and it seems gradually to have ripened into a mutual love. The second incident out of which the plot of 'Dante' has been woven is alluded to in the fifth book of the 'Purgatory.' Contemporary records give us this somber story more fully, and as follows: An Italian nobleman, Vello della Pietra, had espoused a lady of noble family, Madonna Pia. He became jealous of his wife, with what degree of reason we are not told. But, becoming more and more assured of her guilt, he finally decided to shut her up in a castle of his that lay among the marshes of Ravenna. Here, without his ever accusing her, in silence and despair, she gradually sank, and died from the feverish exhalations of the marshes. According to some accounts the husband's methods of vengeance returned on his own head, and he shortly fell a prey to the selfsame wasting disease."

"Dante" is in five acts and nine tableaux, and is being translated by Lawrence Irving. The painting of the scenery has been entrusted to French artists, in order that it may be done under the author's supervision. These are M. Rousin, M. Amahel, and M. Carpezel, who for many months have been busily occupied. The incidental music is being specially written by Xavier Henri Leroux. Among the special artists who have been added to the Irving company for this production are Lena Ashwell, William Mollison, Gerald Lawrence, Jerrold Rohertshaw, Laura Burt, William Farren, Jr., Walter Reynolds, and Mrs. Walter Reynolds.

The New York critics are all warm in their praise of Augustus Thomas's latest comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket," written around the personality of Laurence d'Orsay, the English actor, who was first seen here with Annie Russell in "The Royal Family," and last year was such a popular member of the Miller company. The central motive of Mr. Thomas's play is the pursuit of an American girl across the Atlantic by an English titled exquisite of the most pronounced type, who vainly endeavors to pass himself off for a native American, and to that end borrows the name of a casual acquaintance, who turns out to be the divorced husband of the young woman of whom he is enamored.

Paul Kester's dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," presented by a company headed by Effie Ellsler, will follow "Sherlock Holmes" at the Columbia Theatre.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS.....1,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....3,197,280.26
January 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALFORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
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WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

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Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00
HOMER S. KING, President, H. WADSWORTH, Cashier, F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier.
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or. Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

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ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,035

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.
411 California Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1880.

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid In.....2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME Call on or Write E. C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY 124 Sansome Street SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

VANITY FAIR.

The people of Boston have at length had an opportunity to inspect Mrs. "Jack" Gardner's Italian palace or museum—Fenway Court it is now called—which was brought over almost stone by stone and set up with great care in the outskirts of the Hub City. Outwardly the buildings are not at all imposing—high and long plain walls broken by the simplest possible windows and surmounted by a slant red-tiled roof pitched barely enough to let the rain flow off. But within, the courtyard is said to be beauty itself, and all the rooms are of palatial proportion and mediæval magnificence. In the main part of the house are a Dutch room, a Persian room, a Japanese room, and an Italian room, each furnished in the style of the country whose art it is supposed to represent. The music room is the largest of all the rooms in the palace, being two stories high, and it is claimed also to be the largest apartment in any private house in this country. It is fitted with a stage, and its acoustics are practically perfect. Fine specimens of Roman seats are about the walls, and Cleopatra's dais has a prominent place. In this room doubtless will be held the more important social functions given by Mrs. Gardner. A Chinese room, replete with treasures of the Orient; a leather room, in which the "Crowning of Hebe" is done in colors of wonderful softness; many living rooms for the accommodation of Mrs. Gardner and her guests, are other features of the palace. In the chapel, which was dedicated by a High Church clergyman of Boston at a midnight mass which set the whole city by the ears, Crabach's "Adam and Eve" is conspicuous, as is also the Botticelli "Madonna," which cost its present owner \$63,000, the Italian Government no end of trouble, and Prince Chigi very many uncomfortable hours.

"The existence of such an artistic house as this, in an American city, is of really priceless value as an art education to those who can not go abroad," says the Boston correspondent of the New York Sun. "While reproducing in effect many of the characteristics of the stately palaces of Italy, and preserving their antique aspect by means of old stone, old woodwork, and old furnishings, Fenway Court has the added advantage of being the creation of a single person of superior taste, who has not only known how to reject the unworthy and superfluous, but also to place objects befitting their surroundings, so as to produce the best artistic effect. Old European houses are accretions of many generations, in which good pictures and bad, fine and foolish ornaments and furnishings are huddled together, often in poorly lighted rooms, without being subordinate to any scheme of general beauty. It is otherwise here, where every detail has been studied with a view to the whole, and one finds no discordant note. Fenway Court is a noble monument to its creator, Isabella Stewart Gardner."

This museum venture, by the way, is only one of the many extraordinary episodes in Mrs. Gardner's career. Ever since she went to Boston a bride, forty-two years ago, she has been attracting attention. George Proctor, the musician, has been the subject of her constant attention ever since she first saw him a sweet-faced choir boy in the Church of the Advent at Sunday morning service. She sent him to Europe to receive a musical education, she rushed across the continent to launch him properly at a Chicago musicale, but she remains ever the same mysterious woman she seemed to him that first time she saw him at the Church of the Advent, when she asked him what his hopes for the future were. Yet this is the same Mrs. Gardner who personally inspected Sandow's muscles, hired a Chinese theatre in which to entertain her guests, fondled lion cubs in the Boston Zoo before a huge crowd, and once rode in an engine cab, when there was no other way of reaching her destination. The latter is a characteristic story. She was to arrive at Gloucester at a certain hour to take a ride on the new coach then running between that city and Beverly. The train came, but there were no signs of Mrs. Gardner, or her escort, so the coach driver started to depart. Suddenly, cries to stop were heard, and Mrs. Gardner was discovered snugly tucked up in the cab of the engine beside the engineer. Her escort was clinging to the tender, looking very ill at ease and uncomfortable.

Commenting on the recent appendicitis dinner given in this city, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat offers the following suggestion for further novelties in this line: "Persons run down by trolley cars, who may have had the wumps, or the gripe, or escaped from the

hands of a dentist, may find by that tie of misery that binds those in similar unfortunate circumstances a motive for festive reunion. There might be vaccination parties, rheumatism afternoons, neuralgia teas, influenza smokers, freckle séances, and progressive bunion euvres. A chiropodist reception, to be followed by a dinner dance, or a dyspepsia "small and early," with skim milk and pepsin tablets served promptly on arrival. Conversation need never languish at these attractive functions, for people who are dumb on every other human topic can always talk about their physical infirmities with an astounding opulence of language."

Dr. Rixey recently felt compelled to advise Mrs. Roosevelt to give up all entertaining for a time, for it was feared that she would break down under the strain of so much official and private entertaining as she has been forced to take part in at the White House. Since November 1st, we are told, two hundred guests have been housed, thirty-six dinner-parties given, two hundred and seventy-five guests entertained at luncheon, fifty at breakfast; there have been three state dinners, six musicales, five state receptions, and three afternoon receptions given by Mrs. Roosevelt. Besides these President and Mrs. Roosevelt have attended eight Cabinet dinners, and dined with Senator Hanna and Senator Lodge besides. Of course, the amount of nervous wear in all this depends much upon the individual physique, but it is a programme fit to wreck the strongest.

Notwithstanding all denials from hotel managers on the Continent, regarding complaints made by tourists of systematic signaling by means of marks on luggage passed between servants from hotel to hotel as to the value of tips, the charge holds good, for a Nice correspondent writes to Henry Lahouchère, of London Truth, that he finds upon inquiries that there is no doubt such a system is in existence. But a method more favored than that of affixing luggage labels in positions, the significance of which is understood by servants in hotels all along the Riviera, is to convey the same information by means of chalk marks. "The moral of which is," says Lahouchère, "that if you have not been over-generous to the servants, wipe off the chalk marks you may see on your luggage after leaving any hotel."

Miss Smith, the talented composer of "Der Wald," who came over from England to witness the first production of her opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, says: "We have a theory in England that American women have an awfully good time, and I was keen to see it. I must say this is the country for women. In Washington last week I heard an Austrian woman say that if she could be horn again, she'd marry an American husband. I think that expresses a great deal." Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, who was one of the first American women to marry a distinguished titled Englishman, and go to London and attain a high social position, also praises her countrywomen in an article on "American Women in Europe," in this month's *Poll Mall Magazine*. "Thirty years ago," she says, "in England, as on the Continent, the American woman was looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners something between those of the red Indian and the gaiety girl. Anything of an outlandish nature might be expected of her. If she talked, dressed, and conducted herself as any well-bred woman would, much astonishment was invariably evinced. She was usually saluted with the tactful remark, 'I should never have thought you an American,' by those who intended it as a compliment. As a rule, people looked upon her as a disagreeable, even dangerous, person. Her dollars were her only recommendation, and all were credited with the possession of them. Otherwise, what was her *raison d'être*? Nor was distinction ever made between Americans. They were all supposed to be of one uniform type. The young lady, who, refusing anything more to eat, says, 'I'm pretty crowded just now,' or, in explaining why she is traveling alone, remarks, 'Papa don't voyage, he's too fleshy,' was thought to be representative of the national type of manners."

"The steady progress of American women in the minds of Europeans, since then," continues Mrs. Cornwallis-West, "can be gauged by studying their present position in Europe. It is not to be denied that they are having many of the 'Seats of the Mighty,' and the most carping, jealous critics can not find fault with the ways in which they fill them. In the political, literary, and diplomatic worlds they more than hold their own. They are a great suc-

cess in the Old World. There is no doubt that their success is greatly due to the wonderful adaptability which they display, without, at the same time, losing their individuality. A girl born and bred in the backwoods of some Western State will adopt the manners and customs of her husband's country to such an extent that after a few years she might pass as of his nationality. The chief characteristic of the American woman is her versatility. This is fostered by ambition. Her active mind seems to open all paths to her. England is her happiest hunting ground for obvious reasons. Speaking the same language, she naturally feels more at home. Besides, there is no doubt that English society is much broader-minded and more appreciative of individual merit than that of any other country. Beauty and charm in woman, or goodfellowship in man, will take them into fastidious, refined circles in Britain, where dull duchesses and rich bores seek entrance in vain. Compared with England's, American society is restricted, narrow, and artificial, and it takes a long time to break down the barriers."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 4, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Bay Co. Power 5%..	5,000	@ 120	107	108	
Hawaiian C. & S 5%	3,000	@ 98½-98½	98½	98½	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 120½	120½		
Los An. Pac. Ry.					
Con 5%.....	5,000	@ 106½	106	107	
Market St. Ry 5%.....	10,000	@ 121½	121½	119½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	7,000	@ 123½			
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	25,000	@ 101½	101½	102½	
Oakland Transit Con 5%.....	6,000	@ 106-106½	106	106½	
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	3,000	@ 115½	115½		
Pac. Gas Impt. 4%.....	2,000	@ 97	96		
Stockton Gas & Electric 6%.....	1,000	@ 101½	101		
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	22,000	@ 124-124½	124		
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	7,000	@ 111½-111½	111	112	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series A.....	1,000	@ 106½	106½		
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	3,000	@ 120½	120	120½	
United Gas & Electric 5%.....	15,000	@ 106½-106½	106½		
STOCKS.					
Water.					
Contra Costa.....	720	@ 62½-65½	62½		
Spring Valley.....	655	@ 86-87	85½	86½	
Banks.					
American Ntl.....	25	@ 125	125		
Anglo Cal.....	110	@ 95-97	96	98	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	120	@ 67½-72	70½	70½	
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S.....	85	@ 46½-47	46½		
Honokaa S. Co.....	635	@ 14½-14½	14½		
Hutchinson.....	210	@ 15½-15½	15½	16	
Makaweli S. Co.....	65	@ 28-28½	27½	28½	
Pauhaui S. Co.....	915	@ 16½-17	17		
Gas and Electric.					
Central L. & P.....	1,000	@ 4½-4½	4½	4½	
Equitable Gas.....	4,000	@ 4½-4½	4½	4½	
Mutual Electric.....	800	@ 5½-7	7	7½	
Oakland Gas.....	20	@ 77-77½	77	77½	
Pacific Gas.....	2,500	@ 35½-42½	39	39½	
Pacific Lighting Co.	35	@ 57	57		
S. F. Gas & Electric	18,500	@ 44-58	53½	53½	
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	250	@ 43½	43½		
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	460	@ 155-155½	155		
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	200	@ 92-93	92	94	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	210	@ 102	101½		

The light and power stocks have been very active, and on sales of about 27,000 shares have made gains of from three-eighths to 14 points, San Francisco Gas and Electric advancing 14 points to 58; Pacific Gas Improvement, 7½ points to 42½; Mutual Electric, 1½ to 7; Equitable, three eighths to 4½. At the close the market shaded off, but the stocks were in good demand. The advance was made on rumors of consolidation of the light and power interests, and many apparently inspired articles have been written to make holders sell their holdings.

The sugars were in fair demand on fractional fluctuations and small transactions. Giant Powder advanced 4½ points to 72, but closed at 70½ on small sales; the bear interest having a small respite, as none of their seller contracts are falling due at present.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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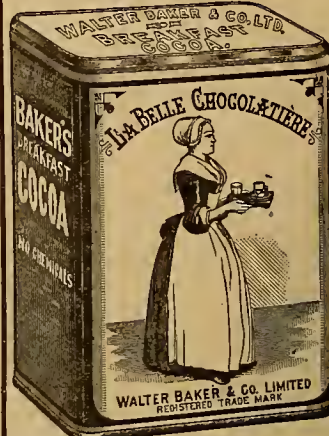
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Gloves, lace, dress goods, ribbons, velvets, silks, flannels, oil cloths, cottons, linens, etc. Blankets, calicoes, umbrellas, cutlery, shawls, notions, smokers' articles, stationery, underwear, hosiery, white goods, suspenders.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

TYPEWRITING AND MIMEOGRAPHY. Expert typewriting, 4c folio; copies 2c; mimeographing. Correspondence Exchange, 927 Market; room 305; Howard 1539.

Legal Holidays—Boats and trains run on Sunday time.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Kate Clement, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Clement, of Oakland, and Mr. Dixwell Hewitt, of New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Werner, daughter of Mrs. Leonore Werner, and Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan, son of the late Captain James O'Callaghan.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alta Maie Nickerson, daughter of Captain James D. Nickerson, U. S. A., retired, to Captain Thomas Gillespie Carson, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hickmott, of Ross Valley, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adah Georgia Hickmott, to Dr. J. Donald Woods, of Morristown, N. J.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, to Mr. Harry Bates will take place on Wednesday evening, March 18th, at the First Congregational Church. Rev. George Adams will perform the ceremony at half after eight o'clock. Miss Ruth Merrill, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Norma Castle, Miss Marie Bull, Miss Zelta Tiffany, and Miss Mollie Dutton. Mr. Albert Bates will be the best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Jr., Mr. John More, Mr. Ralph Merrill, and Mr. Charles Merrill. The church ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents on Washington Street.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Florence Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman, to Dr. Charles Noble. The ceremony will take place at the Coleman residence, on California Street, at four o'clock on Tuesday, March 24th. Dr. Noble holds a professorship at the University of California.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Mary Church and Mr. Charles Francis Jackson will take place at the First Unitarian Church, on Franklin Street, on Saturday evening, March 21st, at nine o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Ella Hughes and Mr. John A. McEwen took place on Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride's mother on Walsworth Avenue, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Ernest E. Baker. Following the ceremony, a wedding supper was served. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. McEwen will occupy the residence on Chetwood Street which is being furnished for them.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have sent out invitations for a Mi-Careme ball to be given on Thursday, March 16th, at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. John C. Coleman gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence on California Street complimentary to Miss Florence Coleman, at which she entertained Mrs. George Mendell, Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Gerrit L. Lansing, Mrs. Miller, Miss Edith Pillsbury, Miss Mabel Symmes, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Ednah Robinson, the Misses Olney, of Oakland, and Miss Evelyn Norwood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier gave a dinner and theatre-party on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Gerrit Lansing and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent. Others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Barnard, Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser, Mr. Charles S. Givens, Lieutenant Terrey, and Mr. Frederick A. Healy.

Mrs. William J. Landers gave a luncheon last Saturday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. John Johnston of Los Angeles, at which she entertained Mrs. Henry C. Breedon, Mrs. Keyes, Mrs. Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser, Mrs. Sheffield Sanborn, Mrs. William P. Pringle, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. Wheaton, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Pearl Landers.

Mr. Henry Heyman entertained Mr. Jaroslav Kocian at breakfast on Sunday last, and then drove him to the Presidio, Park, and Cliff House. On Tuesday evening, after his first concert, the young Bohemian violinist was Mr. Heyman's guest at an elaborate supper, when a number of musical friends were invited to meet Mr. Kocian.

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convenience of the contestants, with the understanding that the finals are completed previous to April 1st.

It is expected that there will be a large gathering of golfers in this city next week for the annual competition for the men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast, to be held at the Presidio links on March 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., governor of Guam, who has been recalled from that position, arrived from the island, on Wednesday, on the hospital steamer *Solace*, and was at the Palace Hotel for a few days en route to Washington, D. C.

Colonel Francis H. Harrington, U. S. M. C., was relieved of his command of the Marine Barracks, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, last week, and sailed for Manila on the transport *Logan* on Saturday. Mrs. Hall, who accompanied her father, will join her husband in the Philippines. Colonel Robert L. Meade, U. S. M. C., the new commander at the Marine Barracks, at Mare Island, with his wife and two daughters, will occupy the quarters at that place.

Major Charles A. Booth, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., departed for Vancouver Barracks last Sunday.

Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., who has recently been relieved of the command of the naval station at Hawaii, arrived here on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma*. Captain Whiting has come to the Coast to assume the duties of his new position as president of the naval board at San Francisco.

Colonel Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long, are expected here soon on a visit to Mr. Isaac Requa at Piedmont.

Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U. S. A., who has been visiting Southern California on a pleasure trip, accompanied by his wife and Colonel A. K. McClure and party, will arrive in San Francisco in a few days.

Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Van Orsdale, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., left for his new station, Vancouver Barracks, last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles A. Bennett, wife of Captain Bennett, U. S. A., has departed for Honolulu.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas C. Woodbury, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has reported for duty with his regiment at the Presidio.

Marie Cahill won so much applause with her song, "Nancy Brown," in "The Wild Rose," last year, that an enterprising New York manager decided to star her in a musical farce called "Nancy Brown." The experiment has been a great success, for she is filling the Bijou Theatre with just such crowds as formerly greeted Mary Irwin, whose place she seems to have taken in the public esteem. The heroine of her comedy is described on the programme as a "marriage broker," and is related only by name to the famous young woman who was in the habit of asking young men to spend a week or two in town with her papa. Among Miss Cahill's most popular songs are "The Melancholy Marshmallow," "The Katydid, the Cricket, and the Frog," "Cheap, Cheap, Cheap," "The Glowworm and the Moth," and "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time." Edwin Stevens and Judith Berolde are prominent in the supporting company.

Julia Marlowe is in a rebellious mood over the "long run" system, and writes: "I can not go to the theatre any longer and do just one play, 'The Cavalier,' for instance. If I must play every night, then I must do something different. Hence next season I shall probably appear in some special performances of a version of Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna,' and maybe some 'Magda' performances. This I mean to do for myself. Not, you understand, because I think the general public may want it, but because I want it."

Mrs. James Brown Potter is planning an American tour for next season, giving readings from classic poems to the accompaniment of symphonic music. Edward Grieg, the eminent Norwegian composer, will assist Mrs. Potter in providing the musical settings for these readings, which are to include passages from "Antigone" and "Peer Gynt." The Lieblers will manage the tour, and Kyrle Bellew is assisting Mrs. Potter in arranging the preliminary negotiations.

The Southern Pacific's colonist rates from Eastern points, started February 15th and to continue to June 1st, attracted about thirty-five hundred persons to California the first week, ending February 21st, and the second week, ending February 28th, showed another large ingress of colonists, no less than twenty-four hundred and ninety-two persons coming into the State on the strength of the reduced rates to encourage settlers.

The will of the late Frederic W. Lees, son of the late Chief of Police I. W. Lees, has been filed for probate. The will, which was made a short time after the death of the testator's father, bequeaths the entire estate to Margaret Lees, his widow. The estate is said to be worth \$300,000.

Governor Pardee has affixed his signature to the bill which makes the golden poppy (*Eschscholtzia*) the State flower. A similar bill passed the legislature two years ago, but was pocketed by Governor Gage.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Coronation Choir and Concert Party.

Manager Greenbaum has arranged for two concerts by the Coronation Choir and Glee Party, to be given at the Alhambra Theatre on Monday and Tuesday evenings. This organization is composed of the leading singers who took part in the coronation services of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Westminster Abbey in August of last year. The company was organized by Mr. Ed. Branscombe, one of the leading tenors of the choir, for a tour through the British colonies, and after a successful tour of Canada is en route to Australia. This will be the only city in the United States in which the organization will appear. The programme on Monday night will be as follows:

Madrigal, "The Pleasaunt Monthe of Maie" (1784-1854), William Reade, gentlemen of the Coronation Choir Party; "O Hush Thee My Babe," Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Coronation Choir Party; "The Yeoman's Wedding Song," Poniatowski, Mr. Herbert Hilton; "Ailsa Mine," E. Newton, Mr. Edward Branscombe; "O Dry Those Tears," Tereso Del Riego, Mme. Marie Hooton; quartet, "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," William Shore; "The Swallows," F. H. Cowen, Master Leonard Hubbard; old Scotch song, "Doun the Burn," Robert Crawford (1695), Mme. Marie Hooton; "Oh, Hear the Wild Winds Blow," T. Mattei, Mr. Herbert Hilton; "Blow, Soft Winds," Charles Vincent, boys of the Coronation Choir Party; "Mary of Argyle," Nelson, Mr. Percy Coward; humorous musical sketch, Mr. Dudley Causton; and "The Dawn of Day," Samuel Ray (1828).

How Rossini Wrote His Operas.

It is said that Rossini wrote his "Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. The average time devoted to his operas was a month. For "Semiramide" his manager allowed him forty days, and he did it in thirty-three. "But that," Rossini once wrote, "was the only one of my Italian operas I could allow myself to write in a leisurely way. For 'William Tell,' on the other hand, I needed an eternity. So, at least, it seemed to me—five whole months! This opera I wrote in the country, in the villa of my friend Aguado. We had high times there, and my especial fad was fishing. I remember one morning having the conspirators' scene all ready in my head while I stood on the bank waiting for a bite. The ecstatic state of mind produced by the thought of Arnold and Gessler lasted until a big carp carried away my rod, which brought me back to consciousness. The ease with which I composed astonished all the world. I deserve no credit for it; it was a natural gift. Just as little ought I to be blamed for having stopped writing when I felt that I had lost that faculty of easy composition."

Kocian's Last Concert.

At his final concert at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon, Jaroslav Kocian, the remarkable young Bohemian violinist, who has captured the music-lovers of San Francisco, will present the following programme:

Concerto, F-sharp minor, Ernst, Kocian; (a) Impromptu, Chopin, (b) Trauermusik, Schumann, Miss Julie Geyer; (a) Cavatina, Cui, (b) Hocka Modroka, Sevcik, Kocian; gavotte from suite, Rubenstein, Miss Julie Geyer; and "Danse des Sorcierres," Paganini, Kocian.

The famous Kilties' Band, which was such a success at the Alhambra Theatre last week, will give two farewell concerts to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening at the Alhambra Theatre, at popular prices of 50 and 25 cents. In the afternoon the programme will be made up especially for the young folks, and the evening will be devoted principally to standard melodies and Scotch melodies, when the choir will sing a number of the famous Scotch glees.

Once more Richard Wagner heads the list of performances at the Paris Opéra. His operas were sung on forty-four evenings in 1902. Gounod follows a close second, with forty-three, while Meyerbeer, for half a century the idol of Parisians, had only eighteen. At the Opéra Comique, the favorite was Charpentier's "Louise," which was sung forty-four times. It has not yet been sung in this country.

Richard Strauss, the composer, says in an interview in the *Musical Times* of London, that his new symphonic poem will illustrate a day in his home life. "It will be partly lyrical, partly humorous—a triple fugue, the three subjects representing papa, mamma, and the baby."

Denis O'Sullivan gave his annual song recital at St. James's Hall in London on Tuesday afternoon, February 17th, when he was given an enthusiastic reception. Miss Edith Ladd accompanied him at the piano.

"You see it all from Mt. Tamalpais," is one of the striking remarks repeated often by visitors. It is a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting trip to the summit of the mountain, over the crookedest railroad in the world, and the Tavern of Tamalpais at the end is an excellent place for rest and refreshment.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Helen de Young, Dr. Zeile, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Edward Tobin, and Mr. Lansing Kellogg, departed for Del Monte on Thursday to remain until Monday.

Mrs. V. C. Baird and Mrs. William B. Hopkins, after a tour of Italy, are now in Dresden. They expect to leave shortly for Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., departed for the East last Friday, after only a fortnight's visit to San Francisco.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs arrived from the East on Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel with his wife and daughter, Miss Helen Stubbs.

Mrs. John Johnston has returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, and Miss Sallie Maynard will depart next month for the East en route to Europe. They expect to remain abroad several months.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent and Mrs. Gertrude Lansing returned on Friday to "Fernside," the family residence in Alameda, after spending the winter months in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edward Barron has taken a house on Thirteenth Street in Washington, D. C., where she will hereafter pass the greater part of the year.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave were in London when last heard from.

Miss Edith Simpson has been visiting friends in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Jr., have gone to Sausalito for the spring months.

Mrs. Eugene Gibbs and Mrs. Larned Williams, of Detroit, with their niece, Miss May Hoyt, are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Miss Virginia Joliffe was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have given up their apartments at the Palace Hotel, and are occupying their country place at Haywards.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman will make a visit to Southern California this month.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and Miss Huntington will spend the greater part of March at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton have joined Miss Azalea Keyes in Italy.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt has returned from New York, after an absence of three months.

Mrs. William H. Crocker expects to leave in a few days for Santa Barbara, where she will sojourn for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney were in town for a few days last week.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch and Mr. Enrique Grau spent a few days in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Maillard and Miss Reina Maillard expect to return to their country place in Marin County next week.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will spend the month of March at Coronado.

Bishop William H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland, of Sacramento, have been visiting in San Francisco during the week.

Mrs. E. H. Kittredge will depart for Honolulu soon on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Frank Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page left for the East last week. They do not expect to return until early in May.

Mrs. Charles Creary and Miss Minnie Clark have returned from their visit to Sacramento, where they were the guests of Mrs. Frank C. Miller.

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury was in Santa Barbara during the week.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Warren were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

The Earl of Carnarvon and Lady Carnarvon, of England, who have been traveling in Southern California, will arrive in San Francisco this week on a pleasure tour of the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Worden has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Oliver P. Evans, at her residence on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Vogelsang, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, of Denver, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. John G. Follansbee is at present in London. He was called to England recently by the death of his mother, Mrs. Cecilia Keene Follansbee.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Ethel Harrison expect to go abroad this summer, when they will visit Mrs. Harrison's daughters, Mrs. George Britten Walkington, of Belfast, Ireland, and Mrs. Arthur Walkington, of Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Taft have returned from a two months' visit to New York.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Norris and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shanis, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dunsmoor, of Oakland, Dr. F. A. Dunsmoor, of Minneapolis, Mr. S. C. Trowbridge, of London, Mr. Robert M. Morse, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. George H. C. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Levinson, Miss Levinson, and Mr. and Mrs. George G. Low.

Among the guests of the week at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Greenwood, of Oakland, Mr. J. G. Agar, of New York, Mr. A. Stewart Pratt, of Boston, Mr. H. B. Edgar, of El Paso, Tex., Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Rockett, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bannerman, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Harley, Mrs. M. Baird, Mrs. H. Hill, Miss Casserly, Mr. George E. Starr, Mr. W. D. Forbes, Mr. W. S. Moore, Mr. A. M. Rosenstein, Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough, and Mr. J. Thompson.

Novel Shakespearean Production.

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing" were recently given a few performances in New York by Frank Lee Short, under conditions designed in some respects to approximate those under which they were first publicly played at the end of the sixteenth century. The stage, for example, was set after the recovered sketch of that of the Swan Theatre in Jacobean London. Open to the sky above, it was inclosed on three sides by galleries similar to those of an Elizabethan inn yard. To right and to left these galleries were low and divided into boxes, in one of which sat three or four musicians, while great ladies of the court and town looked down from the rest. At the back a higher and narrower gallery served Juliet for a balcony. Underneath were two doors, to right and to left, whereby the personages made their entrances and exits. In the centre of the stage two posts carried a canopy to the gallery in the rear and curtains that closed the space behind them to the spectators. This pavilion sufficed for Juliet's chamber, Friar Lawrence's cell, and the hall at the Capulets. The street scenes, in turn, were acted before the closed curtains.

The mimic Elizabethan stage was empty except for some litter on the floor. In due course an old and limping serving man in Elizabethan dress picked up the litter and hung upon one of the posts a placard announcing the play. Thereupon sundry gallants, ladies and wenches of the town streamed noisily from the sides—the ladies into the boxes, the gallants to stools at the corners of the stage, the wenches into the orchestra pit. They chatted noisily; for a little while they commented aloud on the progress of the play; they even expelled one of their number, who was clamorously drunk, from the pit; they hissed Tybalt; they sighed over Juliet's woes; they jested and philandered between the acts; and in general comported themselves as the popular fancy of an Elizabethan audience runs.

Then a herald from the balcony blew his trumpet as a signal for beginning, and the prologue, in black velvet with saluting sword, spoke his verses. Then the limping servitor placarded the posts with designations of the scene, pottering on and off the stage as it changed. The properties were meagre and simple. A chair and a table sufficed to furnish Juliet's chamber. Her tomb was a sort of rude cabinet just big enough to contain her and a candle to her head and feet. Once or twice the chief personages changed their costumes, which were all of the London of the end of the sixteenth century. The light, however, was changeless, and the same glare fell upon Juliet's balcony in the soft Italian night as upon the stones of Verona on a July noon.

San Mateo County Hunt.

Francis Carolan, master of the San Mateo County Hunt Club, announces the following fixtures for March:

Wednesday, 4th, Hotel Mateo, San Mateo; Saturday, 7th, Millbrae Dairy; Wednesday, 11th, Burlingame Station; Saturday, 14th, Laurel Creek; Wednesday, 18th, Polo Field, Burlingame; Saturday, 21st, Tanforan; Wednesday, 25th, Burlingame Club; Saturday, 28th, Belmont. The meets are set for half after three o'clock, unless otherwise noted.

The Grand Cañon of Arizona has been characterized by the globe-trotter and the man of experience as the most wonderful of all things on earth. Each visitor to the cañon becomes an advertising medium of its stupendous beauty. David Starr Jordan, Joaquin Miller, Lummis, Stoddard, and other notable writers have told of its beauty. The Nippon-California Tour Company, a California corporation, is arranging some personally conducted tours to this wonderland, which will leave San Francisco at stated periods, and people all over the State will be able to take advantage of them. The success that has attended the company's business in the management of excursions from the Eastern cities to California and the Orient, is a guarantee that everything will be done in first-class shape. Interested parties will find the advertisement of the Grand Cañon Tours in another column of this issue of the Argonaut.

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If there is one thing upon which our poetasters agree, it is that the world is in its dotage, and Romance is dead. "Divine leisure" has given way to "blind hurry." The material strangles the ideal. The prosy overwhelms the poetic. And now, like a last nail in the coffin of Romance, comes proof too detailed to be doubted that, though white sails will yet dot the seven seas, the

square-rigged ship—the full-rigged, stately three-masted bearing lofty pyramids of billowy sail—the ship with a halo of romance about her, with traditions reaching back into the dim past, with an imperial lineage from the Royal Harry and the galleons of Spain—is doomed to disappear. The vulgarly modern fore-and-after, whose irregular quadrilateral sails come down with a flop like a collapsed balloon, still prospers, but the ship with her marvelous bewilderment of sheet and rope and yard is on the eve of vanishing forever.

Authority for this most melancholy fact is the salty old journal *Syren and Shipping*, which avers that there are flying the United States flag to-day less than a hundred ships; that even counting barks and brigs, barken-tines and what Dana picturesquely calls hermaphrodite brigs, there are something less than four hundred square-rigged vessels all told; and of these more than two-thirds have weathered the gales of twenty years, are getting old and shaky, and must soon make their final voyage, and enter their last haven. In 1870 there were twenty-three hundred square-rigged vessels, compared with four hundred now. Last year only seventy-five ships of all nations entered New York harbor, compared with six thousand schooners! Truly, it appears as if topgallants and royals and skysails were soon to be furled for the last time, to become as obsolete as the mediæval bonaventure-mizzen—as if square-riggers were to vanish as completely as the coracles of the ancient Angles or the *naves Venetiorum*.

In landsmen's minds how intimately connected with the romance of sailing is the square-rigged form of vessel. Imagine the brave brig *Pilgrim*—about whose tempestuous voyage most oldsters among us fondly remember to have read on rainy days, perhaps flat on stomach in musty attic, with our sharp red elbows on the deals, and chin on hand—imagine the *Pilgrim*, we say, with no "aloft"! Fancy this immortal book of Dana's without the story of how, on the first pitchy night out, when ordered aloft, he sent "wild vomits" into the dark to leeward! Imagine it lacking the tale of how George Ballmer, off the Horn, fell from the starboard futtock-shrouds (what they were we didn't know, but it sounded fine) down into the yeasty sea! Conceive what a loss to romance had our good friend, Mr. Midshipman Easy, found no topgallant cross-tree whereupon to sit and leisurely peruse the articles of war, while impotently Captain Wilson stormed below! Fancy a literary ship, indeed, where they never, never sprung aloft and furled the royals and topgallant sails, took in the flying jib, hauled up the mainsail and topsail, squared the after yards, and waited for the storm to strike!

Spite of the opinion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the contrary, it is the fact that romance has all but fled from on shipboard. It was not so in the days of old. Take a single instance: From an old English book, by James Love, called "The Mariner's Jewel," Russell quotes this quaint captain's order, given when the ship's anchor had been got up: "The wind is fair, though but little, tho' it comes well, as if it would stand; therefore up a Hand and loose your foretopsail in the top, that the ship may see we will sail." What poetry in the phrase, "that the ship may see we will sail"! "In these days of iron," comments Mr. Russell, "the old sentiment of beauty is as dead as the rivet that holds together the ship's plates; and the man who attempts to express the glory of the full-rigged ship, and the red Atlantic sunset, and the frothing ridge of the Horn's surge, is laughed at for his pains by ship-masters and chief mates and second mates and sea cooks."

Far be it from us to suggest that it is not right enough that the square-rigged ship, however poetic, is vanishing from the sea. If the schooners that a Yankee shipwright invented out of hand just one hundred and

ten years ago, can sail the faster, come they must, and well so. We are writing in *memoriam*; not in *defenso*. But it's hard on Romance—that's the point—when sailing vessels like the seven-masted fore-and-after *Lawson* work their sails by means of a donkey-engine; when the same donkey-engine steers them, too. What would an old A. B. find to do in his line on a piece of floating machinery like this?

Yes, the good old square-rigged ship is doomed. The ancient order changeth, giving place to new. Soon no more will there be a sailor alive that could or ever did man a yard—and likewise there will be no yard-arms to man. Only philologists will know the meaning of "a-cock-bill," of "cat-harpin," of "cross-jack." "Two Years Before the Mast" will have copious foot-notes. Marryatt will have to have a commentator. But ere that morrow dawn, let us sentimentalists be permitted to hope there will come a poet who will sing us a good lusty Song of the Stately Ship—of her whom Russell calls a "tall and glorious fabric," and whom Richard Henry Dana named the "most glorious moving thing in all the world." Let us hope for a poet of the ship who can give us lines as laden with strong, salt wind as these—writ three hundred years ago:

"Lay her before the wind, up with your canvas,
And let her work; the wind begins to whistle;
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean.
Let her hestride the hillows, till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads."

A new interest has been added to the question of trust regulation, and stirred up renewed discussion in the public press. It arises from a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, handed down recently. The case at bar is known as the *Champion lottery case*. In 1895, a law was enacted by Congress prohibiting the transportation of lottery tickets from one State to another, by express or otherwise. The decision rendered is not a unanimous one. It was concurred in by five members of the court. It was prepared by Justice Harlan, and agreed to by Justices Brown, White, McKenna, and Holmes. They decide that the act of 1895 was constitutional, and that Congress did not exceed its powers under the article which enables that body to regulate commerce between the States. The decision expressly states that it is not proposed to lay down in advance a rule for determining the validity of every statute that may be hereafter enacted under the interstate commerce clause. It does decide that lottery tickets are subjects of traffic, that the transportation of such tickets from State to State is interstate commerce, and that under its power to regulate such commerce, subject to the limitations imposed by the Constitution, Congress has plenary authority over such transportation, even to the extent of its prohibition. Upon this the position is taken by many that the whole question of the power of Congress to regulate trusts by the prohibition of interstate commerce in trust-made goods is practically decided, and that Congress may proceed to prohibit such traffic between States in steel, copper, or any other articles which, as the manufacture of a monopoly, may be considered to be in violation of the terms of the Sherman anti-trust law. If this were so, it would decide the question whether an amendment of the Constitution is necessary in trust regulation.

Those who claim that it does so settle the main question, argue that the Supreme Court can not limit the effect of the lottery decision. Those who oppose this view, and those who think the decision too far-reaching, have the support of the minority opinion of the Supreme Court, which was prepared by Chief Justice Fuller, and agreed to by Justices Brewer, Peckham, and Shiras. The minority opinion points out that to give Congress general police powers would en-

upon the undelegated powers of the States; that "the right of passage of persons and property from one State to another can not be prohibited by Congress"; and that "the scope of the commerce clause of the Constitution can not be enlarged because of present views of public interest."

The ultimate effect of the decision depends on the future trend of public opinion. Lottery tickets are condemned on the ground that they debase public morality. They have not always been tabooed for that reason. General public sentiment has grown up against them, making them "malum prohibitum." They are debarred from interstate traffic as diseased cattle have been—for the public welfare. Should public opinion hereafter determine that dealings in oil and coal and beef between the people of State and State is inimical to public welfare, because these innocent necessities are controlled by so-called trusts, the lottery decision will be a strong basis from which to attack them. Until such a time arrives, it will be a moot question whether the present decision is a decided step in trust regulation or not. The rights and wrongs of the industrial combinations have not themselves been definitely settled as yet, and until they are, we may possess ourselves with patience while awaiting the dictum of the Supreme Court upon a case which shall decide them.

While President Roosevelt still undoubtedly retains his popularity with the people, it is beginning to be well understood that his relations with his own party in Congress are not particularly cordial. His beginning with an avowed intention to continue the McKinley policies gave him an excellent start. All of the Republican leaders were not sure what he would do, but most were inclined to hope for a continued era of good feeling within the party.

No one will controvert the claims that the President is honest, well intentioned, and thoroughly committed to the cause of good government. The existing breach is due, say well-informed Washington correspondents, to his strong convictions and his impatience with political customs as they have grown up. In carrying out his views he has had to meet the established practices of a group of leaders, who have been accustomed to direct the policies of the country, and expect the administration to follow their lead. They form an oligarchy which is really the governing power in the country. If they differ with the President on important legislation, they look for him to yield, and he has proved that he is not of a yielding disposition.

The hostility of the leaders is reinforced by the inconspicuous members, who gain influence by patronage-mongering, who want to control absolutely the appointments in their States, or districts, and who are angered by the insistence of the President upon the maintenance and extension of the merit system. Among the politicians, pure and simple, the President has, therefore, few friends left. The breach is widened by the efforts of the administration to force unwelcome policies upon the party. His anti-trust proposals have been only partially and grudgingly met. His Cuban concessions have weakened his hold on the politicians, if not the masses, of the West, and his Philippine and army-reform policies have been granted only half-measures to keep up a semblance of harmony. There is some opinion abroad that the President, having drawn the fire of the oligarchy, has found that he is assaulting an impregnable position, and that there are indications of a purpose on his part to accept the condition as it exists, and become a more placable ally of the leaders. If so, it will only cover a temporary truce with a body of men who do not accept his principles, who do not propose to yield the power they enjoy, and who would abandon him if they dared.

To the long list of California newspaper editors who have been variously mauled, beaten, knifed, or shot, must be added the distinguished name of General Harrison Gray Otis, present proprietor of the Los Angeles Times. The general's misadventure varies, however, from similar experiences of his editorial brethren heretofore, in that he suffered not at the hands of an irate and injured citizen, but from the wrath of an "esteemed contemporary." Any one who reads the Los Angeles Herald and Times knows that no epithet is too vile, no charge too gross, to be flung back and forth between the two papers—that is, providing it is matter that will go through the mails. It appears, however, that there is really a limit. No woman's name shall be dragged into the exchange of amenities. So when W. L. Hardison, proprietor of the Herald, read in the Times the announcement of his engagement under the following heading—"Kansas Singer to Marry Hardupson—Telegraph Brings News that He is 'Wealthy'—Wonder if the Bride-Elect Really Thinks So?—Nuptials Set for April—and the Troubles of Mary Belle Will Then Begin"—he immediately sought an interview with General Otis at the latter's office, but found him absent. After a time, as Otis did not arrive, and as he was informed that the general was at the theatre, Hardison proceeded thence, accompanied by the managing editor and city editor of the Herald. He made his way alone to the general's box, while the lights were out in the third act of "The Heart of Maryland," demanded an apology, and it is alleged, the apology being refused, leaned over and dealt Otis (who was sitting) "five swift blows with his fist." Instantly the house was in a panic. Women screamed. Men rushed from their seats. The play stopped. Actors climbed down from the stage. Hardison was hand-cuffed and roughly handled, one woman, it is said, belaboring him with her chate-laine purse, and shouting "Coward! coward!" An actress

brought a wet towel for Otis's bleeding head, and, after a time, the play went on with Otis spectator, and Hardison at the police station.

It has long been a settled legal principle in California that no man shall be convicted for shooting or otherwise inflicting righteous vengeance on an editor. Just what a jury would do with a serious case, where editors fought each other, we don't know, but we think most likely it would send them both to jail and keep them there as long as possible.

Poultney Bigelow, who is a traveler of repute, has been tackling the race problem. Unfortunately, his contribution is more entertaining than valuable. Before a meeting of the League for Political Education, recently, he presented his idea as to "Our Duties to Subject Races." Briefly stated, his remedy for the negro problem is similar to that adopted by the fruit-growers in ridding themselves of the scale pest, only he substitutes Asiatic coolies for Australian lady birds. Of all the remedies that have been proposed, this has the least to recommend it. To get rid of the negroes by starving them to death—he calls it "the survival of the fittest"—is certainly effective, however it may appeal to the humanitarians. But when he proposes to repeal the exclusion law, and bring in Chinese laborers to kill off the negroes, he reminds one of the forethought of those who introduced English sparrows into this country to prey upon insects. The substitution of a Chinese problem for a negro problem would not appeal to any one who has had experience with the former. Even more amusing is the suggestion of one Bishop Hamilton, whose heart is so much larger than his head that it amounts to a deformity. He would marry negroes to Chinese, and even to whites, in order to eliminate the objectionable negro. The bishop should study the laws of heredity, with reference to the mixture of races, before he begins a crusade in favor of his doctrine. When asked the time-honored question whether he would like his daughter to marry a negro, he replied in the negative. He would not have his daughter marry a negro, not because it would degrade her, or because it would be wrong, but because society does not approve. We fear the worthy bishop is not composed of that stern stuff of which martyrs are made.

A strike has been on at the Puritan restaurant in this city now for two weeks. Pickets are stationed before the place to warn people away. But people are not warned away—the place is more crowded even than before the strike commenced. This despite the fact that men who go there stand in danger of insult. What does it mean? Undenably it means that citizens are not in sympathy with workingmen and workingwomen when they use violent and lawless measures to enforce their demands. In this case the striking waiters have not only stationed pickets on the streets, but on at least one occasion they have encouraged or permitted a mob of boys, members of the so-called Newsboys' Union, to throng the doors of the place, hooting, yelling, cat-calling, and generally making it unpleasant, if not impossible, to enter the restaurant. Imagine a mob of street gamins encouraged by men to insult people who wish to enter a restaurant! What a spectacle!

We believe that there are in the unions men—many men—who are sane, conservative, and level-headed, and who counsel peaceable measures. Such were those who organized the peace committee in the street-car strike of last year—a peace committee whose members themselves removed from the car-track obstructions that some evil-disposed person had placed upon it. But these conservatives need to get the upper hand, and that quickly. Unions can not afford to lose the sympathy of the great mass of the American people. If that is lost, all is lost. Never can they win demands which almighty public opinion declares unjust. The unions themselves are insignificant in number, two or three millions out of eighty. They must have justice, right, and reason on their side. This fact many conservative laboring men recognize. They know that conduct commending itself to the people is the price of existence. For that principle they fight against irresponsible agitators. We hope that they will win—they must win.

The news comes from Washington that a national campaign is to be made against socialism. It is stated that after many consultations among leading Republicans, including such men as Senator Hanna, Secretary of the Navy Moody, Postmaster-General Payne, and Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, it has been decided to begin at once a propaganda of enlightenment, whereby "vicious principles" are to be supplanted by "sound, conservative opinions on industrial questions, governmental policies, and all subjects affecting society and the individual." In other quarters, there is an awakening on this question. In Chicago, for instance, the German Catholic societies have begun to organize labor unions within the ranks of the church, from membership in which all socialists are excluded. A fact worth mentioning in this connection is that the elections held in Massachusetts cities in December showed, in some cases, a larger Socialist vote than in November for governor.

The legislature has enacted a law providing for the use of voting machines in elections in this State. This law leaves it optional with boards of supervisors whether the present Australian ballot system shall be used, or a machine substituted. This is a desirable provision, for in many of the country districts the present system is satisfactory, and the machine would be an unnecessary expense. While the supervisors may select the machine that is to be used, they are limited in their selection to such machines as have been approved by a State commission, one member of which must be a competent mechanic. The expenses of the commission are to be met by fees paid by the owners of machines for the privilege of having their machines examined. By the adoption of this law, California falls into line with the more

progressive of the States of the country. Indiana has just adopted a law applying to cities of thirteen thousand or more population, Illinois is trying to adjust the system to the cumulative method of voting in force there. In New York machines have been in use for a number of years, and have proved superior to the reformed-ballot system. The county clerk of Erie County testifies that in four years' trial there has been but one complaint, and investigation proved that in that case it was the voters that were out of order, and not the machine. He is convinced that there is no possible chance for fraud with the machines.

Consider the idiosyncrasies of literary remuneration. James Russell Lowell received one dollar a column for his articles in the *Broadway Journal*. F. P. Dunne's Edgar Allan Poe received the same pay. Dr. Johnson got ten pounds for the novel, "Rasselas." Thackeray received five guineas a week for his hebdomadal article in *Punch*. But F. Peter Dunne is reported to have entered into a contract with an Eastern weekly whereby he agrees to write a Dooley article and editorials for each issue for forty thousand dollars a year. This converts us to the belief that the salary of the President of the United States ought to be raised to one hundred thousand dollars, as urged. We shouldn't like to think of a funny man on a newspaper getting four-fifths as much as the Chief Magistrate of a nation of eighty million souls. Besides, Dunne is only "starting in" at forty thousand dollars. Probably next year they will raise him ten, when he would be getting as much as Theodore Roosevelt, or, say, five justices of the United States Supreme Court!

The contest over the right of the mayor to remove the members of the old board of health has entered a new phase. Attorney-General Webb has granted permission for suit to be brought against Dr. Vincent P. Buckley, in the name of the State, to test his right to hold office as a member of the board of health. Last year, Mayor Schmitz removed all the members of the board and appointed new ones in their places. The members of the old board sued out a writ of injunction, and retained their positions. Attorney-General Ford withdrew the permission to use the name of the State, and the case has rested until the present time. During the interval the terms of all the members, except Drs. Buckley, Lewitt, and Baum, have expired, so the present suit will apply only to them. In the meantime, the legislature has passed a law that will put an end to such contentions in the future. This law—an amendment of the political code—provides that an injunction can not be granted to restrain the removal from office of any appointed official by the appointing power, or to restrain any appointed public official from entering into possession or performing the duties of any office to which he has been appointed. The charter of this city gives the mayor power to remove such officials, and the new law sustains the provisions of the charter. Heads are expected to fall in San Francisco when the governor's signature makes the measure a law.

The low excursion rates inaugurated by the Southern Pacific Company, for the purpose of inducing colonists to come to this State, went into effect this year on February 15th. The winter snows were still on the ground in the East, and the temperature uncomfortably low, so the temptation of a trip to California proved particularly attractive. Traffic Manager McCormick reports that during the first seven days the rates were in operation, three thousand and sixty-three colonists passed Ogden and El Paso on their way West. A large number have also reached here over the Northern route by way of Portland. This is pleasant news for those who are trying to induce colonists to come to this State and develop its latent resources. It is not so pleasing, however, to organized labor. The Federated Trades Council of San José has passed resolutions protesting against the efforts of the promotion committee to induce farm laborers to come here, and in the same line is the policy of the *Labor Clarion*, the organ of the San Francisco labor unions, which declares that Eastern labor papers should warn their readers that the labor market in this State is well supplied, and that it is folly for workmen to come here without thoroughly investigating the state of trade in their respective crafts. This is surely a most strange and incomprehensible attitude for citizens of California to take.

We clip from the editorial columns of a Manila daily paper the following suggestive statement of fact:

CANE ROT IN NEGROES. In Negros there are thousands of acres of sugar-cane rotting on the plantations because of the lack of necessary labor to harvest the crop. Across at Capiz the natives are starving and crying for assistance from the government. The planters have offered every inducement to these starving natives. Wages unheard of in the history of the country will be paid. But no, the Capiz natives would starve before they would work. They have heard in an indefinite way that the American authorities would take care of them if the worst came. And the cane may rot and millions of dollars of invested capital remains idle, just because the Filipinos will not work, nor the native politicians, through their influence with the powers that be, allow any other race do the work. Truly, our friends at Washington, and other benevolent assimilation friends in other sections of the United States, need their eyes opened.

It is announced that the Union Pacific Railroad is to have a double track all the way from Omaha to Ogden. The contracts for the first section of the work out of Omaha have already been let. The purpose of this change is announced to be the shortening of the time of the transcontinental run. It is intended to reduce the time from New York to San Francisco to three and one-half days. Even more important than this saving of time, from the point of view of the traveling public, is the increased safety. The next step should be the double-tracking of the Central Pacific line.

A WINTER SEASIDE CITY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

In rambling notes like these I shall not give a guide-book account of a city so well known as Nice. A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT NICE.

Still a few facts about it may not be uninteresting. It has a normal population of about ninety thousand, and it is said that there are thirty thousand more inhabitants in winter than in summer. People come hither from all over Europe. The number of Russians is very large—so large in fact, that there is a Russian church, a Russian restaurant, and a Russian quarter in the business district. On many of the shops you see signs in Russian, advertising Russian delicacies, such as caviar, caravan tea, etc. Probably the first influx of the Russian colony was due to the prolonged stay here of the Russian prince imperial, who died on the Riviera of consumption. He was betrothed to Princess Dagmar of Denmark. After his death she transferred her affections to his younger brother, who became Alexander the Second. She is now the Dowager Empress of Russia.

The city of Nice is divided into two parts by the River Paillon; the old town on the left bank is even to-day an old Italian city, with narrow, tortuous streets, winding between high walls down through which there penetrates but little sun. On the right bank of the river there are fine boulevards and avenues, and the streets are wide and straight. The new town has practically all been laid out since 1860. They had a masterful mayor then, like Baron Haussmann in Paris. He ran streets on straight lines to suit himself, and thus made a fine and imposing city. It has the usual attractions of watering-places in Southern Europe, among them a casino, a theatre, an opera, a public garden, and a fine promenade.

The harbor of Nice, as well as the adjoining one of Villefranche, only a few miles away, is made perfectly safe and comfortable for yachts by a fine breakwater. At present there are numbers of yachts, both sail and steam, lying in these harbors. Next month the international yacht races are to be sailed off these harbors, for costly cups offered by the Municipality of Nice, the Monte Carlo gambling-hell, and private individuals who are interested in yachting.

Madame Réjane has been playing at the theatre in her latest Paris successes. Sihal Sanderson has been singing at the opera-house with a fairly good company; later on, several of the stars of the Paris Grand Opéra are coming here. At the Casino café-chantant there is a variety performance, afternoon and evening. A theatre standing on a jetty built out into the Bay des Anges gives nightly performances of comic opera. There is also an Italian theatre—the Politeama; it is not frequented by strangers, however, but only by the Nîçois people, many of whom speak Italian better than French. Thus, as will be seen, there is no lack of amusement in the brilliant little winter city.

Nice, like Paris, is a thrifty municipality, and takes rich toll from the stranger within her gates. True, she spends her own money freely, but she gets it all back again. For sours, she gets hack silver; for franc-pieces, she gets hack gold.

Nice is now preparing for her annual carnival. The centre of activity is the Place Masséna. This fine square lies at the intersection of two great boulevards—one is the Avenue de la Gare, a wide parked street, leading to the principal railway station; the other is the Promenade des Anglais, of world-wide fame, a magnificent carriage road and foot-way, shaded by double rows of trees, with a masonry embankment and parapet extending for some miles along the Mediterranean. The Place Masséna, the Municipal Casino with its many attractions, the Municipal Theatre, the Municipal Opera-House, the Public Garden—nearly all of these are situated on ground recovered from the River Paillon and the sea, and very valuable ground it is. Just at present the Nice municipality is erecting lofty Venetian masts all around the square, and up the Avenue de la Gare, with cross-spars for hanners by day and illuminations by night. The façades of all the public buildings around the square are wired for elaborate devices in electric lights. The shop-windows of Nice are filled with beautiful fancy-dress costumes, gorgeous dominoes, and rich lace masks. The cheaper shops are crammed with confetti and serpents. Carnival is in the air.

In the meantime, horse-races are being run daily on the Nice race course for large purses, many of them being donated by the benevolent gambling-hell at Monte Carlo.

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The winter climate of Nice is peculiar. Just now there is brilliant sunshine through the middle of the day, while the thermometer drops at night many degrees. It is often below freezing point at night, when delicate plants are covered. During our present stay, there has been but little rain; on a previous stay, however, I remember that it rained every day for a fortnight—not steadily, but as it rains in Honolulu, raining for two or three hours, then clearing up with a brilliant sun.

The tourists here seem to fear the rays of the winter sun. They go around carrying sun-umbrellas in January. Why, I wonder? The sun is slightly warm, but not enough to hurt anybody. In fact, the warmth of the Riviera sun at this season is merely genial and comfortable. I have seen sun-umbrellas carried at Long Branch and Narragansett Pier, but at those places it is too warm for a white man. In August it is hot enough there for a half-headed man to sit in the sun and fry eggs on his occiput.

One of the curiosities of the Riviera is the amazing lying that is done about the climate and temperature. According to their newspapers, it is always warm where you are, and cold everywhere else; it is always fine where you are, and stormy everywhere else. Nice can see no good in Mentone or San Remo. Those two cities always report that it is raining and blowing at Nice. All of them unite in condemning the conditions at Florence and Rome. As for Sicily, Algiers, and

Spain, such a dark silence concerning them prevails along the Riviera that one would believe the natives do not know that they exist. I am convinced that the little boys and girls along the Riviera are taught that there are no such places.

About one thing, at least, the rival Riviera towns seem to be in accord. That is, to abuse Egypt and to give it more plagues than those of the days of Pharaoh, including cholera and the hubonic plague. But the Riviera rivalry is again aroused over their products. Marseilles is noted for her figs—which, by the way, are delicious. But at Nice you can buy no Marseilles figs. They assure you, first, that there are no Marseilles figs; second, that the Marseilles figs are poor ones; third, that the figs of Nice are much superior to the figs of Marseilles.

As to the Riviera temperature, it must be admitted that at times it is a little frosty. When it reaches zero Centigrade (freezing point—32° F.), it is certainly not warm, but the people go around shivering, but wreathed in smiles, telling you how cold it is in Italy. If you go into a shop, a woman with a blue nose and icy fingers greets you cheerfully, saying: "What a fine day, 'sieur et 'dame!" None of the shops are heated—which, by the way, seems to be the normal condition in most semi-tropical places.

The most striking thermometric circumstance about Nice is that the people here frequent the open-air cafés. Imagine sitting on the out-door terrace of a café and trying to eat or drink things on a cold marble table, seated on a cold iron chair, with the thermometer at zero. It gives one the horrors to see these unfortunate believers in semi-tropic conditions thus freezing themselves. Personally I have always believed al fresco eating to be utterly incompatible with the first law of gastronomy—to wit, hot plates. When these unfortunates seat themselves at the out-door Nice cafés with a cold blizzard blowing, with clouds of dust—and very dirty dust at that—sprinkling itself over their tea, coffee, milk, or punch, I think it requires a great deal of "jolly" to believe in the open-air eating business.

For the benefit of those who think it is dusty in San Francisco, it may be well to say that San Francisco breezes and dust are not in it for a minute with the dust and breezes of the Riviera.

Apropos of cold shops—I went into a tailor-shop yesterday, to have a new top hutton put on my overcoat. The old one had been worn out by overwork through huttoning up my collar in this semi-tropic land. The shop-keeper took off my top-coat, and probably realizing that no one could stand the Arctic temperature of his shop, he immediately put on me another heavy overcoat while I waited. He gave me a chair, gave me a paper to read, and disappeared with the coat. In a few minutes he returned with the hutton sewed on. I thanked him and asked him what there was to pay. "To pay?" he replied, "oh, it is a trifle, Monsieur. Nothing—nothing at all!" I sat down abruptly in the chair, and the room whirled round and round. I was dazed. I had just come from Paris, where they never give you anything for nothing; where they charge you to sit down, to get up, to go in, to come out, to be horn, to die. I have met Americans abroad who had grown gray and old hunting for something for nothing, and not finding it. Yet here I had it in this Nice tailor-shop.

When I fully recovered consciousness, I asked the shop-keeper whether I could not at least give something to the tailor for his trouble. "Oh, certainly, Monsieur," he replied, and went to the door and called. A huxom dame appeared, curtsying, and rubbing her hands upon her apron. She was the tailor. I gave the tailor ten cents. If it takes nine tailors to make a man, I wonder how many it would take of her?

If I had had a hutton sewed on in Paris they would have charged me one franc for the sewing, fifty centimes for the hutton, and then stolen all the small change out of my overcoat pocket.

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Many of the cafés in Nice are called "cafés glaciers," meaning cafés where the specialty is serving ices. "Ice cafés" instead of "ice cafés" would seem more truthful. But there are places where people go for hot drinks instead of cold. These are the places frequented by foreigners. You find them now all over Continental Europe. They serve you not only tea but coffee, chocolate, toast, muffins, and all sorts of pastry. Their signs announce that "five-o'clock tea is served from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night"—not ordinary tea, but the genuine five-o'clock tea. These institutions are due to the efforts of the English. By their patronage they have built up these five-o'clock tea caravansaries all over the Continent. It is interesting to note that the natives also seem to appreciate them, and frequent them in large numbers for various beverages, although they do not incline so much toward tea as do the English.

Apropos of that, the English do not always confine themselves to their national beverage, tea. Yesterday morning, for example, we were in one of these Anglo-Franco cafés and were indulging in a mild cup of tea. There entered four English people, Papa, Mama, a red-checked, comfortable-looking daughter of twenty-five, and a lanky hobbledyho of about seventeen. They sat down and gave their order. What do you think they drank? Punch—hot punch—hot rum punch—and this at ten o'clock in the morning. Here they were together, all in winter weather, crabbled age and youth; but, unlike Shakespeare's incompatibles, they agreed on their tippie—they all of them liked punch, from the old lady with the white hair and the aristocratic hooked nose to the hobbledyho. They drank their punch and smacked their lips over it. This at ten o'clock in the morning.

When a battered old American club-man feels the need of a bracer in the morning and sneaks a surreptitious cocktail, he always apologizes and explains if he is caught in the act: "Don't do this sort of thing regularly, you know. Out with the boys last night and feel a little shaky this morning. Won't you join me? No? Well, you're right, my boy—get as full as you like after dinner, but never drink before, and you'll live

a long life and a merry one." And the battered old club-man lifts his cocktail with a trembling hand and tosses it off.

There was no tremor to the hand of the old lady with the aristocratic hooked nose as she put her hot rum punch under her jacket—at ten o'clock in the morning.

The average American at fifty is a dyspeptic wreck, living on shredded wheat-biscuits, graham gems, pre-digested farina, and desiccated angel's food. Even then he doesn't feel very well most of the time. But these masterful English, these "deep-bosomed women and meat-fed men," as Kipling calls them—dear, dear, what an amount of prog and fodder they do tuck away! Probably this quartet had left the table only two hours before, where they ate an English breakfast, for your Englishman abroad will have none of the "little breakfast" of the starveling Johnny Crapaud. He will have his eggs, his kippered herring, his tea, his muffins, his cold joint, his hot chops, his toast, his marmalade. He always stipulates for meat in the morning when he goes to a Continental boarding-house. Now, my English group here are eating cakes with their punch; in an hour they will sit down to what the French call their "meat breakfast," consisting of several courses of eggs, fish, and meat, topped off with dessert, fruit, and cheese. At five o'clock, they take a substantial tea with toast or muffins and pastry at discretion—or at indiscretion, let us say. At half-past seven they dine, and then they really get a square meal. At sea, about ten o'clock at night, I have often seen them manage to squeeze in a substantial supper, between dinner and breakfast; a supper of broiled bones, of deviled lobster, of grilled ham and beef, of thick, black porter.

Great people, the English!

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There are a number of places in Nice "where the queen used to live." There are at least three rival hotels, each of which has a tablet announcing that "in this place Queen Victoria resided during the months of ——— 18—." In one

instance a modest brass tablet is affixed to a wall where a driveway leads some distance from the highway. On the other side of the wall a rival hotel has put up a gigantic sign on its own grounds, so that to the passer-by it reads "GRAND HOTEL—IN THIS PLACE QUEEN VICTORIA RESIDED," etc., while the genuine place is a pavilion up a winding driveway some distance from the Grand Hotel. This is a clear case of stealing royal thunder. The residents never fail to mention the time "when the queen lived here"; they will toss off carelessly, "Yes, I live up at Cimiez. Do you know, that's where Queen Victoria used to live?" or "I am stopping at the Blank Hotel. By the way, did you know that the queen used to live there some years ago?" As for the hotels where the queen did *not* "used to live," they sneer at, pooh-pooh, and depreciate the queen hotels all the time.

One particular hotel has recently installed a four-in-hand mail-coach which parades the streets of the town with a gigantic sign on the hack by which all the world may know that it comes from the hotel "where the queen used to live." As this equipage dashes through the streets with its red-coated guard blowing a long coaching-horn, or else standing in a dramatic attitude at the hack of the coach with his legs crossed and leaning with one elbow on his tall trumpet, the directors of the other hotels all turn green with envy. One day we were driving in an unfrequented roadway, when we saw the four-in-hand and coach drawn up by the roadside. The driver and the magnificent guard were engaged in playing skittles for blue wine with two plain, ordinary workmen in blouses. *Noblesse oblige.*

All of these Riviera hotels are built "full south." The difference between the sun and the shade here is about thirty degrees. It is almost impossible to live in north rooms, unless they are heated all the time. The hotels, therefore, are built very long and very narrow, generally about two tiers of rooms wide, with a corridor between. When you see a building like this edgewise, a seven-story building, it looks something like a thin packing-case set on edge.

The climate of San Francisco is not unlike that of the Riviera, yet it took San Francisco half a century to discover the value of sunshine in this kind of a climate. For forty years San Francisco built school-houses with rooms grouped around hallways, staircases, and corridors. As a result, about half the rooms were dark, cold, and sunless. At last some Coast Columbus discovered that it was warmer in the sun than in the shade. As a result the Pacific Heights School was built. There the rooms occupied by the children are all on the sunny southern side, while the cloak-rooms, hallways, corridors, storage rooms, toilet rooms, etc., are all on the north side, where they belong.

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The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so business-like and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer for a direction, he will say briefly, "Two streets ahead of you, first turning to the left." Not so the Nice policeman. I asked one the other day if he could tell me where the Rue Lamartine was.

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"

"Yes. Is it on the Rue Lamartine?"

"No, that is the Church of Notre Dame, and opposite to it is—"

"Ah, I see—it is the Rue Lamartine."

"Oh, no, that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is—"

"The Rue Lamartine?"

"Oh, no, that is the Boulevard Duhoüage. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri, how are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you. Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are on the Rue Lamartine."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Glad to be of service to you. A very good day to you. *Et autrement.*" And the policeman turns and begins a conversation with his friend Henri, while a violent dispute breaks out between two cabbies, to which he pays no attention at all.

His friend, by the way, is one of those sleek-looking, retired tradesmen, of whom Nice is full. In addition to the millionaires, foreign and native, found in that city, there are many hundreds—perhaps thousands—of "petites gens" retired tradesmen, who have accumulated enough to live in comfort for the rest of their lives, and prefer to do so under the suave skies of the South. The lesser people among them may have fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year; the middle-class bourgeois will have about five thousand a year; the "haut bourgeois" will retire on ten and live in ease. I think they are much wiser than American businessmen, who work ceaselessly, who work ever, who leave no openings for younger men, who work till they drop in harness. Then some of them get paresis, and some of them die, and it is hard to say which is the luckier.

All of these retired bourgeois carry canes. The walking-stick here seems to be the badge of the "flaneur," the man of leisure. A man in France who goes out and forgets his cane always turns back for it; probably he fears he would catch cold without one. These idle gentlemen slowly promenade the streets of Nice, taking up a great deal of room, by the way, with their walking-sticks. They bow incessantly to other idle friends, and bowing in France is a serious matter. Each, while he sees the other yet afar off, begins lifting his hat and describes a grand, parabolic curve with it, until he has passed. If they are very intimate friends, A. stops, sticks his cane under his left arm, takes off his hat with his right hand, bows profoundly, and sticks the end of his cane into the eye of the passer-by behind him. He hastily turns around, bows again profoundly, saying, "A thousand pardons, Monsieur," and sticks the cane, toward B. This time, into the eye of some other man behind him. I have seen people going down before the deadly canes of these well-meaning gentlemen like grain before the scythe.

Many of these bourgeois loungers are accompanied by little dogs, some by little boys. It is, indeed, an odd sight to see a short, thick-set, thick-necked fat Frenchman towing by a string a shaven poodle or a microscopic Italian greyhound. When they are accompanied by youths, instead of dogs, the little boys wear little tailed coats, little high hats, and carry little canes. I suppose these little boys grow up to be retired grocers—epicurean chrysalides, let us say, without any tallow-chandler or cocoon stage.

The streets of Nice are filled with soldiers, poor little "piou-pious" as they are called. Most of them look like beardless boys, for the new conscription of the year has just been levied and the barracks are full of these striplings, taken from their paternal firesides to serve under the flag. Their innocent faces betoken a certain intellectual blankness, which is corroborated by an article I read in the Paris *Temps* the other day; it said that the Minister of War had inaugurated certain investigations into the education of the new conscripts. Blanks with three questions were issued to the many thousands. The first was concerning the causes of the war of 1870; the second asked which were the five leading cities of France; the third concerned the principal products of the country. To his amazement, the minister found that sixty per cent. of the conscripts knew nothing about the cause of the war of 1870.

Not all of the conscripts are as innocent-looking as these poor boys. I saw a band of special conscripts at Marseilles the other day; they were picked men—they had been picked from a number of levies of conscripts by reason of their bad character and having served time in prison. This pleasing collection of rascals were at Marseilles for the purpose of being shipped to Algiers, which the French soldiers look upon as a hell on earth. They are humorously called by the people *Les Joyeux*—"The Joyous Band." The Joyous Band, when I saw them, were engaged in singing obscene songs and abusing their officers when admonished to be silent. They looked as though they would like to cut their officers' throats, and very probably some of them will.

Not only the wealthy strangers from Europe come to Nice in the winter, but the beggars come, too. When the season sets in the beggars spring up round Nice like toadstools. I am told that they have headquarters in the old town where they spend their evenings at a sort of casino, very much like the one frequented by strangers. I don't doubt it, they make lots of money. They are very skillful beggars, too. They have a make-up establishment, where an artistic beggar paints them and fixes them up in the most fetching way. Some of them, however, need no artistic touches—you see men with no arms, men with no legs, men with no hands, cripples who are only trunks and scull themselves along on go-carts; other cripples who are legless, and who are what the French call "cul de jattes," sitting in wooden bowls—hideous, amorphous, horrible—human larvae.

They are sturdy beggars among them, great hulking fellows who ask for alms. In Spain the beggars consider work dishonorable, and begging an ancient and honorable occupation. Well, perhaps it is. Over here it certainly pays better than working, and it is not such hard work. For over here men often work as hard as horses, and sometimes harder.

When one drives around Nice, it looks like a boom town in the Far West. You see old olive orchards being cut up into villa sites and building lots. Everywhere you see the sign "Terrains à vendre en Lots, Société Foncière, No. 13, Avenue de la Gare," with the same sign in English, "Building lots to be sold," etc. The inducements are very much the same as in our country—easy terms, "facilités de paiement," long time, etc. I was rather curious to note the prices of some of these lots. They are advertised at an average of about twenty francs a square metre. This for a lot of 50x100 feet—

as small as one might want for a "villa"—would amount to about twenty-four hundred dollars, or say fifty dollars a front foot. This is in the suburb of Nice known as Cimiez, which bears about the same relation to the city that Piedmont does to Oakland. It also is on a high hill, looking down on the city and the sea, and connected by an electric tramway. These prices struck me as rather high; Nice is a city whose normal population is about ninety thousand, and Cimiez is about two miles from its centre. Still I have no doubt that the real-estate agents would take a little less than twenty francs per metre if they were pressed. I have known it done. The signs remind one of familiar placards at home. You see a lot about fifty feet below the grade, on which a sanguine owner, hoping to get it graded free, has put the sign "Décharge publique autorisée"—about the same as our "Dumping allowed here." It would seem that lot-owners are about the same all over the world.

Many men and women with a fair knowledge of French receive a disagreeable shock when they set foot in France. They find that there are many words in common use there of which they never heard. In Nice one day, I observed an American and his wife waiting at an "arrêt facultatif du tramway," and discussing what "facultatif" meant.

They wondered why the cars did not stop as they did at the other "arrêts." They knew that *le tramway s'arrête ici* means "the tramway stops himself here"; but they did not know that *facultatif* means "optional," and that the stopping place was what we in America call a "flag station."

Correspondingly, the same American and his wife would probably find many linguistic pitfalls in the French bills of fare. They know that *boeuf* means "beef," *mouton* means "mutton," and *agneau* is "lamb." But when such a stranger picks up a French bill of fare, he is bewildered to find not only a list of things of which he never heard, but a bill which is remarkable for the total absence of beef, lamb, mutton, and fowl. How is he to know that under the words "Pré-salé à la Dreus" there masquerades a delicious saddle of mutton? How is he to guess that the French rarely call mutton anything else than *pré-salé*, much as the English use "South-down" for choice mutton? On the bill he sees "Tournedos à la Montmorency," or "Aloyau à la broche"—how is he to know that these phrases conceal the roast beef he vainly seeks, and that the latter is a delicious roast cooked on a spit? How is he to know that "Bas-rond de Pouillac" means a tender and succulent roast of lamb? If he wonders at the absence of chicken from the bill, how can he conjecture that "Pde. [abbreviation of *poularde*] de Bresse à la broche" or "Suprême du Mans" mean chicken in various ways—the first roasted on the spit, the second, cutlets from the bosoms of large fat fowls.

The most painful instance of these linguistic failures to connect that I have known was in the case of an American who, deep down in her soul, had a profound yearning for baked apples. She had sought vainly on bills of fare all over Europe for baked apples. She had failed to find them. One day, at a hotel in Nice, she glanced carelessly over the bill of fare, and her eye fell on the legend: "Pommes bonne femme." She supposed, of course, it meant potatoes, as on French bills of fare they always call "potatoes" *pommes*, because *pommes* means "apples." She passed this obscure phrase heedlessly by, and filled herself with food. When she was for the time incapable of further deglutition, she saw to her horror a neighbor eating apples—plain baked apples—apples all brown and crackley, with sugar on top—apples just like they bake them at home in America! With a dull, sickly feeling, she called the waiter and investigated. She found that matters were even worse than she had supposed—they had served baked apples like that all the time she had been at the hotel in Nice. They were not called "roasted apples" or "baked apples," but simply *pommes bonne femme*.

It was a low French trick. Her feelings were too deep for words, for she was leaving Nice that very day, and she never again saw the legend *pommes bonne femme*.

There is a beautiful poem by Pierre Ronsard, one of the elder French poets, in which he sings most sweetly the farewell of France to Mary Stuart when she was quitting it for the bleak coasts of Scotland:

A FOOD
FAREWELL
TO FRANCE.

"Toi qui a vue l'excellence de celle
Qui rend le ciel de l'Ecosse envieux,
Dy hardiment!—Contentez-vous, mes yeux,
Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle."

I would like to indite as touching a farewell to France as was France's farewell to Mary, Queen of Scots, now that we are leaving it for the semi-civilized cuisine of Spain. But, unlike Ronsard, my thoughts do not rise above the material things of life. Had I his pen I would sing the excellence of France, which renders envious the cuisine of Spain. And I would, like him, say boldly: "Be content, mine eyes—never will you see sought finer than the food of France."

All lovers of good eating cross the Hispano-Franco frontier with trepidation. They are like the gladiators who defied before the imperial Caesar in his purple-hung pavilion, crying "Hail, Caesar! we who are about to die salute thee." So timid travelers, leaving France for Spain, might defile before a great gastronome like Brillat-Savarin crying mournfully "Ave, chef! We who are about to eat in Iberia, salute thee" and, thus waiting, they take up their mournful pilgrimage across the Pyrenees.

Possessed am I with a similar feeling as I leave the smiling meadows, the fat and juicy herds, the fragrant vineyards, the appetizing dishes of fair Southern France. It is with me not only a fond farewell, but a food farewell. I make it at once a benison, an oraison, and a farewell. My Inner Man cries out:

Farewell, land of good cheer!
Farewell, fat fowls of France!
Farewell, poulet, poulard, perdrix, perdreau!

Farewell, young broiler and maturer hen!
Farewell, plump partridge and tender quail!
Farewell, fat capons with rich force-meats lined!
Farewell to dinde, dindon, and dindonneau!
Farewell to gobbler, turkey-chick, and turkey-hen!
Here I recall that touching line which makes my lips water,

as I set my face toward Spain:

Didon dina du dos d'un dodu dindon—"Dido dined off the back of a plump turkey."

Turkey's back—oysterpiece! M-m-m-m! Ah!

Farewell, canard and canneton!

Voltaire left Holland joyfully crying, "Farewell, land of Canaux, canards, canaille!"

But one must leave France regretfully, for while there may be *canaille* there, yet are there also certainly *canards*. When I think of the ducks and ducklings, brown, succulent, crisp, and toothsome, that have turned up their toes and presented their plump bosoms for my inspection these recent days, I think of Spain and weep. I am told that the chickens there are made of leather and wire.

Farewell, well-fed France!

Farewell, fair land of honey, wine, and oil.

And eke of truffles and champignons.

Not to mention paté de foie gras.

And golden omelettes.

And bouillabaisse.

And saucis.

And soups.

We are going to another and a barbarous land—a land where it is not ever afternoon, but ever morning—to-morrow morning—or the day after to-morrow morning—the Land of Mañana. A land where they serve you cold fish for dinner. Where you get hot meats on cold plates. Where their favorite dishes are *olla podrida*—"rotten pot"—and *gaspocho*—a mixture of chowder and hash. Where they use oil in everything but salad. Where the gridiron has never been known except for broiling heretics. A land where everything is fried.

Knowest thou the land where blows the garlic bloom?

'Tis there, oh, 'tis there that we go.

Pray for us!

Nice, January, 1903.

KIPLING'S NEW POEM.

Rudyard Kipling has made another remarkable appeal to the public sentiment of England in a poem entitled "The Settler," which appears in the current issue of *Collier's Weekly*. Its theme is the reconstruction of South Africa, especially as affected by the recent visit of Chamberlain to the scenes of the late war. Kipling quotes as text for his verses the closing words of the colonial secretary on his departure from Cape Town: "I leave this shore more convinced than ever that the forces—the natural forces—that are drawing you together are more potent than those evil influences which would tend to separate you. . . . Above all, South Africa needs the best capacities of all of its children."

Four of the principal stanzas of "The Settler" (copyright, 1903, by Kipling) are as follows:

Here where my fresh-turned furrows run and the deep soil
glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done to the living and the
dead:
Here where the senseless bullet fell, and the barren shrapnel
burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well against the heat and the
thirst.

Here in a large and a sunlit land, where no wrong bites to the
bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand, and together we
will atone
For the set folly and the red breach and the black waste of
it all;
Giving and taking counsel each over the cattle-kraal.

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain our love shall redeem
unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again the waters of ancient
strife
From the far and the fiercely-guarded streams and the pools
where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams, and the young corn our
hate.

Here in the wastes and the troughs of the plains where the
healing stillness lies,
And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long days make
wise—

Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind seed in its
bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done to the living and
the dead!

It is announced that *Collier's Weekly* has made arrangements with Kipling to publish exclusively in America all his poems on political and timely topics that are printed in the *London Times*.

In a few weeks, says the New York *Tribune*, there will be opened at Rome a very interesting establishment, the asylum founded by Verdi for musicians in their declining years. It is for both sexes, is replete with modern comforts and attached to it are charming gardens. The apartments of the men and women are entirely separate, but they will have *salon* and dining-room in common. The men will wear a coat and soft hat similar to those usually worn by the founder. Attached to the establishment will be a Verdi museum full of the personal belongings of the founder. There will be accommodation for sixty men and forty women. A friend of Verdi has left a sum of money for the decoration of the crypt where Verdi's remains lie.

A Frenchman writing in the *Revue Bleue*, of Paris, regarding President Roosevelt as an orator, says: "A discourse for him is a veritable struggle. He has no little paper at hand; nothing but his memory and will to aid him. He neither recites nor improvises. His speeches are a singular mixture of conversation, political harangue, and preaching."

THE MAKING OF A LADRONE.

A Story of the Church's Tyranny in Negros.

La Carlota lies at the base of the Volcano Malaspinas, on the Island of Negros, in the Philippines. On either side of the town the land rises gradually to billowy masses of green hill country, where a little band of ladrones wander, defying American authority, and making sugar-planting in the interior a dangerous and unprofitable enterprise. In the centre of the town there is a small, nipa-roofed church, and close beside it the foundations of what was to have been one of the most pretentious cathedrals in the Philippines. But even since the advent of the Americans, no priest has set foot in La Carlota, and the cathedral will probably never be completed.

The inhabitants of the town were a light-hearted people till Padre Pablo conceived the notion of building that church. Then trouble came to La Carlota in the form of increased taxes, which is a baleful form of trouble for an impecunious people. Besides the *cedula* *persono* tax, they were taxed for births, deaths, and marriages. The *cedula* *persono* rate, being a government tax, remained unchanged, but the other three were doubled. Padre Pablo and his three Franciscan brethren, who attended to the spiritual welfare of La Carlota, could easily enforce these demands, for infants had to be baptized, marriages had to be sanctified, and the souls of the dead could not be released from the body until the passing bell was rung. And these profitable offices could be performed only by the representatives of the church.

Only one man in La Carlota heard the announcement of the increase without emotion. He was thinking over something more nearly concerning himself, his own life tragedy. Maria had just told him that she loved Diego Menang, consequently it would have been an affair of no concern to Ignacio Issio had Malaspinas poured a sea of molten lava over La Carlota. There was nothing in the world for Ignacio but Maria's black eyes. And Maria could never be his. Not caring to remain to witness the marriage ceremony that was to seal his isolation from the world of his desires, he set out from La Carlota just as the smallest bell on the bamboo bell-tower tolled a few strokes that the soul of a child might pass to its rest. That was the last time that this bell would usher a soul upward for one *peseta*. Thenceforward the price was to be doubled.

Ignacio rode down the main street of the town on his ragged pony, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, until a harsh voice roused him. "Atencion, Indio!"

Ignacio looked and saw Padre Pablo in his brown Franciscan robe. The angry exclamation was to remind him that he was to uncover. As the Filipino was in no pleasant mood, his hand hesitated just an instant between his hat and the cane-knife that hung by his side, but he removed his hat sullenly, out of force of habit, and then, pressing his heel into the pony's side, rode rapidly toward the hills behind La Grangia.

There Ignacio worked for three months herding carabao, and, watching the black clouds over Malaspinas, by day and the Southern Cross by night, meditated over Maria. When orders were received to drive a part of the herd into La Carlota, Ignacio was placed in charge of the work over five herdsmen. Shortly after dusk they drove the last of the herd into the pen on the outskirts of the town. Immediately the five demanded permission to go into town. Ignacio knew that they would probably become drunk on *tuba* (an extremely intoxicating fermentation of sap from the cocoanut-tree) and "paint the place red," which seems to be a universal diversion of cattle-herders of all races. Therefore he deemed it advisable to accompany them.

The herdsmen trotted past the low walls of masonry erected since they left. The town was silent, save for the distant murmur of the people in the market-place a few hundred yards away, and the tinkle of a hidden guitar. Ignacio's ear caught the sound of a woman's sobbing and reined his pony. The others, noting the action, drew up, also, and listened.

The sound came from under the bell-tower, and, dismounting, the herdsmen hurried over to it. In the dim, uncertain light they saw three men squatted on the grass in a group, and a woman with her arm thrown round a long, oblong shape beside her. Her whole body was shaken by intermittent bursts of sobbing.

"Why is this?" Ignacio whispered to one of the men.

The man drew a cigarette from his mouth long enough to reply in the fewest possible words: "Her husband is in the coffin. She has not enough to pay for the passing bell."

Ignacio quickly thrust his hand into a pocket and drew forth a *peseta*, all the money he possessed. He held it out to the man. "Here is the *peseta*. Give it to her."

The man made no motion to take it. "It now costs four *pesetas* to have even the small bell rung three or four times. Did you not hear? She has already two *pesetas*, but the padre will not permit the bell to be rung for less than four."

Ignacio turned to his brethren. "How much money have you?" he asked, quickly. The men searched their pockets assiduously, but seventeen cents was all they possessed among them.

"Seventy-seven cents," muttered Ignacio, half to himself, "and a soul must wait for want of three cents. Pedro, run to the padre. Do not forget to remove your hat and to be very, very respectful. Ask if

he will permit the little bell to be rung for seventy-seven cents, and tell him that we will pay the rest of the money in a few days."

Pedro handed the reins of his pony to one of the others, and his bare feet clattered across the road to the padre's residence.

"Who is the woman?" asked Ignacio.

"Maria, wife of Diego Menang," replied the man with the cigarette.

"Dios!" gasped Ignacio. He strode quickly over to the half-crazed woman and touched her on the shoulder. "Maria," he whispered. She moaned, as though roused only to a fuller realization of her grief.

"Maria, it is Ignacio, your old friend," he murmured, and his voice shook with tenderness and pity. "Will you not speak to me?"

She turned to him a haggard face, and, pointing to the coffin, burst into a storm of sobs.

"Pobre niño," he said, soothingly. "How did it all happen?"

"The fever," she replied between the sobs. "He worked hard at the church—our carabao died—he lost much money on cock-fights—and the marriage cost eight *pesos*—and now there will be no bell—his soul will be shut out of—"

Her head dropped back on the arm that embraced the coffin.

"Come," said Ignacio, firmly. "Quiet, *niña*, the bell will be rung. You can trust Ignacio, though he is only a little monkey."

He said that to rouse her. She had more than once rallied him on his appearance and mannerisms in the old days.

Breathless and indignant Pedro returned. "Padre Pablo says that it will not be permitted unless we have the full amount. He says that he will not cheat the church for a dead Indio," he panted.

Maria gave vent to a wail of utter despair that roused all the pent-up rage in Ignacio's heart. He stamped the ground in fury. "Are we dogs!" he almost shouted, shaking his fist in the direction of the padre's residence. "Because of three cents a man's soul is to be buried? Lies, liars, thieves! Who built that bell-tower? Whose money paid for the bells? Ours! And they may not toll to release our souls except for a price!"

"You men of the hills! are you whipped curs, also? Or will you stand with me to free a lost soul?"

He rushed to the foot of the ladder that led up to the bell-tower. The five herdsmen followed on his heels. Three of them clambered up after him to the platform, and he had hardly grasped the rope of the largest bell before willing hands were there to swing the other three.

Never did a soul pass from Negros with a louder clamor. The bell-tower trembled and the clanging reverberated through the town till the hillsides re-echoed.

For five minutes the bells swung jangling. Then the four men slid to the ground into a circle of startled and shocked people. From without the circle strode a tall, brown-robed figure. It was Padre Pablo. All voices were hushed instantly and the circle widened.

The friar approached Ignacio and uplifted a threatening hand. "Indio! Tusilane! Anti-Christ!" he shouted. "You shall be tortured for this."

In an instant Ignacio's cane-knife was out of the sheath, and like a flash of light it rose and fell crashing through the brown hood.

The brown figure fell forward in a shapeless heap, and a wail of terror rose from the circle. Some covered their eyes, others fled from the awful spectacle.

Ignacio lifted the knife in his right hand. "All padres are thieves and liars!" he shouted. "I will kill them wherever I find them. Henceforward I am Pope of Negros—Papa Issio," and he laughed in a wild manner.

Shrilly and clearly a bugle call rang out from the little Spanish barracks. Some one had carried the alarm to the soldiers.

The herdsmen sprang to their ponies' backs. "The hill-men to the hills!" cried Ignacio, "and no soldiers will ever catch us there. Remember, people of La Carlota, I am Papa Issio." He raised the senseless form of Maria and kissed her cold lips. Then, with a half-sob, half-laugh, he mounted his pony and galloped off with his comrades.

And he still roams the hills of Negros with a band of ladrones, defying all the laws of God and man.

BERNARD BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1903.

It was said that "Big Bill" Devery, New York's famous ex-chief of police and present leader of the ninth district, does not object to being constantly lampooned, and fairly revels in the cartoons that have been made of him. He showed a reporter the other day thirty-six scrap-books containing clippings which practically cover his whole career, and remarked: "Say, when I get to be an old man those there scrap-books are going to be all the friends I'll need. I can go up to my library now, and get more solid laughs out of them than I can out of any show that ever came on Eighth Avenue. I wonder if any other man has been soaked as hard as I have? I don't believe it. But I ain't sore at any body, not at any other man or woman for writing things about me or for making pictures of me. They're just adding to the fun I get out of life, and they don't hurt my family, because my family knows me for what I am, and they don't care what people that don't know me say about me."

THE GUARDS' SCANDAL.

Why Colonel Kinlock Was Retired from the English Army—Lord Roberts's Effort to Abolish "Ragging"—Illegal Courts-Martial by Senior Subalterns.

There is but one subject at the present moment occupying the minds of West End high society, and that is what is known among themselves as "The Grenadiers' Bother." To the rest of the humble world at large, and to the journals which supply it with the mental food of passing events, it has become familiar as "The Guards' 'Ragging' Incident," and "The Latest Army Scandal." The Grenadier Guards, by the way, belong to the Household Troops, which are intended as the constant military attendants of the king, and are in the main always quartered at, or near, London or Windsor. Only the very greatest swells in social life, young men of title, of distinguished family, or of large means can dream of becoming officers in it. All must have a large private income quite apart from their pay.

From time immemorial it has been the custom of the Grenadiers to have minute rules and regulations for the guidance and control of its officers. All breaches are tried among themselves, quite apart from the military authorities. The colonel has nothing to do with such affairs, but tacitly allows the officers to punish their brother offender as best may seem to them—generally by flogging, that is, by blows of great severity, applied with a cane or stick, in numbers varying from six to forty. I should add that this internal regimental system of trial and punishment is only applicable to the subalterns, for once a man becomes a captain, he is free from it. The top lieutenant is the head inquisitor, the chief high muck-a-muck. If there is anything done by any of the other subalterns, the case comes into his hands to act.

Among the "offenses" which thus come under his jurisdiction are the following: Marrying out of an officer's station; going anywhere or doing anything in uniform unless on duty—as, for example, going to a barber shop and having one's hair cut; committing any breach of acknowledged good form, as, for example, dining at a hotel with ladies not of one's station; or by any act not showing a proper tone of respect for one's battalion commanding officer. There are many more of the same sort, but these will suffice.

The breach in the particular case under consideration, which has caused such a commotion in high life, concerned a certain Mr. Levison-Gower. He is a young man of about twenty, and is one of the second lieutenants. It seems that he was temporarily doing signal duty away from the regiment, and while so engaged was invited to join a house-party for shooting up in Scotland by the father of one of his brother officers. He sought and obtained leave from the commanding officer of the division in which he was temporarily serving, and went. This reached the ears of Colonel Kinlock, who commanded the First Grenadiers, and the night after young Levison-Gower's arrival in Scotland he received a peremptory telegram from Colonel Kinlock to return. He was, of course, obliged to do so, and the colonel at once proceeded to censure him severely.

That, however, was not thought punishment enough. The colonel sent for the top subaltern, and, according to Levison-Gower, "handed him over" to this young man for the infliction of such punishment as he and the other subalterns should decide upon. The offense being indirectly disrespectful behavior to his colonel, in not having asked him for leave, though it was not technically necessary to do so. The head subaltern immediately summoned all the other subalterns, and together they formed a court-martial, before which Levison-Gower was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be flogged with walking-sticks on his bare back. The prisoner submitted to the sentence, received his flogging, fainted a couple of times during its infliction, and then the whole thing came out. A formal showing of the whole case was made to Lord Roberts by Levison-Gower's family, and Lord Roberts thereupon relieved Colonel Kinlock from his command, and put him on half pay, \$1,150 a year, for not keeping proper discipline in his regiment. Had he remained twelve months longer in command, he would have retired with a pension of \$2,150 a year.

Naturally, Colonel Kinlock's friends were indignant at his treatment. I have it on the highest authority that they used their influence with King Edward to have him send for Lord Roberts to see if something could not be done to reinstate the deposed colonel. Lord Roberts obeyed the royal command, but came primed with his resignation, which he presented to his august master. The king thereupon drew back, and refused to accept it. But this by no means ends the scandal, for the matter is to be brought to the attention of Parliament when it assembles next week, and some interesting revelations and results may be looked for.

LONDON, February 14, 1903.

COCKAIGNE.

The reign of Leo the Thirteenth, of which the quarter century was celebrated last week throughout the world, has been one of the longest in the history of the Roman Church. It has been surpassed in length by the reigns of only two other Popes—Peter, who is said to have been Bishop of Rome for about twenty-six years, and Pius the Ninth, who reigned from 1846 to 1878, a fraction less than thirty-two years.

IBSEN'S "GHOSTS."

Mary Shaw in the Norwegian Dramatist's Terror-Laden Play.

A short time ago a beautiful, bright, spring-like day came right in the heart of the winter. This sometimes happens in the bleakness of a New York February; a forerunner of spring creeps in between days of piercing, marrow-searching winds, of leaden skies swollen with moisture, of streets swimming in half-frozen slush. By evening the joy and youth is taken out of it, and it sinks shuddering into an early night of fog or fine, piercing rain.

But in the middle part of the day it was lovely—sunny, balmy, with a sort of stirring rejuvenescence in the air. Walking across town, I met blithe crowds. From the rear doors of big department stores beves of shop-girls were pouring, chattering, laughing, gossiping on their way to lunch. They paid a tribute to the beautiful day, turning to sniff the air delightedly, throwing back their opened jackets and unfastening their fur tippets. Some of them hummed popular airs as they swung by in twos and threes, and now and then one stopped to buy a tiny bunch of violets from the flower seller on the corner—an unheard-of extravagance, no doubt, but then, the first day of spring makes one do mad things.

And so, I walked gayly and joyously across town, thinking that California, with all her charms, offered nothing quite so inspiring and wondrous as the Eastern change of the seasons. Life was deliciously worth while on such a day, full of stir and stimulus, and the joy of living. And it was going to be such an amusing afternoon! For after lunch I was going with a friend to see the actress, Mary Shaw, play Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts."

That was the state of my mind at mid-day. At five o'clock in the afternoon I issued forth from the performance of "Ghosts," feeling, and I am quite sure looking, like a ghost myself. Joy was an unknown thing that might have been experienced in a former existence, but surely not in this one. Life was a tragedy, love a misfortune. The day seemed chill and sinking dispiritedly down into a shivering twilight.

"What shall we do?" I said, dearly, to my companion. "I feel all shriveled up and cold."

"Come to Mailliard's," said that energetic person, "and let us get something hot and invigorating to drink. I think after that play, coffee is the best thing. It tightens up your nerves."

So we went to Mailliard's and drank quantities of coffee and ate what a college youth of my acquaintance calls *petits fines*, and finally began to feel somewhat better.

"Ghosts" to read and "Ghosts" to see played are as different as chalk and cheese. "Ghosts" to read is nebulously tragic, and, in a sort of distant, and not uncomfortable way, horrifying. It is like reading a story of the supernatural tranquilly in your own rooms by a student lamp, with your feet on the fender, and seeing the supernatural with your own aghast and staring eyes. I have never before seen a play that condensed, intensified, and came so to life by acting. To read "Ghosts" is to have little *frissons* run up and down your spine, to see it is—to me at least—to pass through a nerve-racking experience.

In the first place, the end of the play is lengthened. The horror of Oswald's idiocy and his mother's despair is not a last, awful moment upon which a merciful curtain drops. It becomes a scene of inconceivable terror, and, to my thinking, is unnecessary and brutal. As I remember—I have not looked at it for several years—the drama ends with Oswald's eerie words about the sun. And as the mother looks at him with the stony eyes of stricken comprehension, the curtain descends. As acted at the Manhattan Theatre, there are several moments more of it, the mother writhing in her agony, while the awful face of Oswald, with gaping mouth and vacant eyes, stares motionless in the flood of sunrise, the lips mechanically ejaculating, "The sun, mother, where is the sun?"

This repetition and Oswald's face made the lengthened ending simply intolerable. There was a beautiful lady in front of me in a blouse of coarse white lace and a black, feathered hat. When I came in she turned and said to me in the most charming voice and the most carefully acquired English accent:

"I would take off my hat if it bothers you, but it really would be a great nuisance, as I have about forty pins in it."

It was not a large hat, and the statement about the forty pins melted my heart, so I told her to keep it on. And afterward this good deed brought its reward, for when Oswald began to go mad, and Mrs. Alving to utter awful moans and cries of maternal anguish, I got behind the hat, and only peeped out once or twice, internally praying for the curtain to fall.

"Ghosts" is the third Ibsen play I have seen acted. "The Doll's House" is comprehensible, interesting, and normal, up to the last scene, when Nora and her husband revert suddenly from the average, uninspired, material domestic couple, to the Male and the Female—halves of a whole—in their eternal battle. "Hedda Gabler" moves straight forward without a deviation from start to climax, and, always interesting, never tires the auditor to any poignancy of emotion. Hedda and her situation in the story do not grip one deep down. It is a good play and a good dialogue, built round an unnatural rag of a woman.

But in "Ghosts" its vital power of grip lies in the

fact that both Mrs. Alving and her son seize upon the spectator's sympathy. Here is a fine woman, mistaken often, but in her stumbling, desperate way, noble and strong, sacrificing herself with blood and tears, and seeing, as many women of her kind have seen, the futility, the tragic hopelessness, of her sacrifice. So with Oswald, talented, charming, full of the joy of youth and with the light of the dawn in his eyes. He, too, is struck down in the moment of his promise. The ghosts of sins, of mistakes, of social lies, of worn-out traditions, crowd in upon the hapless pair, and sweep them into a place of outer darkness.

As you see it upon the stage, the whole piece is one furious, Ibsen invective against the hypocrisies of modern life. It is a roar, not a protest. There is nothing to mitigate it. There is not a redeeming ray. A woman, brave and strong, is warped from the path she honestly should have followed by the fears the world has instilled into her, and by the false teachings of a timid guide at the moment when fate gave to them the direction of their own lives.

This, as I see it, is the *clou* of the play, a point that one misses in the reading. Mrs. Alving, young and overridden, makes a bitter mistake; she marries for ambition, and without love, a well-to-do rake. After a period of disastrous and degraded life with her unloved and dissolute husband, she can endure her life no longer, and in a moment of mad rebellion flies to the young pastor, the man she does love. She goes to him, she tells herself and him, for advice and protection; in her heart she knows that she has turned to him because she loved him and wanted to live out the rest of her life with him, believing he loved her.

Here both faltered before an enterprise too terrifyingly audacious for their timid spirits. The man is honestly shocked at her attitude of unchristian revolt against the fate she has blindly courted. He is also frightened by the thought that she will compromise him and ruin his future. He urges her return, forces it upon her, talks down her wild words of protest and despair, and finally drives her back to the home she has deserted and the husband she despises. The woman, the stronger spirit of the two, is overwhelmed. Cowed and broken, she returns.

The attitude of Pastor Manders in this situation would be the sort of thing the average dramatist would treat as heroic, and he would be the hero of the play. According to Ibsen, he, by his counseled hypocrisies, his championship of a life of prudent lies, brings about the final catastrophe. The Sage of Sweden is of the belief that no good thing ever was built on a foundation of falsehood. Whether Mrs. Alving should have eloped with the pastor he does not say. I am inclined to think that that is what he would have counseled. But the miserable deception of the woman's after life with her dissipated husband, the calamity of the child's birth, and the tragedy of his boyhood passed far from the mother who loved him with a hungry adoration, are to be traced to the failure of Pastor Manders to preach the truth at a crucial moment. The weak hypocrisies of his doctrines bring the house of Alving to darkness and ruin.

The play has the quality of all the Ibsen plays, in that the dialogue is so straightforward and simple almost any one can act it well. And from the first to the last it is extraordinarily grasping. From the end of the first act, where suddenly into Mrs. Alving's talk with the pastor, come the voices of Regina and Oswald from the dining-room, an unearthly thrill of horror enters and continues. As the two voices strike the mother's ear, her eyes, dilated with agonized query, turn to the pastor. In dead silence they stare at one another. It is the same place, the same words, that eighteen years ago had given her the last stab of shame and suffering. "Ghosts!" she whispers, more to herself than to him—"Ghosts!"

From this on the sense of horror increases in a steady crescendo. The players did their parts simply and naturally, conscientiously refraining from attempting to mar the sombre terrors of the situation by the stage tricks to which we are accustomed. Oswald, for example, was excellently played. He was a typically lean, black-haired, carelessly clad student. In his hollow eyes, in the something of almost rough indifference which marked his manner, one could see the secret dread to which he is a prey. I am inclined to question the hideous realism of his acting at the end. That face of chap-fallen idiocy was a thing to haunt one's dreams.

The star of the production was Mary Shaw, who gave a remarkable performance of Mrs. Alving. She is a well-known Ibsenite, and I hear has attempted other things unsuccessfully. I know very little about her, save that she and her company came here from Baltimore and have made a hit. Her acting was marked by a curiously natural restraint. It was not like acting at all. It was like looking at a real woman, comforting herself with a pitiful attempt at self-control and conventionality in an appalling situation. This peculiar realism added to the poignancy of the piece. The anguish of the woman who realizes she has made a mistake in her treatment of her husband, and brought a son into the world only to see him pass from her arms into the darkness of imbecility and death, was a thing one carried round with one for days. Altogether, while "Ghosts" is unquestionably a great drama, it is a drama that would reduce the multitude to a pulp, and make the strong spirits who can bear its gloom feel that the problems of life have gained a thousand fold in weight.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, February 26, 1903.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PERSONALITY.

Extracts from Sidney Lee's Excellent Biography.

That Sidney Lee has a respect for, but is not a worshiper of, royalty, is evident from his biography of "Queen Victoria," which is an outgrowth of his article in the supplementary portion of the Dictionary of National Biography. That sketch has been completely rewritten and elaborated into a book of some six hundred pages, and for the present must be accepted as the best study of Queen Victoria and her reign which has yet been published. It is by no means as scathing in its comments as the much-discussed anonymous *Quarterly Review* article, which attracted so much attention shortly after the queen's death, but it is equally as critical and frank. For example, Mr. Lee says of the queen's personal influence:

It was a vague, intangible element in the political sphere, and was far removed from the solid remnants of personal power which had adhered to the sceptre of her predecessors. Partly owing to the respect for the constitution in which she was educated, partly owing to her personal idiosyncrasies, and partly owing to the growth of democratic principles among her people, the positive force of such prerogatives as the crown possessed at her accession, was, in spite of her toil and energy, diminished, rather than increased, during her reign. Parliament deliberately dissolved almost all the personal authority that the crown had hitherto exercised over the army. The prerogative of mercy was practically arrogated when the home secretary was virtually made, by statute, absolute controller of its operations. The distribution of titles and honors became in a larger degree than in former days an integral part of the machinery of party politics, from participation in which the sovereign was almost entirely excluded.

Again Mr. Lee declares that the queen, by conduct which must be assigned to her personal feeling, and care for her personal comfort, at the cost of the public advantage, almost sapped the influence which the crown exerted on the maintenance of a healthy harmony among the component parts of the United Kingdom:

Outside England, she bestowed markedly steady favor on Scotland. Her sojourns there, if reckoned together, occupied a period of time approaching seven years. In Ireland, on the other hand, she spent in the whole of her reign a total period of less than five weeks. During fifty-nine of her sixty-three years of rule she never set foot there at all. Her visit in her latest year was a triumph of robust old age, and a proof of her alertness of sympathy. But it brought into broad relief the neglect of Ireland that preceded it, and it emphasized the errors of feeling and of judgment which made her almost a complete stranger to her Irish subjects in their own land during the rest of her long reign.

Commenting on her personal characteristics, Mr. Lee points out the fact that the queen was not altogether free from that morbid tendency of mind which springs from excessive study of incidents of sorrow and suffering. Her habit of accumulating sepulchral memorials of relations and friends was one manifestation of it. She deplored, too, the decay of mourning for the dead, and the growing custom of shortening the interval between death and burial.

Mr. Lee also notes that the queen's artistic sense was not strong:

In furniture and dress, she preferred the fashions of her early married years to any other. She was not a good judge of painting, and she bestowed her main patronage on portrait-painters like Winterhalter and Von Angeli, and on sculptors, like Boehm, whose German nationality was for her a main recommendation. . . . In music, however, she showed greater taste, and had far greater knowledge. Staunch to the heroes of her youth, she always appreciated the operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. To the end she was devoted to Mendelssohn and Beethoven, who had won her early admiration. Gounod and Sullivan fascinated her later. Gounod's "Faust" was her favorite opera, and his setting of the Lord's Prayer was one of the pieces which she ordered to form part of her funeral service.

The queen, Mr. Lee adds, was not well read:

In her later years a book was usually read aloud to her late at night before she retired to rest, and, although she enjoyed novels of various kinds, especially those of a melodramatic complexion, she deemed it right to alternate fiction with works of more earnest aim. Among works of that kind which greatly interested her in her last years were Dean Bradley and Mr. R. E. Prothero's "Life of Dean Stanley" and Statin Pasha's "Fire and Sword in the Sudan" (1896). Among recent novelists, the simple pathos of Miss Florence Montgomery's tales greatly attracted her. Mr. Merriam's "Sowers" gave her much pleasure. But probably she derived as much satisfaction from Mr. Marion Crawford's books as from those of any contemporary writer of fiction. On one occasion, when at Cimiez, she looked forward to meeting Mr. Crawford, to whom she said she owed many delightful hours, but by an accident the interview did not take place. Nevertheless, on the whole, she regarded novel reading as a dangerous distraction from the solemn interests of life. Some great efforts in fiction which she studied carefully she criticised with shrewdness from her own serious point of view. "After all, fine as it is," she wrote of George Eliot's "Middlemarch," "it is a disappointing book. All the people are failures."

The queen dressed simply and without much taste:

She often quoted with sympathy Prince Albert's denunciation of the extravagant sums of money which ladies spent on their wardrobe, and his contempt for the practice of "following the fashion." But the queen knew the weakness of her sex, and sometimes humored it by a flattering comment on the attire of a female guest or an attendant at a drawing-room. Despite her small stature and ineffective costume, the queen always bore herself with grace and dignity, and impressed with her regality of carriage all who came into personal relations with her. She never entirely lost an innate shyness, but she controlled displays of it by force of will.

On moral questions her views were strict:

She was opposed to the marriage of widows. To the movement for the greater emancipation of women she was thoroughly and almost blindly antipathetic. For women to speak in public or associate themselves with public movements was in her sight almost unpardonable. She never realized that her own position gave the advocates of Women's Rights their strongest argument, and when that point of view was pressed on her attention in conversation, she treated it as an irrelevance.

The volume is provided with an elaborate table of contents, an index, a map, and four appendices, treating of "The Queen's Descendants," "The Queen's Portraits," "Published Sources of Information," and "Growth of the British Empire, 1837-1901."

THE HOUSE THAT MRS. "JACK" BUILT.

Isabella Stuart Gardner's Unique Museum in Boston—Some of Its Treasures—Incidents of Its Formal Opening.

The wonderful and mysterious Isabella Stuart Gardner Venetian Palace-Museum, which is destined to be familiarly known as the "House that Mrs. Jack Built," was opened to two hundred of the public on Monday, and again to the same number yesterday, at one dollar a head. In the catalogue, which proceeds to description of the objects displayed, without a word of introduction to satisfy the most inordinate curiosity that has ever struck the staid city of Boston, this mammoth and sumptuous pile, with its millions of value invested in almost priceless works of eminent art, is modestly called "Fenway Court."

Fenway Court is not in imitation of any structure in existence. It is Italian in style, with the severest simplicity on the outside, and yet a nobleness of simplicity accentuated by three or four beautiful and elegant tablets of sculptured marble that are let into the front, and a superior quality of brick used in the general construction that has the semblance of fire-proof endurance.

This altogether private semi-public museum stands at one end of the so-called Back Bay Fens, which lie between Boston and the adjoining suburb of Roxbury. From its nearest approach by electric car, Huntington Avenue, at Ruggles Street, and distant from this point about a quarter of a mile, it looms up in the distance in very considerable size owing to the fact that a high wall, which forms one side of the theatre and music room, is continued back to surround the private-garden inclosure, and is finished there with a graceful lattice of wood which is raised to support a wealth of luxuriant New England ivy when time and the weather shall permit it to be grown.

Unless one has lived in the neighborhood of low, marshy land in England, where ghosts of malaria hold daily and nightly vigil, the name "Fens" may be strange. Cambridge, England, where the great university that sheltered and encouraged Darwin and Huxley is, and where the spectres of Agnosticism reared their threatening forms, stands upon the edge of enormous fens and looks out over the world through the mists that the fens furnish to its enveloping atmosphere. Mosses grow in and upon fens, and if there be shade, the most brilliant of ferns grace fen soil. Fens are, above all, juicy.

The remarkable recovery of Back Bay land from fen-embance to sanitary dryness in Boston is one of the marvels of modern municipal forethought and thrift. The patient and persistent transference of misplaced mud year after year to a place where it could do good has not only made Boston a comparatively healthy city, and added millions upon millions to its taxable valuation, but it has set an example of municipal wisdom that is of highest importance in the communal education of the world. It is fitting that this monument of utility should be crowned with an expression of artistic adornment as unique as its own practicality, and as conspicuous as a beacon of progress, as were the events that gave name to the hill on which the golden-domed state house stands.

I haven't said a word about the contents of the Fenway Court. It is a veritable museum, worthy of the name. All of the examples of ancient art gathered within these walls were impossible to be the masterpieces of the masters they represent; but there are unique specimens that would give a tourist-fame to any well-exploited European museum and cause a side-flow of the tourist tide to the city where Fenway Court happened to be situated, if it were in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The Boston Herald, in a calm article of description, says, in effect, that Mrs. "Jack's" collection is the most important private art collection in America. I am not competent to deny the assertion, and the whole thing is so revolutionary that I want at least ten years to get acquainted with it before daring to give a personal opinion. There are certainly worthy examples of great masters whose most careless works are yet generic masterpieces, and the range of Mrs. Gardner's acquisitiveness has included the important fields, giving a well-merited preponderance of appreciation to Japan, China, Holland, and Italy. Whistler and Sargent and Zorn are among the chosen living artists who have won Mrs. Gardner's approval, and they hold their own with the men of the fifteenth century, who long ago enjoyed the same kind of eccentric encouragement from the hands of the Di Medicis and others whom they made famous in return for patronage.

Mrs. Gardner herself is as much of a curi-

osity, in that she is unique in her personality, as anything she has collected in her Venetian Palace. She is a very little body; very sprightly; very animated, and as different and unconventional as it is possible for a woman to be. When she entertained the mysterious and famous Thursday Club last week, she did so alone and unsupported except by her magnificent ten-row pearl necklace, and she flitted about her palace, in and out of the apartments, down the corridors, and across the court, among her mighty guests as a sparrow might do in an aviary, giving hospitality to a lot of bald eagles. As she flitted by to mount her perch and acknowledge her acceptance of a personal poem done in form by the son of a world-famous orator, she nodded familiarly to the leonine head of a world-famous sage and preacher, dropped a curtsy to a tall, world-famous *littérateur*, said "howdy" to world-famous dignitaries, and beamed a reciprocal benevolent smile on masters of science and princes of benevolence. Nor did she cast even a disproving frown at a world-esteemed naturalist when he gave accent to the frigidity of the atmosphere of the reception-room by diving back into the coat room for his Scotch furs in order to warm himself up for his talk on the "Intelligence of Insects."

The way in which our little heroine has incorporated herself into a museum company, in full compliance with the law, and has succeeded in having herself and twenty-nine of her captured foreign masterpieces admitted within our customs barriers free of duty, is one of the diplomatic wonders of the age. In order to accomplish this, she has been compelled—and I presume the goodness of her heart approves her compulsion—to open her museum to the public. This is done to a limited two hundred persons four days in the month; the days at present selected being the first and third Mondays and Tuesdays. Being open for four hours on each of these days gives sixteen hours a month only, and to only a possible eight hundred persons.

What Mrs. Gardner claims as her reason for making her museum so very exclusive is quite reasonable, as all of her reasons seem to be when people get used to them. She says that crowds would spoil the pleasure of her works of art. Dollar appreciation and a \$200 jack-pot is all that any well-regulated art collection can, during one short day, tolerate; and again—mark my prediction—more persons will visit the museum in the course of a year at a dollar a head, with the comfort of no crowd, with the air of exclusiveness, and with the charm of appropriateness, than would visit the place with any degree of satisfaction if it were made free. Free art is not much more uplifting than free lunch counters. See what it did for Athens! See what it did for Rome! See what it has done for the church, and then note what it is doing for Paris!

One of the curious features attending the formal opening of the Fenway Court Museum was the policing. Ten sixteen-foot Adonises from the Roxbury police force, each one of them a work of art in himself, and clad in a brand new blue and brass uniform, guarded the keeps outside the fences; but society furnished a corps of not less decorative protectors, who held down the chairs that Pope Paul the Fifth once flattened with his bulky form, within the railings. Some of them knitted; some of them read; some stood the stare of visitors as unemotionally as do the trick figures in Mme. Tussaud's or in the Eden Musée in New York.

The fame of the Palace and the mysterious goings-on that have attended its construction have made it conspicuous to everybody in these parts. On the opening day, one of the police in attendance, who has served in the detective branch, noticed a well-known crook among those presenting tickets of admission. Smelling mice in this connection, he looked about and saw quite a gang of other smooth artists of the profession of grab loitering about. With his eagle eye now widely open, and his scent for mischief as keen as possible, he followed up the game, and learned that the plan was for the crook who went in on the ticket quietly to open one of the fire-escapes and admit his pals, when a raid of some of the many hundred-thousand dollar canvasses would be easy. The scheme was nipped in the bud, but it shows how necessary it is to have a squad of society police to support the regulars when there is so much to tempt the æsthetic cupidity of crooks.

VAN FLETCH.

Boston, February 25, 1903.

William Le Queux has been writing a novel with the queer title of "The Three Glass Eyes." His other new novel, "The Seven Secrets," has just appeared.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Better Sort" a Better Sort.

Aspiring readers who went down in utter defeat before the weight and interminable pagination of Henry James's "The Wings of a Dove," should pluck up courage. We say with confidence that "The Better Sort" is intelligible right along, and scarcely even obscure. Even Mr. Howells, who, unashamed, confesses that he sometimes does not "make out" Mr. James, would not say that, we think, of "The Better Sort."

Eleven stories make up the book, not one of which fails to afford keen intellectual enjoyment. Some of them really have a plot; for instance, "The Tone of Time," whose outline is something like this: A wealthy woman of easy virtue, grown old and sober, desires to become "respectable." Her beautiful house needs a portrait, she thinks, of a young man of thirty-five, who shall be "my dear deceased husband." She seeks an artist, tells him her wants, and specifies that the picture shall have the "tone of time." The painter can not do the work himself, but he puts the commission in the hands of a woman copyist, who suspects for what the picture is wanted, but not for whom. Yes, she will do the work. The kind of man this ancient adventures wants on her walls is the kind she hates. So she sets to work with spirit, and paints a "beautiful" man in his prime. When the husband-seeker comes to the man painter's studio, and is shown the portrait, she is greatly agitated. It is the picture of a man she knew intimately. The artist makes her pay double price. She leaves the picture temporarily at the studio. The woman-artist, when paid the double price, suspects the truth. Her suspicions become convictions. She goes to the studio, and gets back the picture. It is that of a man whose primrose path of dalliance had led through both their hearts! But with what delicacy does Mr. James weave about this hald skeleton a thousand almost intangible feelings and ideas! How he makes us know a thousand things not printed on the page! James is at least preëminent among novelists who make the reader think.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Plantation Bird Legends."

Upon opening Martha Young's "Plantation Bird Legends" the heart of the reader is promptly won by the frontispiece, "Witch Menée's Child." Standing in the sunlight, wiggling her bare black toes, her woolly little head ducked sidewise as she looks out shyly from the doorway, one can almost see her eyes roll and her white teeth glisten as she begins her bird legends of "de fust times"—how Peacock got Mis' Owl's eyes set in his tail, how Mister Mockin' Bird planted the first grain of corn in Mister Man's field, that otherwise would still be "des growin' fer de critters an' de varmints, lak de blackberries an' de haws," and how Sis' Dove knows more than anybody else, although most of her knowledge she keeps to herself.

With the "Swamp Child" we stray deeper and deeper into the pages of bird-land through the magnolia trees and jessamine vines to the very edge of the dismal swamp. Here the reader learns that although the "Crane look lak white folks, he sho' ac' lak a nigger, heing so cur'us 'bout funerals dat ev'ry time the hell toll he riz out de swamp-grass an' stretch his neck longer an' longer, an' tip-toe higher an' higher, twel dat de way he gat an' dat de way he gwine ter be." Or perhaps we hear about Mister Woodpecker's work, Mister Hawk's disguise, or about Preacher Crow or Mis' Guinea, or some other of the great bird population of the Sunny South.

The field of child-literature is materially enriched by such a collection of fancy and fable. Bedtime will lose its terror when reluctant little feet are led away with a promise of the story of how "Pretty Little Bluebird came wingin' an' singin' by the Bat's den," or of the strife between Field Lark and Partridge. Drowsy little heads will slip into dreamland through the gates of birdland to hear the cooing of the dove, the whistling of the nightingale, the fluting of the field-lark, the calling of the robin, till bright eyes open again to hear "de whole lay-out of ducks, from de fust cousin to de las' cousin, sayin' 'Day! day! day! day!'"

The illustrations are a worthy accompaniment to the text, and tell many good stories in pantomime, and the cover, with its owl-and-hanjo design, suggests the songs in store for those who will inquire within.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

"The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte" is to be published this spring.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. George B. McClellan, widow of the famous general, who has been living in Europe for many years, has returned to this country, and will make Washington, D. C., her home.

Count Robert de Montesquiou's series of lectures in New York seem to have turned out successfully in a financial sense, for one of the most important theatrical firms in the country offered to take the titled poet on a lecturing tour to the principal cities. The count, however, declined the offer.

Ernest Legouvé, part author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," has completed his ninety-sixth year and has been forty-eight years a member of the French Academy. He is still writing, goes up and down his three flights of stairs daily, enjoys a game of billiards, is much given to long walks, and takes his exercise in fencing at a "salle d'armes."

Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, who retired from Congress on March 4th, served in that body for thirty consecutive years. He has not made a speech since the days of the silver debate in 1893, and he has not in his entire thirty years of service introduced more than half a dozen bills, yet his influence in shaping legislation has been exceeded by that of few senators. He has from the first been recognized as an authority on finance, and his store of information has always been at the command of his colleagues.

William Loeb, Jr., who succeeds Mr. Cortelyou as President Roosevelt's private secretary, was born October 9, 1866, in Albany, N. Y., of German parentage. His education was in the Albany common schools and high school. He then studied shorthand and worked for newspapers, and was for a while Bishop Doane's amanuensis. He established a law-reporting business and went actively into politics, was made official stenographer for the Albany assembly and was private secretary to several Republican leaders of New York. Mr. Roosevelt, when governor of New York, made him his private and confidential secretary, a position due to his ability and acquaintance with public men and affairs. When Mr. Roosevelt became President Mr. Loeb was retained as his assistant-secretary.

"Tody" Hamilton, Barnum & Bailey's irrepresible but genial press agent, recently took eighty-six representatives of the leading newspapers of New England to the winter quarters of the Greatest Show on Earth, at Bridgeport, Conn., to show them the new attractions to be exhibited this season after an absence of five years from the United States. After they had been whisked through the menagerie, "Tody" took the party to the Atlantic Hotel and fed it for two hours. When some of the younger reporters began to be restless and to inquire about trains, "Tody" is said to have remarked: "Oh, don't worry about copy. I sent proof slips of your reports to your various offices, with your names appended, just before the train left New York. Take it easy, and I'll get you all better acquainted with the beautiful city of Bridgeport." The consternation of some of the reporters can be imagined when their papers came out in the afternoon containing glowing accounts, a column in length, of their visit to Bridgeport, and the attractions of the show.

Winston Churchill's fearlessness in his speeches has won for him much praise in England. He is said to possess the same audacity, the same irreverence for his elders, the same mocking sarcasm, as his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Already he has made any number of enemies among the older politicians, who take themselves very seriously, and to whom it is not agreeable to be held up to public derision by one whom they regard as a mere stripling. But young Winston cares little for the animosity he excites, and seems determined to follow the policy of his father, who was always a terror to his own party. After Lord Randolph's quarrel with Lord Salisbury, and his unexpected retirement from the ministry, some one endeavored to reconcile Lord Salisbury and his rebellious lieutenant. Salisbury, however, said that while he had not any personal feeling of enmity against Lord Randolph, he could not entertain the idea of receiving him back into the ministry. "When a man has had a boil on his neck," he observed, "and the boil has disappeared, he doesn't cherish any enmity toward the boil, but he doesn't want it on his neck again." Winston's ambition and undoubted talents make it pretty certain that he will not be long excluded from office, though probably he will have to wait till another ministry comes into power.

LITERARY NOTES.

Townsend's Spirited Novel.

Conspicuous among recent novels for intricacy of plot and absorbing interest is Edward W. Townsend's "Lees and Leaven." Though the hook opens with a coal-yard scene in a little Ohio town, soon on the current of the story are drifting a pair of eloping, unforgiving lovers, a lost deed, actresses and chorus-girls, mixed with sudden death from a train-collision, miraculous escape from another train wreck, secret dishonesty, wild speculation, late suppers and loose living. Farther on in the hook we have a vivid, if unflattering, picture of the office of a New York yellow journal whose identity is not hard to guess, and a portrait of Carson, the editor that makes "mighty interesting" readin'. Strange to say, Mr. Townsend's yellow journal seems to be the same one which Alan Dale described in his rather sensational novel. Only, Townsend tells how Carson likes to have reporters a bit insane, and how with one hand he filches a quarter from the three-dollar-a-week salary of a crippled girl employed to address circulars, while with the other he O. K.'s a we-love-the-laboring-man editorial. Dale, for his part, told how the reporters who wrote "strong" editorials on the vice of drunkenness always hoozed up the night before. Taken together, the two hooks would make quite a complete and pretty picture.

The lost deed for immensely valuable iron-hearing land, which a "trust" is bound to have, brings into Mr. Townsend's delightfully written story some more or less fictitious characters of the New York financial world (and their lovely daughters and manly, but susceptible, sons, by the by). Lawyer Bannister is an achievement in character-drawing, and the old lady who says "Pish!" though she only appears once or twice, is another triumph in characterization. The central figure of the hook, however, is Smiling Harry, a modern *homme qui rit*—a 1903 Gwynplaine. And is it our imagination only that sees in the virtuous but not innocent Daisy a trace of the Duchess Josiana? At any rate, the astute and intellectual Bannister ought not to have expressed amaze when he saw the handsome actress star lavishing affection on Smiling Harry, the vender of crabs. Rather, he should have softly quoted Josiana—"A lover despised, mocked, grotesque, hideous, what extraordinary attraction! It is a taste of the fruit of hell. A base-born lover, how exquisite! To be in love with Apollo, a fine effort, forsooth!" Needless to say, the hook as a whole is of the sort to attract many readers.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Old London in Literature.

There is no limit to the interest which may be excited by contemplation of a city so vast and varied as London. Numberless volumes have been written on its different phases—historical, literary, social, commercial, and industrial, but the subject appears to be exhaustless. The latest addition to the number appears from the pen of Mrs. E. T. Cook, who has written a pleasant and chatty volume, entitled "Highways and Byways in London," which will be of interest to readers of a literary taste who enjoy the relations of locality to the writers who made the literature of London in an earlier day. The plan of the author has been to devote chapters to special districts like Westminster, Kensington, Chelsea, Southwark, and Bloomsbury, noting the changes which have taken place in historic buildings and purlieus, and connecting with the spots the flavor of days when Pope and Addison, Goldsmith and Johnson, Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle walked the streets of London and made their haunts familiar to the world. The contrast brought out by describing the scenes of to-day in the same neighborhoods makes the hook both quaint and interesting. Not all the interest in the volume, however, is taken up by the text. It has been excellently and profusely illustrated by Hugh Thompson and F. L. Griggs, and their work makes real much that would otherwise be left to the imagination.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Philandering in Pennsylvania.

"Tangled Up in Beulah Land," the title of J. P. Mowbray's latest book, arouses one's curiosity as to whether it is a theological treatise or a secular comedy. It turns out to be the latter. Beulah Land is located in an unheard-of place in Pennsylvania, and the plot is just an old story presented with modern trimmings. The father, a widower for many years, and his son, take each other from New York to this out-of-the-way place, each with the fond delusion that he is snatching the

other from the clutches of a designing woman. But the women shortly appear at the farm, where they are staying, the father falls in love with the son's innamorata, and amusing entanglements ensue. With but one exception the characters amount to little. Polly, the object of both men's affections, is delightfully fresh and original, and her pranks very entertaining. This character, and the straightforward, finished style of the hook, raises it above the mediocrity which its commonplace plot would otherwise entail upon it. The following description of the kindly old doctor, the presiding genius of the farm, will serve to illustrate the author's style: "Years had whited but not denuded the Jovian head of the doctor. Indeed, the frost of time was more like the jolly frost of a wedding cake that is made to keep, and his ruddy, frank face accepted the snow as a good picture of Ajax, grown old, will accept a new mat."

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's volume, "A Few of Hamilton's Letters," has just been brought out by the Macmillan Company. The selection is made with the purpose of making much material, not included in biographies or the regular collection, accessible to many readers. The famous André letter is included, as also a copy of the deed of separation of Hamilton's grandparents, the Fawcetts, copied from the records of Nevis. The letter which Mrs. Atherton discovered at Copenhagen, describing the tornado, which is incorporated in the novel, here appears for the first time.

Josiah Flynt's new tale, "The Rise of Ruderic Clowd," which will be published this month, describes the adventures and development of a waif born in the "Under World," who later is sent to a reform school, where he learns the worst that its inmates could teach him.

Peter the Great is an important character in "The Triumph of Count Osterman." This romance is by Graham Hope, and tells the love story of Peter's German prime minister.

Lord William Nevill's hook on his life in an English prison, "Penal Servitude," which has begun to attract much attention in England, will be published immediately in this country. The work, it appears, has considerable value as a contribution to the study of the English prison system, its merits and faults, and the author's descriptions and opinions of his fellow-prisoners are said to be touched with a gentle, tolerant humor.

Mrs. Jackson, the author of the new novel, "A Daughter of the Pit," is the daughter of an English army officer, and was born in Bermuda. She studied collier life in her youth in the North of England, and is now in her later life, as the wife of a New York physician, making good use of her girlish observations.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's latest volume, "A Comedy of Conscience," which is about to be issued by the Century Company, is a "detective" story with a distinct psychological and ethical interest.

"Our Neighbors," a new volume of short stories by Ian Maclaren, said to be in his very best vein, is to be published this spring.

John Lane will soon publish a novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, called "The Light Behind." Mrs. Ward is a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, the premier British duke. Her father was James Robert Hope Scott, the parliamentary barrister, and a close friend of Gladstone. He came into possession of Sir Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, by his marriage with the romancer's granddaughter and sole descendant, Miss Lockhart.

Ottillie A. Liljencrantz has followed her successful Viking novel, "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," with "The Ward of King Canute," a stirring romance of the Danish conquest of England. It will be published next month.

A novel dealing with "Trusts" and their consequences will be brought out this spring, under the title of "The Wars of Peace." The author is A. F. Wilson.

Augustus C. Buell is preparing a biography of Sir William Johnson, superintendent of Indian affairs in the Mohawk Valley before the Revolution, for the Historic Lives Series.

Stewart Edward White's "Conjurors House," a story of the Hudson's Bay Company, will soon be published.

The new national edition of Daniel Webster's works, which Little, Brown & Co., Boston, begin to issue this month, will contain over twenty-four hundred octavo pages of hitherto uncollected speeches, arguments, pa-

pers, letters, etc., and will be illustrated by one hundred and three photogravure plates.

A posthumous novel of the late Mrs. Alexander, entitled "Kitty Costello," is to be brought out soon.

General Charles King's new novel, "A Daughter of the Sioux," is to be illustrated by Frederic Remington.

E. J. Dillon has just completed a "Life of Máxim Gorky," the much-discussed Russian tramp author.

Two notable biographies which are being published this spring are a memoir of George Joachim Goschen by his grandson, Viscount Goschen, and the authorized life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, undertaken by Sir Alfred Lyall at the family's request.

RECENT VERSE.

An Optimist.

"O aged man, pray, if you know,
Now answer me the truth!—
Which of the gifts that the gods bestow
Is the greatest gift of youth?"

"O aged man, I have far to fare
By the divers paths of Earth,
Say which of the gifts that with me I bear
Is the gift of the greatest worth?"

"Is it the might of the good right arm.
Whereby I shall make my way
Where dangers threaten and evils harm,
Holding them still at bay?"

"Is it the strength wherewith I shall climb
Where few before have trod—
To the mountain-tops, the peaks sublime
That glow in the smile of the god?"

"Is it the never-failing will.
Invincible in might,
Which, armed against oppression still,
Shall vanquish for the right?"

"Or is it the heart, thou aged man!—
The heart, impassioned, strong—
Which shall he hest, as naught else can,
In perfect love ere long?"

The old man smiled: the listening breeze
Grew whist on the sunlit slope;
The old man sighed: "Ah, none of these!
Youth's greatest gift is its hope."

—Florence Earle Coates in *March Lippincott's Magazine*.

Let Me Cry Hope.

Let me cry Hope, though I myself despair!
Soul, if for thee the deep abysses yawn,
Hold thou thy torch above the darkness there,
That souls far off may hail it as the dawn;
Since, though the light might cheat their craving eyes,

For one dear hour 'twill make their pathway fair;
And, ere it sink, for them the Sun may rise.
Let me cry Hope, though I myself despair!
—Marion Anthony Smith in *March McClure's Magazine*.

In the preface to his novel, "The South-erners," which Charles Scribner's Sons are to issue, Cyrus Townsend Brady says: "This hook has been years in preparation. The subject has appealed to me as none other in our history. I have watched the evening camp fires under the trees at Chickamauga, while I wore the army uniform, and have fancied I was an actor in that cataclysmic battle, than which this continent has seen none more desperate and bloody. I have stood in the rain on the ramparts of Fort Morgan, and involuntarily looked toward the staff for a glimpse of the Stars and Bars, flag of a cause that was lost. I have sailed in the sunshine through the channel where the *Tecumseh* sank, where the *Tennessee* fought the fleet, where the *Hartford*, carrying Farragut's flag, dashed ahead and ran down the torpedo line—once I wore the navy blue—and I could almost hear the thunder of the guns."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Lang's Little Venture in Fiction.

Andrew Lang, essayist, critic, and appreciator, has been coquetting with fiction, and "The Disentanglers" is the result. It is a stout volume, containing some ten or a dozen tales, linked together by just about as strong a tie as hinds the different stories in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," or A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes tales. Indeed, in "The Disentanglers" one continually notices echoes from the short stories of the two writers mentioned. Not, however, be it understood, in a spirit of plagiarism, but Mr. Lang occasionally falls into a vein of playful mockery, during which times those who read between the lines will observe that he lightly raps the knuckles of his fellow-craftsmen by imitating their most obvious mannerisms. The hook is one of much merit, the brightness of the style at times amounting to positive brilliancy. Many of the stories are extremely interesting, although the author's slightly satiric attitude prevents the interest from becoming serious and sustained. Indeed, there is hut one story in the hook—the first one, which relates the cruelty of a designing governess toward her motherless charges—in which Mr. Lang really seems to be in earnest.

There are several interesting glimpses of the semi-Bohemian careers of talented but needy young men and women, who struggle in London for a living. There are transcripts from the luxurious lives of the titled rich, there is wit, philosophy, snatches of science in its entertaining guise. In fact, the book, in its different phases, is as vari-colored as a rainbow, even while its brightness is occasionally obscured by clouds of dullness. The reader finds it possible to lay it down occasionally, but he always picks it up again, with a feeling that he is renewing companionship with a wit, a scholar, and a man of sensibility.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Hudson River from Ocean to Source."

The Hudson River has acquired many historical, literary, and commercial associations. These, with the legendary and picturesque that belong to the Hudson River region, are treated by Edgar Mayhew Bacon in "The Hudson River from Ocean to Source." He begins with the lower portion of the river, and, gleaning upward, takes his subjects topically rather than with a chronological consecutiveness from the materials that present themselves. The work has over one hundred illustrations, many of which are reproductions of rare paintings. It is a well-bound volume with nearly six hundred pages, and in addition it is accompanied by a lengthy and detailed map of the Hudson.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$4.50 net.

Higginson's "John Greenleaf Whittier."

The fine series of brief biographies in the English Men of Letters Series now includes a life of Whittier by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It reaches the high level of excellence of other numbers of the series. We quote Colonel Higginson's estimate in summing up:

No one can dwell much on Whittier without recognizing him as the distinctively American poet of familiar life. More than any other he reaches the actual existence of the people, up to the time of his death. He could say of himself, what Lowell said dramatically only: "We drew our lineage from the oppressed." Compared with him, Longfellow, Holmes, and even Lowell, seem the poets of a class; Whittier alone is near the people; setting apart Emerson, who inhabited a world of his own, "so near and yet so far." His whole position was, indeed, characteristic of American society.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

A Biographical Novel.

It would be hard to find a story of the Civil War that would not in some way be interesting. There are still enough "old veterans" who can give foot-notes to every yarn, whether fact or fiction. So long as an author deals with the common soldier, or the unnamed officer, he commands the sympathy and interest of the general reader. But the great heroes and generals of that time are still too intimately known and too well remembered to allow of more than the most delicate handling and veracious treatment in a work of fiction. Perhaps something of this feeling led Churchill Williams to mask slightly his characterization of General Grant under the name of "Captain" in his latest historical novel, "The Captain." In this story nothing new is told of the taciturn, almost insignificant-looking man, whose keenness of foresight and tenacity of purpose made him the greatest general of

the Civil War. If anything, Grant is belittled. He is here too careless of appearances, too devoted to the "dry weed," and the anecdotes told of him are all familiar. Though it is the last thing Mr. Williams intended to do, he has, nevertheless, made the "Captain" subordinate to the love affairs of two young soldiers and their Southern sweethearts. As a story of love and war, intrigue and heroism, the hook is fairly good, but as a portrait of General Grant it is a failure, and annoying in its scrappiness.

The volume is well printed and illustrated, and is attractively bound.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"John Malcolm," a novel of casual interest, by Edward Fuller, is published by Snow & Farnham, Providence; price, \$1.50.

In "The Territorial Growth of the United States," William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D., traces the steps by which our nation acquired its present extent of territory. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Spirit of the Ghetto," by Hutchins Hapgood, is a series of studies of the Jewish quarter in New York, illustrated by many very effective drawings by Jacob Epstein. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The jottings of an African official in the service of England make up the volume, entitled "Station Studies," by Lionel Portman. The color of African life, official and otherwise, is the strongest feature of the work. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Among recent fictional publications is "Brenda's Cousin at Ratcliffe," the third of the "Brenda Series," describing the career of Julia Bourne at Ratcliffe College. The author, Helen Leah Reed, is herself a graduate of this institution. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20 net.

A new revised and enlarged edition of "The Elements of General Method," based on the principles of Herbart, by Charles A. McMurry, Ph. D., has just been issued. The work is too well and favorably known to need further mention. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

The perfect flood of novels based on Old Testament incidents, and introducing familiar Old Testament characters (of which "Ben-Hur" was the first, and probable paradigm), reaches a climax, we hope, in "By the Ramparts of Jezreel," the author of which is Arnold Davenport. It may be said for this hook, however, that it is somewhat better written than most of its class. It will probably be found interesting by a good many worthy people who require a religious flavor in their hooks for appearance's sake. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Canon Rawnsley deserves an honored place among those who find great joy in the "good brown earth" and the freshening, flower-sown fields. He writes very simply, but very delightfully, of his out-of-door enjoyments, in his "Ramblers' Note-Book at the English Lakes," and since, besides his spring-worship, he has a taste for antiquities and folk-lore, he has added to his dithyrambs to daffodils, chapters on old customs and festivals, making altogether a charming volume, dedicated, very properly, to Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and "to all my American friends." Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

In the series of twelve volumes, edited by the distinguished critic, Professor Saintsbury, and called Periods of European Literature, J. H. Millar's work, just from the press, is the ninth. It is entitled "The Mid-Eighteenth Century," and covers the period between 1714 and 1778. The greater part of the hook is devoted to England and France, and the principal authors studied, "he-scooped, and he-tended" are Voltaire, Montesquieu, Buffon, Diderot, and the encyclopædists, Rousseau, Hume, Johnson, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, etc. The work is a notable one. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

"The Life Within" is an anonymous "Christian Science" novel, presenting in an exceptionally clear and finished literary style the most wildly improbable facts. A paralyzed woman, hedridden by nineteen years, pronounced incurable by specialists, is restored to health and strength; smallpox is cured, scrofula disappears, a woman affected with malignant cancer, upon whom the surgeons are about to operate, walks out of the operating room with all traces of her affliction gone—all

through Christian Science. One thing the hook certainly shows—how intelligent, even keen, a person may be, and still adhere to the Eddy vagary. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Richard Wyndham, a novel of life in New York, by Frances Gordon Fane; "The Kiss of Glory," a story of Egypt in the time of Joseph, by Grace Duffie Boylan; and "A Sleeping Memory," an English story of complex plot, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, are published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

There can be, as the proverb saith, too much of a good thing. That is the sole trouble with Frank T. Bullen's new story of the sea, "A Whaleman's Wife." The hook's plot is slight, and not particularly interesting, and the account of spouting whales, hooting blubber, cruel captains, cowering crews, storm and shipwreck, is a tale that is told—and better told—in Mr. Bullen's first hook and masterpiece, "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, lecturer on social, political, and patriotic subjects, and appointed recently by President Roosevelt on the anthracite strike commission, is author of a hook called "Socialism and Labor." The work is written in an easy and very entertaining style, and from the standpoint of a conservative clergyman. A few of the topics treated are "Socialism and Labor," "Are We in Danger of Revolution?" "Women and the Christian Religion," "Emotion and Truth," "Church and Country," "The Mystery of Pain." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, 80 cents net.

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When building castles in Spain, one should never be handicapped by a lack of probability. Too much logic is out of place in air-castles, and quickly destroys with its chilling breath the spontaneous growth and prismatic hues of the airy texture that is woven of dreams.

And, strangely enough, this is true of plays. In spite of the strictness of proportion and a due adherence to the laws of cause and effect, which must be the governing power in their construction. For if the over-conscious playwright pause too often and too long for logical explanation, if he attempt to make the leaky places in his plot weather-tight by too openly caking the yawning cracks, he will have an equally yawning audience for his pains.

In Henry Arthur Jones's extremely clever play, "The Rogue's Comedy," for instance, what more unreal than for the rogue's son to accept the assurances of a palm-reading charlatan, whom he thoroughly distrusts, as vouchers for the honor and good repute of his mysteriously unknown father. And—of all places, in England, too, land of marriage settlements and searching inquiry into family antecedents—what more absurd than for his future father-in-law to accept with equal complaisance such an exceedingly flimsy guarantee as to the unimpeachable nature of his origin?

Yet, while the play is in full progress before us, absorbed by the interest of the scenes and events we are witnessing, we pause to doubt or cavil no more than the playwright to expound and explain. If either of us do so, we are lost. For, at all costs, it is essential that we be possessed by the illusion just as surely as the dramatist must hold our undivided interest.

If Mr. Gillette, in "Sherlock Holmes," has gone to extremes in fusing a series of highly improbable events into a play, he has ample excuse in the sustained and absorbing interest that he awakens in his audience. And more particularly from the fact that he disarms criticism in advance by making no pretense of writing masterpieces, but frankly avows that he furnishes unrealities to the public because the public likes them. "Sherlock Holmes" is true melodrama, and what is melodrama, after all, but the composite air-castle of an overworked public that loves to see vice punished and sterling worth rewarded as they never are in life. Mr. Gillette further shows his trend toward melodrama by declaring a preference for scoundrels as dramatic material, and considers that the drama of the present is insufficiently supplied with these exceedingly useful gentry. This recognition has come from this very modern dramatist's close observation of the public. To bring scoundrels into plays means the throwing into relief of the qualities of the manly hero, his final triumph, and, in consequence, an appeased and complaisant audience.

Thus, with interest and sympathy at white heat, the improbabilities of "Sherlock Holmes," apparent in cooler moments, are entirely overlooked. The spectator is held in a tension of interest that never relaxes for a moment; and when Alice Faulkner at midnight enters the gas chamber, one of the perilous dens devoted to the secret murders of Professor Moriarty, king of London criminals, her presence is accepted as one of the moves in the game without protest, so quickly do the checks and counter-checks of the two opponents in skill and cunning succeed each other.

The leading features of plot of the play are evidently selected from, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, suggested by, the tale "A Scandal in Bohemia," which relates how one woman got the better of Sherlock Holmes, and thereby won his lasting respect. Mr. Gillette, however, recognizing the need of the public to have its meed of sentiment, has given the heroine another name, and a different destiny.

Conan Doyle declared that to Sherlock Holmes the emotion of love was abhorrent, a thing to be avoided "as a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results." But William Gillette has wisely decreed that the man of steel should endear himself to his audience by revealing a susceptibil-

ity to the power of love. Thus, Irene Adler, who was always referred to by Sherlock Holmes as the woman, because she outwitted him, becomes in the play Alice Faulkner, and the eventual possessor of the detective's well-regulated and steadily beating heart.

There are other incidents, however—scraps of dialogue and exciting scenes that are culled from different parts of the series of tales, and sometimes, if I am not mistaken, made up out of Mr. Gillette's own head. All the different acts and scenes fit into each other as neatly as so many parts of a Chinese puzzle, and while the playwright has had to exercise considerable ingenuity in hitching on the gas-chamber scene, and that in the doctor's office, to the main structure of his plot, still the join is most adroitly made, and the tension of interest is never for a moment relaxed.

Never was a dramatist who understood better the value of detail. The precautions necessary to enter Professor Moriarty's underground office immensely increase the sense of peril, and make this scene, which is the least interesting in the play, full of significance. The play abounds with suggestive minutiae of the kind that powerfully influences the auditor without his consciousness. The open door, for instance, in Sherlock Holmes's apartment in Baker Street, which is eloquent in its reminder of Billy's absence, and Holmes's consequent inability to summon help, and again the lounging movements of the scoundrels in the gas chamber, until action is called for, when they are as quick-footed, as lithe and crouchingly alert as so many wildcats. As for the value and the suggestiveness of the pause in the play, its employment is elevated to a fine art. Mr. Gillette has been extraordinarily successful in getting into a coherent, three-hour play so much of the atmosphere in which Sherlock Holmes passed his life. In the first act we are made acquainted with the problem which is to occupy him; we witness luxuriously housed villainy, persecuting purity and gentleness. We see Sherlock Holmes's reasoning powers put to the test, and emerge triumphantly, and his powers of strategy successfully employed. Dr. Watson, Holmes's constant and admiring friend, is in the play, and the comradeship between the two pleasantly indicated.

There is the female confederate that so often turned up in the Sherlock Holmes stories, an explosively correct Billy, in buttons, a decorously repressed huttler, who is Holmes's spy, a French maid, a cockney with a realistic accent, and a couple of Holmes's clients. All these parts are rendered with earnestness, precision, close attention to detail, and an absolute lack of that automatic action and groovish insincerity which almost inevitably stamps the players in a long-run play. Mr. Gillette is not only well able to take care of his own rôle, but signs of his guiding intelligence are apparent in every detail of the business done by the players. They are a thoroughly competent group, selected with a discriminating recognition of their physical as well as their mental adaptability to their parts.

Miss Alida Cortelyou, who figures as the wife or mistress of a blackguard of the elegantly brut type, is a fine, handsome, lithe young woman, with a splendid stage presence, a graceful and effective figure, a talent for lighting up magnificently in evening dress, and an aptitude for assuming striking poses that are not too palpably studied. Miss Cortelyou's elegance of appearance, her quick, trenchant utterance, and her fashionable ease make her peculiarly well fitted to portray the handsome, showy partner of Jim Larrahee, and to act as a foil to Ida Conquest, as Alice Faulkner, who looked like a frail snowdrop of girlhood, with her wan face, her wide-open, terrified, but resolute, eyes, and her tiny, pallid hands nervously clasping and unclasping themselves against the white of her dress. In her, Mr. Gillette made an admirable selection for the part, not only for her fragility of appearance, but her gently modulated style of acting is adapted to enhance the effect in the few scenes of delicately suggested sentiment. As for Mr. Gillette himself, he is Sherlock Holmes in the flesh. He has filled out Conan Doyle's phantom figure with the outlines of life, and transformed a fictional fancy into vivid reality. It is quite extraordinary how thoroughly Mr. Gillette's outer man conforms to the physical attributes that we have become so familiar with in the description of Sherlock Holmes. There is the long, slim, lounging figure, the long, slim, delicate, prehensile fingers, the long, slim, aquiline features. Mr. Gillette has the direct, piercing gaze that is so often the characteristic feature of a man of brains. When Sherlock Holmes ceases to lounge and becomes alert, those penetrating eyes seem to pierce through wooden walls, the white, nervous, resolute hands move with the quickness

and unerring certainty of a juggler's, and on the pallid face, averted from the gaze of his opponents and his enemies, the tracings of reflection, and reasoning spring to view like invisible writing when exposed to heat. Mr. Gillette's voice is his ready tool, and when the weary, monotonous accents of Sherlock Holmes quiescent, change to a sudden, sharp, incisive note, it is like a flash of light in the dark, revealing the presence of danger.

Mr. Gillette is the fortunate possessor of a personality so suggestive of reserve power, and so charged with magnetic quality, that the attention, the sympathy, and the admiration of the house are always irresistibly focussed upon him. His power of acting by suggestion has become a hy-word, and his briefest pauses are pregnant with volumes of meaning. How subtly, yet overpoweringly, he conveys Sherlock Holmes's mood when he stands at the door of the doctor's office and listens to Mrs. Watson's music. A pause, a glance, a syllable, a sigh, and we know that he has felt longing and practiced renunciation; that he has tried and condemned himself before the bar of Alice Faulkner's freshness and purity. He recognizes Dr. Watson's solicitude with a friendly pat of the arm, and the looker-on feels a thrill of sympathetic satisfaction. He smiles, and that wan, infrequent ray of pleasure inspires the sensibilities with quick delight.

Mr. Gillette is not a great man, but he is an unusually gifted one. He is a clever adapter, yet full of originality, and everything about his work, whether in acting, composition, or staging, bears the marks of his individuality. The method alone, in which he uses light and darkness to conceal and reveal the stage-pictures, marks the artist in his craft, and when the final tableau came and was withdrawn from us to be again faintly revealed in a dim, idealizing light, the spectacle of a white-clad, golden-haired girl, clasped in her lover's arms, lost its air of familiar commonplace that stage usage has given it, and was charged with tender and delicate sentiment.

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2-Farewell Concerts-2

Next TUESDAY AFTERNOON, March 17th, at 3:15. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; "Magic Fire," from "Walküre"; Mascagni's "William Ratcliff," etc.

Next FRIDAY AFTERNOON, March 20th, at 3:15.

TESTIMONIAL TO MASCAGNI

By Will Greenbaum and the Tivoli Opera House Management Tschaikowsky's Pathétique Symphony and overture, "Solemnelle, 1812," with increased orchestra of martial instruments, artillery, etc., and Wagner's "Lohengrin" Vorspiel and "Ride of the Valkyries."

Reserved seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.

STAGE GOSSIP.

William Gillette's Last Week.

William Gillette has had a record-breaking week at the Columbia Theatre with his strong dramatization, "Sherlock Holmes," based on incidents in the life of Dr. Doyle's Napoleonic detective, and the second and last week of his engagement promises to see crowded houses nightly. The vogue of this play throughout the East and in London is easily explained, for the star has a rôle that fits him like a glove, the play is one that rivets the attention of the spectator from the rise to the fall of the curtain, there is not a weak spot in the cast, the stage management and light effects are well-nigh perfection, and the staging is excellent. Effie Ellsler follows in "When Knighthood was in Flower," Paul Kester's dramatization of Charles Major's remarkably successful novel, in which Julia Marlowe starred last season.

"Pinafore" at the Tivoli.

Mascagni will give a special performance at the Tivoli this (Saturday) afternoon, and on Sunday night he will conduct his "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Hymn to the Sun," "Dance of the Dolls," and selections from "William Ratcliff" for the last time at the popular Eddy Street opera-house. On Monday evening, Gilbert and Sullivan's first great success at collaboration, "Pinafore," will be revived, with Ferris Hartman as Sir Joseph, the first Lord of the Admiralty, Arthur Cunningham as the gallant Captain of the *Pinafore*, Bertha Davis as the captain's daughter, Josephine, Caro Roma as "dear little Buttercup," Oscar Lee as the boatswain's mate, Arthur Hahn as Dick Deadeye, and Frances Gibson as Cousin Hebe. There will be a pretty bevy of "sisters, cousins, and aunts," and noble British tars to give strength to the choruses and ensembles, and the stage settings will be new and elaborate.

"The Sixth Commandment."

Not for a long time has such a thrilling war melodrama been seen here as "The Countess Valeska," in which Maud Odell has been appearing at the Grand Opera House during the week. It is to be succeeded on Monday night by a powerful Russian drama, "The Sixth Commandment," which is new to San Francisco. It will introduce Emmett Corrigan, an actor of experience, who will be able to give Miss Odell excellent support. Some especially picturesque stage pictures are promised, and the full strength of the stock company will be in evidence, for the play calls for a long cast.

Two Interesting Shakespearean Revivals.

That Shakespeare does not spell ruin to those who present his plays in San Francisco is evident from the fact that Nance O'Neil drew crowded houses with her Lady Macbeth, and Warde and James did well with their spectacular production of "The Tempest." Next week, at the California Theatre, we are to have another Shakespearean treat, when Charles B. Hanford begins a week's engagement in "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Hanford was last seen here with the Kidder-James-Hanford company in "The Winter's Tale," and was well received as the King. His interpretation of Petruchio is praised by all the leading Eastern critics, who also applaud the Katherine of Miss Marie Drofna, his leading lady. On Friday evening, "Much Ado About Nothing" will be the bill for a single performance.

A New Play at the Alcazar.

"The Cipher Code," a society comedy, will have its first San Francisco production at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It is by Charles Klein, who has written many popular plays, and collaborated in others, among the most successful being "The Auctioneer," in which David Warfield was recently seen here; "Heartsease," which is associated with Henry Miller; and the musical comedy, "Mr. Pickwick," in which De Wolf Hopper is now starring in New York. "The Cipher Code" is based on the theft of state papers at Washington, D. C., for stock-jobbing purposes and the confusion of the secret service, and presents graphic pictures of social and political intrigue at the national capital. In the rôle of the cold, cynical rascal, Kelse, Ernest Hastings will have another opportunity to demonstrate his versatility. Alice Treat Hunt will play the lovable Kate Enderby, and Juliet Crosby, after a two months' rest, will appear as a vivacious woman journalist. The other parts will be in the hands of Albert Morrison, Clifford Dempsey, George Osbourne, Frank Bacon, J. Lester Wallace, Walter Belasco, Oza Waldrop, Marie Howe, and Bessie Stuart. A sprightly French farce, entitled "The Husbands of Leontine," will be the next attraction.

At the Orpheum.

There will be a number of new acts at the Orpheum next week. The Glinserettis, six famous European acrobats, will make their first appearance here, and Foy and Clark, great local favorites, will present one of Will Cressy's latest sketches, "The Spring of Youth." It is based upon the adventures of a visitor to a watering-place, where he drinks of the various springs and becomes affected by them to the extent that when he tastes of the waters of Generosity, he gives away all his money, and when he partakes of the spring of Youth, he becomes transformed into a monkey. All sorts of amusing complications follow. Pepita Aragon, a Spanish dancer who is a great Parisian favorite, and Julius Tannen, a clever imitator of such well-known theatrical celebrities as De Wolf Hopper, Nat Goodwin, and Richard Mansfield, completes the list of new-comers. For her second week Lillian Burkhardt will present for the first time here a little comedy of sentiment and slang, by Anna S. Richardson, entitled "A Strenuous Daisy"; the Salambos will continue their wonderful demonstrations of wireless telegraphy; Musical Dale will change his selections; Dave Nowlin will offer new imitations and songs; and Rice and Walters will appear for the last week in their amusing skit, "Bumpity-Bumps."

Burlesque at Fischer's.

On Monday night, "Hoity-Toity" enters on its fifth week at Fischer's Theatre, and the demand for tickets is as brisk as during the first performances. The new number of the week was the song, "Cherry Blossoms," charmingly sung and acted by Olive Vail, a welcome new-comer. All the favorites are provided with popular songs, and the performance goes with a snap and dash that is refreshing. One of the hits of the burlesque is the band which appears in the minstrel parade and finales. It is quite a novelty, and is composed of Hazel Spaulding, Millie Colver, Adelaide Henry, Carrie H. Randall, Francena Brown, Maggie Bassett, and Belle Cochran. "Helter-Skelter," which is to succeed "Hoity-Toity," is already in rehearsal.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Edmond Rostand is said to be preparing a new adaptation of Goethe's "Faust" for Coquelain.

A novelty of considerable interest will be the production, at the Republic Theatre next week, of two burlesques by Wallace Irwin, entitled "Chop Suey" and "Padlock Holmes."

Ellen Terry has now completed arrangements for her coming season in London. She has obtained a short lease of Mrs. Langtry's theatre, the Imperial, where she will open her engagement early in April, appearing in several pieces of her repertoire, and at least one new play, but not "The Vikings," as has been rumored.

Leoncavallo has announced that his new opera, "Roland," ordered by the Emperor of Germany, will be given at the Imperial Opera House in Berlin, next November. Puccini has also nearly completed his Japanese musical version of "Madame Butterfly." Not long ago he went to San Remo to implore Mme. Calvé to assume the principal rôle, but the result of his prayers is as yet unknown.

According to the dispatches, Lotta, known off the stage as Charlotte Crabtree, was recently so pleased with the performance of Millie James in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's play for children, "The Little Princess," that she gave the clever daughter of Louis James the prompt-books and acting rights of "Bab," "Musette," "Zip," "Little Nell," and "The Marchioness," and said she hoped Miss James would use them. The dispatch adds that the manager for Miss James has accepted the offer and will star her in several of these comedies next season. This reads well, but it is difficult to believe, when one stops to think that Lotta might easily have disposed of the plays for a goodly consideration. The once-popular soubrette, when she retired from the stage, invested her earnings so shrewdly that she is to-day said to be worth half a million. This may explain her reputed generosity.

Apropos of the remarkable success of Isadora Duncan, the California dancer, in Berlin, a writer in the New York *Sun* recalls the following incident, which occurred four years ago, when Miss Duncan gave dancing lessons in one of the big drawing-rooms on the second floor of the Windsor Hotel: "On the afternoon of St. Patrick's Day, more than a hundred little boys and girls, the children of many of New York's wealthiest families, were gathered in the drawing-room. The first dance, a quadrille, had just been started. Suddenly Miss Duncan, who was standing by one of the windows, saw the figure of a woman shoot by the window and go hurtling down toward the street. The next moment another figure shot by. Before Miss Duncan could reach the window to look out, a maid rushed into her room and whispered to her that there was not a moment to be lost—the hotel was blazing on every floor. Fortunately there was a stairway leading from

the drawing-room directly down to the street. In less than a minute Miss Duncan had made the children form in line and take hands, and then she and her mother led them safely down the stairway and across the street to Miss Helen Gould's house, where they were taken care of and finally sent to their homes in hansoms."

Forbes Robertson and his American wife, formerly Gertrude Elliott, are to come to the United States next season in George Fleming's adaptation of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," in which they have scored a big hit at the London Lyric Theatre. Says one critic, in discussing the enthusiasm at the opening performance: "The hearts of thousands of spectators went out to Mr. Robertson, and thunders of applause shook the walls of the house, for the actor did for the character which Mr. Kipling created all that a man can do. His greatest scene probably was when blindness darkened forever Helder's eyesight. Mr. Robertson's agony was indescribable. It was not the agony of physical distress; it was the bitter cry of a blighted soul. We on the other side of the footlights felt the tragedy. Our eyes, too, were dimmed; our hearts ached. We suffered exquisite pain, engendered by the great artistic manifestation."

The most important event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday) will be the Adell Stakes for two-year-olds, over a five furlongs course, for a purse of \$1,750. On Saturday next, March 21st, the Thornton stakes for two-year-olds and upward, over a four-mile course, will be run. The value of the purse is \$2,500, and the entries number twenty-four.

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VANITY FAIR.

Marie Corelli paints a somb're picture of modern London society in a recent article in the *Lady's Realm*, on the "Decay of Home Life in England." She declares that the love of home—the desire to make a home—is far stronger in the poorer classes nowadays than in the wealthy or even the moderately rich of the general community, and adds: "Women of the 'upper ten' are no longer preëminent as rulers of the home, but are to be seen daily and nightly as noisy and pushing frequenters of public restaurants. The great lady is seldom or never to be found 'at home' on her own domain, but she may be easily met at the Carlton, Prince's, or the Berkeley (on Sundays). The Old World *châtelaine* of a great house, who took pride in looking after the comfort of all her retainers, who displayed an active interest in every detail of management, surrounding herself with choice furniture, fine pictures, sweet linen, beautiful flowers, and home delicacies of her own personal make or supervision, is becoming well-nigh obsolete. 'It is such a bore being at home!' is quite an ordinary phrase with the gawk-girl of the present day, who has no idea of the value of rest as an aid to beauty, or of the healthful and strengthening influences of a quiet and well-cultivated mind, and who has made herself what is sometimes casually termed a 'sight' by her skill at hockey, her speed in cycling, and her general 'rushing about,' in order to get anywhere away from the detested 'home.' The mother of a family now aspires to seem as young as her daughters, and among the vanishing graces of society may be noted the grace of old age. Nobody is old nowadays. Men of sixty wed girls of sixteen—women of fifty lead boys of twenty to the sacrificial altar. . . . The real 'old' lady, the real 'old' gentleman will soon be counted among the 'rare and curious' specimens of the race. The mother who was not 'married at sixteen' will ere long be a remarkable prodigy, and the paterfamilias who never explains that he 'made an unfortunate marriage when quite a hoy' will rank beside her as a companion phenomenon. We have only to scan the pages of those periodicals which cater specially for fashionable folk, to see what a frantic dread of age pervades all classes of pleasure-loving society. The innumerable nostrums for removing wrinkles, massaging or 'steaming' the complexion, the 'coverings' for bald heads, the 'transformations' for thin hair, the 'rays' of gold or copper of auburn, which are cunningly contrived for gray or, to use the more polite word, 'faded' tresses; the great army of manicurists, masseurs, and 'beauty specialists' who, in the most clever way, manage to make comfortable incomes out of the general panic which apparently prevails among their patrons at the inflexible, unstoppageable march of Time—all these things are striking proofs of the constant, desperate fight kept up by a large and foolish majority against the laws of God and Nature."

Here is Miss Corelli's picture of the daily life of the average "wife" who belongs to the smart set: "She rises languidly from her bed at eleven, and occupies all her time till two o'clock in dressing, manicuring, 'transforming' and 'massaging.' She also receives and sends a few telegrams. At two o'clock she goes out in her carriage and lunches with some chosen intimates at one or other of the fashionable restaurants. Lunch over, she returns home and lies down for an hour. Then she arrays herself in an elaborate tea gown and receives a favored few in her houblioir, where, over a cup of tea, she assists to tear into piecemeal portions the characters of her dearest friends. Another 'rest,' and again the business of toilet is resumed. When *en grande tenue* she either goes out to dinner or entertains a large party of guests at her own table. A tête-à-tête meal with her husband would appear to her in the light of a positive calamity. She stays up playing 'bridge' till two or three o'clock in the morning, and retires to bed more or less exhausted, and can only sleep with the aid of narcotics. She resumes the same useless existence and perpetrates the same wicked waste of time again the next day, and every day. Her children she scarcely sees, and the management of her house is entirely removed from her hands. The housekeeper takes all the accounts to her husband, who meekly pays the same, and lives for the most part at his club or at the houses of his various sporting friends. 'Home' is for him a mere farce. He knew what it was in his mother's day, when his grand old historical seat was a home indeed, and all the members of the family, young and old, looked upon it as the chief centre of attraction, and the garnering point of love and faith and confidence; but since he grew up to

manhood and took for his life partner a rapid lady of the new motor school of morals, he stands like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, contemplating the complete wreckage of his ship of life, and knowing sadly enough that he can never sail the seas of hope again."

Few people realize in what quantity and variety precious and semi-precious stones are now produced in America, and how rapidly the production has been increasing. According to the government's statistics, the total value of the native precious stones in 1902 was \$318,300, an increase from \$289,050 in 1901 and \$233,170 in 1900. The year was noteworthy for the discovered of new sapphire deposits in Montana, the development of the old beryl localities in North Carolina, the opening of an amethyst mine in South Carolina, and the discovery of deposits of the same stone in Virginia, and the discovery of turquoise in Alabama, beside developments in the mining of less valuable gem stones. Of these, the greatest value was in turquoise, the year's production being worth \$130,000. The native emeralds sold last year were valued at only \$1,000. Another interesting fact in this connection is that our jewelers invented and patented three new ways of cutting diamonds.

Chicago has a novelty in the "strap-hangers' league," which has already gained fifty thousand members, and may become an organization of much more than humorous pretensions. While organized as a joke, or rather as a satire, to express the disgust of that large portion of the public that never finds seats in street cars, and which demands longer straps to accommodate short men and women, it threatens now to be taken by politicians and made to figure in the coming municipal campaign. The league has already been incorporated.

The London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in commenting on the latest styles of men's dress, says it is no longer possible to disregard the fact that London's smartest men are wearing corsets. The article has forced itself upon the masculine form, and the subject of a male waist is greatly exercising the expansive minds of the Bond Street tailors. This fashion is due to the search for something new on the part of the West End exquisites, particularly those who adorn the military set. To the ultra-fashionable, they have decreed that diminutive, wasp-like waist is the correct form. The fad appears to have caught on in an extraordinary way. Recently, during the spell of fine weather, scores of young society men were seen parading West End streets clad in frock coats that tapered to abnormal slimmness at the waist. The same feature is noticeable in overcoats and lounge-jackets. Indeed, among the smart set the sack back is a thing of the past. The demand for corsets for male wearers from those West End firms which supply them, has shown a remarkable increase lately. Thirty to fifty shillings is the average price, and twenty-six inches, according to the tailor and cutter, is the average size around the waist.

Judge Simons, of Fort Scott, Kan., has refused to grant a divorce to Jennie Lotterer because her husband constantly complained of her cooking and swore with emphasis and volubility. Judge Simons, in passing judgment, said that it had not been shown to the court that there was no basis for Mr. Lotterer's complaints about the cooking. Then he took up the charge of profanity, and gave it the following unique but philosophic explanation: "He was in the habit of swearing when he was not in a good humor. But my observation of men has taught me that profanity is a foolish and ungentelemanly habit, rather than an indication of a corrupt heart. I once had a partner who coined phrases and handled words most eloquently in that direction. Indeed, he was so strangely inconsistent that he would become irritable and violently curse any man who spoke disrespectfully of the Christian religion. And yet he was one of the most generous and honest men I ever knew. I never uttered an oath in my life. My mother taught me not to. No matter how angry I might become, I could not swear, for it would not come natural. But his goodness of heart always made me ashamed of my inferiority. I was never under the influence of intoxicating liquor, and no doubt there were a million chances of my being struck dead by lightning to once chance of dying a drunkard. But I am not entitled to any credit for not drinking or swearing, for I never acquired the habit. In judging men we must not forget the power of habit. The evidence shows that the defendant sometimes, when provoked, applied disrespectful epithets to his wife. That is no credit to him.

But it does not necessarily follow that his profane language constituted extreme cruelty within the meaning of the statute. The courts must exercise great caution and prudence in determining whether mere words amount to extreme cruelty in any given case. The same words or conduct might, or might not, constitute extreme cruelty. Much depends upon the circumstances, and upon the disposition, habits, and manner of life of the parties. Some women are more sensitive than others. A woman accustomed to refined society, and to associating with quiet and religious people, would be shocked beyond-measure at hearing profane remarks, which would amuse, or, at most, would hardly ruffle the feelings of one accustomed to hear such language. And the loud and profane language of a man in the habit of swearing may not indicate as bitter a feeling or wicked intention as the milder expression of anger by one not given to profanity. The quiet hiss of the serpent is far more significant than the loud barking of the dog. A woman who has lived with, and listened to, the profanity of a husband for twenty-six years, and enjoyed reasonably good health all that time, must not expect the court to be easily persuaded that the profanity of the husband has injured her health and caused nervous prostration."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 11, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup 3%.....	1,900	@ 107 3/4		107 1/4	
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	2,000	@ 106 3/4		106 1/2	107 1/4
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	6,000	@ 98 3/4-99 1/4		98 3/4	100
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 120 1/4			
Los An. Pac. Ry.					
Con 5%.....	10,000	@ 107		106 3/4	
Market St. Ry 5%.....	5,000	@ 118 3/4		118 1/4	119
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	3,000	@ 123		123	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 102		102	102 1/4
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	27,000	@ 115 1/2		115	115 3/4
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry					
5%.....	14,000	@ 106		105 3/4	106
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%.....	27,000	@ 123 3/4-124		123 1/4	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	14,000	@ 110 1/4		110 1/4	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	4,000	@ 111 3/4-111 1/2		111 3/4	112
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series B.....	2,000	@ 106 1/4		106	107
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	3,000	@ 120		119 3/4	120
S. P. of Cal. Stpd.					
5%.....	3,000	@ 110 1/4		110 1/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	55,000	@ 107 1/4		107	107 3/4
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	5,000	@ 101 1/4		101	102
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	820	@ 63-63 1/2		62 3/4	63
Spring Valley.....	480	@ 83-86		85	85 1/2
	Shares.	BANKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Anglo Cal.....	140	@ 97-98		97 3/4	100
	Shares.	POWERS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.....	50	@ 70		67 1/4	68
	Shares.	STREET R. R.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Presidio.....	50	@ 43		42 1/2	
	Shares.	SUGARS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Hana P. Co.....	1,000	@ 4 1/2-5		5	5 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	560	@ 46 1/2-48 1/4		48 1/4	49
Honokaa S. Co.....	545	@ 14 1/4-15 1/2		15 1/2	15 3/4
Hutchinson.....	1,075	@ 15 1/2-17 1/4		17 1/4	17 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	340	@ 27 1/2-28 1/4		28 1/4	
Onomea S. Co.....	50	@ 22		22	
Paauhau S. Co.....	2,336	@ 17-19 1/2		19 1/2	
	Shares.	GAS AND ELECTRIC.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Central L. & P.....	25	@ 4 1/2		3 3/4	4 1/4
Oakland Gas.....	5	@ 76 1/2		77	78
Pacific Gas.....	15	@ 38 1/2-39		37	38 1/4
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,555	@ 54-58		54 1/2	55
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	426	@ 4 3/4			
	Shares.	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Alaska Packers.....	250	@ 154-155 1/2		155 1/4	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	40	@ 92		91	93
Cal. Wine Assn.....	175	@ 102-103		102 3/4	103

The light and power stocks have been active, and on sales of 3,000 shares sold off from one-quarter to four points, the latter in San Francisco Gas and Electric, which sold down to 54, closing at 54 1/2 bid, 55 asked.

The water stocks were traded in to the extent of 1,300 shares. Spring Valley Water selling as low as 83, closing at 85 bid, 85 1/2 asked. Contra Costa at 62 1/2 bid, 63 asked.

The sugars were in good demand, and on sales of 5,900 shares made gains of from one-quarter to two and one-half points, the latter in Paauhau; Hana selling at 5; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar from 45 1/2 to 48 1/4; Honokaa from 14 1/4 to 15 1/2; Hutchinson from 15 1/2 to 17 1/4; Makaweli from 27 1/2 to 28 1/4, and Paauhau from 17 to 19 1/2.

The powers were quiet, with no change in prices worth mentioning.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Yes, my autobiographical book, 'My Life in Many States and in Foreign Lands,' has had a good sale," said George Francis Train to a reporter the other day, "but it is surprising how many people want free copies." "Indeed?" remarked the reporter. "Yes," added the aged Citizen Train, disgustedly, "there must be an impression abroad that I am an accommodation Train."

A certain parson of the old school, who had preached a sermon of the finest, old-fashioned flavor, after deploring the new-fangled doctrines of some of his younger brethren—especially the ideas of the heaven and other historic places which they inculcated in their discourses—wound up his own discourse by saying: "As for me, brethren, the hell of our fathers is good enough for me."

Senator Foraker does not care much for society, but, of course, he is obliged to attend many functions during the season at Washington, D. C. The other evening he was heard to give the following order to his coachman: "Drive us to Senator ———'s to dinner, then call and take us to Mrs. ———'s reception. At twelve call for us to go to the ——— embassy, and after that take us to the madhouse."

There was an aspiring citizen in Mississippi who used to quote grandiloquently the familiar saying, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office." On one occasion he was observed electioneering for himself in the old-fashioned style, with whisky, cigars, etc. Being reminded of his recent lofty utterances, he answered: "I still maintain my position. The office should seek the man; but, by gad! sah, the man should be around when the office is looking for him."

That the people of South Carolina had little regard for Theodore Parker, the anti-slavery leader, is evident from the experience a Boston merchant once had in Charleston. According to J. H. Trowbridge, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, an excited crowd gathered around the hotel register where he had written his name, observed him with suspicious whisperings. Thereupon the excited landlord stepped up to him and said, anxiously: "Your name is Parker?" "That is my name, sir," Theodore Parker, of Boston, the abolitionist? "Oh no, no, sir! I am Theodore D. Parker, a very different man!" The landlord heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad to hear it!" he said; "and allow me to give you a bit of wholesome advice. When you are registering your name in Southern hotels, write the D damned plain!"

Bismarck on one occasion told Sidney Whitman of the following incident which occurred when he was dining with Emperor William: "I had some champagne in my glass, the taste of which made me suspicious. When the butler again passed the table I tried to get a look at the label on the bottle, but this was impossible, for a napkin was wrapped around it. I then turned to the emperor to inquire the name of the particular brand, when his majesty blurted out that it was indeed German champagne—Deutscher Schaumwein. 'Yes,' the emperor said, 'I drink it from motives of economy, as I have strongly recommended it to my officers for the same reason. Then again, I also drink it from patriotic motives.' Thereupon, I said to the emperor, 'With me, your majesty, patriotism stops short at the region of my stomach.'"

Gladstone once explained to General James Grant Wilson how he came to be flogged when he was in the form called "the Remove," which was presided over by a master, whom he designated as H., a shady character, much given to drink: "I was praepostor of the Remove on a certain day, and from kindness or good nature was induced to omit from the list of boys against whom H. had complained, and who ought to have been flogged the next day, the names of three offenders. These boys were Booth (called from his long nose 'Snipe Booth') and two brothers named Vowles, who were constantly being flogged. The three boys in question got around me with a story that their friends were coming down from London to see them, and that if they were put down on the flogging list they could not meet their friends. Next day, when I went into school, H. roared out in a voice of thunder, 'Gladstone, put down your name on the list of boys to be flogged.' Then, looking around the form, he added, 'Is there no boy here whom I can

trust to discharge the duties of praepostor and to do what I tell him?' Upon this appeal a boy called Boughy stood up, and to him, by H.'s desire, I surrendered the list. There was, I remember, a great deal of dry humor in H., which he showed in the case of Hamilton, a brother of the Bishop of Salisbury. One day H. called out to the praepostor, 'Write down Hamilton's name to be flogged for breaking my window.' 'I never broke your window, sir!' exclaimed Hamilton. 'Praepostor,' retorted H., 'write down Hamilton's name for breaking my window and lying.' 'Upon my soul, sir, I did not do it,' ejaculated the boy, with increased emphasis. 'Praepostor, write down Hamilton's name for breaking my window, lying, and swearing.' Against this final sentence there was no appeal, and, accordingly, Hamilton was flogged (I believe unjustly) the next day."

Representative Julius Kahn says that Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, once struck a progressive Western town, where he was to give a two nights' performance of "Rip Van Winkle." "After the performance on the first night," he relates, "we went back to our hotel, and there we found waiting for our arrival the most prominent merchant of the town, a wholesale manufacturer of bedsprings. After a few preliminary expressions of his approval of the performance, the merchant declared that he was prepared to furnish bedsprings to Jefferson's entire family free of charge, provided the actor would make one little change in the lines of his rôle. His proposition for the change was extremely simple. All he asked was that after the line where Rip exclaims: 'Oh, how my bones do ache' Jefferson should add: 'But, ah, not thus would they have ached had I slept on B's bedsprings.' It was only a little change, and the merchant was surprised and indignant when his proposition was rejected."

An amusing story is told of Lady Barker's first dinner-party at Simla. Desirous of having a pretty table, Lady Barker had herself expended much care in decorating it. She had just received from Europe certain dainty china figures and ornamental dishes, and had arranged a tempting show of sweetmeats, flowers, and fruit. When dressing time came, Lady Barker charged her servants to be on the watch and take care of everything; but something of interest occurred outside, and every servant left the room, quite forgetting to close an open window. Before this window was a big tree on which sat several monkeys, which had watched the preparations for dinner with much interest. A half-hour later the hostess appeared, ready to receive her guests. Just to be sure that everything was right, she gave a glance into the dining-room. There she beheld a husy company of monkeys hard at work, grinning and jabbering, their cheeks and arms crammed with expensive sweetmeats, while the table presented a scene of frightful devastation—broken glass and china, fair linen soiled, everything tossed about in hopeless confusion. From this wreck she had to turn aside and welcome her guests with as much ease of manner as possible. Dinner, of course, had to be deferred until order could be restored.

Dooley on the White House Improvements.

In discussing the recent White House improvements inaugurated by President Roosevelt, F. Peter Dunne's philosophical Mr. Dooley says in *Collier's Weekly*:

Up to this time, th' White House was a place where anny gintleman cud live; but wudden't if there was a hotel handy. But it wasn't good enough fr this jood. Het changed it around, this mansion full iv th' best traditions of our government an' ivery other kind of traditions, this sacred ol' hen-coop where a cinchry iv statesmen had come an' gone—he changed it round to suit th' ideas iv archy-tecture in New York. He put th' coal cellar on th' roof, th' kitchen in th' treasury department, an' arranged it so th' guests entered through th' laundry an' proceeded up through th' ash chute to a pint where they was picked up by an autumatie distributor and distributed—th' leg in th' east room, th' ar-arms in th' west room, an' so on. Before he went at it th' White House looked like a handsome calcimined packin' case with windows cut in fr Giral Miles to lave by. After this jood prisidint got through with it it looked as though th' packin' case had taken Tiddy's advice an' raised a large family iv soap boxes, tea caddies an' little ice chests. In this palace he lives like a king an' onaisy lies th' head that wears a crown.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In Praise of Tobacco.

Of all the good things man has found
Scattered upon this planet round,
Tobacco surely, holds its ground—
A weed delicious:
No other green leaf yields so much
Delight; no flower has fragrance such;
No plant, its virtue with a touch
Of something vicious.

A pipeful after breakfast when
I read the morning paper; then,
At luncheon one small whiff again—
A tube of tissue:
And, after dinner, a cigar,
An easy chair beside the jar
Wherein the good Havanas are,
Too close to miss you.

Life is at best a journey brief,
And Time pursues us like a thief,
But if one cultivate the Leaf
There is no hurry.

A friend, it cheers one on the way,
And helps to lengthen out the day,
And keeps the hair from turning gray
With care and worry.

Virginia, Turkish, or Perique—
A puff of incense and a streak
Of smoke that almost seems to speak
In sweet aroma!
And may the good Tobacco last
So long as we to life hold fast,
Till Death, the old iconoclast,
Brings his diploma!
—Frank Dempster Sherman in *Life*.

A Tragedy in the Harem.

The Sultan of Zoozigum strolled through his harem
And ogled the beauties that sat by the way.
"With what," sighed the Sultan, "can mortal compare 'em?
All others to them are as night is to day!"
And the Sultana winked,
And the lesser ones blinked,
As the Sultan of Zoozigum thought
So gay!

"I'll sing 'them a song," declared Zoozigum's Sultan,
"A song of the mythical Land of Delight,
Where roses run riot and Powers occult on
The dwellers therein hstow witcherisque might!"
So the Sultana mooned,
And the lesser ones crooned,
As the Sultan of Zoozigum tuned
To try it.

With harp to his touch he proceeded to sing
A warble of bliss on the Land Without Pain;
"Do, re, mi, fa, sol"—how the Sultan could find them
"Si, do"—up the scale and adown it again.
And the Sultana ebeered,
And the lesser ones leered,
Tho' they every one inwardly feared
The strain.

The Sultan of Zoozigum sang till the twilight
A mantle bad spread o'er the harem scene—
His notes scampered up through the shuddering skylight,
And on to the summer sky's star-studded sheen;
And the Sultana snored,
Undeniably bored,
While the Sultan swore on he adored
His queen.

But all things must end. When the Sultan discovered
His queen with mouth open, enjoying her sleep,
His anger waxed wild, and he madly uncovered
A yawpering slide to his dungeonest keep—
And the Sultana slid
When he lifted the lid,
And she plunked to the bottom, she did,
En heap!

No more does old Zoozigum warble his ballads
To tempt the sly god from his flowered retreat;
He spends all his time fixing entrées and salads
With arsenic in 'em, for ladies to eat.
And the Sultana groans
Where the moss on the stones
Breeds the rheumatiz into her bones,
Sans meat.

Embarrassed: "What a beautiful luncheon!" said the guest. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls say it is all right." "But you aren't enjoying it." "No, I'm a little embarrassed. I've been standing over here trying to figure out which are the edibles and which are the decorations."—*Washington Evening Star*.

Quite stuck up: "They thought he was dead, you know, and all the papers printed obituary notices." "And then?" "Why, then he turned up, and since he's read those notices he's too proud to speak to any one."—*Chicago Post*.

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Gaelic... Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calliope at Manila)... Friday, May 8
Coptic... Wednesday, June 3

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 24, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 2, 1903, at 10 A. M.
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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M.
March 21, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M.
March 21, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1130 r. m., March 5, 11, 17, 23, 29, April 4.
Corona, 1130 r. m., March 8, 14, 20, 26, April 1.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara:
Santa Rosa, Sunday, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Huemene and "Newport" (Ramona only).

Ramona, 9 A. M., March 6, 14, 22, 30, April 7.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., March 2, 10, 18, 26, April 3.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Gourette, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Gourette, of Berkeley, and Mr. Richard H. Hovey, son of Mr. Chester L. Hovey.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Hoffacker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, and Mr. Charles Page.

The wedding of Miss Edith McBean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, and Dr. Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 1933 Pacific Avenue, on Saturday, March 28th. The ceremony will be celebrated at noon by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances Moore, and Miss Cora Smedberg will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Athole McBean will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bird Findley, daughter of the late Thomas Findley, and Captain Harold Edward Cloke, Sixty-First Artillery, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday, March 20th, at Sausalito.

Miss Huntington and Miss Marion Huntington gave a theatre-party at the opening performance of "Sherlock Holmes" at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday night, which was followed by supper at Zinkand's. The guests were chaperoned by Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, and included Miss Elizabeth Center, Miss Gladys McClung, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Chesebrough, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Mr. William Young, Mr. Raymond Ormsby, Lieutenant Shinkle, Mr. John Brockway Metcalf, Lieutenant Bettison, Mr. Dupont Coleman, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. John Carrigan, Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, Mr. William Goldsborough, and Dr. Walter Gibbons.

Mrs. James A. Robinson gave a luncheon at her residence on Scott Street on Thursday, complimentary to Mrs. William Scudder, who is visiting here from the East. Others at table were Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Osmond Hooker, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

M. and Mme. Pietro Mascagni were the guests of honor at a dinner which Mrs. Phebe Hearst gave, at her Berkeley residence on Thursday. Some thirty-four guests were invited to meet the distinguished musician and his wife.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile gave a dinner at her residence on Thursday, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lily Spreckels, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Charles Felton, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Harold Orwall, Dr. Eugene Zeile, Mr. John Zeile, and Mr. Knox Maddox. Miss Ethyl Hager gave a theatre-party on Monday evening at the Tivoli Opera House, at which she entertained Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Lawlor, Dr. Zeile, Mr. John Zeile, and Mr. Burhank Somers.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The Baroness von Schroeder has filed a petition asking for the guardianship of the estate of her cousin, Peter J. Donahue, who has been declared incompetent to conduct his affairs, and is at present occupying apartments at the Walsingham Hotel, in London, where he is being cared for by several eminent physicians and trained nurses. Last year, on the request of his brother-in-law, Richard Burke, the well-known Irish harrister, Cardinal Herbert Vaughan was appointed guardian of his person. Donahue's estate, which is worth over a million and a half, includes a fourth-interest in the Occidental Hotel, a half-interest in the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Fifth and Mission Streets, several lots at Mission and Fremont Streets and in other parts of the city, and the ranch "Lau-relwood" in Santa Clara County. He also has large interests in the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. It is five years since Mr. Donahue has been in San Francisco. His father, James Donahue, was a brother of Peter Donahue, and was associated with him in business. James Donahue died in the 'sixties, and his two children, Peter and the late Mrs. Richard Burke, of Ireland, inherited his large estate. Mr. Donahue, who is forty-five years old, never married. He has spent much of his time traveling abroad, and has always taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Catholic church. More than twenty years ago, when he first went to Europe, he was appointed a chamberlain in the Pope's household, and until recently has taken

an active interest in all the notable Papal celebrations which have been held at the Vatican during that period.

Pursuant to a compromise that was affected between the widow and the seven children of the late John J. Valentine, Judge Hall has set aside the provisions of the will of the former president of Wells, Fargo & Co., and granted the petition of Mrs. Alice M. B. Valentine to have one-third of the estate distributed to her, instead of the specific legacies bequeathed to her. The estate is valued at \$426,352.83, and Mrs. Valentine's share will now be about \$142,000, instead of the \$105,000 that she would have received under the terms of her husband's will. The remaining two-thirds is to be divided among the seven children in proportion to the amounts they were bequeathed in the will. John J. Valentine, Jr., will receive \$25,000; Ethel Stein Valentine, \$40,000; William George Valentine, \$25,000; Dudley B. Valentine, \$25,000; Eliza R. Valentine, \$40,000; Philip C. Valentine, \$35,000; Edwin C. Valentine, \$25,000. In her petition for a change of the terms of the will in her favor, Mrs. Valentine stated that all but \$63,000 of the estate was community property, and that she was entitled to one-half of the accumulations after her marriage to Mr. Valentine.

A suit to determine the rights of Hugh Tevis, the posthumous son of the late Hugh Tevis, who died in Japan in January of last year, was commenced in the superior court Monday. It is in the nature of a friendly action brought by the Mercantile Trust Company against Mrs. Cornelia Tevis, widow of the late millionaire. The property involved is valued at \$500,000. Under Mr. Tevis's will the estate should go to the widow. The trust company, which is trustee of the estate, raises the point that young Tevis is entitled to one-third of the estate. His birth occurring after his father's death, no mention of him was made in the will, and upon this fact the action is brought. At the time of his marriage Mr. Tevis settled much of his property upon his wife, and then made a will bequeathing to her \$60,000. The remainder of his estate, amounting to about \$500,000, he left to Alice Boalt Tevis, his daughter by a former marriage. This last bequest he directed should be held in trust for her until she was twenty-one years of age, reverting, in the event of her death, to the testator's widow. Alice Tevis died last January, and the trust company brings the action for the purpose of determining the respective rights of the infant son and his mother.

New Plays to be Produced Here.

Commenting on the numerous stars and notable plays which he has booked for the Columbia Theatre, J. J. Gottloh, who has just returned from the East, says:

"Blanche Bates, who is in the midst of a long run at Belasco's Theatre in 'The Darling of the Gods,' is to continue in that piece up to the middle of summer, secure a few weeks' rest, re-open the Belasco Theatre next season for five weeks, and then come to San Francisco. Six cars will be required to transport the company and scenery, so that a special train will have to be employed. From this city the company will play back East.

"E. H. Sothern, in his elaborate productions of 'Hamlet' and 'If I Were King,' is to come here in June for the first time in ten years. Amelia Bingham will bring her entire organization and three successes, 'The Climbers,' 'The New Magdalen,' and 'The Frisky Mrs. Johnson.' Mary Manning will be seen here in 'The Stubbornness of Geraldine,' and a new play which Ramsay Morris is writing for her. It will in all probability be called 'Judith.' Charles Frohman has arranged Mrs. Patrick Campbell's very limited tour so that San Francisco will have two weeks of it next month. Her season here will probably open with her newest success, 'The Joy of Living.' Julia Marlowe will be seen here in 'The Cavalier,' and Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will produce their latest success, 'The Altar of Friendship.' The dramatization of Lew Wallace's 'Ben Hur' will also be a big treat.

"W. H. Crane is another star who has not visited us in some time, and his performance of 'David Harum' will, doubtless find favor. Mansfield, when he comes, expects to do not only his elaborate 'Julius Caesar,' but also 'Beaucaire.' We are not to have a Miller season this year, as the two stars are seeking a rest after five years of steady work. Margaret Anglin has decided to make a European trip."

Miss Verna Woods, who won considerable success in the literary and dramatic field, died in Sacramento on Friday of last week. Miss Woods's first drama, "Horatius," a Roman tragedy in blank verse, based on Livy's tale of the three Horatii and the three Curiatii, was played by Frederick Warde in the season of 1901 and 1902. Her play of "Strathmore," based on Ouida's novel, was successfully produced in this city a fortnight ago. Another drama which she completed is entitled "Charles the Ninth," and will be staged next season. The scene is laid in Paris, and the time is 1572, a famous period in French history, when the influence of Catherine de Medici dominated the court. The part of Charles the Ninth is an exceptionally strong one in dramatic action and emotional opportunities. Miss Woods wrote three novels, "A Modern Magdalen," "Jason Hildreth's Identity," and "An Elusive Lover."

Sunset Magazine for March is an unusually handsome and readable number. It contains a view of the proposed new depot of the Southern Pacific, to be built on the Alameda narrow-gauge pier, to replace the one recently destroyed by fire, some striking pictures by Ernest C. Peixotto, and a timely article on the Texas oil fields by Professor Edmond O'Neill.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mascagni's Farewell Concerts.

Pietro Mascagni and the monster orchestra, which assisted at his previous concerts, will give two farewell symphony concerts at the Alhambra Theatre next week, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at quarter-past three o'clock. As many music lovers have expressed a desire to hear the great Italian composer's interpretation of a Beethoven classic, Manager Greenbaum has selected the fifth symphony of the German master. Other interesting numbers will be Verdi's overture to "Nabucco"; the prelude, dream, and intermezzo from Mascagni's "William Ratcliff," and "Wotan's Farewell" and the "Fire Music" from Wagner's last act of "Die Walkure."

Friday afternoon will be a grand testimonial to Mascagni, tendered by Manager Will Greenbaum and the management of the Tivoli Opera House. The programme will be a gala one, and includes Tchaikowsky's Pathétique Symphony, with which Mascagni scored his first great hit here; Verdi's overture to "Sicilian Vespers," the Vorspiel to "Lohengrin," the "Ride of the Valkyries" by Wagner, and Tchaikowsky's Symphonic Overture "1812" descriptive of the invasion of Russia by the French. This work will be given for the first time in this city in its entirety, with an additional corps of trombones, trumpets, and other martial instruments, and battle effects by a squad of artillerymen from the Presidio. The prices for seats for the concerts will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.

The Loring Club's Third Concert.

The programme which the Loring Club announces for its next concert, on the evening of Tuesday, March 17th, in Native Sons' Hall, is of exceptional interest, including, as it does, the cantata "Salamis," a triumph song, by F. Gernsheim; an important part of John Knowles Paine's setting of the "Edipus Tyrannus," one of the most classic of American compositions; and Filke's "Isot La Blonde," for tenor and harp solo and chorus. The club will be assisted by Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson, and a sextet for strings and flute by Hoffman will be one of the features of the programme. The members of the club to whom solos have been assigned are Dr. J. F. Smith, H. H. Barnhart, A. A. Macurda, and Dr. S. Schalkhammer. David W. Loring will direct the concert, and Miss Ruth Loring will act as pianist.

By postponing his concert in Denver, Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have Kocian, the brilliant young Bohemian violinist, give a farewell concert at the Alhambra Theatre next Monday evening. Kocian will play the Vieuxtemps E-major concerto, one of the most difficult works ever written for the violin, which has not been given here for many years, and the Bach "Chaconne," the test of all great violinists, besides a number of brilliant lesser numbers. Miss Geyer, the pianist, will play Chopin's Etude in F-major and Brahms's Rhapsodie in G-minor. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and range from 75 cents to \$1.50.

In ascending Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway, one passes through an infinite variety of beautiful scenery. From the summit of the mountain an excellent bird's-eye view can be obtained of the Cliff House and beach, San Francisco, Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, Belvedere, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and the Farallone Islands.

Mrs. Thomas Garrett, wife of the managing editor of the *Evening Post*, died on Monday from the effects of an operation for appendicitis.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison M. Parker (née Stuhls) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Fine Pictures on Exhibition.

It is often a delightful relief for the busy feminine shopper in the crowded downtown district to escape the rush and hurry of the stores, and spend a few moments in such well-filled picture-galleries as those of Gump's on Geary Street. It is extremely restful to wander through these handsome rooms lined with masterpieces of the most noted Continental artists, or to sit and study some favorite picture. Not only is there a gallery devoted entirely to oil-paintings, but another is filled with water-colors, and the walls of a third are covered with engravings and other reproductions of noted works. Even those who visit the galleries often are usually sure of some pleasant surprise, for new paintings are constantly arriving from Europe to take the place of those that are sold. It is, indeed, quite an art education to visit this establishment often and note the quality of pictures that are finding their way into the homes of San Francisco's more cultured people. The galleries, which occupy the whole of the third floor, are, of course, always open to visitors, and, equally, of course, any one is quite free to visit them, whether or not they are intending purchasers.

Just at the present time there are arriving an uncommonly large number of new pictures, some of which are by artists whose productions are eagerly seized upon by European connoisseurs, and whose pictures are therefore very difficult to secure by dealers in the United States. No private gallery in San Francisco can compare in size or compete in merit of pictures with the several art rooms of the Messrs. Gump.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and her nieces, the Misses McCook, are to occupy the Crocker residence on California Street during their visit here. They went to San Mateo on Thursday, where they will visit Mrs. A. M. Easton for a couple of days, after which they will go to Del Monte for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott expect to leave for an extended trip to Europe next month, and will join Mrs. Joseph Crockett in Paris.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame during the week.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs and party left for Southern California last Saturday. They will spend several weeks in the south, and will visit the Grand Cañon of the Colorado prior to their return to Chicago, via San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Miss Marguerite Stetson have departed for an extended stay in Southern California.

Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Emma Rutherford leave New York for San Francisco on Sunday. They will make a visit here of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family will open their country place, "Woodside," in San Mateo County next month.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Miss Ruth McNutt were in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were in Spain when last heard from.

Mr. Fred Greenwood left for the East last week, to be absent until April.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis, who has been at the Hotel Richelieu during the week, will depart for the City of Mexico in a few days.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low leave soon for Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague are occupying their San Mateo cottage.

Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, and Mrs. Florence Frank were guests at Del Monte last week.

Miss Edythe Gibson, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bourdette, at their country place, "Laurelwood," in Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart expect to leave next month for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee have moved into the Moffitt house on Broadway, which they have leased.

Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Tomlinson have returned from their wedding journey, and are residing at 711 Jones Street. Mrs. Tomlinson will be "at home" on the second and third Mondays in April.

Mrs. Charles Butters, after a visit to Georgia, is in New York, where she is awaiting the return of Mr. Butters from Europe, when they will return to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will open their Burlingame country place next month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are contemplating a trip to Europe in June.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King are at Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. William McCormick and Miss Mattie McCormick were in Los Angeles during the week.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. C. A. McNulty have returned from Southern California, where they have been spending the winter, and are at their home on California Street.

Miss Olive Holbrook has gone to Southern California for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Nokes and Miss Virginia Nokes have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rodgers in Ross Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle E. Brownell (née Pierce) were in Italy when last heard from. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the spring months.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Miss Grace Whitney, and Mr. George F. Whitney expect to leave for the East in a fortnight, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunphy have taken a flat at 2179 Pacific Avenue, near Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto will leave soon for Southern California, after which they will visit New Orleans prior to their return to France.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Miss Spellman are visiting Southern California. They are expected in San Francisco for a brief visit soon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Amrose Clark have been the guests of Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittick at their country place at Bakersfield. Mr. Clark is the son of Mrs. Potter, who was Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark before her marriage to Bishop Potter, of New York. Mrs. Gardiner Shaw will depart for Washington, D. C., in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett arrived from Mexico early in the week. They will make but a short stay in San Francisco, as they are to sail for Japan on Thursday, March 19th.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, accompanied by Miss Jane Woolsey and Miss Theodora Woolsey, of New York, is sojourning in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Fitzgerald have taken a house on Alhion Street in Oakland. Bishop Sidney Catlin Partridge and Mrs. Partridge will sail for Japan on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*, March 19th. Miss Maud Simpson will accompany them and make an extended stay in the Orient.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick has been visiting her brother, Mr. Henry P. Bowie, at his country place at San Mateo.

Dr. Francis L. Bosqui has returned to Montana, after spending the winter in Ross Valley with his family.

Dr. Seward Webb and party, who are now in Southern California, will be the guests of Dr. David Starr Jordan at Stanford University on Sunday, and next week they will spend

a few days in San Francisco before returning East, via Portland.

Dr. Lucia M. Lane and her mother, Mrs. P. P. Lane, who sailed on the steamship *Siberia* on Wednesday, will visit friends in Japan and China, and will then return home, via the Transsiberian Railway and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. O'Brien will spend the spring and summer months at their house in Belvedere. After March, Mrs. O'Brien will receive on Thursdays.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Band, Mrs. S. J. Dams, and Miss Wilson, of Sydney, Australia. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cook, of Yosemite Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rutler, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Card, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Alden, of Chicago. Mrs. J. W. Wolfskill, Miss Wolfskill, and Miss I. Wolfskill, of Redondo, Mr. Robert Morris, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., Mr. James G. Shepard, of Los Angeles, Mr. A. Stuart Watt, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. George H. C. Meyer.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U. S. N., and party will arrive from Southern California next week. The party includes Mrs. Schley, Colonel and Mrs. Alexander K. McClure, Miss Katherine Martin, and Miss Carrie Welch, of Philadelphia.

Captain David S. Stanley, U. S. A., in addition to his present duties, has been assigned temporarily as quartermaster at the Presidio, to relieve Captain Amos W. Kimball, U. S. A., who will sail soon for the Philippine Islands for assignment to duty in that division.

Captain Charles J. Barclay, U. S. N., now at the Boston Navy Yard, it is said, will succeed Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., as commandant of Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Major John Bigelow, Jr., Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at Monterey.

Mrs. James J. Rahy sailed on Wednesday on the steamship *Siberia* for Japan, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Rahy, U. S. N.

Captain Henry Page, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Monroe and ordered to San Francisco. He will be stationed at Fort Mason.

Commander James R. Selfridge, U. S. N., who was lately in command of the gunboat *Princeton*, arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic* on Sunday.

Captain Francis J. Kernan, Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain Parker W. West, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., are two of the aids whom Major-General Arthur MacArthur will bring with him when he assumes command of the Department of California in April.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Captain Bowman McCalla, U. S. N., has departed for the East for a short visit.

Mrs. Joseph C. Castner, wife of Captain Castner, U. S. A., is expected here from Fort Brown, Tex., about the middle of May. Captain Castner, who has been ordered to the Philippines, will leave San Francisco the first of June for Manila, but will not be accompanied by Mrs. Castner.

The home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Martin Crimmins has been brightened by the advent of a son.

De Wolf Hopper has issued a statement offering five thousand dollars for the best score and libretto for a new comic opera, the competition to be open to the world. The only condition is that the opera must be completed and ready for production by March 1, 1904. The usual royalties will be paid, and Mr. Hopper will agree to produce the composition season after next. The prize of five thousand dollars will be divided equally between the librettist and composer.

Some seven hundred and eighty-three visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Grand Cañon of Arizona last week, under the direction of the Nippon-California Tour Company.

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The extraordinary interest excited throughout Christendom by the German emperor's statement of his convictions regarding the divinely inspired character of the Bible, is fresh evidence how intense is the so-called conflict between religion and science. The discussion of the Kaiser's letter in this country, however, has been largely a darkening of counsel, inasmuch as the text of Professor Delitzsch's lecture—of which the emperor's utterance was a criticism—was inaccessible, and its nature only vaguely inferable. The mails have now brought a full

report of this address, "Babel and Bible," and much that was before obscure becomes clear.

Professor Delitzsch, who is pretty generally recognized as the foremost living authority on the life and customs of the ancient Assyrians, appears to have endeavored to demonstrate the indebtedness of the Old Testament to an earlier Babylonian literature. The Mosaic laws, he declares, show traces of being derived from a code of the Babylonian Hammurahi. In the Jewish sabbath is recognized the Babylonian *sabbath*, the "day above all days." The story of Nebuchadnezzar is found in slightly differing form current in Assyria. Even the very name Jehovah is recorded in cuneiform inscriptions a thousand years older than the same word in the Old Testament, thus, according to Delitzsch, dispelling even the idea that the religion of the Hebrews was uniquely monotheistic. Again, the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night is paralleled by a prophesy made to the Assyrian King Asarhadon, as he was about to set out for war. Circumcision, long held to be the mark of a special covenant between God and Israel, is now known to have been a custom of great antiquity. Many other parallels are adduced. The conclusion Professor Delitzsch reached is that, as the Old Testament Scriptures are found to be historically connected with Assyrian literature, bearing, indeed, a relationship similar to that between Greek and Roman arts and letters, it is as impossible to believe them "divinely inspired" or a "revelation" as to hold that the story of the *Aeneid* was "revealed" to Virgil. If any large part of the Scriptures is shown to have come from Babylon, then it can not have come from God. Indeed, Professor Delitzsch boldly exclaims, "Revelation! hardly can a greater error of the human mind be imagined than to have looked for centuries upon the Old Testament as a religious canon, a revealed book of religion. . . ." Again, "When books and passages like these [Job and the Song of Solomon] are explained from a theological and even a Messianic standpoint, it can bring about only the condition of the mediæval monk who, when he read in his Latin psalm-book *maria* (the seas) crossed himself for the Virgin Mary."

Professor Delitzsch's address is clearly not humorous. Not so the letter of William the Second, wherein he defends himself against the charge of having given tacit approval to the Herr Professor's views by listening to their exposition. Firstly, the Kaiser says that he "maintained for several hours the passive attitude of a listener," a degree of reticence unbelievable were it alleged on any less authority than his majesty himself. Then he goes on to dress down the professor for trenching on the subject of Biblical criticism when he was, as a matter of fact, only "a mere historian and Assyriologist," and should, therefore, have stuck to the historical and Assyriological last. Evidently an emperor is *ex-officio* a theologian, also *ex-officio* an Assyriologist, for the Kaiser immediately proceeded to promulgate his own theory of religion, and touch upon the lore of Babylon. But what's the use of being a Kaiser if a Kaiser can not be inconsistent?

Further on in this remarkable letter its royal author states his ideas on revelation, which are that Deity "reveals Himself now in this, now in that great sage, whether it be priest or king, whether it be among heathens, Jews, or Christians." Then he names some of the inspired ones. There was Moses, there was Abraham, and there was "my grandfather" Emperor William the First. Divinely inspired were Homer, Luther—and grandfather. Mouthpieces of Deity were Charlemagne, Shakespeare, Goethe—and grandfather. Is there any man living except William the Second who could give a list of the world's inspired great, beginning with Hammurahi, including Moses, Abraham, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe,

Kant, and ending with "my grandfather" without consciousness of absurdity? And logically, of course, the list must also include the Kaiser himself. Captain Coghlan's "me und Gott" was no joke, but sober fact.

Speaking seriously, the Kaiser's letter when carefully scrutinized, is seen to be what is expressively, but somewhat inelegantly, known as a "straddle." Though he affirms belief in a sort of divine revelation through persons, he practically accepts Delitzsch's views when he says that "in order to set God forth we men need a *form*, especially for our children. This form has hitherto been the Old Testament." The word hitherto marks a change in base, a recognition that the form which has heretofore served to set God forth does so no longer.

In conclusion the Kaiser sums up the whole matter in a single sentence: "*Religion was never a product of science; it is an effluence of the heart and being of man arising from his relations with God.*" In other words, whatever research may prove or disprove, however the revealed character of the Old Testament may be questioned, the basis of religious faith will remain.

The Jolo group, which is one of the "unassimilated" spots in the Philippines, seems about to receive the serious attention of the United States. While we had plenty of other Asiatic troubles on our hands, the Bates treaty with the Sultan of Jolo was permitted to exist as a makeshift, but it has not been particularly satisfactory or valuable as a permanent arrangement. It appears to be an open secret that the assignment of General Leonard Wood to the Philippines carries with it the purpose that he shall improve the civic and hygienic condition of the Moros as he did that of Santiago after the Spanish war, and bring them into the same relations to the United States as the other islands. It will be remembered that the Jolo tribes were not included in the proclamation of peace and amnesty of last July. There remained there the twin relics of barbarism, slavery and polygamy, to eradicate, and the sovereignty of the sultan to wipe out, before civilized rule could be consistently enforced. This is the task set for General Wood, which he will be required to perform peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must. If the sultan prove tractable, it is probable that some plan will be devised by which both slavery and polygamy will dwindle gradually toward extinction, without serious hardship to the freedmen or the plural wives. Delicacy and tact will be needed to accomplish it without the use of force. If General Wood can do it either way with as marked success as he had in Cuba, he will probably gain the military command of the Philippines, which may be a stepping-stone to the supreme command of the army at home.

One of the striking happenings of the special session of the Senate was the reorganization of the Democratic minority. The senatorial caucus of that party met and selected for its permanent chairman Senator Gorman, who has just returned to his old seat from Maryland. There is a feeling in Democratic circles that this event heralds the unification of the party, the overthrow of the Republicans, and the election of a Democratic President in 1904. Remembering how long the party has been "out in the cold" so rosy a view is pardonably optimistic. The issues upon which the hope of success is calculated are the President's appointments in the South, the tariff, and the anti-trust agitation. The first is not likely to affect the vote of any Northern State or change the vote of any Southern State, except possibly that of Maryland. The second is a standing issue from which the Democratic record promises little. The third is common property, from which the

can only hope to profit by the aid of the industrial combinations, whose destruction their campaign orators must demand. An abnormal basis surely upon which to expect either aid from the trusts or votes from the people. Gorman's return to leadership in the Senate is a confession that the minority has been singularly devoid of leadership material. An active, able, and healthy opposition is good for the country, and is a desirable stimulus to, as well as a check upon, the party in control. Senator Gorman is well fitted as a leader. He is not famous as a statesman or as a debater, but his ability as a shrewd parliamentarian, an astute politician, and experienced organizer is generally recognized. They are the traits which will make him again a valuable leader of his party in the Senate. In the totally different field of Presidential politics his influence will be handicapped by the materials he will find at hand. He must reckon with the animosity of Bryan, Hill, and Cleveland, and their quarrels with each other. To bring harmony out of the condition would indeed be a tremendous achievement. It is so hopeless just now that no Democrat in the land is anxious to be pushed forward as a candidate. They all appear to be impressed—to parody a phrase—with the idea that whom the politicians would destroy they first nominate for President on the Democratic ticket.

Senator Gorman has named his steering committee, and every name on it is that of a Southern senator, except Du Bois, of Idaho, who exchanged Republicanism for Bryanism, and never came back. The reason is that Democracy in the Senate is overwhelmingly a Southern product. There is no able, experienced Democratic senator from the North or West, except Teller, and he is another erstwhile Republican.

The Czar's imperial degree granting economic, political, and religious reforms throughout his domain is hailed in many quarters as the greatest forward step in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs forty years ago. In other quarters there is some doubt whether it really means all that it appears to mean. The London *Daily Chronicle* says it is the "administration rather than the law which needs reform," and other European journals which are credited with being in touch with Russian affairs, echo this opinion. There are two factions in the ministry of the Czar. One is headed by M. de Plehve, minister of the interior, who is said to be violently opposed to all reforms. It was he who prevented the local and provincial committees, appointed to discuss the distressing agricultural conditions last year, from touching on any topic connected with liberalism. The other strong man in the Russian Government is M. de Witte, finance minister, who is favorable to a more enlightened policy. It is considered and hoped that the present decree may mean that the young Czar has "thrown the weight of his support in the council of his ministers to the broad policy of M. Witte." Doubtless and believers alike will watch with keenest interest for the vigorous carrying into effect of the policy set forth. Even under her tyrannous mediæval laws, Russia has made great strides in the past decade. Under new and better ones, it is logical to suppose that she will go forward by leaps and bounds. Her population, now about 140,000,000, has increased at the rate of 1,500,000 a year in spite of the large emigration, notably of Jews. This emigration, with the greater tolerance promised, may now be checked, and the whole tremendous energy of the Russian people he devoted to developing their vast expanse of territory—a territory that equals one-sixth of the entire land surface of the globe.

When Congress is in session the country is flooded with all sorts of accounts of bills proposed and introduced, and much space is taken up with measures which never come to anything, and with the detailed provisions of inchoate acts, which those on the inside knew from the beginning would never have fruition. If the whole mass is sorted over it resolves itself into about three distinct classes of legislation—bills which are mainly personal, bills which are not expected to pass, and bills which mean business. The first class have fair representations in the personal pension bills, in which many members are interested, because they indicate at home that the member is wide-awake and active in the affairs of his constituents, and they are largely intended for home consumption, and have their bearing on the next election. They may be classed with the many speeches of record, which are intended for influence at home. The second class are introduced for effect, for a good chance to make a speech, or in good-natured response to outside requests. The bills which mean business may be distinguished by the recognition they receive from the members who represent, or claim to represent, the aims and purposes of the dominant party—the Organization. Such were the Elkins trust bill and the Aldrich finance bill, among others. When the influential members on the steering committee take up such a bill it is good evidence that the measure proposed is earnestly intended to be passed. The Senate has become the supreme arbiter of constructive legislation, and the legislation intended for serious consideration is there mapped out by a group of leaders who hold their position by common consent. In matters affecting the tariff, a bill would have small chance which did not meet with the acquiescence of Senator Aldrich. On Philippine questions, Senator Lodge must be consulted, and in foreign affairs the majority of the Committee on Foreign Relations are in control. Senators Hanna, Allison, and Spooner are at present

among those who shape the real legislation, while Senator Quay has lost much of his former influence as a leader. In such legislation the House of Representatives plays a much less conspicuous part than it formerly did. It does the preliminary hack work on appropriation bills, and those which relate to pensions and claims, but the organic measures, with far-reaching effect, are mainly prepared under the direction of the Senate leaders. The largest influence of the House is exerted through the Speaker, backed by his Committee on Rules, who can still head off extravagance, and hold up a faction in the Senate by combining with the opposition which it arouses.

In Michigan, the other day, a Republican State Convention "cordially indorsed" the nomination and policy of Theodore Roosevelt, and pledged him support for nomination next year. It is interesting to note the number of States that have taken similar action. Annexed is the list, with the number of delegates to which each will be entitled:

Alabama	22	Missouri	36
Colorado	10	Montana	6
Connecticut	14	New Hampshire	8
Delaware	6	New York	78
Iowa	26	Pennsylvania	68
Kansas	20	Texas	36
Massachusetts	32	Washington	10
Minnesota	22	Michigan	28

These make a total of 422. The convention will contain 984 delegates. The number necessary to nominate is a majority, or 492½. Roosevelt is, therefore, now only 70½ votes short of enough to nominate him—according to convention pledges. We should not think the President had much cause to worry over the prospect.

An interesting study of the number of crimes of violence committed in London appears in a recent issue of one of the magazines, from the pen of Colonel Avery D. Andrews, who was formerly police commissioner of New York City, and was, last year, appointed special commissioner to investigate and report a scheme for reorganizing the police department of that city. During the calendar year 1901, only twenty-four murders were reported in London, with its population of 6,000,000. In sixteen of these cases, or two-thirds of the whole number, the accused were brought before the courts; six of the remaining eight committed suicide, one escaped to Italy, and one, a woman, was not prosecuted owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case. The contrast of this record with that of New York is startling. Last year about one hundred murders were committed, and in seven months sixteen murders were committed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone. In not one case of these sixteen was an accused person brought to trial. That New York is not exceptional in this country is shown by the figures of the *Chicago Tribune*, published in these columns a few weeks ago. In 1901, when London had 24 murders, this country had 7,852, and only 118 murderers were executed. Last year there were nearly 1,000 more murders, and only 26 more executions. Colonel Andrews suggests that the celerity and certainty of justice has much to do with the small number of crimes of violence in London.

With the almost unanimous ratification of the Colombian treaty by the Senate on Tuesday, an Isthmian canal approaches perceptibly nearer reality. The next thing is the ratification of the treaty by the Colombian congress which will meet toward the end of May. Should the congress reject the treaty, President Roosevelt would be required to begin negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Should it only amend it, the Senate of the United States would either again have to be called in special session to ratify the amendment, or the whole matter might be allowed to go over until December. Little that is definite appears to be known by the press of the country on the chances for prompt ratification of the treaty by the Colombian congress. It is understood, however, that Señor Concha, the Colombian minister, who went home in a huff, will do his best to prevent the people from accepting the treaty, and a memorial adverse to it is reported in Thursday's dispatches to be circulating among "influential men" at Cartagena.

One of the immediate results of ratification would be that the government would at once engage in the operation of a railroad, an experiment which the country would doubtless view with keen interest. Reports from Washington say that a great syndicate is forming to undertake a contract for the entire work of construction, and this project is further reported to be meeting with favor in "influential quarters." As the President has not yet appointed the Isthmian Canal Commission, and as their attitude can not therefore be known, statements that the whole work will be let to one company rather than parts of the work to several, seem premature.

In one important respect at least the conditions that would now surround a street railway strike in this city are radically different from what they were last year. At this time there is an ordinance in effect providing that motormen, conductors, and gripmen employed on street railway cars shall have at least seven days' experience on the railways in this city. When the ordinance was passed last August it was pointed out by Comte that the real effect of the measure was to prevent the railway from running its cars in case of a strike of its employees, but nevertheless the ordinance was passed. Should the strike, which seems probable at this writing, become a reality, it is difficult to see how the company could possibly run its cars unless the ordinance was repealed, or not enforced. If the men went out in a body it seems highly improbable that it could secure former employees enough to be of any service. Motormen, gripmen, and conductors from other cities would not be eligible, under the ordinance, to run cars, no matter how

skilled. On the face of it, this fact appears to diminish the likelihood that violence would be a feature of a strike, while it increases the likelihood that a tie-up would prevail until public opinion forced either the men or the company to give in.

We have before printed the demands of the carmen as to pay and hours. Their other demands are voluminous and detailed. Probably the most important sections of the forty-four demands in the formulated list are those which provide that any member suspended by the union shall be immediately, and for that reason, suspended by the company, and which visit any "interference" by individual employees, with negotiations of the union officers and the company, with the penalty of dismissal. This seems to place large power in the hands of the union officers—so large power, in fact, that practically no voice in the selection of men is left with the company. So far, the unions have refused to submit the matter to arbitration by the president of their own national association and an officer of the company, as proposed by Manager Chapman. It remains to be seen whether "refusal to arbitrate," which brought down such storms of wrath on the heads of the anthracite operators last year, will be accepted as fair and right when it is employees that do the refusing. The deduction drawn then was that the coal operators had a weak case. That is the only logical deduction that can be drawn now regarding the carmen's case.

The suggestion that President Roosevelt and Senator Quay both favor holding the next National Republican Convention in this city has aroused the people to a realization of the fact that all that is needed to secure the convention for San Francisco is a little effort on the part of its citizens.

An effort was made to bring the convention here eight years ago, and it was almost successful. San Francisco is not nearer to the East than it was then, but the people of the country have grown used to thinking that it is, which amounts to the same thing. So far as accommodations are concerned this city is as well prepared as any to handle the crowd and to seat the convention. San Francisco has had the training of a number of minor conventions, and has accommodated them in a manner that was not only satisfactory but that filled them with a desire to come again. In the matter of accommodations San Francisco stands on a level with any other city; in the matter of climate it towers above all the others. A national convention is a busy time for the delegates. There is a vast amount of work of the utmost importance to be done, and very little time to do it in. Everybody is impatient to get through and go home. Under these circumstances a climate that will permit comfortable work in the daytime and comfortable sleep in the night is worth more than anything else. Those who have sweltered under the prostrating heat of the central valley on former occasions can appreciate what this would mean to them.

Of all the trade organizations, none have been more persistent in complaining of the inadequacy of their wage than those connected with the building trades. Not only in this city, but in every other part of the country, progress has been retarded, and improvements have been prevented, by repeated strikes of laborers on buildings. Whenever there is a boom in building in any community to meet increased demand for office-room or residences, it is the building trades unions that put on the brakes. It now appears, according to the *Real Estate Circular*, that the labor cost of buildings is one-half of the entire cost. Materials, supervision, the capital and labor of the contractor, and the labor and capital of the architect, all taken together, receive just as much as the laborers receive, and no more. According to the census reports, the labor cost of production in the United States is one-fifth of the total cost. Only a few years ago the labor cost of buildings was one-quarter. It is time that the building trades unions should cease their cry of oppression. When the next period of depression arrives, it would be graceful and unexpected for these unions to suggest a reduction of wages to meet the conditions.

While disclaiming any desire to pose as an organ of the Democracy, the Oakland *Tribune*, presumably in a spirit of fraternal friendship, has been giving the Democratic party of California some advice as to its selection of a Presidential candidate next year. The *Tribune* thinks that William R. Hearst would fill the bill and gives its reasons. He is the only man on the Pacific Coast who has ever been spoken of for the Presidency; he is "able, vigorous, dashing, rich, and very much in earnest"; he is "personally popular throughout the country," and has an individual strength among the masses that no other Democrat can approach; he is energetic, and resourceful, and liberal with his large means; he would give the party a "war-cry and a war chest"; he would lend variety to the campaign, stimulate the flagging energies, and fill the canvas with pictorial effects; as a native Californian and the son of a pioneer sire his candidacy would appeal strongly to the sympathies of California's. "Where," concludes the *Tribune*, "will the brethren find his like?"

Where, indeed! It was a dubious "ratification" that the Senate gave the Cuban reciprocity treaty on Thursday. The amendment attached providing that it be submitted to Congress as a whole will bring it up next December in the House, where it is likely to be killed or allowed to die in committee. So thinks Senator Bard, who says that "Cuban reciprocity is never to be accomplished," while the *Chronicle* declares "that the treaty is as dead as if it had been formally rejected by the Senate." Senator Bard was the only Republican who voted against the treaty. He declared it "contrary to Republican policy," and "injurious to California's beet-sugar and citrus fruit industries." Senator Perkins voted for it.

ACROSS THE PYRENEES.

By Jerome A. Hart.

When we had determined to make our daring journey into unknown Spain, we hesitated, we dallied, we lingered by the way, we left France reluctantly. On various pretexts we paused—first at Marseilles, which is a great seaport, and therefore perhaps interesting to commercial travelers, but not to ordinary ones. Still, Marseilles is not to be spoken of lightly as a place to visit. Her street, the Cannegiére, is the finest boulevard in the world—according to the Marseillaise—while her principal dish, bouillabaisse, is the finest concoction in the world—also according to the Marseillaise. Everybody knows Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," even if they do not know bouillabaisse. It is a sort of glorified chowder. I ate some of it once down at Manhanet on the east end of Long Island. It was practically the same thing, except that it had no garlic, and the hard-fisted Yankee sailors who made it called it fish-chowder. They also erected on that same day a pyramid of good things to eat, which they called a "clam-bake," and they also "planked" shad, which had a taste leaving golden memories. Yes, that Long Island clam-bake was better than any Marseillaise bouillabaisse.

Marseilles has a system of magnificent harbors, in which float the flags of nearly all nations except our own. The United States consul there says that hut one American merchant ship has entered it for a year.

Over other points in Southern France we lingered. There was Arles, famous for its beautiful women—one of whom Bizet made the heroine of his opera, "L'Arlesienne," to which Daudet wrote the book. Then there was Tarascon, which Daudet single-handed made famous. It seems odd to descend at the station, bearing the legend "Tarascon," and find it a busy, bustling town. After Daudet's droll hook one unconsciously looks upon Tarascon merely as a municipal joke. Then there is Avignon, made famous by the "Great Schism," and the long residence there of the expatriated Popes of Rome. And Nîmes, another quaint old city, in which we stopped at the Inn of the White Horse, a delightfully quaint and clean old-fashioned place, with stone floors, high beds, consisting, like the German ones, exclusively of feather bolsters, and which chambermaids made agreeable to your occupancy by long-handled, brass warming-pans. This city of Nîmes contains a "ruined" Roman amphitheatre, which is so little ruined that it looks as if it were constructed only a few decades ago. It is, in truth, the best-preserved remnant of the Roman times. In fact, there are many monuments of the Gallo-Roman epoch still standing at Nîmes, of which her burghers are very proud. This fair land of Provence was as popular with the Romans of the imperial time as it is to-day with the descendants of the northern Gauls, whom they subdued. From Nîmes south through the other old cities of Montpellier, Cette, Narbonne, and Perpignan, we passed. They are on the edge of a fertile "black country" of vineyards and olive orchards, which land is cut up with hays, lagoons, and estuaries from the Mediterranean.

This country of France is indeed a wonderful one. Its resources seem inexhaustible. I can compare it with no more favored land, unless it be our own rich State of California, and that is in so undeveloped a condition that a comparison seems absurd. Few who have not traveled in Southern and Central France know of her vast system of canals and canalized rivers. Many persons spend months or years in Paris and know nothing of the great *bassins* in that city from which canals radiate, binding all parts of France to the great heart of the capital. These canals run into rivers connecting those of the watersheds north, south, and west. Through many of these small streams—we at home would call them creeks—you will see little tow-boats puffing, grunting, and lifting up a heavy chain from the canalized river bed, winding it round a drum, and thus towing long lines of barges with a most economic expenditure of power. How long, I wonder, will it be before we in California will thus utilize our water-ways artificially? Half a century has passed under American occupancy, and the first step in this direction remains to be taken.

At various times, from various directions, we have traveled toward Paris—from Cherbourg on the north-west, from Havre, from Calais, from Boulogne in the north, from Lausanne and from Lucerne on the east, from Turin and Mont Cenis, from Genoa and Ventimille on the south-east—but this is the first time that we have traveled over the true "Midi"—that part of France which lies between the Rhone and the Pyrenees. It is a revelation—its richness and its resources. The whole of France from Finisterre to Ventimille, from Dunkirk to Bordeaux, is or has been made a mighty garden.

Ah, what might not California be with similar industry, with such intelligent toil? Let us not say "might be." Let us rather say "may be," and hope that the next generation may see it, even if we do not.

It is difficult for Americans, who can travel without change for thousands of miles over our own vast country, to conceive how sudden and complete a change may be found at the frontiers in Europe. To relate it would seem fantastic were it not that the change is the most natural thing in the world, as the frontier is more often than not a great mountain range. Such is the case with the frontier between France and Spain. Napoleon once said boastfully, "There are no more Pyrenees." But the mighty range still frowns on France while Napoleon's dynasty is fallen. The Pyrenees still exist for France practically as well as metaphorically. If you look at the railway map, you will see scores of red lines curving down from France along the mountain range. But these red lines stop when they reach the row of black spurs—all, that is, except two—one at the extreme east, and another at the extreme west of the Pyrenees. The isolation

of Spain is shown most clearly in these pictures on the railway map. You can pass out of France by scores of avenues. You can pass from France into Spain by only two.

The doorway by which we entered is called Port Bou. When you leave Cerbère on the French frontier your train runs into a 1,200-yard tunnel on French rails and with French officials, and you emerge on Spanish soil to be received by soldiers, civil guards, and custom-house officers in the quaint and picturesque red-and-yellow uniforms of Spain.

Here begin surprises, for of all the terrible things told the tourist, the first—the dreaded customs examination—does not come true. We found the customs officials very lenient. They gave us much less discomfort than we have experienced on the piers in New York from the customs officers of Uncle Sam—who makes his wandering citizens swear to a declaration and then orders his officers to try and make out the wanderers perjured liars. But that is a sore subject. Let it go.

The second surprise was the fine train into which we stepped. It had better cars than those of the P.-L.-M., which we had just left. They were corridor cars, rather wider than the French—the Spanish gauge is one foot broader—lighted with electric lights, and warmed with steam pipes instead of clumsy foot-warmers on the floor. The coaches were luxuriously upholstered, and the trains ran smoothly and easily, not so fast perhaps as those of the United States, but fast enough for travelers who are not in a violent hurry.

The change in the scenery, when we had crossed the frontier, was most marked. The smiling fields of France gave place to stern and rugged rocks and crags overlooking carefully tilled valleys here and there. There was something indescribably melancholy and familiar about these hills of Spain. Many of them were tower-crowned. Once before we had seen these watch-towers—precautions against pirates by land and sea—when we were skirting the Spanish coast from Gibraltar to Genoa.

We have just left the "old" part of France, that is, the part which most abounds in Roman ruins, and which was most densely populated in the Gallo-Roman times. But the "old" towns of France and Italy, beside these wasted, gaunt, and weather-worn Spanish cities, seem new. The Spanish towns resemble fungus growths out of the rocks and crags on which they cling. This seems exaggerated, but it is not. The calcareous rocks are gaunt and gray, and out of them grow houses, which are gray and gaunt. They seem old and wasted and wan. Many of these ancient villages are windowless and deserted. Some are partly deserted, and some inhabited only by gypsies and other nomads.

Another strange change in crossing the frontier is the difference in the highways. France is famous for the excellence of her roads. They are indeed superb. Nothing could be finer than the national highways of France. I shall hope to write of them another time. But the roads of Spain can scarcely be called roads. They are ruts, trails, quagmires, but not roads. Yet, bad as they are, they seem indescribably familiar to me. I seem to have seen roads very like them before, and very often. I wonder where?

One of the largest towns between the frontier and Barcelona is Gerona, a cathedral-town of some sixteen thousand inhabitants. It is most picturesquely situated on the banks and between the two rivers Ter and Ona. About all there is to see, however, is the cathedral. But there are finer cathedrals in Spain, so we did not stop there. As the train paused at the station, I determined to try my Spanish for the first time in Spain. A small boy was standing on the platform eating dry bread. This in itself was odd—an American boy would have scorned anything but bread and butter. I said to him, "Como se llama esta ciudad?" ("What is the name of this place?") with my best Castilian accent. The small boy paused in his munchings, stared at me, and replied, "Cinco minutos." He thought I wanted to know how long the train stopped there, and told me five minutes.

This was very painful. My first experiment in Spanish in Spain was a complete failure. But in the next compartment was a group of Spanish ladies and gentlemen, and one of them, leaning out of the open window, said to the boy, "The gentleman did not ask you how long we stop here, but what is the name of the place." The boy immediately shouted at me "Gerona," and I heard him confiding to a comrade that I must be crazy—"Un loco Ingles"—not to know the name of Gerona. To him it was the greatest city in the world, and he thought that any one who did not know its name must certainly be mad. Well, there are a great many people like him all over the world, and some of them are grown up, too.

But there were more surprises in Spain than these surprises of the train from the frontier. The most surprising thing of all was Barcelona. We had been told that Spain was decrepit, decaying, and degenerate. Well, perhaps she is, but

so is not Barcelona. She is a handsome, well-built, modern city. She has a unique Gothic cathedral, many handsome, medieval buildings, fine streets, fine boulevards, magnificent artificial harbors with cut stone jetties constituting an inner and outer port, solid fortifications commanding the city and the sea, and last, but not least, a system of schools, public and private, which is amazing. All over the big city you see fine stone buildings devoted to public instruction, while in addition to this there are private schools of every kind. There are business colleges, young ladies' seminaries, engineering schools, schools of navigation, and other special schools of various kinds, while the number of night schools for those who work by day is astounding. There is a fine public garden or park within which there is a zoological collection which is noteworthy, together with a botanical garden which is the pride of Barcelona.

Still another surprise is the appearance of the Spanish soldiers one notices in Barcelona streets. We had been told so often that the Spanish army was neglected and unpaid, its officers corrupt, and its soldiers barefooted, that it was rather startling to see the trim and handsomely uniformed troops we found there, both officers and men. Barcelona is not a devoted monarchical city, and is looked upon by the court of Madrid as a hot-bed of radicalism, not to say anarchy. Therefore the city is favored with an unusually large garrison. I was told on good authority that something like ten thousand men were stationed at Fort Montjuich, and at other points around the city. I do not know whether they were special *corps d'élite*, but I do know that they were very handsomely accoutred, from their black glazed caps to their well-fitting foot-gear. Their pipe-clayed white bandoliers, their shining black belts for sword or bayonet—in these little details they offer a sharp contrast to the somewhat slouchy-looking soldiery we had seen in the south of France. For the French soldier of the line is not well clad. His coarse tunic and still coarser red trousers do not fit; they are far inferior to the neat uniforms of the English and German soldiery, while the coarse brogans upon his feet are almost as clumsy as the sabots of the peasantry.

It is not gratifying to a Californian's pride to see handsome railway stations built of cut stone, with fine steel-trussed roofs spanning the tracks, and with steel viaducts running in and out of the stations, across the streets, in sixth-rate towns like Narbonne, Nîmes, Montpellier, and Cette. When one reflects on the size and importance of some of our pushing Western cities, it shocks his Western pride to find these "slow European towns" so far ahead of us in railway improvements.

Apropos of Western railways, a curious sight to a Californian is the number of tank cars along the sidings in this part of Southern France. These are not cars for water or for oil, but for wine! One may see miles and miles of them in traveling from Marseilles to the Spanish frontier. It is a striking object-lesson, and gives one an idea of the enormous output of wine in France. Cette, by the way, is one of the great points for the handling and blending of cheap wines. The consumption of wine in Europe is almost universal, and the sale of cheap wines is therefore much more common than with us. Bread and wine are the two staples. All over Southern Europe you can buy a bottle of red wine for ten cents and less. Cette handles millions of gallons of this kind of wine, and makes more money out of it than by handling thousands of gallons of expensive wine. This is a hint to our California wine men. They put an almost prohibitory price on table claret, so-called. If they wish the wine-drinking habit to become more diffused, as in Europe, they ought to make the table wines so cheap that poor people can drink them.

In Europe they take up your tickets at the end of a railway journey, instead of taking them up at the beginning, or en route, as in our country. Occasionally some rash American violates this rule, with what result is never known. Some years ago a daring American student jumped on a German train near Potsdam after it was in motion. The train was stopped by telegraph at the next station, and the American was put in the Potsdam tank, where he remained for some months, until our State Department with great difficulty got him out. This gives one an idea of the strictness of the railway regulations in Europe.

Our tickets read from Marseilles to Nîmes, from Nîmes to Montpellier, from Montpellier to Cette, from Cette to Narbonne, etc., with stop-over privileges. Just as we were about to leave Cette, an old railway porter, whom I had hired to watch our compartment while we were at luncheon, observed me putting in my ticket-case the tickets marked "Montpellier to Cette." He became much excited.

"Why, Monsieur," he cried, "you are leaving Cette, yet you have not given up your Cette tickets."

"True," I replied, indifferently, "I forgot to hand them in, and it is too late now."

"No, no," he cried, "it is not too late. Give them to me, Monsieur," and he ran as fast as he could to the ticket-puncher. Presently he returned with a heaving face and announced that the tickets had been punched and given up—this just as our train was steaming away.

The curious workings of the European mind often cause one to wonder. But this caused me to wonder more than ever. If I had not already paid the porter, I could understand that this excessive zeal might be caused by the hope of another tip. But I had already paid him, and everything was settled between us. It was purely his desire that everything should be done decently and in railway order. His automatic railway mind recoiled at the idea of a passenger carrying the Cette ticket beyond Cette. In short, the old man was completely railwayized.

As we whirled out of Cette and into the open country, I mused as I leaned back. I said to myself, what would have happened to me had I failed to give up my Cette ticket? We are nearing the Spanish frontier and in not many minutes or hours we shall be out of France. Would they have stopped me by telegraph? How would they identify me? Would my guilty demeanor point me out? Would a French gendarme come and get me and take me back to France? Would they extradite me from the Spanish authorities? In short, would I have got arrested? Very likely. But it is an intricate point of international law, and I have not yet been able to settle it to my satisfaction.

Once in Naples I was in the convent of San Martino, which is on a high hill overlooking the city. I had only two days to spend in Naples, and therefore had a guide with me. As we looked over the big town—nearly half a million inhabitants—I was struck with the utter absence of smoke in the winter air. I knew that the inhabitants used charcoal for cooking purposes and used no fuel at all for heating purp-

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warming themselves entirely by their reminiscences of summer. But the utter absence of any large mill or factory chimneys rather surprised me. I questioned the guide about it. The guide did not in the least understand what I meant, and the more I questioned him the less he understood what I was driving at.

"But," queried I, "how do all these people live? Do they manufacture nothing? Do they not make things? Where do they get their money to eat?"

The guide paused in wonder. The question had never occurred to him before. After thinking many minutes he at last said, "Oh, Signore, I think it must be the *forestieri*"—the strangers.

He was right—Naples has no manufactures, no industries. She lives on the stranger within her gates. How true this is was proved to me the other day by an article in an Italian newspaper, whose editor spoke of the anxiety with which the Italian Government regarded the question of the unemployed in Naples. "The government has reason to regard the matter with anxiety," said the editor, "for there are all the time over one hundred and fifty thousand unemployed people in that city."

Among Latin cities no more striking contrast could be found than Naples and Barcelona. Standing on the heights of Montjuich, tall chimneys rise in the city on every hand, while from the many suburbs of the city and all over the vast plain stretching from the town to the Sierra, yet other chimneys may be seen belching forth their smoke by day and their fire by night. For Barcelona is a manufacturing city. She imports raw materials and sends them out as manufactured goods—what we ought to do in California, now that we have water-harnessed electric power and cheap fuel. Instead of that, we import nearly everything we drink and wear, and even much of what we eat. Think of California importing preserved fruits!—but she does. In wandering round the Barcelona docks I was curious to see whence came the vast piles of cotton bales on every hand. They came from such widely separated points as New Orleans, Savannah, and Alexandria, Egypt. Barcelona manufactures large quantities of textile fabrics with which she supplies not only her idle sister cities in Spain, but many foreign cities as well. Many other industries are found there—among them iron works, foundries, and hoiler-shops. The ring of the hammer of Tuhai Cain is heard on the Barcelona water front. By the way, I noticed that they had a fine belt railway running round the water front of Barcelona. Our people have been talking about a belt railroad in San Francisco for the last quarter of a century. I hope we may have one in the next quarter of a century, and thus take a leaf out of the book of one of the cities of "slow, old Spain."

I was so much struck by the number of ships in the fine harbor of Barcelona that I looked in the morning paper to learn something about her maritime traffic, and I found that during the month of January there were one hundred and fifty arrivals of steamers, while twenty-seven steamers of regular lines cleared from Barcelona for Porto Rico, Cuba, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico, ports in the United States, Rio de la Plata, ports in the Brazils, ports in the Philippines, ports in the Canary Islands, and ports on the west coast of South America and Central America. This long list did not include any of the numerous tramp steamers and sailing vessels.

Another surprise in Spain was that in the first large Spanish city we visited many natives did not speak Spanish. This sounds absurd, but it is none the less true. In Barcelona, many of the shopkeepers speak Catalan only. They do not call themselves "Spaniards," but Catalans. The signs on the shops are largely Catalan—such as "The Catalan Jewelry Store," "The Catalan Market," etc. Many of the books in the book-stores are printed in Catalan, and the most popular newspaper is the *Cry of Catalonia*.

For tourists who speak only a little Spanish it is embarrassing to enter a shop and find that the shopkeeper speaks even less. It is all the more embarrassing because the shopkeeper is generally reluctant to admit the fact, while the tourist is not sufficiently strong in Spanish to know that the shopkeeper is using another language.

Many believe that the two languages resemble one another so strongly that they are almost identical. This is an error. The written languages are very similar, but not the spoken. I can read the Catalan newspaper almost as easily as those in Spanish, but the Catalan spoken language I can not understand at all. For that matter, the Spanish spoken in Spain varies greatly in different districts. That spoken in Castile is more easily understood by the stranger than that spoken in the other provinces.

There are those who think that Spanish is an "easy language." So it is—that is, to acquire a smattering of it—probably the easiest of modern languages. But the written language is a difficult one. A trite illustration of that is in the two forms of the verb "to be"—*ser* and *estar*—one implies permanent qualities, the other transitory ones. "This child is sick"—you use the transitory verb. "This child is sickly"—you use the permanent one. "This child is sick, but she is not a sickly child"—here you use first one, then the other. Fancy what shades of meaning these two verbs convey to the Spanish mind. But also fancy what ludicrous turns must be given by foreigners to their Spanish speech.

For those who believe that Spanish is "easy," let me give three different shades of meaning in a single sentence, effected by a single preposition:

Estar en hager alguna cosa.

To be resolved to do anything.

Estar para hager alguna cosa.

To be about to do anything.

Estar por hager alguna cosa.

To be inclined to do anything.

To wind up this dry subject, let me say that I do not believe that anybody not a horn Spaniard ever could or ever can understand the Spanish subjunctive mood. I so told a courteous

Spanish priest whom I met on the train. He was much interested in the matter, took down my address, and said that he would send me a few lines on the subject. He did. He sent by mail a letter of sixteen pages. When I had finished reading it, I understood the Spanish subjunctive mood less than before.

To return to the subject of Catalan provincialism. The Barcelona theatres are devoted to Catalonia. Even in the opera now running at the Teatro Novedades, they give more prominence to "the celebrated Catalan tenor, Manuel Utor," than to the opera "L'Africana," by "Maestro" Meyerbeer. This company, by the way, is made up entirely of Catalans, including the orchestra conductor. At the Teatro Principal they are playing the drama taken from Tolstoy's novel "Resurrection," which is now running in Paris. At the Teatro Catalan, they are giving a play in three acts by "a celebrated Catalan playwright," which is played in the Catalan language in which there are choruses by a Catalan singing society.

Another theatre, the Granvia, is giving a series of concerts of works by Catalan composers. The highest-priced place at this theatre costs five dollars. At the Teatro de Catalunya, they are playing "Hidalguia Rustica," a Spanish translation of Mascagni's opera. At the Teatro Nuevo Retiro, a translation of "La Tosca," by Sardou, is being given. At the Teatro Las Delicias, they are playing a piece entitled "Katipunan"; this is the Tagalog name of the mysterious oath-bound order in the Philippines which has given so much trouble to our government. The play is announced as being "under the patronage of the Liberal Press of Barcelona," and is dedicated to the memory of Don José Rizal, the Philippine martyr.

There are three cinematographs running in Barcelona. All have pictures of the funeral of Sagasta, each of which is "the only one in all Spain." They also give a number of scenes in Morocco, where the present revolt is attracting much attention in this country.

There are two circuses running in Barcelona; at one of them last night a benefit was given for "the Volunteers of the African Campaign of 1860." It seems that of the famous battalion of the Catalan Volunteers of the African War only seventeen veterans remain, and yesterday they celebrated the forty-third anniversary of the taking of Tetuan. The papers to-day devote much space to it, and tell how General Prim was received by the general in chief of the army of Africa, Don Leopoldo O'Donnell; they also reprint the speech of General Prim to his compatriots on the eve of the battle. He addresses them as Catalans, bids them uphold the honor of Catalonia, urges them to show the African Army how brave Catalonians can die, and tells them that their mothers and sisters in Catalonia are contemplating them with pride. The *Diario* remarks that the volunteers did indeed reflect great honor on "their native country Catalonia."

It is indeed notable how strong is the sentiment of local patriotism in this place. Newspapers and theatres naturally reflect public opinion, and from the foregoing it may be seen that the people here are not Spaniards, but Catalans. I have noticed only one theatre which even tolerates the term "Spanish"; it calls itself the "Teatro Español" and ostentatiously announces that it gives Spanish dances and songs and Spanish zarzuelas, or musical farces. But its artists are neither Catalan nor Spanish, but all from Southern France.

Last night they gave "Rigoletto" at the Liceo, a theatre said to contain the largest number of auditors of any in Europe. Compared with the Santa Carlo in Naples, and La Scala in Milan, it certainly seats more. The artists who sung "Rigoletto" were mostly French, and their names are not familiar to me. The company was only a mediocre one, but the audience seemed much pleased with it.

The most important newspapers in Barcelona are the *Diario de Barcelona* and *El Diluvio*; these sheets look like almanacs, being made up in octavo size of page; they contain theatrical and local news in brief, many dispatches from Madrid, but very few foreign telegrams. Their commercial news seems to be quite full. They are so convenient in size that you find them consulted in offices in preference to the larger sheets. This is a straw indicating the tendency toward smaller pages in daily journalism. It will be remembered that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, when he got out his experimental edition of the *New York World*, chose a small size of page; it was very like these Barcelona papers. You find sold on the streets the principal papers of Madrid and Paris.

In the Barcelona newspapers are many displayed advertisements of death notices. When an important person dies, his death notice is printed in triple column, in large black type. Here is a sample notice:

The Excellent Señor Benito Fariña y Cisneros, Governor of the Bank of Spain, Grand Cavalier of the Cross of Isabella the Catholic, died on the 10th of January, 1903, at 2:40 P. M., having received the Holy sacraments and the Apostolic benediction. His Excellency, the Minister of the Interior, the Governor and the Council of the Bank of Spain, the most worthy widow Señora Carolina Ruhia Santillan, his political associates, his family, his friends that they recommend him to God, and that they will assist at the funeral mass for the repose of his soul, which will take place in the Parish church of San José on Saturday at half-past nine in the morning. The Nuncio of his Holiness the Pope, the most Eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the most Excellent Archbishops of Burgos and Madrid, Sion and Avila, have granted one hundred days of indulgence, the first two in the accustomed form.

Although there are no bull-fights in Barcelona in winter, there are what they call *novilladas*, the amateur bull-fighters being known as *novios*. One took place yesterday, which the *Diario* described as follows:

At the head of the Cuadrilla appeared a fat man with curled-up mustaches, he calls himself "Capitillo," but is only a Frenchman from Toulouse. If this gentleman has come to Spain to show off his ability in this line, he had better go back again. When the bull appeared the French toreador executed a frantic dance in front of the animal, trying to give him the stroke, but the Frenchman finally was thrown down and wounded, and was dragged off amid the hisses of the public.

Another fight is thus headed, "Four Bulls in the Ring and

Three Bull-Fighters in the Hospital." In the account a description is given of the serious wounding of three *novios*, and of the wild hissing of the public as the amateurs were dragged out.

I have read many descriptions of bull-fights by American and English writers, in which they express a desire to see a bull-fighter killed instead of the bull. If any traveler cherishes such feelings, I would advise him to visit Barcelona in winter and witness a *novillada*, and he may have his wish gratified.

The book-stores in Barcelona are filled with publications of a practical nature. It gives one an idea of the importance of this city as a commercial centre, and of the richness of the resources of the province around it. I glanced over the books in a book-seller's window yesterday, and I saw elaborate treatises on these topics:

Orange-growing and the making of products from the orange, such as candied peel, other sweets, crystallized orange, orange marmalade, etc. The manufacture of terra-cotta products. Floriculture. Dyeing of cloths. Mechanical engineering. Natural and artificial wines—how to make them, to color them, to give them body, etc. Olive-growing and pickling, the manufacture of olive oil, exportation and how to maintain the market for Catalan olive products against the competition of France and Italy in the markets of the world. Fruit trees, their growth and the marketing of their products. Soap and perfumery manufacture. Confectionery making. Taxidermists' manual. Preserving fruits, fish, meats, milk, vegetables, etc., and marketing the goods. Drying of fruits, vegetables, etc., and marketing the goods. The manufacture of ices, sherbets, punches, etc. Coffee, vanilla, cocoa, and tea—their cultivation, preparation, and exportation. The manufacture of bread, of which there are many kinds made in Spain. (There is a good deal of money in bread. A Chicago millionaire, Herman Kohlsaat, made his money manufacturing bread, and is now having a fine time spending it running daily newspapers.) Forest culture. The growing of sugar-cane. Manufacture of sugar, etc. The raising of fowls. Practical electricity.

All of these books were published and printed in Barcelona, and many of them were in the Catalan language.

The best hotel in Barcelona is called the Hotel of the Four Nations. This probably means the four kingdoms of old Spain—Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre. It is a very common name for hotels throughout the northern part of Spain, although there seems to be some little rivalry among them. For example, at Barcelona we found the "Hotel of the Four Nations," at Lerida the "Grand Hotel of the Four Nations," and at Saragossa the "Grand Hotel of the Four Nations and of the Universe." That seemed to settle it. Barcelona is a bigger town than Saragossa, but when it comes to big names Saragossa is easily first.

The Barcelona Hotel of the Four Nations is situated in the fine boulevard called the Rambla. Unconsciously one thinks of our English word "ramble," and alliterative phrases like "Rambling on the Rambla" at once arise. But *rambla* is not akin to "ramble." It comes from the Arabic, and means the dry bed of a stream. Underneath Barcelona's boulevard runs the River Malla, long ago vaulted over to form the street. Hence the name. It is a beautiful avenue, and runs up from the port through the centre of the city, not unlike Market Street in San Francisco. At its foot is a monument to Columbus as we have at the foot of Market Street our station-tower. But it is very differently arranged from Market Street. There is a sidewalk on both sides next to the buildings; then two roadways for vehicles and tramway lines; then double rows of plane-trees, and between the rows of trees there is a broad, smooth footway about one hundred feet wide. Here are seats for those who wish to rest, newspaper kiosks for those who wish to purchase the journals, and every facility for the gathering of groups for conversation, fighting, or other reasonable amusements. The scene on the Rambla from early in the morning till late at night is kaleidoscopic. To me it was interesting as showing that in a European city the pedestrian is given the best part of the highway—which seems equitable, for feet were used before vehicles, as fingers were used before forks.

On the Rambla is the Hotel of the Four Nations, an excellent caravansary. Here to our surprise we found beautiful, fine linen hemstitched sheets, lace-trimmed linen pillow-slips, and fringed damask towels, such as good American housewives give to "company" at home.

The omnibus conductor (or runner) of the Four Nations Hotel spoke such remarkably fluent English that he excited my surprise, used as I am to the linguistic facility of European hotel servants. But they ordinarily speak English with the broad "a" used by the English, a sound not so common in American mouths. But this man spoke genuine United States. His was American English—not Western, but the kind you hear between Passamaquoddy Bay and Hell Gate. It was so idiomatic, so racy of our soil, so American, in short, that one day, when I heard him say to a slow Spanish boy, "Anda, usted! Get a move on!" I exclaimed in unfeigned wonder, "Where in the name of the sacred codfish did you ever learn to speak English like that—you a Spaniard?"

The conductor looked at me with some asperity. "Spaniard, nothing!" he replied, "I aint nō Spaniard. And I had ought to speak good English, for I come from the Yeanited States. I'm a Yankee, I am, and I was born in Massachusetts."

It turned out to be true. He was a wandering Yankee sailor, and had finally "hove to" in this port of Spain; and was now officiating as boatswain of a buss in Barcelona.

Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, and biographer and editor of Lamb, once uttered this pithy saying: "You may preach like an angel, but if you can whistle on a stick people ignore your preaching and speak of you as 'the man who can whistle on a stick.'"

The automobile race from Paris to Madrid will afford a severe test for the strongest of the long-distance machines designed to cope with the difficulties of mountain climbing.

SUN-DIALS AND ROSES.

Extracts from Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's Latest Work.

A charming companion volume to her "Old Time Gardens" is Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's handsomely printed and copiously illustrated "Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday," which bears the quaint sub-title, "Garden Delights Which are here Displayed in Very Truth and are Moreover Regarded as Emblems." Mrs. Morse is an accomplished gardener and an indefatigable antiquarian, and deserves much praise for the vast amount of useful and entertaining information which she has gathered in her latest work. She has consulted countless books on dialing, old and new, and has carried on a large correspondence with those who possessed single sun-dials or owned collections.

Her opening chapter deals with "the charm and sentiments of sun-dials." Then she classifies them, tells of their construction, treats of sun-dials in their emblematic aspect, discourses on the placing of them in gardens, gives a quantity of the mottoes which have been invented for them, and appropriately fills out her book with some readable chapters on roses. "The union of the subject of roses with that of sun-dials," she says, in her foreword, "has not been through any relation of one to the other, but simply a placing together of two 'garden delights' with somewhat of the thought that as a dial standing alone in a garden was a bit bare without flowers, so it was likewise in a book."

Many interesting photographs of sun-dials supplement the text, and about each there is a characteristic story or anecdote. For example, Mrs. Earle quotes the story of Harriet Martineau's sun-dial from her "autobiography." Miss Martineau went with her sisters and brothers when she was seven years old to visit her grandfather. On the way thither the five children were amused by being told to guess what they would find standing in the middle of the garden. On her arrival, rudely ignoring the happy welcome of the tearful old people, Miss Martineau insisted on seeing "the thing in the garden." She writes:

"I could make nothing of it when I saw it. It was a large, heavy stone sun-dial. It is worth this much mention for it was of immeasurable value to me. I could see its face only by raising myself on tiptoe on its step; and there, with my eyes level on the plate, did I watch and ponder, day after day, painfully forming my clear conceptions of Time amidst a confusion of notions of day and night, and of the seasons, and of the weather. I love that dial with a sort of superstition, and when nearly forty years after, I built a house for myself at Amesbury, my strong wish was to have this very dial for the platform below the terrace. But it was not to be had."

Another dial, however, she did have, and the story of its setting up runs thus, in her words:

"A friend in London who knew my desire for a sun-dial and heard that I could not obtain the old one which had told me so important a story in my childhood, presented me with one to stand on the grass under my terrace wall and above the quarry which was already beginning to fill with shrubs and wild flowers. The design of the dial is beautiful—being a copy of an ancient font; and in gray granite, to accord with the gray-stone house above it. The motto was an important affair. A neighbor had one so perfect in its way as to eclipse a whole class—the class of Bible-sayings about the shortness of life and the flight of time—'The Night Cometh.' In asking my friends for suggestions, I told them of this, and they agreed that we could not approach this motto in the same direction. Some good Latin ones, to which I inclined, were put aside because I was besotted, for what I considered good reasons, to have nothing but English. It has always been my way to ask advice very rarely, and then to follow it. But on this occasion I preferred a motto of my own to all that were offered in English; and Wordsworth gave it his emphatic approbation. 'Come! Light! Visit me!' stands emblazoned on my dial; and it has ever been, I believe, as frequent and impressive a monitor to me as ever was any dial which bore warning of the fugacious nature of life and time."

One of the simplest devices by which the midday hour was made known to dwellers in rural homes a century ago was a noon-mark. The dweller in town or village had the noon bell from the church steeple, but on nearly every farm-house was a noon-mark, usually by a frequented door or window. Says Mrs. Earle:

I have seen them many a time on the threshold of a barn, at the kitchen doorstep, or outside the pantry. Country folk grew very skillful in telling the relative time from a noon-mark. I knew one old woman who, by her kitchen noon-mark, could tell the hours from ten to four without a variation of four minutes, which is in general all that would be expected from a watch—from a woman's watch. Noon-marks have been set in the form of a line of colored pebbles in well-laid earth or cement at the base of some stationary pole or flagstaff. We have them in several of our "Homes"—or refuges for life-wrecked sailors and life-beaten soldiers.

Among all uncivilized peoples this vertical pole fixed in the ground has been used as a primitive gnomon:

In India and other Asiatic lands the natives are wise in reading the hours of this simple dial, making it serve as an exact chronometer. The Labrador Indians when on the hunt stand in advance of the train with their arms; while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter drag along slowly after. When the lords and masters begin to think of food-timers or wish in any way to leave some guide stick or spear in the snow, and draw in the snow the exact line of the shadow then cast. The women, toiling painfully along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow, and know closely the difference of time. They know, too, whether they dare to linger for a few minutes' rest, or if they must hastily catch stick or spear and wearily hurry on.

In Upper Egypt the hours for work on a water-wheel are still fixed by primitive sun-dials, which are scarce more than noon-marks:

One of these sun-dials is made by extending a maize or dhurra stalk north and south on two forked uprights. At the side are set in the earth pegs which evenly divide the space between the sunrise and sunset shadows of this dhurra stalk. In the other dial the gnomon is a vertical stick. Often the pegs are nearly covered by the soil, so firmly are they pressed in, in order to avoid being moved by the feet of cattle or men. The space between two pegs is called an *alka* from an Arabic root meaning to hang or hitch on. The harnessing of a bullock to a water-wheel is merely the hitching on of a loop of harness over a hook. To the question, What do you do when the shadow reaches this peg? the answer always came, "We hitch on another bullock." These sun-dials are

constructed entirely upon observation, with no scientific knowledge. An English scientist was once asked by the celebrated Sheikh Daig, as a test of his learning, to construct a sun-dial. While the Englishman was making full explanations of latitudes, horizontal planes, etc., the Sheikh abruptly interrupted by thrusting his spear in the ground and marking therefrom on the ground the exact lines of shadow which would fall at certain hours of prayer. Though this primitive time-teller still is used, there are no ancient Egyptian sun-dials known; nor is it anywhere stated in ancient writings that the Egyptians used their obelisks as gnomons.

There are many ways of making a noon-mark. A very unsentimental but very satisfactory one which Mrs. Earle gives is this:

On either April 15th, June 15th, September 1st, or December 24th, the four days of the year when the sun and clock are exactly together, secure a watch or clock, known to be exact by some standard time. Then on the surface where you desire to draw your noon-mark cast a straight shadow at twelve by your watch, and mark it definitely. Another way is on any clear night hang (out-of-doors) two plumb-lines in such a position that on sighting from one to the other the North Star will be in exact range. Drive two stakes exactly in the place of the two plumb-lines, and when the shadow at noon of one stake extends precisely to the other stake, that shadow-line makes an accurate noon-mark.

Here is a novel suggestion which Mrs. Earle makes and which ought certainly to be adopted by the committee in charge of the beautifying of Washington, D. C.:

I beg to call the attention of the government of the United States and the commissioners of the District of Columbia to an opportunity of easily making the finest sun-dial in the entire world, or if not that, the finest noon-mark. The Washington Monument, with its superb shaft five hundred and fifty-five feet in height, most glorious of all gnomons, traces unmarked, day by day, its wonderful parabolic path on the green sward around it. What a beautiful sight it would be if the government would order the tracing of its analemma and mark the hours with beds of flowers! What an instructive and inspiring object it would be to all who visit that great monument; there might arise from its inspiration some thoughtful youth, another Ferguson or Wren, to add to the list of the great mathematicians of the world. If a sun-dial is not traced, a meridian line positively should be set; a line of stone or white marble, a noon-mark in the grass. This would not equal the dial, but would be better than the unmarked round of to-day.

Very amusing, indeed, is Mrs. Earle's account of her experience with the ingenious farmer on the Boston road who, all the year around, unloads "ancestral" sun-dials on unsuspecting collectors:

Black and dirty, it was cemented to a tree stump in his kitchen garden, and seemed as old as the house, which he said was a hundred, and which I thought he said was built by his grandfather. I was much delighted when I purchased it; but just as I hurried away from the farm kitchen he displayed to us several pitchers of silver lustre and half a dozen blue willowware plates which he would be willing to part with. We could only glance at them, as we had scant time to drive two miles to catch the local train, but by that fleeting glance those pieces of old crockery certainly looked brand new. At the station I had one minute to interview a stage-driver. "How long has Ellis lived on his place up the road?" I said. "About a year," was the answer. "Hasn't he a sun-dial for sale?" I ventured, diplomatically. "Don't know as he has; he sold it last week." Now if he sold his sun-dial last week, from whence came my dial? My friends believe the dial is an old one, but I think Farmer Ellis is a broken-down dealer with an attic full of new dials cast in some old mould or stamped with some old die, ever ready to replace the recently sold one in the kitchen yard.

The chapter on "Our Grandmothers' Roses" has a special interest to the lovers of roses, for it is full of historical lore regarding these familiar flowers. Says Mrs. Earle:

The only truly American roses seen universally in our gardens are the beautiful climbing prairie-roses (*rosa rubrifolia*). These were originally a native of Michigan and other Western States, and the clear, pink single variety, known as the Michigan rose, still is grown, and an arch of it is a perfect thing. About 1836 the Feast Brothers, florists in Baltimore, developed this rose, and gave to us the beautiful Baltimore Belle, the Queen of the Prairie, Anna Maria, and Gem of the Prairies, which last is slightly scented sometimes—not always, I find. These all have large, rough, dark green leaves of five to seven leaflets. They are the hardest climbers known, and are far more rapid in growth than the Ayrshire roses. And they come, too, when many other summer roses are gone, when the hundred-leaved rose and the York and Lancaster are passing. They are not so delicate as the climbing tea-roses, but they are more generous; one characteristic is their lavish fullness; they seem fairly crowded with petals. And another is their wholesomeness: they are fresh with the primeval breath of the forests and fields. When they could have the Baltimore Belle, I can not understand why any one planted the Boursault roses, but they grew in every door-yard, always by the kitchen end of the farm-house. Forty years ago there was scarce a woodshed in New England but was garlanded with the crimson Boursault rose. It was as widely planted in its day as the Crimson Rambler in our own. I care little for any of the Boursaults, but the crimson variety was certainly cheerful. They were firm climbers, and almost thornless. What a wonderful thing were the new stalks of the Boursault! Massive, straight, strong, they pushed like Zedekiah. Tremendously big looking they were in proportion to the blossom, which seemed dull of tint beside the rich, dark purples and reds of the young stalks, with their curious plum-like bloom.

Among the other readable chapters are "Pliny Saith: Concerning Roses and Garlands," "The Emblem of the Rose in English History," and "The Rosicrucians."

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Rollo Ogden, who has succeeded Horace White as chief editor of the New York *Evening Post*, was born in Sand Lake, N. Y., January 19, 1836, was graduated at Williams College in 1857. He then took a theological course at Andover and the New York Union Seminary, and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church, with a settlement in Cleveland, O. His views underwent such a change, however, as to make it necessary for his full freedom of conscience that he seek work outside of the denominational bonds, and he turned to literary and newspaper work. Mr. Ogden has been in New York since 1887, and allied with the *Post* editorial staff since 1891. He has become an editor at forty-seven, and doubtless is sufficiently steeped in the traditions of the *Evening Post* office so that its future will suffer no detriment in his hands. Mr. White, who retires at sixty-eight years of age, has, since the death of Mr. Godkin, been the *Post's* chief editor.

THE PLAGUE AT MAZATLAN.

How the Epidemic Started—Effective Measures Adopted by the Energetic "Committee of Charity"—Generous Contributions of the Large Mexican Cities.

Apocryph of a recent letter in the *Argonaut* on "The Plague in Mexico," from a correspondent in Parral, Chihuahua, Gerald E. Ward writes us at length from the plague-stricken city of Mazatlan, under date of February 20th, giving a more personal and detailed account of how the epidemic originated, and of the drastic measures which have been adopted to suppress it. He writes:

The only case of plague among the Chinese here has been the head of the principal Chinese house, which was, no doubt, due to accidental causes, as may also be said of the few cases there have been among the higher-class Mexicans and foreigners. It is sufficiently well proved that the epidemic was brought here in last October by a Chilean sailor, whose death was followed by that of several other people who came in contact with him, or with one another. The disease was recognized by an American physician as being suspiciously like bubonic plague; but very naturally other people were extremely unwilling to believe this; which is the more excusable, since we are accustomed to the appearance at that time of year of malarious fevers of a very virulent type. So it was not until the middle of December, when the disease became much more active, that any real effort was made to combat it. The authorities of the town then did what they could. They asked advice from the sanitary board in Mexico, and did their best to carry out the instructions received. But this municipality is a poor one, and there were no funds to work with. The medical corps without exception devoted themselves to the task, and worked for more than a month at the risk of their lives, without hope of reward or even of thanks. The only reward they got, in fact, was the abuse of some very ignorant people. Finally the leading citizens came together, formed themselves into a "committee of charity," got out subscription lists, to which they contributed largely themselves, and sent out appeals for assistance throughout the republic. Their appeals met with a ready response; funds began almost immediately to flow in, and have continued to do so; Mexico City alone has contributed up to date \$120,000; I think that no State or principal city in the republic has failed to send more or less liberal donations, while private individuals all over the land have also contributed largely. In all, nearly \$300,000 have been placed at the disposal of the committee.

With these funds the committee has been able to make an effective fight, to which in the most public-spirited manner its members have devoted their whole time and energy, to the neglect of their own affairs. The most drastic measures were adopted, and the disease has literally been grappled by the throat and choked; so that within less than two months the death rate has fallen from fifteen a day to nothing. During the last three days there has been not a single new case. Disinfection was tried at first; but the stock of disinfectants was small, and there were no appliances; these had to be improvised. In the end it was decided that the only effective disinfectant was fire. The procedure is as follows: The city is divided into districts, at the head of which is a physician who is assisted by a corps of sanitary inspectors. The inspectors patrol their district day and night, visiting the houses, seeing that they are kept clean, and reporting to the physician any case of sickness they find of whatever nature. Should it prove to be bubonic plague, the patient is sent to the pest-house, which is on an island in the bay, and is equipped with its own staff of physicians, nurses, cooks, and so forth. The patient's family, as well as all who may have been in contact with him, are sent to barracks outside of town, where they receive new clothes and bedding, the old ones being burned, and are maintained at the cost of the committee during the period of quarantine. The furniture and all belongings of the patient and his family are burned, an inventory being taken and the full value paid by the committee. The house, if it can not be disinfected, which it usually can not be, is also burned and its value paid to the owner. The fact that scarcely any of these valuations have been disputed, speaks a great deal, both for the liberality of the committee and the public spirit of the other citizens. More than this; the patient's movements are, if possible, traced back; for these people transfer themselves with the greatest ease in the dead of the night from one house to another, and by this means have no doubt greatly spread the disease. The house that he came from, if it can be found, is therefore also burned, and the people in it, if any, removed to the barracks. The result of all this is that a very large part of Mazatlan is in ashes; but the disease has been stamped out.

The committee naturally has also a great deal of purely charitable work to do: widows and orphans and poor families have to be assisted; houseless people have to be sheltered. And this part of the work will undoubtedly remain on their hands long after the rest of it is over; it will, in fact, increase as people begin to come in from the country, where they have now fled, and until business and the various industries here resume their normal course.

The authorities of the town, and especially the members of the committee, well deserve the gratitude of the whole Pacific Coast for the courage and energy they are displaying in facing this calamity, and for their success in overcoming it. Some of us think that San Francisco might show a little more interest in us than she has done so far, seeing that she is our next-door neighbor almost, and that nearly all our foreign trade is done there. I can only hope that if you will be kind enough to give this letter a place, it may assist in producing the desired effect.

Insuring Against Appendicitis.

The latest novelty among the speculators in insurance has made its appearance in London, at Lloyd's, in the shape of insurance against expense or death from appendicitis. The applicant who is free from a well-defined or discoverable predisposition to inflammation of that inconvenient and apparently inexplicable organ, the appendix vermiformis, for an annual premium of \$1.20 gets a policy guaranteeing his direct expenses if he has to undergo an operation, up to the amount of \$1,000, and if he dies during or in consequence of such operation the designated beneficiary receives a lump sum of \$1,000. The new scheme is said to be taking very well, and large numbers of such policies have been written. The scheme is legitimate enough, and takes its place with specialized accident insurance. From the point of view of the underwriters, however, remarks the New York *Times*, it may be found necessary to insert a clause in such policies making their possession confidential between insurers and insured. If the surgeons knew who held insurance of this kind there is reason to fear that the number of operations immediately and imperatively necessary would show an alarming increase.

A Philadelphia contemporary has discovered an unconscious joke in the "Century Dictionary." Under the word "question" is the following: "To pop the question—see pop."

THE MEANEST MAN.

Gringo Pete of Perro Blanco.

I recalls that you asks me awhile ago about the meanest man I ever met durin' my travels on the desert. Well, pardner, I meets so many mean men along the trail I follers all these forty years, an' I views so many specimens of refined orn'riness that I shore finds it a hard thing to specify the chief malefactor of the herd. But if you was to set all the citizens of Perro Blanco to votin' on the subject, you can bet your life Gringo Pete would win the title by a mile.

Perro Blanco's a little mining town on the edge of the Mojave Desert. They's nothin' much there beyond seven saloons and a boardin' house, and the stage stable with its big corral. It aint a big place, but it makes up in excitement what it lacks in size. There's never any ongewee in Perro Blanco. A man knows he's livin' every minute that he's a resident of the enterprisin' town; and if he begins to act as though he was forgettin' of it, he's shot up a whole lot to make him more fervent in his appreciation of life in general.

Now it's been a fine, rainy winter, and we've all been busy as gophers placerin' in the little foot-hills back of town. It's shore been a busy season, and we nacherly scoops the gold dust out of the ground. Gringo Pete strikes our camp early in the winter, and stays plumb through till spring. He takes a run back in the mountains occasional, but he never dwells none definite on them travels. He mentions that he has a rich claim back in the hills, but he don't locate 'em, and we has too good a savey of mining ethics to go delvin' into no mysteries of any gent in Perro Blanco. We concedes that he has a rich thing back there somewhere, and we lets it go at that. We're too busy, anyway, to take much interest in any visitin' gent's dreams of wealth.

It's late in the spring, or maybe early in the summer, and the water has nigh stopped runnin'. We've all come down from the diggin's and cashed in our dust for the season. Not a man that hasn't enough yaller metal to load a burro, figuratively speakin'. The camp fairly reeks with wealth, and the saloons is doin' a business that would make the ordinary man weep tears of happiness with the mere observin' it.

We'd most forgot Gringo Pete, for he'd been away for nearly three weeks; and then we had money to buy whisky with, so nacherly we aint so homesick for him as we was. But one day Gringo Pete comes into camp—nobody knows where from—plumb loco with excitement. He gives it out that he's struck it rich. Reg'lar El Dorado. Quartz lead that's goin' to make the Comstock look like a pile of slickin's after a rain. He wants to buy for the whole camp and turn the night into one long, glad hallelujah. Now, bein' placer miners, we hasn't much use for hard-rock minin'; but we loves Gringo Pete, for we sudden remembers what he's done for us all durin' the thirsty season. So we falls in with this exultation of his, and prepares to drink to his success in a way that won't lower the reputation of Perro Blanco none in the eyes of the world as a town which can be depended on in a celebration.

So about dark Gringo Pete rolls out a cask of lick and taps the same. He gives it out cold that he's goin' to be all busted up in his feelin's if they's a drop left in the mornin'. Then the festivities begins. I don't know whether that snake pizen is extra strong or whether Gringo Pete doctors it some; but I tells you solemn that before midnight the whole population of Perro Blanco, from the bar-tender to the Red Butte stage driver, is layin' out behind the saloon, plumb dead to the world. I may mention as I goes along that it's three days before we gets over the said slumber and comes back to earth again.

Then this yere Gringo Pete begins to show his cussedness. He goes out to the corral, selects two of the fastest broncos in the camp, and puts a sixty-dollar saddle on one, a pack saddle on the other, and stamperes the rest miles away into the brush. Then he comes back to the scene of the celebration and proceeds to gather up every bit of wealth in the whole outfit. He don't miss nothin'. When he gets through prospectin' in the pockets and money-belts of his inehriated guests there aint a dollar left in all Perro Blanco! Dutchy Gertner tells me private afterwards that Pete actually pries his mouth open and purloins the gold fillin' from his tooth. I aint statin' that last as a fact. I mentions it merely as hearsay, and you takes it for what it's worth.

Well, after he has all our wealth in his saddle-bags, Gringo Pete carefully collects all our guns and packs them aboard the second bronk. Then he writes a sardonic note and pins it on the saloon door. Which the same runs like this, if I remembers correct:

Gringo Pete thanks Perro Blanco for assistin' him in makin' his second big strike! His heart is mighty heavy that they's goin' to be such a long trail between, but duty calls and her slave obeys!

And the durn coyote signs his name in full!

Now, it's about sunrise the next mornin' when Dave Soule comes ridin' into camp from Pinto Cañon. It seems that Gringo Pete plumb overlooks Dave in his calculations. Dave's the worst man in Perro Blanco, and we're proud of him. And when Dave Soule hits the town and reads that notice on the saloon door and then goes out behind the shack and views the slumberin' population of Perro Blanco, he shore is in a fig'in' rage. Dave goes, about among his feller-citizens an' kicks and cusses them most copious; but he wastes his efforts; for no one wakes up to reward him for his arduous labors. Then Dave climbs aboard of his

bronk, takes up Pete's trail, and tears away across the desert, cussin' and gnashin' his teeth a heap zealous. He puts it up to hisself straight that he shore means to skin Gringo Pete alive and tack his hide up on the door of the boardin' house before sunset. An', judgin' from Dave's general disposition, I still deems that he means just what he said.

It's maybe ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Dave has follered the trail to where it joins the railroad through Greasewood Cañon. Dave has made good time, for Gringo Pete leaves a trail a tenderfoot couldn't lose if he tried. It's easy to see he estimates that Perro Blanco is due to sleep for several days right along most assiduous, and he isn't aimin' to weary hisself or his animals by no arduous hustlin'. Besides, he loves the desert, and he rides along slow a-whistlin' to hisself a Spanish dance and admirin' the beauties of nature a whole lot. But he aint leavin' out no precautions; and all the while he's loiterin' along he's keepin' one eye on the San Berdoo Mountains and the other rollin' back along the trail; for Gringo Pete's plenty foxy, and he don't figure on takin' no return trip to Perro Blanco—which community he bids farewell to with lots o' zest.

Well, as I'm sayin', this yere Dave Soule plunges into Greasewood Cañon, ridin' harder an' harder as the trail gets fresher, an' he feels hisself gettin' madder an' madder. Suddenly, as he goes humpin' 'round a bend in the trail—ziff! a rope flicks out of the brush behind and snakes him out o' the saddle with a loop around his arms, and the bronk shoots ahead an' stops, while Dave hits the sand like a sack o' flour, and wonders, dazed like, what's the matter.

But he don't wonder long; for out steps Gringo Pete, smilin' an' gay as ever, an' holds a gun on Dave, while he cinches the rope good an' safe. Then Dave finds his tongue, an' the way he hands out brimstone an' sulphur to Gringo Pete shore makes me blush to talk about. But Pete aint lettin' it disturb his serenity none. He's willin' to let the other feller cuss, so long as he has the winnin' hand for his share.

"Well, well, my old friend Dave!" says Gringo Pete, smilin' sort of injured like, "was you goin' to pass right by an' never speak? After all the drinks I buys for you, too?"

But Dave Soule don't have no relish for them little pleasantries. He grows more an' more profane, while Gringo goes through his pockets an' relieves him of everything of value. Then Pete ties Dave's hands good an' firm, loops the end of the riata through his belt, an' thinks awhile. Presently he smiles again, as though he had a beautiful idea. He walks down the trail a little, and pretty soon comes back with another rope. He ties it to the end of the one that's looped in Dave's belt and throws it over the telegraph wire. Then he climbs aboard of Dave's horse, takes a half hitch with the rope around the saddle horn, digs the spurs into the skate, an' up Dave goes to the wire, where he hangs, all spraddled out like a big flying lizard, still cussin' an' foam'n' most fluent.

Gringo Pete laughs an' laughs, till he's so weak he can hardly set in his saddle. Then he starts up the bronk again an' rides round an' round the telegraph pole, till the rope is made good an' fast. Then he gets off, ties the end o' the same the bottom of the pole, and stands off to admire his handiwork.

"Which I hangs you up in the breezes like a flag o' liberty!" grins Gringo Pete. "I'm shore proud o' my efforts, an' goes my way a-leavin' of the world to judge as to the merits of the same!" and with that he waves his hand to Dave Soule an' gallops off down the sandy trail on Dave's own horse, leavin' Dave swayin' graceful an' solitary in the air.

Along about three o'clock in the afternoon Dave aint conscious any more. The sun's shinin' some fierce, an' it's shore roastin' poor Dave to a frazzle. His tongue's hangin' out, all black an' dry, an' they's a husky rattlin' in his throat. If Dave was awake, he'd undoubtedly appreciate a drink o' water.

Just about that time they's a freight train comes languishin' along through the desert with a load of ore. The train hands notice Dave danglin' in the atmosphere. At first they regards him casual like, for they nacherly infers he's the remnants o' some vigilance meetin'; but when they gets closer they notices that he's hanged by the waist, and not by the neck. This excites their curiosity some powerful: an' as they hasn't much to do that afternoon, they stops an' takes him down an' pursues some investigations a heap. They're surprised a lot when they find he's alive. So they rolls him aboard the caboose an' toots ahead.

In an hour or so Dave comes to sufficient to know what's happened, an' to try to make the train hands understand by signs what's the matter. But he can't talk vet, an' the railroad men aint none wise on the sign language. Besides, they one an' all plays him for a boss-thief; so they takes him on to Los Angeles and domiciles him in the city jail.

We're all a heap mixed on dates; but as near as we are able to figure it out, it's four days after them festivities—when we celebrates Gringo Pete's lucky strike—that Dave Soule comes wobblin' into Perro Blanco. His eyes is blacked and two front teeth is gone. He's haggard, an' unkempt, an' scratched up like he's been in a cat-fight. We heaves a mutual an' unanimous sigh, for we has a hunch that they's some more calamity to be unfoldin'—an' we're dead right.

Dave Soule relates in a mournful voice how they keeps him in prison for awhile; but not bein' able to prove nothin' again him, they turns him loose with the warnin' never to do it again. Dave hasn't any

money; so he tries to beat his way back to the desert, ridin' in a box car. He succeeds elegant till he gets to Coyote Wells, when a brakeman that's bigger than him comes along an' mauls him up some joyous an' kicks Dave out of the car an' into a cactus patch, while the train rolls merrily on an' disappears in the night, with a red light winkin' back sardonic at poor Dave, who limps ahead, too bad whipped to even cuss. But after hikin' for a day an' a half, he reaches Perro Blanco, only to find they aint a drop of lick within eighty miles.

While he's tellin' these melancholy stories we hears a whinney; an' up to the corral drags Dave Soule's bronco—gaunt and lame, and half-starved-lookin'. Dave goes out an' rounds him up, sort o' apathetic; and twisted in the old skate's tail he finds this message:

DEAR DAVE: I regrets to inform you that your bronk can't stand the strenuous life of a huccaneer; so I turns him loose to bear my respects back to Perro Blanco, together with the hope that you all never forgets Gringo Pete's lucky strike an' Perro Blanco's celebration of the same! GRINGO PETE.

Dave hands the note around, an' merely sighs sobbingly. We all reads, but nobody says anything. Gringo Pete's across the line into Old Mexico long ago; and besides we're all plumb whipped, an' they's no fight left in camp.

An' this is the particular epoch, to which I refers when I starts onfoldin' these yere retrospections, when Perro Blanco rises up an' all unanimous votes Gringo Pete the orn'riest man that ever crossed that trail. And lookin' at it from the p'int of view of a man who has seen a heap of men since then, I sees no reason for disapprovin' of the verdict.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1903.

LATE VERSE.

An Irish Lullaby.

O, go to sleep, you rogue of rogues,
And I'll give you a pair of fairy brogues;
They were clouted under a windy dawn
By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun.

As brown as a withered isaf eat he
Under the shade of a hawthorn-tree;
A weeshy man in an old green coat,
With the voice of a blackbird in his throat.

He tills no fields and he has no house,
But he's always handy to hawthorn bows
While the fairy shoes he makes or mends,
For he and the hawthorn are faithful friends.

I heard his hammer one morn of May
Over the hills and far away,
And followed after the tinkling tone,
And found my Leprechaun bird—alone.

A fairy gift had I come to choose?
I asked for a pair of fairy shoes.
"I make them out of the autumn leaves
Whose red drift crackles on frosty eves.

"The feet that wear them shall never tire,
And never be bogged in the oozy mire,
If they go star-following night and day
Over the hills and far away."

I took the shoes from his hand, and here
They wait the minute you waken, dear;
They'll serve by day and they'll serve by night,
Through summer scarlet and winter white.

So, colleen dhas or colleen dhu,
Go dream of the shoes that were made for you
Under the arch of a windy dawn
By the fairy fingers of Leprechaun.

—Nora Chesson in the London Sketch.

A Lullaby.

The fairy winds are blowing o'er the moss-covered dells,
And the dewdrop glistens brightly on the scented blue-bells—
On the tinted blue-bells that must close when evening sighs,
Then I'll shut the silken lids of my bonnie one's blue eyes.

Sleep, childie, sleep,
While the good fairies keep
Their watches o'er thy angel dreaming; sleep, childie, sleep!

The hirdie sings all day on the green summer hough,
But the sweet, entrancing lay is all hushed, silent now—
It is all silent now till my babe awakens soon,
Then the hirdie on the hough shall renew its charming tune.

Sleep, childie, sleep,
While the good fairies peep
So slyly round thy little cradle; sleep, childie, sleep!

Oh, I know a cozy nook by the soft, shelving strand,
And a pinky shell the hue of my own darling's hand;
There we'll go and we'll row where the hillows roll so free,
And the wee, pretty shell will carry baby out to sea.

Sleep, childie, sleep,
In slumber soft and deep
Our little fairy hark awaits us; sleep, childie, sleep!

—Eugene Geary in the Criterion.

The Shrinking of the Great Salt Lake.

During the past few years there has been such a rapid decline in the water level of Great Salt Lake that the people of Northern Utah, and especially of Salt Lake City, have begun to be afraid lest this remarkable body of water will soon be a thing of the past. L. H. Murdoch, section director of the United States Weather Bureau in Salt Lake City, is of the opinion that these fears are unfounded, and he especially denies that irrigation-works are draining off the lake. He thinks that the large deficiency of 29.60 inches in precipitation during the past sixteen years, as shown by the Salt Lake City records, must be far more of a factor than any possible loss of water resultin' from irrigating 609 square miles of land. With precipitation continuing at about 15 inches, he predicts that no further fall in the lake will occur, and if the annual precipitation is as much as 15 inches for the next three years, a slight rise may be expected.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that at an informal dinner at which several friends of Ambassador Choate were present, one asked him: "If you were dead and could come back to this world in another body, who would you prefer to come as?" Without a moment's hesitation the gallant ambassador retorted: "As Mrs. Choate's second husband."

In his "Random Reminiscences," Charles H. E. Brookfields says that his great uncle, Henry Hallam, the historian, was invited by Tennyson to be godfather to his first boy. Hallam readily consented. As they were walking up the church-yard, side by side, the historian inquired of Tennyson: "What name do you mean to give him?" "We thought of calling him Hallam," said the poet. "Oh, had you not better call him Alfred?" modestly suggested the historian. "Aye!" replied the bard, "but what if he should turn out a fool?"

An amusing instance of a minister stumbling on a text of a humorous personal application is that related of a widower, who had remarried within a year after his first wife's death. His friends and congregation thought him very expeditious, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves. He rose in his place in his pulpit and said: "My beloved brethren! You will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, 'Our light affliction, which is for the moment.'"

An interesting feature of the recent army debate in the House of Lords was the collapse of Lord Lovat, who, on rising to make his maiden speech, said: "My Lords, I venture to think this army corps system, by producing a definite scheme—" and then sat down, unable to utter another word. His failure in the House of Lords was such a contrast to Lord Lovat's gallant work in the South African war, during which he raised and commanded a corps of scouts and won the Distinguished Service Order, that it has produced much good-natured comment in the English papers. One writer points out that Lord Lovat can console himself with the reflection that only a short time ago the Duke of Devonshire rose from his seat in the House of Lords, looked slowly around, intending to speak, and then sat down without uttering a word.

It is well known that the venerable actor, Joe Jefferson, is a warm friend of ex-President Cleveland, and frequently accompanies him on fishing expeditions. One day E. H. Sothern, while playing at a theatre in Washington, D. C., called at the White House to see President Cleveland. "As I entered the grounds," says Mr. Sothern, "I met Jefferson coming from the White House. I said to him, 'Well, so you have been looking for a position.' 'Oh, no, Sothern, I have only been calling to arrange for a fishing excursion. I am too modest to ask for any position,' he replied. 'Never mind,' said I, 'I am going in and will do my best for you. I will ask Mr. Cleveland to send you to Marblehead as ambassador.' Quick as a flash Jefferson replied: 'Don't do it, Sothern; that is a foreign country, and I don't speak the language.'"

The late J. E. Boehm, the sculptor, once met Gladstone at a country house, and was immensely impressed by the extent and diversity of the statesman's knowledge, as revealed in his conversation. Boehm was still full of the subject when the morning arrived for Carlyle's sitting for a bust, and to the philosopher the sculptor poured forth his admiration for Gladstone's intimate acquaintance with subjects so far apart as gardening and Greek. Carlyle listened for a time in scornful silence. Then he said: "And what did he say about your work?" "Oh, nothing," said Boehm; "he doesn't know anything about sculpture." "Of course," growled Carlyle, "of course, and he showed his knowledge about things that you didn't understand. No doubt if you asked Blackie he'd say that Gladstone knew nothing about Greek and the gardener would tell you that he knew nothing whatever of gardening."

According to the New York Tribune's Washington correspondent, a newly wedded couple recently visited the library of Congress, and wandering into the periodical reading-room they carefully looked over the newspaper files until they found their home paper,

a local sheet from one of the smaller towns of Virginia. First they read the account of their wedding, turning over the papers until they reached that date. Then they chatted over the mistakes it contained, and the bride blushed becomingly at the glowing description of her beauty. As they turned to go away the bride, apparently as an after-thought, turned back and started to look over the later papers on the same file. Suddenly the attendants, who were watching her with appreciative eyes, noticed that she turned pale, and her husband caught her as she was about to fall. Still clutching in her hand the sheet of the newspaper, which had been torn from the file as she staggered, she pointed out a notice on the front page, and then said faintly: "Take me away, please." After they had gone an attendant picked up the crumpled sheet, which had fallen to the floor, and read a short paragraph explaining the little scene. It read: "It is with regret that we learn of the sudden death of Mrs. X., whose daughter, Mary, was married on Saturday to Mr. W. Mr. and Mrs. W. are spending their honeymoon in Washington."

A MUCH-DISCUSSSED NOVEL.

Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter."

In our issue of November 10, 1902, we called attention to the relation between the career of Julie le Breton, the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's story, "Lady Rose's Daughter," and the life of Mlle. de Lespinasse, a leader of one of the French salons of the eighteenth century. The paragraph was evidently widely read, as various papers throughout the country have since given columns to the interesting parallel. Mrs. Ward herself has written a few lines in reply to the New York Tribune, in whose issue of January 25th she first saw an allusion to her indebtedness to the history of Mlle. de Lespinasse.

Mrs. Ward acknowledges that she has used certain figures and incidents in the life of the famous Frenchwoman as the foundation of her novel, but maintains that she has made it plain to the readers of French memoirs, both by calling her heroine by the same name, and by several references and passages in the book itself.

The New York Tribune and the Boston Transcript take Mrs. Ward severely to task. The former maintains that "a prefatory note containing the fullest explanation of the source of the plot and characters is the least which Mrs. Ward's readers have a right to demand."

The Boston Transcript takes even higher ground. After pointing out the resemblances to which the Argonaut called attention, the Transcript continues: "Mrs. Humphry Ward's sole contribution to the story, so far, appears to be its local setting in the London of to-day, and the degradation of the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse. The question that arises is not so much whether an author can justify such use of literary material, as whether she has the right to degrade the character of a once-living and still-living historical woman."

The Chicago Record-Herald, on the other hand, sees no "moral turpitude," but merely a "hit of interesting literary gossip," and points out that Longfellow, Scott, and even Shakespeare have based their poems, novels, and plays on earlier dramas or actual characters.

This is certainly the right view to take of the matter. Those readers of Mrs. Ward's novel who are familiar with the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, recently translated, or with "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia Gere Mason, will no doubt be deeply interested in the striking resemblance between the two, something more than resemblance, indeed, for Mrs. Ward has taken Julie de Lespinasse for her model throughout, and not only the heroine but all of the chief characters of the story are drawn from the brilliant circle of which Mlle. de Lespinasse was an animating spirit. But Mrs. Ward will have many thousands of readers who have never heard of Julie de Lespinasse or Mme. du Deffand, and who will be supremely indifferent as to whether the fascinating heroine was evolved out of the author's brain or was a real flesh-and-blood girl in London society.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is a deeply interesting love-story. It could not be otherwise, for it is a true recital of the love affairs of a woman whose "life was passed in loving, hating, fainting, reviving, dying, that is to say, in ever loving." Thus writes Sainte-Beuve of Mlle. de Lespinasse, the impulses of whose heart ever outran the counsels of her head. Like her, Julie le Breton, Mrs. Ward's heroine, is the natural

daughter of a lady of title; like her, she is possessed of remarkable gifts. Clever, brilliant, with great conversational charm, and intellectual and social ambition, she becomes the chief attraction at the weekly receptions of Lady Henry, who has secured the gifted young girl as companion.

Here, again, Mrs. Ward has given us in the worldly Lady Henry, a model of her prototype, the famous Mme. du Deffand, with whom Mlle. de Lespinasse was associated in the same capacity as was Julie le Breton with Lady Henry. Like Mme. du Deffand, Lady Henry is connected by birth with the proudest and most ancient families. Both are cold, hard, bitter, and sarcastic. Both are imperious and tyrannical. Both have been obliged, by age and approaching blindness, to secure a young companion to assist in receiving the brilliant circle which comprised the flower of the nobility and the most famous men of the literary and scientific world. Among the regular habitués at Lady Henry's reunions is Dr. Meredith, whose warm friendship for Julie le Breton is like that of D'Alembert for Julie de Lespinasse, and the young soldier, Captain Warkworth, who, like the brilliant Colonel Guibert, whom Mlle. de Lespinasse loved so passionately, wished to advance his fortunes by a wealthy marriage while still retaining the love of the woman to whom he owed his coveted foreign appointment.

Even the lovable little Duchess of Crowborough is not an invention. Through all the humiliations that Julie has received from the hands of her arrogant and ill-tempered patroness, the duchess has stood her friend. It is she who places a furnished house at her disposal when the irate Lady Henry dismisses her for daring to receive alone during the temporary illness of her jealous and exacting employer.

When Mme. du Deffand, for the same reason, fell into a violent rage and banished Mlle. de Lespinasse, the Marechale de Luxembourg at once furnished apartments for her, where, carrying off many of the special favorites of her former mistress, she established a rival salon, which became one of the most brilliant of Paris.

Julie le Breton was not so successful. Although her friends gathered around her, the first reception was a failure, partly owing to the fact that she was so intensely absorbed in her love for Warkworth as to be unable to sink the jealous and unhappy woman and he only the fascinating hostess whom her champions had hastened to defend by their presence. "It did not go well," said Dr. Meredith in the ear of the duchess. But Montresor, the War Minister, the life-long friend of Lady Henry, broke with the self-willed, imperious, old lady for the sake of the dismissed companion, as did D'Alembert with Mme. du Deffand to become the partisan of Julie de Lespinasse.

Then follows the second great scene of the book, when Julie, yielding to the pleadings of her unworthy lover, consents to keep an appointment with him in Paris. Child of revolt as she is, "without principles," as she said of herself in an earlier chapter, she flings prudence to the winds, and, like the French Julie, abandons all for love. But here the parallel ceases. Julie is saved from herself, evidently because Mrs. Ward had made up her mind from the beginning that her heroine, handicapped as she was, with no kindred, and only those friends whom she had won by her own wit and charm, should become an English duchess.

Mrs. Ward has practically divided her book into three parts. The first ends with the dramatic scene in which Lady Henry discovers her protégé entertaining the circle that she herself has been thirty years gathering together. The second, with the return of Julie from her mad trip to the Continent. The third part, which bears but little resemblance to the interesting story of the unhappy Mlle. de Lespinasse, is far behind the preceding pages, both in interest and in probability. The vision of the dying lover appearing to Julie le Breton is borrowed from the story of Mlle. de Lespinasse, but the rest of the tale, with its conventional ending, is purely Mrs. Ward's own.

The whole novel is in a lighter vein than Mrs. Ward's other books, and its melodramatic touch will not make it any the less interesting to the average reader. But the morbid tone in the latter part is distinctly wearisome, and while the characters throughout are finely drawn, many readers will experience a sensation of disappointment over the inartistic conclusion, which seems inconsistent with the character of the heroine.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is understood that Speaker Henderson will soon quit Iowa and become a corporation lawyer in New York.

A new man from Mississippi, Adam Byrd, has robbed Senator Burton of the distinction of having the shortest autobiography in the Congressional Directory. Burton's is three lines long; Byrd's is only a line and a half, and is as follows: "Adam Byrd, Democrat, of Philadelphia, was elected to the Fifty-Eighth Congress, receiving three thousand and eighty-one votes."

Ludwig Falke, the lyric poet, to whom the Hamburg senate has voted an annual pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars to enable him to devote himself to his literary tasks, has been a mute teacher in that city for twenty-five years. Once before the senate helped a struggling author. Otto Ernst, while teaching in a public school in Hamburg, received six months' leave of absence to enable him to devote his time to his dramatic work.

The fact that the birth of Marconi has been found registered in Bologna has cut short the claim of other Italian towns to this distinction. Florence, however, has discovered that the inventor went to school there between his sixth and tenth years. There has also been discovered an aged lady, Signora Luisa Cavallero, who taught young Marconi how to read, and she says that she was obliged to punish him many times because he was very naughty, and since he has become a great man her conscience has severely reproached her. "Fancy punishing a genius!" she exclaimed. "At the same time," she added in extenuation, "he was never able to learn anything by heart. That was impossible with him."

In an interview the other day, Captain Lloyd C. Griscom, former minister to Persia, and now to go as minister to Japan, said that the Shah of Persia desires to visit America, chiefly because it would give him an opportunity to hunt big game in company with President Roosevelt, whom he admires immensely. Captain Griscom added: "The Shah is an ardent sportsman, and President Roosevelt, knowing this, sent me an autograph copy of his book on 'Big Game' to present to him. Mussaffar-ed-din was delighted. He could understand the pictures, but as French is the only modern language with which he is conversant, he was unable to read the text. He overcame this difficulty, however, by setting a corps of interpreters to work. The entire book was translated into Persian, and then the Shah read it with great enjoyment."

Walter Wellman declares that Secretary Cortelyou is one of the most democratic members of the Cabinet. Before his rise to ministerial honors, Mr. Cortelyou habitually took his luncheon at a dairy luncheon in Washington, D. C., eating his fifteen cents' worth of sandwiches and pie surrounded by newspaper men, government clerks, and an occasional higher official. When Mr. Cortelyou was promoted to be a member of the Cabinet some of his friends thought he would abandon the democratic lunchery. But he hasn't done so. Every day he makes his appearance at the same old place, usually accompanied by Mr. Barnes, President Roosevelt's invaluable assistant secretary. The luncheon-room in question is a famous clearing-house for government, legislative, and newspaper gossip. Secretary Cortelyou says he has received three thousand applications for places in the Department of Commerce and Labor. This is by actual count, and not a mere estimate.

According to reports from Guatemala, the rule of Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, the present president of the republic, is not less bloody than that of his predecessors, Carrera and Barrios. The Mexican papers are constantly printing stories from their correspondents telling of respectable citizens disappearing at night, of mounds of fresh earth marking unknown graves, and of a system of spies so complete that even the privacy of families is invaded and no one dares to make an enemy of the most insignificant person for fear of being denounced to some of the president's agents. It is claimed that Cabrera is secure in his power, and that a revolution can not be started now as in the old days before Barrios covered the country with a net work of telegraphs. Cabrera has the arms, the custom-houses which supply the chief element of war money, and the telegraphs. At the least outbreak in some distant part of the country his soldiers are in the field. The revolutionist is quickly surrounded and his cause is at an end.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Gotham Chatterton?

On June 9, 1902, there appeared in the death-notice column of the New York Times the following item:

STIRLING.—By suicide in the Hudson River, poet and man of genius, in the twenty-second year of his age, only son of Richard T. and Grace Stirling, deceased, of Chicago. Chicago papers please copy.

Now, ten months later, there appears from the press a book called "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," with a vague introduction by a friend, who signs himself "S." The journal itself is the wild, incoherent, passionate cry of the young idealist, poor and solitary poet Stirling, who, in agony of soul, brought forth what he thought a great poem, "The Captive," but which nine publishers, after long agonizing waits, refused, because it "wouldn't sell." It is a melancholy, morbid, affecting tale of high ideals, of poverty, and self-torture, but it isn't true! The death notice is undoubtedly a "fake," the book is fiction—a direct descendant of the "Engliswoman's Love-Letters" and other anonymous and morbid "big-sellers." The propriety, not to say honesty, of putting a false death notice in a newspaper is open to grave question. So is the putting of an untrue editor's introduction in a book. A formal introduction should certainly be *bona fide*, whatever illusion the text of the book may strive to create. Not only have the investigations of New York newspapers, notably the *Sun*, proved the work a "fake," but the fact that not a line of the wonderful poem is printed, as well as certain sophistications, which the wide-awake reader will discover scattered through the pages, is sufficient to convince us of its disingenuousness.

But all this aside; that the work is pure fiction admitted, it still has considerable interest. Its author, whoever he is, is a man of literary skill, and has developed strongly a single thought—an indictment of society. In one place, Stirling says:

"The poet! You make him go out into the market-place and chaffer for his bread! You subject him to the same law to which you subject your loafers and your louts—that he who will not work can not eat! Your drones, and your drunkards—and your poets! Every man must earn for himself, every man must pay his way. . . . And you love letters! you love poetry! you are civilized, you are liberal, you are enlightened! you are fools!"

On this question much could be said *pro* and *con*, which we have not space to say here. But it is an interesting subject for discussion, and the book, if widely read, as it probably will be, is bound to provoke debate.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Another Volume on Germany.

That Germany is occupying an unusual amount of attention in the world to-day is evidenced by the number of books which the political and commercial progress of the empire has recently inspired. One of them—a production of 1902—is entitled, "The German Empire of To-Day," and has been published as the work of "Veritas," under which pseudonym the author conceals his identity. The scope of the book is mainly confined to marshaling the facts which illustrate the present state of German finances, education, the army and navy, and the empire's colonial possessions. There are also chapters which deal with the commercial and tariff policies of the emperor. Facts and figures are given with a bewildering profuseness, and are rather dry reading, but they make the book approximately a work of reference. They are introduced by a chapter giving a succinct history of German states down to the formation of the empire in 1871.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London; price, \$2.25.

The Manifold Charms of Egypt.

Conspicuous among the new publications, both from the standpoint of the reader and the artist, is the volume entitled "Egypt Painted and Described," by R. Talbot Kelly. The modest aim of the author is not so much to produce a work of critical value, as to give a broadly pictorial representation of the life and scenery of the country, and particularly those phases of each which lie off the beaten track. Mr. Kelly has succeeded in both branches of his work. As a book of travel his volume strikes the right key and maintains its interest from beginning to end, and his illustrations, which are seventy-five in number, and all beautifully colored, are simply charming. The subjects cover almost every conceivable phase of Egyptian life and scenery as he would find it to-day. There are pictures of streets, mosques, and bazaars; pictures of river scenes, of temples, and of ruins; pictures of the desert in storm and in calm,

and of pyramids and tombs; and each one so handsomely colored, so delicately shaded, as to form a gem which the reader is tempted to remove from the book and endow with a frame. The text is similarly comprehensive. Cairo, of course, is an important feature, but it is supplemented by descriptions of the Upper Nile and its cataracts, the canal life of the Delta, the lower Nile and the desert. Not less interesting are the chapters which depict the life of the Fellah and the Bedawin, and the condition, religion, and character of the Egyptian people. Mr. Kelly's book entirely justifies the old proverb of the Egyptians: "Who drinks Nile water must return." Who would not return, again and again, as the author did, if he could find there the beauty and interest which Mr. Kelly has so entertainingly revealed with his brush and his pen?

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$6.00.

More of the Boer War.

A book that was inevitable is "The Boer Fight for Freedom," by Michael Davitt, who resigned his membership in the British House of Commons in October, 1899, went to South Africa and stayed with the Boer army until May, 1900. The author's career makes it easy to believe that he regarded the war as "the greatest infamy of the nineteenth century," and that he was prepared by nature and training to find in South Africa plenty to justify his pre-conceived anti-British opinions. His narration, with his observations, form an arraignment of England, as might be expected. For those who would like a picture of the Boer war thus colored, it is just the sort of thing they would like. The volume is well illustrated and is provided with numerous maps.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bret Harte's literary executors have found enough available manuscript to add one more volume to the succession of collections of his short stories which have been appearing nearly every spring for the last twenty years. The volume, which will contain seven stories, will be issued in April under the title "Trent's Trust."

Irving Bacheller's third novel, "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," will be published next month.

John T. McCutcheon, the well-known cartoonist of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, is to bring out a book of his drawings, under the title of "Cartoons by McCutcheon." One hundred of his most popular pictures have been collected, including the "Prince Henry" cartoons, "The Boy in Summer-Time," and others that have attracted wide attention.

Miss Jeannette Gilder considers Mrs. Humphry Ward the best paid among living novelists. She estimates that "Lady Rose's Daughter"—reviewed elsewhere in these pages—will net Mrs. Ward at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and believes that she received not less than twenty-five thousands dollars for the serial rights.

"People You Know," George Ade's new book, soon to be published, contains twenty-six humorous studies of American character. A few of the titles are "The True Friend," "The Self-Made Hezekiah," "The Married Couple," "The Samaritan," "The Patient Toiler," "The Two Young People," and "The Work Horse." More than fifty quaint illustrations are contributed to the book by J. T. McCutcheon and others.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, "Marjorie," which is to be published soon, is said to be written in the same romantic vein that is characteristic of "If I Were King."

Mathilde Serao's domestic difficulties have not interfered with her work. She has ready another novel, "Sister Joan of the Cross," the story of an Italian nun, turned out into the world by the suppression of her order.

A new book by Alfred Henry Lewis, the author of "Wolfville," is to be published this spring. It is called "The Black Lion Inn." Besides the narrator, there are five main characters in the book, the Jolly Doctor, the Red-Nosed Gentleman, the half-breed Sioux Sam, the Sour Gentleman, and the Old Cattleman.

The remarkable story of Helen Keller's life as told by her autobiography, by John Albert Macy's biography, and by her correspondence with well-known people, is now announced for publication this month.

"The Canterbury Pilgrims" is the title of a clever play by Percy MacKaye, which

will soon be produced by Edward H. Sothern, and which is on the press for publication in book-form by the Macmillan Company.

"The Blue Goose" is the title chosen by Frank L. Nason, author of a book called "To the End of the Trail," for a story of conditions in the Western mining camps of to-day.

H. Rider Haggard's latest novel, dealing with the conquest of Jerusalem by the Romans, and called "Pearl Maiden," has just been published.

"The Lieutenant-Governor," a novel dealing with strikes in the imaginary state of Alleghenia, by Guy Wetmore Carryl, will be published next month.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel, "Robin Brilliant," will be ready in a few days. It is described as a study of woman's love, which is, in Mrs. Dudeney's analysis, of a dual nature—a strife of the instinct of sex and self-surrender with the instinct of revolt against masculine domination.

Death of a Famous Critic.

Andrew C. Wheeler, the dramatic critic, best known under the nom de plume of "Nym Crinkle," died a fortnight ago at his residence, Monsey, Rockland County, N. Y. He was seventy years of age, and leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

Mr. Wheeler began newspaper work on the New York Times when Henry J. Raymond was the editor. At the time of the Kansas troubles he went West, and for several years led an adventurous life among Indians and soldiers. He was practically editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* for three years. When the Civil War broke out he went with the army as a war correspondent; then after incidental writing for the Chicago press for two years he returned to New York and joined the staff of the New York *Leader*, which included Henry Clapp, Jr., William Winter, George Arnold, Adah Clare, Stephen Hiske, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. On Mr. Clapp's death, Mr. Wheeler became dramatic critic for the *Leader*. His articles were then signed "Trinculo." Not long after he joined the staff of the *World* as a dramatic and musical critic, and began the articles signed "Nym Crinkle." Later he joined the staff of the *Sun*. Besides being musical and dramatic critic for almost all the leading New York papers he has contributed to many of the magazines. He wrote a comedy entitled "The Twins," one of the many adaptations of "A Tale of Two Cities," which was produced by Lester Wallack. He was the author of "The Chronicles of Milwaukee," "The Primrose Path of Dalliance," and "The Toltec Cup."

He was also the author of "A Journey to Nature," "The Making of a Country Home," and the "Conquering of Kate," all of which have been published serially.

Anthony Hope, who is visiting New York at present, says that he is in this country to rest and amuse himself for half a dozen weeks or so. This time he will give no readings from his novels. Commenting on the success of J. M. Barrie as a playwright, Mr. Hope is quoted as saying: "Barrie tells me that his head is full of plots—curse him!"

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Agnosticism."

Professor Robert Flint, of the University of Edinburgh, is the author of a notable philosophical treatise on "Agnosticism," which is a worthy successor to his previous works on "Theism," "Socialism," "Anti-Theistic Theories," etc. Professor Flint approaches his subject as one neither a gnostic nor an agnostic. He describes the former "as one who attributes to the human mind more power of attaining truth than it actually possesses," and the latter "as one who will not allow that the human mind possesses as much power of acquiring knowledge as it really has. Thus viewed," he says, "both the gnostic and the agnostic err, but in opposite directions."

After first discussing the etymology of the word agnosticism, and formulating a working definition of the theory of knowledge current under that term, the author takes up, one by one, the works of philosophical writers and critically examines them. Among modern thinkers who wrote on the specific subject of agnosticism he criticises Owen, Huxley, Dr. Bithell, Professors Fraser and Calderwood, Roherty, and Leslie Stephen. Again, he examines at some length Hebrew, Chinese, Greek, Roman, and mediæval agnosticism. To Hume and Kant and their schools he gives elaborate discussion. It will thus be seen that the work is a most comprehensive one.

To the many whose knowledge of metaphysics is mainly derived from the works of Herbert Spencer, it may be an interesting fact that Professor Flint treats Spencer's views on the unknowable in "First Principles" with scant respect. "There," says the author, "he is only to be seen uncritically accepting the errors taught by Hamilton and Mansel, and employing the same metaphysical abstractions and equivocal terms; and formulae in the same worse than unprofitable way. The arguments of Mansel . . . so obviously depended on such erroneous definitions and abstractions as *The Infinite*, *The Absolute* and *The Unconditioned*—mere absurdities unthinkable by any human intellect— . . . and on ratiocination of the worst scholastic kind, that one can not fail to wonder how Mr. Spencer should have been deluded by such mediæval jugglery."

Professor Flint's work lacks an index, which defect is partially corrected by an elaborate table of contents. It contains some seven hundred pages.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

By-Ways of Southern California.

The cover-design of Charles Franklin Carter's book is so intensely Californian that, after one long look at its purple hills, deep blue sky, and vivid green foreground, the reader's mind is attuned for the contents, "Some By-Ways of California." Mr. Carter, we infer, has made a leisurely tour of Southern California, leaving the beaten track of the tourist as much as possible, and, with the eye of the artist, he sees the glories of the State and describes them in an enthusiastic and entertaining manner. The story of many of the missions, the efforts of the padres in subduing and educating the Indians, the beauty of the mountains and valleys surrounding the mission folds, make up the general tenor of the book. Among the most attractive chapters are "The Mojave Desert," "The Home of Ramona," "Lompoc and Purisima," and "San Juan Bautista." The writer seems thoroughly in love with the sunny skies and genial climate he finds on this Coast, and nothing of the beauty of river, desert, valley, or mountain is lost upon him. From the crude primary colors of our brilliant verdure down to the half-tones and shadows of the desert twilights, the wonder of California's complexion is noted and admired. Mr. Carter's principal object in making this book, however, seems to be for the pleasure of revisiting in fancy the scenes made familiar by his trip, for, as he says in his preface, "Should these little descriptions induce the traveler to visit some of the by-ways of this section of our country, the writer will have attained his object."

Published by the Grafton Press, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

A Curious Sonnet Century.

Among late additions to poetical anthologies is a handsomely printed volume entitled "A Century of Sonnets," which strikes us as a very curious compilation. Until we examined the book we had thought that the really fine poets of the world had produced among them at least a hundred sonnets worthy of a place in a "century." We were wrong. In this compilation, by Sophia McIlvaine Bledsoe Herrick, from French, German,

Italian, Spanish, English, and American sonneteers, the names of Hugo, Goethe, Schiller, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Edwin Arnold, Sidney Lanier, E. C. Stedman, Poe, Walter Savage Landor, W. Morris, do not appear. This would not be strange in so limited a collection were not their places taken by sonnetasters (let us coin a word) such as R. W. Gilder, E. C. Lefroy, J. W. Riley, Alice Meynell, W. B. Scott—persons holding only a small niche, if any, among the world's poets. But there are even lesser names than these in this choice collection; for instance, that of Minot J. Savage, a New York clergyman, whose frothy hook on spiritualism we recently reviewed. And who in Olympus, we should like to know, are Julie Baker and Susan Spaulding! We are led strongly to suspect that one of the main purposes of Sophia McIlvaine Bledsoe Herrick (of the *Century*) in making this compilation was to confer some undeserved *kudos* upon Julie Baker and Susan Spaulding by placing their sonnets in juxtaposition to those of John Milton and William Shakespeare.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$2.60 net.

New Publications.

"In the Shadow of the Purple," a novel, by George Gilbert, is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Persons interested in the leper problem may secure a pamphlet, called "The Lepers in Surinam," by addressing the Rev. Henry T. Weiss, Bethlehem, Pa.

"Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch," a not very clever parody of "Mrs. Wiggs," by Frank C. Voorhies, is published by the Mutual Book Company, Boston; price, 30 cents.

"In the Eagle's Talon," by Sheppard Stevens, is a romance whose scene is the territory of Louisiana in the early years of the last century. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A third edition of "Society in the Elizabethan Age," by Hubert Hall, F. S. A., has made its appearance. The reason for another issue is the addition of material relating to the much-accused Darrell, who figures prominently at this time. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50 net.

"The Adventures of Captain John Smith," by E. P. Roberts, is a boy's hook. The author has drawn from the writings of Captain John Smith, and others of his time, and says in the preface: "In this little hook I have tried to simplify some of their narratives, avoiding the discussion of all doubtful points, so as to present a plain, straightforward story." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

An amusing juvenile, entitled "Emblemland," has been produced by John Kendrick Bangs, with assistance of Charles Raymond Macauley, an illustrator of merit. Emblemland, where a small boy by the name of Rollo is marooned, is the habitat of Uncle Sam, Pegasus, the British Lion, Stork the Baby-Bringer, Puck, Father Time, etc. The reader may readily imagine that with such material Bangs has been able to write a first-rate story. The verses scattered through the pages are of a quite superior brand of foolery. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

That admirable series, the Story of the Nations, is enriched by the addition of another hook, entitled "Mediæval India Under Mohammedan Rule" (712-1764), by Stanley Lane-Poole, M. A., Litt. D., M. R. I. A. The subject is one that appeals, and the pages of the well-written and handsomely illustrated work will not fail to interest the general reader. Besides, the volume may well serve as a text-book, a work of reference, or an introduction to writings that treat the subject more broadly. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Forestry is rapidly becoming a science of generally recognized economic importance. This relation to economics is discussed by Bernhard E. Fernow, LL. D., late of the United States Department of Agriculture, in "Economics of Forestry: A Reference Book for Students of Political Economy and Professional and Lay Students of Forestry." The work is unique in English literature, and there is scarcely a parallel even among German productions. The distinction Professor Fernow enjoys in his science is sufficient recommendation as to the merit of the work. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 net.

A very timely book is "Irrigation Institutions: A Discussion of the Economic and Legal Questions Created by the Growth of Irrigated Agriculture in the West." Elwood Mead, C. E., M. S., the author, is professor of

institutions and practice of irrigation in the University of California, and, besides, has done, and is doing, important work along irrigation lines in the United States Department of Agriculture and Harvard University, so he writes with authority. The time has come when the West is looking for solutions of the problems pertaining to water distribution, water rights, riparian rights, and interstate rights; and Professor Mead's clear discussion of the subject will prove of great value to those interested. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

"The Honor of the Braxtons," a well-illustrated story of life in the Paris Latin Quarter, by J. William Fosdick; "In the Gates of Israel," being stories of the Jews, by Herman Bernstein; and "The Prophet of the Real," a morbid problem novel, by Esther Miller, are published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"A Quiver of Arrows," being characteristic sermons of David James Burrell, D. D., LL. D., delivered in the Marble Collegiate Church, of New York City, selected and epitomized by Thomas Douglas, Ph. D., with an introduction by Wayland Hoyt, D. D., LL. D., is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

What appears to be a first-rate story for boys is "The Adventures of Torqua," by Charles Frederick Holder. Its theme is the "life and remarkable adventures of three boys, refugees on the island of Santa Catalina, in the eighteenth century." The hook is well illustrated. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20 net.

Among hooks of passing moment are "The Garden of Lies," a romance, by Justus Miles Forman; "Penruddock of the White Lambs," a tale of Holland, England, and America, by Samuel Harden Church; "Not on the Chart," a romance of castaways on an island of the Pacific, by Charles L. Marsh; and "Come With Me Into Babylon," a story of the fall of Nineveh, by Josiah M. Ward. All are published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, each, \$1.50.

Wit, humor, and a sprightly manner are added to keen critical judgment and broad sympathies in the biography of "Samuel Richardson," which appears from the hand of Austin Dobson. The hook is brief, as are all those of the English Men of Letters Series, but it gives a clear idea of the man and author. One of the most illuminative hits of criticism in the work is this pregnant sentence: "Richardson knew women; and through women he got this knowledge of men, with its concomitant defects." This is, perhaps, the key to a true understanding of Richardson's defects and excellencies as a novelist. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

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Charles B. Hanford, who was an appreciable factor in the success of the well-remembered and beautiful performance of "The Winter's Tale," as presented by the Kidder-Ward Company at the Columbia some years ago, is now starring alone in the legitimate. He is appearing at the California Theatre this week as Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," and his results justify his assumption of a rôle that makes so large a demand on animal spirits and a ready and robust humor.

Although Mr. Hanford's physical equipment is not that of the pale and intellectual scholar, he fully understands and amply brings out the meaning of the lines. He is of too lusty and material a type for the presentation of the more strictly romantic Shakespearean rôles, but the aspect he presents of the character of the rough, bluff woman-tamer, with his houndless good nature, his immense enjoyment of the merry farce upon which he is engaged, and his shrewd and ready-witted employment of his disciplinary powers has a freshness, virility, and humor of its own that wins pleased appreciation from his audience.

Mr. Hanford's Petruchio, however, shows but one phase of the character, and is lacking in fineness and distinction. As for the less obvious and more subtly humorous points that have been brought out in this character by celebrated players, we are in the present day unused to them. The great personalities have passed away, and we have good cause for gratitude toward those players who, like Mr. Hanford, keep up the old Shakespearean rôles, and, as far as they may, the traditions that go with them.

Although the humor with which Mr. Hanford invests the character of Petruchio is of the robust and superficial type, it is genuine and hearty. His speech, however, lacks the purity and elegance that may well be acquired by one who puts so much force and liveliness as well as conscience into his work.

Mr. Hanford's support is poor, and his faith in his leading lady is not quite justified by her performance, which, though adding by its energy to the amusement to be derived from the performance, is more modern than Shakespearean. Her conception of Katherine's shrewishness is too extreme, and the portrayal so violently presented as to leave no room for a recognition of those feminine attractions that, in spite of the violent treatment of the Paduan lady, account for Petruchio's espousal of "Katherine the curst." A company of very young and very crude players surround Mr. Hanford, and enter with youthful zest into the letter of the play, if with no particular conception of the spirit.

Preceding the play proper, and presumably occupying the time given to the induction, is a presentation of "The Old Guard," an archaic curio, which still at times holds the stage and retains an honorable rank through the opportunity it affords for effective acting in the character of Haversack. The play dates from that epoch of dramatic production when the audience calmly accented as heroines poor flower-girls starting honorably in tasteful and correct costume, with unexceptional high-heeled slippers and neatly laundered lace softening becomingly the plumpness of their starved arms—from that epoch when the villain emitted at clock-work intervals that well-worn phrase, "She must and shall be mine"—when the heroine, although provided with an occupation in name, never worked, but passed her time agreeably in rebuffing designing libertines, simpering over proposals of honorable marriage from titled youths, and supporting with filial solicitude the tottering steps of her nearest elderly male relative.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the supporting players were unable to make the audience overlook the absurdities of the old-fashioned piece, but Mr. Hanford, at least, gave a sufficiently meritorious and sympathetic interpretation of the character of the old mustache to please those whose imagination and sympathies are sufficiently elastic to bridge the gap that yawns between the drama of the past and that of the present.

"The Sixth Commandment" at the Grand Opera House has some absurdities, a few possibilities, more than a few clever lines, and an occasional situation. It is impossible, however, to give the scenes which concern the heroine any dramatic value or consistency without having for their centre a sufficiently young and attractive woman.

Olga Varlamoff, the heroine in question, is a beautiful Russian who plots against the government of her country. She also commits murder—which the spectator is virtually requested to consider justifiable—and she is in constant danger of being run down by the Russian police. Naturally, the antecedents of this lady are unknown in London, where she resides, but we are to infer that she has generous and noble qualities which attract the regard of men—and has won for her the love of Lord Damer, a foreign secretary for Her Majesty.

Foreign secretaries, as a usual thing, are extremely cautious about being caught in matrimonial entanglements with Russian ladies unprovided with a family backing, but this especial foreign secretary seemed to be a sort of harmless and amiable chump—who lightly waves aside his lady's confession of plots and police-shadows, and continues to be hers devotedly. Besides the infatuation of this devoted swain, Olga Varlamoff has won the chivalrous championship of another Englishman, who is built on some model from a past play that has escaped me. The Hon. Thomas Hawke is, or his dramatic sponsor designs him to be, a ready, cool, and resourceful person, brave to rashness, and chivalrous to Quixoticism, and who, it is intended, shall win the enthusiastic suffrages of the gallery. Mr. Butler played the part with honest, steady zeal, but was too commonplace and homespun to put the dash and heroic fibre necessary into the part.

Mr. Mayall, it should have been stated, hurried his irresistible fascinations under the gray locks and amiable demeanor of the harmless chump aforesaid (who called my beautiful Russian "my dear" in the drawing-room), and Blanche Stoddard was a timid and retiring messenger of the Russian intrigues.

Mr. Corrigan, the co-star of Miss Odell, and infinitely superior to that lady in histrionic qualities, played the part of a high official in the secret service of the Russian police with much ability, giving to the part even a fuller dramatic value than the author had a right to expect. The situations and business make the part too lengthy, but Mr. Corrigan's excellent characterization almost triumphed over the tediousness of the second act. He was, indeed, the only one in the company that gave any illusion.

The second act is too deliberate and prolonged, and lacking in action, and there is a good deal of absurdity in the complaisance of Mrs. Delmar's guests—including that of her betrothed husband, who remains tucked away in various parts of her villa during the after-dinner hour while she holds exciting or would-be exciting interviews in her hack drawing-room. Miss Odell has the virtue of being a non-ranter, but she is stiff and constrained in her acting and lacks charm.

There was a trail of dullness over the play, and where I should have been interested and on the alert during the scene between the refugee and her Russian accuser, I found myself thinking regretfully of "Sherlock Holmes"—my thoughts would stray and compare. How curious are the limitations of second-rate talent! Would you not have thought, for instance, that Blanche Stoddard, in the scene preceding the flight, might have realized the necessity while standing in the window of keeping a tense gaze on the watching spy outside? Her carelessness in this matter detracted from the sense of peril, which Gillette always keeps up by every device in his power, including a thorough tutoring of the business of his fellow-players.

I recalled the pleasure to be derived from contemplating Miss Conquest and Miss Cortelyou, the gentle, grace, and refinement of the one, the telling good style of the other. I went over the last act, renewing my cordial feelings toward that good fellow, the doctor, my recognition of the thorough merit of the Moriarty impersonation, and my extreme admiration of the ruling spirit over it all.

It would be manifestly unjust to compare for a moment two productions built on such different scales of expense, and my retrospective musings were merely of regret that really first-class attractions are so scarce. It takes money as well as brains, however, to bring out a piece in the style of "Sherlock Holmes," and perhaps it shows a froward and ungrateful spirit not to recognize more fully the merits of "The Sixth Commandment." There is much profit, however, in running low-priced theatres. All over the country their

proprietors are getting rich, and, considering the fact, I should not wonder if, in the future, there would be inaugurated a sharper, more searching, and more exacting stage management that would be able to make much more of the melodramatic possibilities of such a play as "The Sixth Commandment," and develop to a higher degree the nascent possibilities of its players.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Chicago and the Thomas Orchestra.

The music-lovers of Chicago are working hard to raise seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to place Theodore Thomas's Chicago Orchestra on a permanent and safe footing. What is wanted is a new hall just large enough for orchestral concerts. The following paragraph about Thomas from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is worth quoting:

As he taught Americans to love Beethoven, so did he popularize Wagner. He was the first to play the works of Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Dvorak, Richard Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and many others. He was among the first to bring out the American composers, and he has always been a leader in every worthy new movement. Some important questions were, in consequence, understood earlier in America than in Europe, owing to his catholic taste, which kept him abreast of the best modern European thought and ahead of European practice. This was particularly evidenced when he established in this country the low pitch of the orchestra, and introduced uniform bowing. His entire time is given to music. For four half-days each week he conducts his rehearsals. The rest of the time is spent at work with the scores, arranging and re-arranging his music. There is not the slightest detail of the work that he does not personally superintend.

Mrs. Chas. W. Rhodes's Illustrated Lectures.

Mrs. Charles W. Rhodes, the well-known traveler, author, and musician, who has appeared with great success at Harvard University, Bryn Mawr, and Vassar Colleges, and many of the leading musical clubs in the East, will deliver a lecture on "Wagner and the Bayreuth Festival" at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening, March 25th, and Saturday afternoon, March 28th, under the management of Will Greenbaum. The lecture is illustrated by beautifully colored stereoscopic views, showing the principal scenes in the entire "Ring of the Nibelungen" and "Parsifal," portraits of the leading singers at Bayreuth, scenes of the little city, and of Wagner's home. Mrs. Rhodes's lecture ought to attract all lovers of Wagner's music who are anxious to understand his works. Many musical selections from his operas will be rendered by Adolf Glose, the well-known New York pianist. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning, the prices being 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00. Special arrangements will be made for schools and colleges on application to Manager Will Greenbaum, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

At his next symphony concert at Fischer's Theatre after Lent, Frederick Zech, Jr., will present two novelties—a suite by Louis Von Der Mehden, the well-known musician and "celist," and his new symphonic poem, "The Raven."

Mark Hamhourg, the noted Russian pianist, is soon to be heard here in a series of concerts at Fischer's Theatre.

John Rice, Sally Cohn, Thomas Wise, and Edward Aheles are to have prominent rôles in "Are You a Mason?" when it is presented here next month.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Zelie de Lussan in "Carmen."

Next week the Tivoli Opera House is to offer San Francisco music-lovers another treat when Zelie de Lussan, the charming prima donna, will repeat her fine performance of "Carmen," in which she was seen here with the Ellis Opera Company in the spring of 1890. Mlle. de Lussan has achieved great success in this rôle in the United States and abroad, having a record of over six hundred appearances in this opera to her credit. But her reputation does not rest alone on her Carmen. She also has sung the title-rôle in "Mignon," Nedda in "I Pagliacci," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," Marie in "The Daughter of the Regiment," Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro," Musette in "La Bohème," Desdemona in "Otello," Nanetta in "Falstaff," and practically all the stock characters in the familiar operas. Her first appearance at the Tivoli Opera House will be made on next Friday night, and she will sing again on Monday, March 30th; Wednesday, April 1st; and Saturday, April 4th.

George Tennery, a favorite New York tenor, has been especially engaged for the rôle of Don José for these four performances, and the remainder of the cast will include Bertha Davis as Michaela, Arthur Cunningham as Escamillo, Ferris Hartman and Edward Webb as the smugglers, Marie Walsh as Frasquita, Frances Gibson as Mercedes, and Messrs. Fogarty and Jacques as Zuniga and Morales, respectively. "Carmen," by the way, will be sung in English. On the alternate nights Gilbert and Sullivan's ever-popular "Pinafore" will be continued.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

William Gillette will close his record-breaking engagement at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and next week Effie Ellsler will present Paul Kester's dramatization of Charles Major's romantic novel, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The curtain, as in the case of "Sherlock Holmes," it is announced, will rise promptly at eight o'clock, owing to the length of the performance. While San Francisco theatre-goers will naturally regret the absence of Julia Marlowe in the rôle of Princess Mary Tudor, which she created last season, the selection of Effie Ellsler in her stead will prove a source of satisfaction, for she is a conscientious actress, and won much praise here several years ago for her strong interpretation of Glory Quayle in Hall Caine's "The Christian." Her support is said to be above the average, and the Eastern critics are especially pleased with the beautiful staging of the drama. The costumes reflect the fashion of a time when the House of Tudor and the English court had reached a stage of amazing splendor. They were made after designs obtained from rare plates in the British Museum and other treasure houses of English history. The stage pictures were painted after sketches prepared at Windsor Park, Greenwich Palace, and Hampton Court, where the scenes of the play are laid.

Prosperous "Hoity-Toity."

It looks as if many weeks will elapse before "Hoity-Toity" exhausts its popularity at Fischer's Theatre. New songs and stage business are constantly being added, and Messrs. Kolb, Dill, and Bernard nightly interpolate new gags and jokes, so that those who witnessed the performance during the first weeks will find much that is new to entertain and amuse them. In the meantime, the new burlesque, "Helter-Skelter," is in active rehearsal. It is said to contain excellent rôles for the three leading comedians, who will be sure to present a ludicrous sight in the circus scene in the second act, in which they will appear in tights and ballet costumes.

"Robespierre" at the Grand.

Emmett Corrigan, who has made such a favorable impression in "The Sixth Commandment" this week, will have the leading rôle in the spectacular production of "Robespierre" at the Grand Opera House next week. If this is the version which Laurence Irving made from Sardou's play for his father, Sir Henry Irving, it ought to prove a notable theatrical event. The big scene of the play is in the last act, where the hitherto triumphant dictator is tortured in prison by the spirits of the many innocent victims whom he sacrificed during the French Revolution for his love of power. Miss Odell will play the part taken in London by Ellen Terry. Several picturesque settings are promised.

French Farce at the Alcazar.

A sprightly French farce, "The Husbands of Leontine," will prove a welcome innovation to the patrons of the Alcazar after the run of serious plays which have monopolized this theatre for several weeks. It is by Alfred Capus, and after its first run at the Nouveaute Theatre in Paris, was adapted to American tastes and presented with success at the New York Madison Square Theatre. Juliette Crosby will have the title-rôle, and Frank Bacon is expected to score a hit as one of the much-harassed husbands of the ingenious Leontine. Henry Arthur Jones's popular play, "The Dancing Girl," is to be the next offering.

The Orpheum's New Specialties.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Milly Capell and her remarkably trained horse and dogs; Esther Lee, a violinist of note; Eugene Green and Werner, who style themselves the "babses of the jungle," in a black-face act; and the

Brothers French, trick and expert bicycle riders. For the third and last week of her engagement, Lillian Burkhart will revive "The Salt Cellar," one of her early successes, which she calls "a little bit of married life." It abounds in bright lines and humorous situations, and is well calculated to show this dainty comedienne at her best. Foy and Clark will also change their sketch to "The Man Across the Street." The six Glinserettis will continue their astounding acrobatic act. Pepita Aragon and her assistant will vary their beautiful Spanish dances, and Julius Tennen, whose curtain speeches are enthusiastically received, will give further imitations of noted actors.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

The pupils of Paul Gerson's dramatic school will give their first entertainment at Fischer's Theatre on the afternoon of March 26th, when three one-act plays will be given to show the versatility of the ambitious aspirants for stage honors.

According to the English papers, Sir Henry Irving, during his recent provincial tour in the south and west of England, was very successful. Some of his detractors used to say that he would cease to draw if separated from Ellen Terry. But he has put an end to that delusion.

It is said that Maeterlinck wrote "Monna Vanna" to afford a part for his wife to act in, and now it is announced that he has completed for her a second play entitled "Joysette," both of which she promises to act soon in America. Mme. Maeterlinck was known to the Parisian stage as Mlle. Leblanc, and it was generally supposed that she was a Frenchwoman; but it seems that her father was an Italian—a Venetian, who Gallicised his name of Bianconi.

Stuart Robson, who has been resting in New York for a fortnight, on account of an attack of asthma, recently celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday. He received many telegrams of congratulations, some of them being from Grover Cleveland, Joe Jefferson, Arthur Pue Gorman, and John D. Long. Mr. Robson said he was especially pleased at being remembered by Senator Gorman. He and Mr. Gorman were playmates in Baltimore, and when quite young ran away to Washington. Gorman secured a job as page in the Senate, and Mr. Robson became a page in the House.

W. H. Thompson, who will be remembered as the lovable old cardinal in "A Royal Family," has just scored a hit in New York in Mrs. Craigie's "The Bishop's Move." He is starring under the management of James K. Hackett, one of the managers who are forming a syndicate in opposition to the dominant theatrical trust. The plot of "The Bishop's Move" deals with the trials and temptations of the bishop's nephew, a theological student, who finds the fascination of a beautiful young duchess too strong, temporarily, for his first love and his devotion to the church. Against the duchess the prelate plays and wins a diplomatic game.

London play-goers are intensely amused over the quarrel which has resulted from Arthur Bourchier's refusal to admit A. B. Walkley, the *Times* critic, on the first night of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Whitewashing of Julia," at the Garrick Theatre. The papers all condemn Mr. Bourchier for supporting Mr. Jones in his personal charges against the *Times* critic. The *Daily News* satirically remarks: "We doubt whether even Mr. Jones is serious. We are sure Mr. Walkley is laughing in his sleeve, and we suspect Mr. Bourchier regards the affair as excellent business. The suggestion that Mr. Walkley pursues Mr. Jones with malignant hate whithersoever he goes is a richly humorous notion, worthy of the fecund brain of a master of plots and plays. To imagine that Mr. Jones entertains that idea seriously would be to take him for a much smaller man than we conceive him to be." In his defense, Mr. Jones argues from the point of view that a first-night stall is a courtesy given by the theatrical managers, not to buy or bias the critic, but "to promote that easy, gentle flow of good spirits and gastronomic comfort which will allow him to judge what is set before him with a temperate and gracious disposition." Mr. Jones, however,

spoils his case by emphasizing the personal differences between himself and the *Times* critic, which are at the bottom of the whole affair.

Ada Rehan has been offering for sale at afternoon auctions the share of scenery, costumes, and properties which she inherited from the estate of Augustin Daly, with whom she was for several seasons a partner in the management of New York and London theatres. Miss Rehan was anxious to return to the stage and appear in the Shakespearean rôles with which her fame was associated, but prevailing theatrical conditions made that impossible. So the costumes for "Much Ado About Nothing," "The School for Scandal," and "As You Like It" have been sold, together with the furniture, draperies, and bric-à-brac used in "A Country Girl," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merchant of Venice." Augustin Daly used to satisfy his tastes as a collector and manager simultaneously by ornamenting his stage with articles of genuine value. Thus it happens that the Rehan treasures were interesting in a way impossible to most theatrical junk.

New York is to have no less than ten new theatres within the next year. Oscar Hammerstein is building the Drury Lane, Daniel Frohman the Lyceum, the Henry P. Harris Company the Hudson, Klaw & Erlanger the New Amsterdam, Reginald de Koven, backed by some capitalists, the Lyric, and the Sires the Royal. The builders of these theatres say that they will surpass in every way any of the present play-houses. The Drury Lane will be a remarkable structure, because it will be the largest theatre in this country, and probably in the world. Oscar Hammerstein is conceded to be a champion theatre builder. He has already built and managed eight in New York, and the Drury Lane makes his ninth effort in the building line. The four theatres for which plans have been filed are a new horseshoe theatre, which Congressman Tim Sullivan and his partner, George Kraus, are to erect; the Harlem, to be built by Thomas W. Miner, a son of the late Harry Miner, congressman and theatre manager; the Comedy, to be erected by the Sire Brothers for the use of Manager Charles Dillingham; and the Liberty, which Klaw & Erlanger are going to build as the permanent home of the Rogers Brothers, the comedians.

At the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) the most notable racing event will be the Thornton stakes for two-year-olds. The value of the purse is twenty-five hundred dollars, the distance is four miles, and the entries number twenty-five. The next big special race will be the Gebhard handicap for two-year-olds to be run on April 4th.

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Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43
Total Assets.....6,415,683.87
ADDRESS:
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
San Francisco, California

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,372,886.60
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits January, 1903.....33,011,485.15

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION
532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1903.....\$32,139,937
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....241,132
Contingent Fund.....555,769

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.
Paid-up capital, surplus, and undivided profits.....\$ 500,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1903.....4,017,812.52
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., H. H. Hewlett, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

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315 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000
Charles Carpy.....President
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President
Leon Boqueraz.....Secretary
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....4,197,280.26
January 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Cashier
SAN H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier
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London.....Agency of the Bank of California
Paris.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
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China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China
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SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00
HOMER S. KING, President. H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.
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ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.
411 California Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,
Established 1889,
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid In.....2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00
WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

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Call on or Write
E. C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
124 Sansome Street
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VANITY FAIR.

Commenting on the imperial manifesto just published, in which the Czar announces his decision to grant religious freedom to all his subjects other than those of the orthodox faith, and to improve the conditions of village life and of the local nobility and peasantry. William E. Curtis says: "Russia has made greater progress toward civilization and civil and religious liberty during the brief time that Nicholas has been ruling than during the entire reign of any of his predecessors, and it is largely due to the influence of the Czarina, who was the favorite granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and is a wise, intelligent, and good woman. During his boyhood, like the ordinary prince, Nicholas the Third was a very wild fellow, and when about twenty-one he contracted an alliance with a Polish dancer, much to the chagrin and sorrow of his father and mother. She was, however, a generous and sensible woman, and undoubtedly her influence over the prince imperial was good. They had three children, and were still living as husband and wife when Alexander the Third, the late Czar, went to his death-bed at the beautiful country palace near Sebastopol. For several years the parents of Nicholas the Third had been hunting through the courts of Europe for a suitable bride for their son, and finally selected Alix of Hesse, the daughter of Alice, the loveliest of all Queen Victoria's children, who, as you may remember, died from diphtheria some years ago, which she contracted while nursing her babies when they were ill with that dreadful disease. The Czarina Dowager, who is a sister of the Queen of England and the daughter of that best of all living monarchs, King Christian of Denmark, had been very fond of Alix from childhood, and for several years had been anxious to bring about her marriage with Nicholas. The latter was not only willing but eager to marry the young German princess, because she was beautiful in person, attractive in manner, amiable in disposition, and as much admired as any member of the royal families in Europe. Alix, however, stubbornly denied his suit. The Polish actress made it impossible for her to accept the Russian throne, and no arguments or pledges had any effect upon her. She declined to accept a husband who already had a wife and three children, to whom he seemed to be devoted, even if an imperial crown was offered as a wedding present. When Alexander the Third lay dying he sent for Alix to come to his bedside. What occurred between them nobody knows, except, perhaps, Nicholas and his mother, but soon after it was announced that a marriage had been arranged and that Alix of Hesse would be the next Empress of Russia. The Polish actress and her children were sent away, given a beautiful residence on the shores of the Black Sea, and she has since married an officer of the army. Nicholas and his bride have been as happy and devoted as any one could wish. The only drawback to their happiness has been the lack of an heir to the throne. They have four daughters, but no sons."

Mrs. Helen Campbell, in relating to the New York Equal Suffrage League how she recently voted in Denver, said: "I had no idea where that terrifying bugbear, the polls, would be. But I found them in a charming little stone house. The furniture in the parlor had been removed to make room for the desks of the clerks and judges, and for the Australian booths, but the hric-à-brac was still on the mantelpiece. After I had voted I stood a bit to watch the others. The first, a young husband and wife, who had their first baby with them in a baby carriage. The wife went in to vote first, and the husband stayed out on the porch with the baby, and then the wife came out and stayed with the baby, and the man went in and voted. The next who came into vote was a very old woman, whom some of you may have heard of: Mrs. Anna Guthrie Brown, a Quaker and a reformer, now over eighty years, and bowed with rheumatism, but still active. The next were an old husband and wife, who had been in Colorado just long enough to establish a voting residence. It was the old wife's first vote, and she was taking it very hard. There was a solemn expression on her face, and she stood in the hall and urged her husband to go first, so that he could come back and tell her exactly what to do. He smilingly refused, saying, 'After you, my dear.'"

According to the annual edition of Perthes's Almanac of the German nobility, thousands of waiters, coachmen, barmen, miners, and other workmen in the United States are recruited from the ranks of the German nobility. Herr von Nordeggan eminent au-

thority on the aristocratic world of the Fatherland, says, in commenting on the book, that a glance over its contents reveals the ominous fact that practically every blue-blooded family of the empire is now represented in the United States, where their scions for the most part are engaged in the humblest employment. The London *Daily Mail* adds that not only in America and other foreign countries are scions of noble German families found in the lowest strata of society, but even in the Fatherland the names of the very oldest nobles which appear in the highest ranks of the army, court, and officialdom are encountered among coachman, copyists, and common laborers. In all Berlin one lawyer only is of noble birth, while the city directory gives lists of hundreds of agents, constables, and skilled and unskilled laborers with fine old noble names. Marriage with commoners in these aristocratic circles is always regarded as, and generally really is, marriage for money. The German nobility, unlike the English, can not separate from such marriages the odium of *mésalliance*. In German noble families, unlike the English nobility, the father's title is inherited by each of his children, resulting in an endless posterity of counts, countesses, barons, and baronesses.

One of the most striking proofs of the increase of hotel-dwellers in large cities is the movement which has been started to provide special chaplains for those who sojourn casually or permanently in the big and little hostilities. In New York, a Hotel Chaplains' Society has been formed, which includes representatives of most forms of religious belief, as well as prominent hotel-keepers. The Rev. H. M. Warren, who has given up his church to devote himself to the work, thus explains the methods of the association: "No creed or church, you see, is concerned in the hotel chaplain movement. I am only one of them. If a patron of the hotel be ill or need the services of a clergyman, I may be called first, but through me any other clergyman will come. I am glad to say that I have lists of every creed, where men have said they were willing to come. That there is a field for the work is proved by the fact that when I first started there was hardly one call for me a week. Now there are as many as three or four a day." It does not appear how the chaplain's salary is to be paid, but this notice has appeared in all the large hotels: "Guests, patrons, and friends of this hotel wishing the services of a clergyman are respectfully informed that they may call upon Rev. H. M. Warren, the hotel chaplain. He will be pleased to render any kind of pastoral service, regardless of creed, nationality, or residence. Calls may be sent any hour of the day or night."

Although great care was taken not to offend native susceptibilities on the occasion of the recent great Delhi coronation Durbar, it appears that at least one bad blunder was made by the officials in charge of the arrangements (points out the New York *Evening Post*). Mohammedan feeling has been much excited by the fact that a party of the viceregal guests took luncheon in the Jumma Musjid—one of the holiest of Mohammedan holy places. One correspondent speaks of the affair as a "picnic," but other accounts say that visitors were accommodated with seats on the mosque in order to view the state entry into the town, and that the luncheon which gave offense took place on this occasion, when Mohammedans were specially outraged by the consumption of ham sandwiches upon the premises. It is said that the feeling was so strong that the visitors were the objects of a hostile demonstration as they left, and that stones were thrown. A military correspondent declares that the Mohammedans gave out that they would not allow Europeans to use the mosque in order to see the fireworks; and that in consequence of this troops were sent down to keep the streets, and twenty rounds of ball cartridges were served out to each man. If there be any truth in this story it is plain that the Mohammedan emotions must have been stirred very deeply. One London journal asks what would have been thought if any of the guests at King Edward's coronation had heaped the tedium of the long wait in Westminster Abbey with liquor and tobacco?

The Marquis de Montebello is indignant because he has been relieved of the French ambassadorship at St. Petersburg, and in an article recently printed in the *Echo de Paris*, he says: "I spent half my fortune over my post. My father was one of my predecessors, and for certain reasons I was the leading member of the diplomatic body. This ex-

ceptional advantage is now in the hands of the German ambassador, and it is certain that William the Second will spare no effort to add to its brilliancy. There can be no personal vanity in the remark that M. Bomgard, who is the junior, and without diplomatic experience, will feel this inferiority." The marquis said he was *persona grata* with the Czar, and this seemed unpardonable. "His majesty was much annoyed when I was recalled." The ex-ambassador added: "At Compiègne the susceptibilities of the ministers' wives were aroused because my wife wore her bonnet at lunch. How could the marquis suppose that this form of etiquette would be ignored by them? They showed vexation because of her assiduous attentions to the empress, the fact being that the Czarina is exceedingly timid, and constantly sought the advice of one who was admitted to her intimacy. If Mme. de Montebello had wished the empress would never have left her. The ministers' wives would not have committed so many blunders if my wife had been appointed lady in waiting. The baptism of my child was the last straw. I had intended that the ceremony should take place after the fêtes at my own château, with Prince Ouroussoff as godfather. Nicholas the Second would not bear of it. He said to me: 'To-morrow I shall remain at Compiègne, and we shall be able to find a spare half-hour for the christening.'"

"Waiter, bring me a demi." "Yes, sir; tasse or john?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature on every box. 25 cents.

"JESSE MOORE" WHISKY HAS BEEN THE Kentucky standard with which all others have been compared since 1851. It is the best.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 18, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%.....	5,000	@ 104 1/2	105	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	4,000	@ 99	98 1/2	100
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 120	119 1/2	120 1/2
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 118 1/2		
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 102	102 1/2	103
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 124	123 1/2	124 1/2
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909.....	23,000	@ 110 1/2		
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910.....	16,000	@ 111 1/2	111 1/2	112
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905.....				
Series A.....	11,000	@ 106 1/2-107	106 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	1,000	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2	120 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	1,000	@ 101	101 1/2	101 1/2
United Gas & Electric 5%.....	11,000	@ 106 1/2-107	107	
STOCKS.				
	Shares.		Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.....	270	@ 62 1/2-63	62 1/2	
Spring Valley.....	414	@ 85-86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2
BANKS.				
Bank of California.....	50	@ 500	499	
London P. & A.....	50	@ 165	165	
POWERS.				
Giant Con.....	215	@ 67-68 1/2	67	70
SUGARS.				
Hana P. Co.....	200	@ 4 1/2-5 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.....	190	@ 48-48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2
Horolaa S. Co.....	20	@ 15	14 1/2	15
Hutchinson.....	450	@ 16 1/2-17 1/2	16 1/2	17
Kilauea S. Co.....	5	@ 7 1/2	7	
Malakewi S. Co.....	125	@ 27 1/2-27 3/4	27	27 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	25	@ 22	22	
Paaunau S. Co.....	845	@ 18-19 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2
GAS AND ELECTRIC.				
Equitable Gas.....	50	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2
Pacific Gas.....	420	@ 36 1/2-38 1/2	38 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,015	@ 55-58	57 1/2	57 1/2
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	21	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	
TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	220	@ 57-57 1/2	57	
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Alaska Packers.....	335	@ 151-154 1/2	151 1/2	152
Cal. Wine Assn.....	250	@ 104-105	105	106 1/2

The water stocks have been fairly active, 680 shares changing hands. Spring Valley Water selling up one and one-quarter points to 86 1/2, closing at 86 1/2 bid, 83 1/2 asked; Contra Costa Water at 62 1/2 bid.

Sugars were traded in to the amount of 1,800 shares, with losses of from one-half to one and one-quarter points.

The light and power stocks have been active, 2,700 shares changing hands. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 2,015 shares sold up three points to 58. Pacific Gas on sales of 420 shares sold up to 38 1/2, a gain of one and one-quarter points, the market closing strong; San Francisco Gas and Electric, 57 1/2 bid; Pacific Gas Improvement, 38 1/2 bid; Equitable Gas, 4 1/2 bid.

Alaska Packers sold off three and one-quarter points to 151 on sales of 335 shares, closing at 151 1/2 bid, 152 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Walter Baker's BREAKFAST COCOA



The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.
Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

HUNTER WHISKEY

A Pure, Old, Mellow Product.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

Quina LAROCHE

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for

Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO.,
26-30 St. William St., N. Y.

LANGUAGES.

ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES, 320 Post; est. 1871; principal T. B. de Filippis, A. M., LL. D., Paris, Madrid, instructs in Spanish, French and Latin; a few select pupils prepared for Harvard.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

TYPEWRITING AND MIMEOGRAPHY. Expert typewriting, 4c folio; 2c; 1c; mimographing. Correspondence Exchange, 927 Market; room 305; Howard 1539.

MORE MONONOMADIC ANECDOTES.

Some Good Stories Captured by "Van Fletch."

When Rebecca Douglass Lowe was made president of the Federation of Women's Clubs of America, the negro servants of the Lowe homestead in Atlanta were justly the proudest darkies on the continent. The position to which their mistress had been elevated was the highest in the gift of American womankind, and "Mis' Beck" was "suttently IT as she was bawn to."

On the death of Queen Victoria, Mrs. Lowe cabled the condolences of the women of America to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward the Seventh. In due time an official acknowledgement found its way back to Atlanta by post, and was delivered to Robert, the factotum of the Lowe household, by carrier, together with the customary bulky bundle of official and private mail. The big seal of Great Britain attracted the attention of Robert, and excited his interest. Sarah was not good enough to "tote the mail up to Mis' Beck that mawnin'; no sah! Robert muss done do it hisself, that mawnin'," and so he did.

The mistress received the weighty correspondence with accustomed dignity and non-chalance, and it did not even "start" or turn pale at the great letter which had impressed Robert so mightily. She began opening the letters in the usual manner, not at all to the satisfaction of Robert, and he took the liberty accorded to old servants in the South of "interposin'."

"Mis' Beck," said he, "'pears like you had a very important letter in yo' mail this mawnin'?"

"Yes, Robert."

"'Pears, Mis' Beck, as if it was from royalty?"

"Yes, Robert, it is from the King or England."

Robert waited for nothing more, but bastened down to the servants' quarters to herald the great news. Mrs. Lowe thought no more about the matter of the servant's curiosity until she was out riding with her daughter, Mrs. English, in the afternoon, and sat waiting in the carriage while her daughter did some shopping.

Andrew was on the box, and took advantage of the opportunity to find out more about the royal letter than Robert had been able to tell them. Using the before-mentioned privilege of old family servants in the South, he turned to his mistress and asked: "Mis' Beck, Robert was tellin' us this mawnin' that you had a letter from the King or England this mawnin'?"

"Yes, Andrew; Robert spoke true."

"Robert said it was a ver' impawtant letter, Mis' Beck."

"Yes, Andrew, a very important letter."

This closed the inquiry for some minutes, but the negro curiosity had not been entirely satisfied. Turning again to his mistress Andrew inquired in an undertone suggestive of a wheedling bid for confidence: "Mis' Beck, I s'pose the King of England is askin' us to come over and spend the summah with him?"

Recently the detective department of the United States customs at Boston received information from the Other Side that a man of certain description had sailed on one of the Cunarders for Boston; that he had a steamer trunk and a grip of unusual construction for luggage. The trunk was reported to be innocent and ordinary, but "keep your eye on the grip and on the man," were the special instructions.

In due season the Cunarder arrived with the man and the luggage as described. Asked to declare his belongings, he refused, falling back on the favorite excuse that he didn't know what he had that was dutiable, or the value of the things he had, and hence would not make a sworn declaration of value; the officers were at liberty to search his boxes and make their own conclusions.

The steamer trunk contained nothing dutiable; neither did the curiously constructed valise. It had a false bottom and a hollow handle, and, in addition, the brass buttons that are placed at the corners of the bottom of traveling bags to stand them on were screwed in and covered shallow holes in which jewels might easily be placed and concealed. But in these handy hiding places nothing could be found, and the officers were becoming desperate and chagrined. Finally, came the last resort in customs examination; the victim of suspicion was asked to disrobe, and on doing so under protest and profanity and evident confusion, a big porous plaster was discovered between his shoulders, and was ordered removed, when the jewels were found lodged behind the plaster. They corresponded

exactly in number and description to the list sent over by the European detectives, and were confiscated. Refusal to make any declaration, however, absolved the smuggler from criminal prosecution, and he was let go.

On taking the captured jewels to an expert they were found to be paste imitations, but later inquiry on the part of the detectives revealed the fact that the genuine treasures had come into the country, and had been sold. In what way accomplished was not known.

The chief wit of the laboratories of the Sheffield Scientific Schools of Yale University is a chemist who has an unconquerable affection for an ancient tan-colored "lab" coat that has long stood guard between sulphuric acid and its grateful owner; hence it is full of holes. Being criticised in a "joshing" bout on account of his "holy" coat, the reactionary butt found an opening for one of his clever remarks. "Never you mind about the holes in my coat," said he, "these holes are all right and don't you make any mistake about it. They are the most useful things in a coat. If there were no holes in a coat, how the devil could you get into it, and these holes in particular, they are the most useful holes in the world: they save washing; all you have to do is to use 'em when you want to wipe your hands on your coat, and you don't get the coat dirty. If you had holes a-plenty you wouldn't need any coat at all."

When Mrs. "Jack" Gardner entertained the famous and mysterious Thursday Club, at her equally famous and mysterious Italian palace, in the suburbs of Boston, the Thursday before Washington's birthday, the weather was as inhospitable as it was un-Italian. With forty degrees of frost outside, it was impossible to raise many degrees of warmth inside by the sole aid of twelfth-century, open fireplaces. Yet the dignified Thursdays sat through a somewhat lengthy programme in regulation evening attire, with seeming lack of discomfort, and proved themselves the thoroughbreds that they are, although the marrow was frozen in their aristocratic bones.

But the dignity of the occasion did not preclude some witty comments, one of which came from the wife of one of the frozen ones. Said she, when told of the discomfort of the occasion: "How fortunate for Mrs. Jack; all she needed to complete her palace was a frieze of eminent Bostonians."

This furnished another opening, and this time it was taken by a native scoffer. Said he: "Seems to me trying to freeze eminent Bostonians is 'like carrying coals to Newcastle.'"

VAN FLETCH.

An Enterprising Rural Editor.

The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers to bulletin-board the hourly reports of the President's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The deacon was a person of some distinction in the community, so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

"10:00 A. M.—Deacon Jones no better.

"11:00 A. M.—Deacon Jones has relapse.

"12:30 P. M.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse falling.

"1:00 P. M.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.

"2:15 P. M.—Deacon Jones's family has been summoned.

"3:10 P. M.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to heaven."

Later in the afternoon a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin-board, made another report concerning the deceased. It was:

"4:10 P. M.—Great excitement in heaven! Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."—Philadelphia Times.

Confessions of Geraldine.

How much longer can I endure it? This morning my husband rose before daybreak. He was too lazy to light a lamp, and breakfasted in the dark. The result was he ate the prepared kindling wood instead of the predigested breakfast food.

When the servants got up there was nothing to build the fire with. Of course they were angry and left. I do not blame them.

I spoke of the matter to my husband to-night. He said he did not care, that he had felt first-rate all day.

The selfish brute!

I am quite calm as I write. I marvel at my own patience.—Life.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Just a Woman!

What a pity! people cried
When she graduated.
That she should step aside—
She, so educated!
Was there any reason, pray,
She should lag with him?
Simply throw herself away—
Go and marry Jim?

After all the years that went
For her course at college,
After all the money spent
In acquiring knowledge,
Wasn't it a shame, they said,
Such a funny whim,
When she might climb on—instead,
She should marry Jim!

Didn't she with ease outstrip
Those against her pitted?
For some fine professorship
She was surely fitted.
Didn't she with lettered lore,
Ancient, modern, brim?
Had she forced the Magi's door
Just to marry Jim?

Ah, how vain each plea and case
Which they might propound her,
As opposed to Jim's dear face,
Jim's strong arms around her!
What are learning and degree,
Sneer or comment prim,
What the world—compared, you see,
With the love of Jim!

—Edwin L. Sabin in March Century Magazine.

The Overworked Monument.

She followed him unto his grave,
And reared a marble rare
And chiseled on this sentence sweet:
"My grief I can not bear."

She mourned a year, and then was wed,
And they chiseled on that stone
A single word, and now it reads:
"My grief I can not bear—alone."

But soon she wore the weeds again,
And they turned that stone about,
And on it traced this touching line:
"My life's light has gone out."

Not long she walked in darkness lone
Around that marble patch.
The bells rang out, the sculptor wrote:
"I've struck another match."

She's bappy now with number four,
But all the neighbors say
That she will be a busy girl
On resurrection day.

—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Family Jar in Public.

Although 'twas in a public place
Where family jars should never be,
My wife and I stood face to face,
When suddenly she rushed at me.

I pushed her with no gentle touch;
She staggered back and nearly fell;
Then with a wild, excited clutch,
She tore the rose from my lapel.

I grabbed her by the arm, and she,
Her face as crimson as the rose,
Clawed in a frantic way at me,
And stamped upon my tender toes.

I seized her in a rude embrace,
Which only added to the brawl,
For as I tore a bit of lace
She jabbed me with her parasol.

Perhaps I should explain that we
Were standing in a crowded car,
And every stop and start, you see,
Hurled us together with a jar.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Microbes in the Garden.

Little blossom, is it so?
In my garden as you grow;
Where with waterpot I tend you,
And from nipping frosts defend you,
In your buds do microbes lurk,
Doing there their deadly work?

Do the roses, white and red,
Pine upon a sad sick bed,
Stricken by the dread bacilli?
Must you tall and stately lily,
"Scaping scab of loathly worms,
Fall to pathogenic germs?

Ah! grim Science—that can spy
The bacteria that lie
In our bread, our cheese, our kisses,
With an aim that never misses—
From your threats of dire disease
Spare our gardens, if you please.

—Punch.

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Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York, Finland.....March 14 | Kensington.....March 28 Vaderland.....March 21 | Southwark.....April 4 Piers 14 and 15, North River.

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Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Friday, May 8
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic.....Saturday, June 27

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 427 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru.....Friday, March 27
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, April 22
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, May 16

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, March 24, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 2, 1903, at 10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 109 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., March 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., March 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):

Pomona, 1300 T. M., March 5, 11, 17, 23, 29, April 4. Corona, 1300 T. M., March 2, 8, 14, 20, 26, April 1.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara: Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.

State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M. For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneme and Newport.

Coos Bay, 9 A. M., March 2, 10, 18, 26, April 3. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Joaquin del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder. Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). Freight Office, 10 Market St.

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SOCIETY.

The Bates-Merrill Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, to Mr. Harry Bates, son of Mrs. Alfred Gerherding, took place on Wednesday evening at the First Congregational Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. George Adams. Miss Ruth Merrill, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Norma Castle, Miss Marie Bull, Miss Zella Tiffany, and Miss Mollie Dutton. Mr. Albert Bates was the best man, and Mr. Thomas C. Van Ness, Jr., Mr. John Moore, Mr. Ralph Merrill, and Mr. Charles Merrill served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding supper at the Merrill residence at 1732 Washington Street. Those who sat at the bride's table besides the bride party were Mr. and Mrs. John Merrill, Jr., Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Carrie Ayres, Mr. Dennis Seales, and Mr. Harry Holbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Bates departed on Thursday on their wedding journey, and on their return will occupy the Gerherding residence on Scott Street, during the absence in Europe of the groom's mother, Mrs. Gerherding.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Virginia Evans, daughter of Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans, U. S. N., to Mr. Harold Seawell, of Boston.

The engagement is announced of Miss Madeline Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Blanchard, of Jamaica Plain, N. Y., and Mr. Byron F. Stone, Jr., formerly of Oakland. The wedding will take place in June. Miss Blanchard is a younger sister of Miss Ethel Blanchard, the miniature painter.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Church, daughter of Mr. T. R. Church, and Mr. Charles Francis Jackson will take place this (Saturday) evening at the First Unitarian Church. Miss Henrietta Moffatt will be the maid of honor and Mr. William Van Alen will be the best man. Mr. William Olney, Mr. Alvin Leventritt, Mr. William Wood, and Mr. Robert Porter will act as ushers. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride at 1016 Franklin Street.

The wedding of Miss Helen Kline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, to Mr. Thomas A. Jaggar, Jr., son of Bishop Thomas A. Jaggar, of Ohio, will take place on Wednesday, April 15th. Bishop Jaggar, who is coming here to perform the ceremony, is professor of geology at Harvard University. Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York. Covers were laid for ten.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels entertained about two hundred and forty revelers at the Mi-Careme *ba masque* which they gave on Thursday evening at their residence on Laguna Street and Pacific Avenue. The scene of the festivities was a beautiful sight. The ceiling of the hall-room was almost entirely concealed by garlands of pink roses intertwined with foliage. The centre chandeliers were surrounded with ferns and streamers of roses festooned in every direction. Electric lights were hidden in many of the blossoms, and clusters of lights along the walls were covered by huckleberry branches showered with narrow strips of bright paper. Many original costumes were worn, and many surprises were occasioned when the masks were removed at midnight. Then supper was served, the guests being seated at round tables, and later dancing was resumed.

Mr. Raphael Veil gave a breakfast in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Thursday afternoon complimentary to Miss Ida Conquest. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Willett, Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn, Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Miss Ella Bender, Miss Froelich, Miss Cherry Bender, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. Sylvain Weill, Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Orrin Peck, and Mr. Charles Field.

Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, who leaves in a few days for the East en route to Europe, was recently the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Russell J. Wilson at her residence on California Street. Others at table were Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, the Misses McCook, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Lucie King, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Elsie Sperry, and Miss Wilson.

Mrs. Gerrit L. Lansing and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent gave an informal tea last Sunday afternoon at their residence, "Fernside," in Alameda. Mrs. Cohen assisted in receiving,

and during the afternoon many friends from this side of the bay were among the callers.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase gave a dinner on Wednesday evening complimentary to Miss Laura McKinstry, who leaves in a few days with Mrs. Henry T. Scott for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Ida Conquest, at which she entertained Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mrs. Charles Woods, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. S. R. Loosely, Mrs. Field, Miss Bull, and Miss Florence Ives.

Oakland's Country Club.

The Claremont Country Club of Oakland, which was incorporated a few weeks ago, has sent out about three hundred letters to eligible persons inviting them to become members, and it is not thought that many days will pass before more than the necessary number will have answered favorably. When the club was first incorporated the directors decided to secure twenty-five life members, at a fee of \$1,000 each. Accordingly the signatures were obtained of the following members: Edwin Goodall, William Pierce Johnson, A. Schilling, F. S. Stratton, F. C. Havens, F. M. Smith, P. E. Bowles, F. W. Van Sicken, Benjamin Bangs, A. S. Macdonald, Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, A. L. Stone, Whitney Palache, Thomas Addison, George W. McNear, Jr., Thomas Prather, C. M. Goodall, William A. Magee, J. H. Chanslor, Louis Titus, Edward M. Walsh, George C. Perkins, H. J. Knowles, William C. Henshaw, and William Letts Oliver.

As soon as the 300 members are secured, bonds of the value of \$100,000 will be issued for the purchase of a suitable tract and its improvement for the various outdoor and indoor sports. It is the intention of the club to acquire the Adams Tract, lying east of Claremont Avenue and stretching out over the hills. There are 125 acres of this land available, and if bought it will be improved for all the popular sports. An elegant clubhouse is to be built, and it is thought that members of the club will erect cottages on the tract in which they will live part of the year. Driveways and grounds will be laid out and improved for golf, tennis, baseball, football, la crosse, stepleaching, hare and hounds, howling, polo, trap-shooting, riding, driving, and all kindred sports and pastimes.

The directors have decided that the following membership fees and dues shall prevail: Men, heads of families, \$100 and \$5 per month; women, \$50 and \$2.50 per month. University professors and clergymen will be given half rates.

The directors are Edwin Goodall, Frank M. Wilson, F. W. Van Sicken, P. E. Bowles, William Pierce Johnson, George W. McNear, Jr., and Sam Bell McKee. George E. de Golia has drawn up all the necessary papers.

An interesting cycle of Beethoven's nine symphonies and other of his works are to be given in a series of five concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra in the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, next week under the direction of Fritz Scheel. Each concert will be preceded by a lecture on the programme next to be played, the whole cycle being prefaced with a lecture on "Beethoven and His Symphonies," by H. E. Krehbiel, of New York. This is the first time in the musical history of America that such an undertaking has been planned, and the project is attracting widespread attention, both from musicians and educators throughout the country.

President David Starr Jordan will leave for the East next week to attend the session of the Michigan State Teachers' Association, which assembles in Detroit early in April. Dr. Jordan will address the teachers, and later will talk at Missouri University, Buschell College, Trinity College in Hartford, and in Chicago, where he will occupy the All Souls' pulpit of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who is now on the Coast. In New York he will be busied with the publication of his new book, "The History of the Study of Fishes," which is about to come from the press.

The nominating committee of the Bohemian Club has presented the following ticket to be voted at the annual election on April 13th next: President, James D. Phelan; vice-president, Frederick W. Hall; secretary, Edgar D. Peixotto; treasurer, Willis E. Davis; directors: Thomas J. Barhour, David Bush, J. Wilson Shiels, J. C. Wilson, Charles J. Dickman is nominated to fill the unexpired term of Frederick W. Hall. The hold-over directors are Richard M. Hotaling, William Letts Oliver, and Thomas Rickard.

To behold a California sunrise in its full glory one should remain over-night at the Tavern of Tamalpais, and witness the gorgeous color display when the red dawn and the orange and amber tints forever the glorious sunbursts of golden yellow as "Old Sol" rises in the morning. The sight is most beautiful and impressive from Mt. Tamalpais.

No fewer than 234 manuscript operas have been sent to the publisher Sonzogno of Milan in response to his offer of a ten thousand dollar prize. Most of them are written to Italian texts; but 19 are in French, 8 in German, 6 in English, 2 in Russian, and 1 in Spanish. The judges have a pleasant little job before them.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

ART NOTES.

Spring Exhibition at the Hopkins Institute.

The forty-sixth exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Friday. It is without doubt the best exhibition that has yet taken place in the Institute, and that is saying a great deal. The display by California artists which has heretofore held the palm, both for quantity and quality, was that of 1900, the occasion of inaugurating the great Mary Frances Seales Gallery. But that exhibition was retrospective, and included work of the past unrestricted by the usual rules as to its having been previously shown. The present exhibition is practically the result of the year's work, and is, of course, much smaller, but, at the same time, the standard is as high, even higher. The list of artists represented on the walls comprises nearly all the well-known painters of the State, besides many of the younger generation not so well known, some of whom are making great strides in their profession. The show of sculptures is also particularly interesting in this respect. The bronze door for a mausoleum, which occupies a prominent position in the house gallery, is by a young San Francisco artist, Edgar Walter, who is rapidly achieving a reputation for himself. Mr. Walter has been spending several years in Paris, where this door was modeled and cast. Earl Cummings, another young San Franciscan, a graduate from the Mark Hopkins Institute School of Design, also sends two excellent pieces of modeling from Paris. Mr. Putnam has a number of animal studies, while all of the remainder of the sculpture is by young men and women whose efforts promise well for the future.

The catalogue is as usual handsomely designed, and contains a quantity of reproductions of the paintings, notably Mr. Peixotto's "Woman in Yellow," a striking landscape by Mr. Breuer, another by Mr. Keith, one of Mr. Dickman's "Brittany Folks," an attractive little study of sheep by Mr. Altmann, and other paintings by Mr. Gamble, Mr. Davis, Mr. Hittell, and Miss Rixford, making altogether a most artistic little pamphlet.

The members of the Art Association were given a reception and first view on Thursday evening, on which occasion the following musical programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

"Marche Russe," Ganne; overture, "Mariana," Wallace; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "The Butterfly" (duet for flute and clarinet); Bendix; waltz, "Lagunen," from "Night in Venice," Johann Strauss; selection from "La Bohème," Puccini; "Csardas" ("Coppelia"), Delibes; march, "Under the Flag of Victory," F. v. Blon; overture, "Paraphrase III," Suppe; prelude and Siciliana ("Cavalleria Rusticana"), Mascagni; canzonetta, "Felice," Langey; waltz, "Violets," Waldeufel; "Dance of the Hours" ("Gioconda"), Ponchielli; and march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

During the remainder of the exhibition, which will be open to the public for four weeks, vocal and instrumental concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, March 26th and April 2d, 9th, and 16th.

Theodore Wores recently entertained a number of artists and friends at the National Art Club in New York with a sketch of a few of his experiences in the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, entitling his talk "An Artist's Rambles in Samoa." John La Farge, in introducing Mr. Wores, recalled his first meeting with the artist. It was on the great plain about Tokio, in Japan, in a fog, where everything was dim and somewhat obscure, save only the upper cone of Fuji, which towered, the only distinct shape in a world of uncertainties, high above the smoky plain. Mr. Wores was then on his way to Hawaii and Samoa.

New York is threatened with another biblical play, it appears. It is called "The Holy City," and is a variant of the Magdalen story. According to official announcement, "The erring Mary is seen in the first act of the play as the wanton hostess, and in the following four acts the gradual transition of the moral leper to the repentant, forgiven sinner, and the devout follower of the Nazarene, is vividly and impressively depicted." It does not require much power of imagination to divine the main features of a scheme of this kind (remarks the New York Evening Post). The moral influence of wantonness, properly illustrated, must be obvious, of course, to the dullest observer. It is interesting to know that the part of the Magdalen is to be played by a lady belonging to a religious family.

The dispatches of Monday announce the death in New Orleans of David Bell, the well-known golf professional, who was injured recently in that city. Bell was twenty-nine years of age, and came originally from Carnoustie, Scotland, where he took up the game at an early age. He made the best score in the open championship of the United States at Chicago in 1900. With Willie Smith he visited California in 1901, and played several exhibition games at Del Monte, and later met the local cracks in competition.

The last work of the late Robert Planquette was the composition of an Easter hallet, "Les Cloches de Corneville."

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, gold and silversmith, is now in his new store, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual Savings Bank Building.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, DENTIST, PHELAN Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 806 Market St.).

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Reid, and Mr. D. O. Mills have arrived from the East on their annual spring visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have opened their country-place at Burlingame for the season.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis left during the week with a party of friends from Denver for the City of Mexico.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs sailed from New York for Europe last week. He expects to spend some time at Carlshad.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison are expected here within a fortnight. They will spend some time in Southern California before coming to San Francisco.

Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Olive Holbrook has returned from her trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Townsend arrived from the Orient last week on the *Coptic* and are located at 1222 Pine Street. They expect to remain here for six weeks, and will then proceed to New York, after an absence of two and one-half years on a tour of the world.

Mrs. John Malmesbury Wright and niece, Miss Wright, expect to leave San Francisco on Monday for Baltimore and New York. They will sail from New York on May 9th to spend the summer in England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger were at Del Monte during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Folis have taken a cottage at San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Len D. Owens returned from their trip to Tahiti on the steamship *Mariposa* on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing sailed for the Orient last week.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Forbes, who have been spending the winter at the Hotel Richelieu, will leave for the East next week, where they will pass the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee have returned to their country place in Ross Valley, after spending the winter in town.

Mrs. A. M. Wilson and Miss Bernice Wilson left on Sunday for the East to join Miss Bessie Wilson, who is at school in Boston. They will spend the summer in Europe, returning here in the late autumn.

Bishop and Mrs. Sidney C. Partridge sailed for Kohle on Thursday on the steamship *Coptic*.

Mrs. E. H. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport are contemplating a trip to Japan. They expect to sail about the middle of next month.

Mr. Truxtun Beale departed on Thursday for Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sahin and family have returned to San Francisco, via Southern California, after a two years' absence in Chicago.

Mrs. Hugh Morrison, of Honolulu, and her sister and niece, Mrs. J. W. Center and Miss Center, who have been residing in Alameda during the past year, left for an extended tour on Wednesday. They will spend several weeks at Coronado and Los Angeles before going East.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Douthley, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Johnson, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bok, of Philadelphia, and Mr. W. A. McMurray, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Mr. James Horshurg, Mr. C. F. Runyon, and Mr. Alexander MacAdie visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Miss Bertha Runkle, who was the guest of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee in Fruitvale last week, sailed for Yokohama on Thursday on the *Coptic*.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones and family, who have been spending the winter in town, will return to their country place in Ross Valley in a fortnight for the spring and summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Baker (née Kittingredge) arrived in New York during the week, on their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister were in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Elizabeth Center have returned from their visit to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. William Page, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox have returned from their visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb has returned to New York after a visit to Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Gardiner Howland Shaw, who recently left for the East, will visit relatives in Boston and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett sailed for Yokohama on the steamship *Coptic* on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser will leave in a few days for Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick and Miss Stella Fortmann have returned from their visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Lucie May Hayes, of Oakland, Miss Viola Piercy, and Miss Jennie Dunphy visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Augustus B. Costigan has returned from Santa Barbara, where he has been sojourning for several weeks.

Mrs. A. L. Brown and son left last week to join Mr. A. L. Brown in New York en route to Europe.

Prince Leon Radziwill, who has been visiting his cousin, Prince Albert Radziwill, in Mexico for the past month, is a guest at the Palace Hotel. He is en route to his home in Paris.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. John G. Agar, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kohn, Mrs. Willis E. Davis, Miss Edna E. Davis, Mrs. A. F. Fleishacker, Mrs. M. Fleishacker, Miss Helen Fleishacker, Mrs. S. C. Scheeline,

Miss C. J. Schelene, Mrs. Schoning, Mrs. McEwing, Miss Clare Ducan, and Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Woods and Mrs. C. M. Lusk, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilcke, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gayley, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kelly, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. C. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. M. Silvester and Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, of San Rafael, Mrs. E. B. Whitcomb, of Des Moines, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wright, Mrs. F. L. Lusk, Mrs. F. F. Bostwick, and Mr. Henry E. Bostwick.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Frank B. McKenna, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKenna arrived from the Orient on the Japanese steamer *America Maru* on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel. Captain McKenna, who is the son of Justice McKenna, of Washington, D. C., has been with his regiment in the Philippines.

Major Littleton W. T. Waller, U. S. M. C., who was with the first relief party to enter Peking and afterward made the march across Samar in the Philippines, which resulted in a court-martial, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Major Daniel A. Frederick, U. S. A., assistant adjutant-general, will be relieved from duty in the office of the adjutant general on May 1st, and will proceed to Manila for duty. Major Millard F. Waltz, U. S. A., assistant adjutant-general, is relieved from duty in the Division of the Philippines, to take effect upon the arrival of Major Frederick.

Captain Benjamin C. Morse, U. S. A., is expected here soon en route to the Philippines with his regiment, the Seventh Infantry. Captain Morse made himself very popular while in San Francisco as aid on General William R. Shafter's staff.

Captain Robert Sewell, U. S. A., of the quartermaster's department, will sail for Manila about the middle of next month.

Captain Warren S. Barlow, U. S. A., has been transferred from Company D, Fifteenth Infantry, to Company G, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, which will sail from Manila in June. Captain Barlow is under orders to join the regiment upon its arrival at its proper station in the Department of Texas.

Colonel David J. Craigie, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Colonel Charles F. Humphry, U. S. A., who has been chief quartermaster in the Philippine Islands for the past year, is now en route to this city.

Captain Lincoln C. Andrews, U. S. A., returned from the Orient on the Japanese steamer *America Maru* on Monday.

Captain Amos H. Martin, U. S. A., who has recently been assigned to the quartermaster's department, will sail for Manila on the transport *Sumner* next month.

Lieutenant John D. Yost, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the General Hospital and assigned to the office of the attending surgeon and medical superintendent of the transport service, Major Ogden Rafferty, U. S. A.

Captain Charles W. Exton, U. S. A., has been transferred from Company G, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, to Company D, Fifteenth Infantry, and will join his company at once at Monterey.

Eugene H. Tricon, son of Henry P. Tricon, of this city, was appointed an assistant paymaster of the navy on March 13th by President Roosevelt.

The title of amateur champion golfer of the Pacific Coast has again been won by a Southern player. In the final round of the contest on the Presidio links last Saturday, C. E. Mayd, of the Riverside Golf and Polo Club, defeated H. C. Golcher, of the San Francisco Golf Club, by a score of 8 up and 7 to play. Among the other players who qualified in the opening round of the tournament were Walter Fairbanks, John Lawson, C. E. Orr, W. P. Johnson, R. G. Brown, Lieutenant Oyster, J. W. Wilson, W. M. Carpenter, J. W. Byrne, L. O. Kellogg, R. H. H. Chapman, E. J. Hooper, Frank Kales, and G. E. Starr.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO (Main Line, Foot of Market Street) LEAVE -- FROM FEBRUARY 26, 1903. -- ARRIVE

7:00A	Bendita, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25P
7:00A	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsen	7:25P
7:30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	8:25P
7:30A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25P
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7:55P
8:00A	Atlantic Express--Ogden and Reno	10:25A
8:00A	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25P
8:00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Oshesha Junction, Bakersfield	5:25P
8:30A	Shasta Express--Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25P
8:30A	Oakdale, Colusa, Sutter, Yuba, Tuolumne and Angels	4:25P
9:00A	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	5:55P
10:00A	Crescent City Express, Eastbound	1:25P
10:00A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans (Westbound arrives as Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	11:35A
10:00A	The Overland Limited--Ogden, Denver, Omaha	3:25P
12:00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25P
11:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00M
3:30P	Bendita, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Colusa, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55A
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55P
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25A
4:00P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Lodi, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	10:25A
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55A
5:00P	The Owl Limited--Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connection, Saugus for Santa Barbara (Golden State Limited Steeper carried on Owl Train for Chicago)	8:55A
5:00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	1:25P
5:30P	Niles, Local	7:55P
5:00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7:55P
5:00P	Vallejo	11:25A
5:00P	Oakland--Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago	4:25P
7:00P	Sunset Limited (Leaves via Coast Line Eastbound)--New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez (Arrives via San Joaquin Valley Westbound)	8:25A
7:00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25A
7:00P	Vallejo	7:55P
8:05P	Ogden & California, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene and East	8:55A
9:10P	Hayward, Niles (Sunday only)	11:55A
11:25P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	1:25P
	Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	5:25P

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street).

8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:00P
12:15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50A
4:15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Osos	10:50A
9:30P	Winter's Train--San Jose and Way Stations (Saturday only) Leaves Los Osos 12:50 P.M. Sunday	7:20P

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8) --17:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M. From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway --16:00 18:00 18:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge), (Chilean Streets).

8:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30P
7:00A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30P
7:00A	New Almaden	5:40P
8:00A	Coast Line Limited--San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10:45P
10:00A	Pacific Coast Express (Leaves via San Joaquin Valley, via Coast Line as Crescent City Express)--New Orleans, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Pacific Grove, Del Monte. (Arrives via Coast Line Westbound)	11:35A
9:00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30P
11:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30P
11:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00P
2:00P	San Jose and Way Stations	10:00A
7:00P	Del Monte Express--Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15P
3:30P	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:35A
14:30P	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45A
15:00P	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	19:00A
15:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18:00A
15:15P	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	18:45A
5:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	5:35A
7:00P	Sunset Limited, Eastbound--San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Del Monte, El Paso, New Orleans, New York (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	18:25A
11:45P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19:45P
11:45P	San Jose and Way Stations	19:45P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. x Saturday and Sunday only. * Stops at all stations on Sunday. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only. § Saturday only. ¶ Connects at San Jose J. with trains for Hanford, Visalia. At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger. g Via Coast Line. h Tuesday and Friday. m Arrive via Niles. n Daily except Saturday. w Via San Joaquin Valley. y Stops Santa Clara south bound only. Connects, except Sunday, for all points Narrow Gauge. The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 64. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Motto of the collector: Never put off until to-morrow what can be dunned to-day.--Howard Lompoon.

A bargain: "Got a talking-machine at home?" "Yes." "What did you pay for it?" "Nothing. Married it."--Tit-Bits.

Injured innocence: "Now, my friend, this is too bad; coming out of a saloon again." "Would you like me to stay inside all day?"--Der Dorfbovier.

Too much breakage: The maid--"Shall I dust the hric-a-brac, mum?" The mistress--"Not to-day, Nora. I don't think we can afford it."--Pick-Me-Up.

"What's the difference between the Tramps' Protective Association and a golf fiend?" "Well?" "Why, one links the tramps, and the other tramps the links."--Princeton Tiger.

Advice to the widow: Widow (tearfully) "Yes, my daughters are now my only resources." Friend--"Take my advice and husband your resources well."--Princeton Tiger.

Husband (irritably)--"It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody." Wife (calmly)--"Order is heaven's first law."--New York Weekly.

On the train: Tourist--"I think, sir, you had better close the window on your side. There is such a draught your mother-in-law may catch cold." Traveler (smiling)--"I know that."--Pis Figaro.

"It never pays to hurt people's feelings," remarked the Humane Chap. "Oh, I don't know," replied the Wise Guy; "friend of mine makes a pretty good living at it." "Who is he?" "A dentist."--Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Tourist--"My friend Jenkins died here some months ago, you say. What of?" Alkali Ike--"Waal, I reckon ye might call it heart trouble." Tourist--"Heart trouble?" Alkali Ike--"Yas, it was a royal flush o' hearts that he showed down against Bad Bill's four aces."--Philadelphia Press.

Sampled: Mr. Brisk--"I am going to marry your daughter, and I called to ask a few questions about her financial prospects. How do you stand?" Mr. Buiky--"How do I stand? On two good feet, sir; two good feet. Try one--(zip). Try the other--(zip). How do you like them, sir?"--Kansas City Journal.

Home appreciation: "It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old-time friend. "It is," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the gals are giving a musicale or a reception."--Washington Star.

First golfer (to second golfer, who is caught in a bunker)--"Well, Jones told me this morning he did this hole yesterday in four." Second golfer (who stammers)--"If Jones s-s-said he did it in four, he was a l-l-l-l!" First golfer--"Steady, friend, steady!" Second golfer--"he was a l-l-l-lly heggar!"--Punch.

Magistrote--"Why did you steal that ham, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus--"Bekase mah pooh fambly was starvin', yo' honner." Magistrote--"Family starving, eh? But they tell me you own five dogs." Uncle Rastus--"Dat's er fark, yo' honner; but Ah reckon yo-all wudn't spect mah fambly ter eat dem dawgs."--Chicago Daily News.

Soothing reflections: Yeast--"They say hahies are never seasick." Crimbeak--"Well, that accounts for something." Yeast--"What's that?" Crimbeak--"When I was crossing, last summer, I saw a man as sick as he could be, singing 'Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight; make me a child again, just for to-night.'"--Yonkers Statesman.

"I want half a pound of water crackers," said Mrs. Newcome. "All-fired sorry, ma'am," replied the country storekeeper, "but I aint got two dozen of 'em in the place." "Well, I'll take them." "Jest wait ten, twenty minutes. Hi Peters an' Josh Slocum has been usin' 'em fur checkers an' they're playin' the decidin' game now."--Philadelphia Press.

His unlucky lapse: "I had a good job last summer, but lost it on account of my fool asent-mindedness," said poor old Seldum Fedd, pessimistically; "I was actin' as de echo fer a mountain hotel; an' I done all right till one moonlight night, when a smart guy from de city hollered 'Hello, Smith! I forgot-myself an' answered hock, 'Which Smith do yer mean?'"--Judge.

Perfectly safe: A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his hoots, which had been placed outside his room door, had not been touched. "Ah, shure," said the landlord, "and you might put your watch and chain outside your room door in this house, and they wouldn't be touched."--The King.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steadman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

Perhaps it takes several larks to make a summer, but it doesn't take many swallows to bring a fall.--Cornell Widow.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS--6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p.m.; Saturdays--Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p.m. SUNDAYS--8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a.m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p.m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 4, 1902.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun-days.	Destination.	Sun-days.	Week Days.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio	9:10 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and Novato.	10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		6:05 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
			7:35 p.m.	
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma	10:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and Santa Rosa.	6:05 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.		7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.	Guerneville.	7:35 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		10:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma	9:10 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.		10:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Sebastopol.	7:35 p.m.	6:20 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Alurria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers and Booneville; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Searsville Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka. Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

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Week Days.	Sun-days.	Sun-Week Days.
9:45A. 8:00 A.M.	The 6:15 P. M. train stops overnight at the "Tavern of Tamalpais," returning leaves at 7:20 A. M., arriving in the city at 9:15 A. M. Week Days only.	12:00M. 9:15A. 12:50 P. 3:30 P. 5:50 P.
1:45 P. 9:00 A.M.		4:25 P. 8:25 P.
5:15 P. 10:00 A.M.		3:30 P. 5:50 P.
	1:30 P. 1:30 P. "TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS" Open all the year round.	5:45 P. 8:00 P.

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Lv. San Francisco	Local Daily	Limited Daily	Local Daily	Overl'd Daily
Ar. Stockton	8:00 a	9:30 a	4:00 p	8:00 p
" Merced	11:10 a	12:08 p	7:10 p	11:15 p
" Fresno	1:20 p	1:40 p		1:28 a
" Hanford	3:20 p	3:00 p		3:15 a
" Visalia	5:00 p	3:51 p		7:56 a
" Bakersfield	10:25 p	4:48 p		5:00 a
" Kansas City	7:10 p	5:50 p		7:35 a
" Chicago	2:35 a	2:35 p		7:20 a
	2:15 p			8:47 p

a for morning. p for afternoon. 8:00 a.m. daily is Bakersfield local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7:30 a.m. daily.

9:30 a.m. daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a.m. daily.

4:00 p.m. is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a.m. daily.

8:00 p.m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p.m. daily.

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FOR SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART WEEK DAYS--6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11 A. M.; 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 6:45, 9, 12:45 P. M. 7:45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley. DEPART SUNDAYS--7, 18, 19, 10, 11, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 P. M. Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 P. M. Saturdays. Saturday's 3:15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax. 7:45 A. M. week days--Cazadero and way stations. 5:15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)--Tomas and way stations. 3:15 P. M. Saturdays--Cazadero and way stations. Sundays, 8 A. M.--Cazadero and way stations. Legal Holidays--Boats and trains run on Sunday time.

Ticket Office--626 Market St.; Ferry, foot of Market St.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

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A well-established fact in psychology is the intense and universally humorous nature of trivial accidents to dignified and obese persons. The slipping on a banana peel of a fat man in a top hat, is as excruciatingly funny in Hong Kong as in Helena, Mont. But if the man be not obese and dignified, but short and lean, ill-favored and ill-dressed, the incident loses half its humor—either in Hong Kong or Helena; while if he be positively miserable-looking and weak in his legs his misfortune lacks all vestige of funniness. Properly to say why this is so, evidently is to define the essential nature of humor, a thing too hard for us, and outside the present purpose; which is merely to note the similarity between the street crowd's huge enjoyment

of the fallen fat man, and the public's keen interest in the failings and frailties of the Great of Earth.

Take the case of Daniel Webster. Comparatively few people could tell exactly what high positions Webster held in the government, or even exactly what his attitude was toward slavery in 1850; yet who is there but knows that Webster sometimes looked too long on the wine when it was red; that he sometimes rose to speak when his tongue was a bit thick and his hand a bit unsteady; when, in short, as Dr. Cuyler testifies, "his imperial brain was raked with the chain shot of alcohol"? Everybody knows this. Nobody forgets it. Why? Is it not because we feel a secret joy and satisfaction in the fact? Does it not secretly please us to know that great as Webster was, he had the same weaknesses that are, or may be, ours? that he was tarred with the same stick as the least of us? Again, how the habitually impecunious roll under their tongues the morsel that Alexander Hamilton was sometimes dead broke. Indeed, there is a letter in existence in which the man who had set the nation financially on its feet, asks a friend for the loan of five dollars "until Thursday." The poor spellers of this generation—and they are many—similarly think with inward satisfaction how the great Washington confessed that he could not "spel wel." While the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson revealed orthographical eccentricities which have solaced the soul of many an one similarly afflicted.

In one respect, at least, the popular interest in the shortcomings of the great has resulted in a most inveterate belief, namely, that men of achievement in the world were sad dogs at school, being engaged chiefly in wiggling the "profs.," skipping classes, flunking in studies, and generally playing the devil; while, on the other hand, the pallid scholar with the knobby brow and hollow cough, is generally felt to have a hard row to hoe when once he leaves the quiet precincts of his foster mother. He should consider himself lucky, we feel, if he fit not Chaucer's description of the Clerk of Oxenford who

"... nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe..."

The "sad, mad, glad, bad brothers," down at the bottom of the class, however, are entirely competent to look out for themselves in the big, bustling world, and are quite likely, we are sure, to grasp plums which are beyond the reach of valedictorians and salutatorians.

Numerous facts give color to this superstition—for superstition it is alleged to be. Every one recalls how young Grant, afterward to be the greatest general of the Civil War, and one of the greatest of modern times, graduated from West Point as number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine. Henry Ward Beecher, as a boy, was notorious for his dullness. Frank Norris—to take a long step—repeatedly failed in mathematics, knew no Greek, hated Latin, was a poor scholar in natural science, and never took a college degree. Norris's prototype was James Russell Lowell, regarding whom this entry may be found in the records of Harvard—"25th June, 1838. Voted that Lowell senior, on account of continued neglect of his college duties, be suspended." It is indeed amazing, the number of poets who failed to stick out a college course. Swinburne is among them, and so is Tennyson. In science, a dull youth who became a great man is Darwin, who writes in his "Autobiography" that he was "singularly incapable of mastering any language," "could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics," and in college failed of winning any honors, getting, as he says, only a "good place" with "the *hoi polloi*." In art, a shining example of stupidity was the boy Turner. Malton, his master, tells how "days and days were spent in trying to teach him a proposition in Euclid," and how, in despair, he finally took the boy back to his

old father, saying, "He is impenetrably dull, sir." Afterward, Turner was Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy!—he who had been plucked in geometry.

But despite these instances, and others which will readily occur to readers, a contemporary professor is out with a demonstration that the low-mark men in college are not the men of mark in life. He shows that the would-be novelist who hugs to heart the experience, say, of Frank Norris, hoping that, like him, he may be a literary star outside college, though a flunker in it, according to the law of average will fail of his ambition. Likewise, ambitious, but congenitally tired, youths in other lines, can draw little hope from the stories of Darwin and Turner.

The method of Professor Edwin G. Dexter, who writes in *Popular Science Monthly* for March, is simple. In the case of two of the larger New England colleges he first ascertained the total number of living alumni, which he found to be 13,705. Then, as a fairly satisfactory criterion of marked success in life, he took "Who's Who" for America, and ascertained that 303 of the 13,705 had found place in it. This was 2.2 per cent. of the whole number. He then segregated the 303 according to their class standing. He found that 5.4 per cent. of those who graduated in the first tenth of the class were in "Who's Who"; of those who graduated in the second tenth, only 2.9 per cent. were in "Who's Who"; of those in the third tenth, 2.5; of those in the fourth tenth, 1.8; and of those in the second half, oddly enough, 1.9. In other words, the man in college who graduates in the first tenth stands just three times the chance of getting his name in "Who's Who" that the man in the fourth tenth does.

In continuing his investigation, and taking membership in the honorary Greek-letter fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, as a test of high scholarship, Professor Dexter obtained similar striking results. Thus, of Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa men, 12.5 per cent. found place in "Who's Who," while of the whole body of her alumni the percentage was only 2.2. In Williams the ratio was 7.6 to 2.8. In Columbia 6.7 to .08!

Professor Dexter justly says that the showing made by the figures he quotes is "of broad educational significance. It has to do with ideals: those of the college and of life. The high-grade man in college has realized most nearly the ideal of his alma mater. He is its best product according to its criterion of success, and is given its highest stamp of approval. If he fails in life, it means that judged by another criterion—that of society in its broadest sense—he is not a success; that the two criteria are different, based upon different ideals, and, as a corollary, since life is the final test, that the college ideal is not a practical one, and that the aim of higher academic education is false."

But Professor Dexter's figures show that the "pale valedictorian" does not fail. And they therefore tend to show, at least, that the college ideal is a good and practical one.

The general ignorance at this distance of the conditions governing anthracite coal mining in Pennsylvania, renders it difficult to determine the relative importance of the various awards of the strike commission. According to President Mitchell, however, the 10 per cent. increase will affect 140,000 miners, and will increase their pay \$6,000,000 annually. The sliding scale is satisfactory to the miners, and with coal at \$5.50 per ton is said to be equivalent to 20 per cent. increase in wages. The nine-hour day with ten hours' pay affects 90,000 men, and, according to President Mitchell, will shorten the working hours of practically all the other employees of the mines. A permanent board of conciliation is recommended. The present increases in

date from November 1, 1902, and extend till March 1, 1906. The union is indirectly recognized. A minimum wage scale is fixed. The use of "coal and iron police" is recommended to be discontinued, because of its "irritating effect." A stricter enforcement of child-labor laws is asked for. The losses occasioned by the strike are stated by the commission to approximate \$46,100,000 to the mine owners, \$25,000,000 to the miners, and \$28,000,000 to the transportation companies. Touching lawlessness, boycotting, and blacklisting, the commission finds that, as a matter of fact, the "record is stained with riot and bloodshed." There were three unprovoked murders. Men were threatened, their families terrorized, their houses dynamited. The high officers of the union are, however, excuplated from tacit assent to violence, and it is laid at the door of the petty leaders and local organizations. The boycott as practiced in the anthracite strike the commission declares to be "a cruel weapon of aggression, its use immoral and anti-social, and the concerted attempts to accomplish it a conspiracy at common law which merits and should receive the punishment due to such a crime."

Burton L. French, elected to the Fifty-Eighth Congress from Idaho, is the youngest member of that body. That is not all there is to say about him, notwithstanding the fact that he is only twenty-seven years of age. His career—if seven years of life can measure a career—is remarkable in demonstrating what chances are lying about in this country for boys to pick up. Seven years ago Mr. French was working on a farm and painfully gathering together money enough to pay his preliminary expenses at the University of Idaho. There he became known as an orator and debater, and was elected a member of the State assembly. In the legislature he made a name by his oratory in advocacy of the rising tide of expansion sentiment in Idaho. When the assembly adjourned he went to the University of Chicago to complete his education, and returning last summer was nominated by the Republicans for Congress. He found himself facing a Democratic majority of 3,000, but he got his spell-binding powers to work, and by their aid and the favor of the female voters of Idaho he was elected by an 8,000 majority, after a whirlwind campaign from the Nevada boundary to the Canadian frontier, during which he spoke in all the 21 counties except two. In the seven years he has gained a college education, been admitted to the bar as a full-fledged lawyer, and obtained a seat in Congress. His influence in his State is so large that his success is believed up there to point out the spot where the electoral vote of Idaho will land next year. Verily, this is the "happy and progressive age" of the poet, "when beardless youths to sudden sages grow."

The fascinating project of building a Pan-American Inter-continental Railroad is not a new one, having been favorably considered by several Pan-American congresses. The scheme, however, horrows new interest from the action of Congress in appropriating money to investigate the countries through which it will pass, and gather facts relative to the trade opportunities which may spring from it. The railroad distance from New York to Buenos Ayres is placed at 10,471 miles. This makes the project the peer of both the Siberian railroad and the building Cape to Cairo line. It has not behind it the political incentives that belong to either, but the inducement to furnish the capital to complete it must be the profits which the local sections might secure. Of the whole distance there is now a continuous rail line from New York to the southern frontier between Mexico and Guatemala. In Central and South America there are about 1,500 miles more in operation that would be available, leaving gaps approximating 5,000 miles to be filled in. The probable commencement of work on the Panama Canal is a good business reason for continuing the line from Mexico through the Central American states to that point, as it would be a factor for some years in conveying supplies and material to the canal builders. From there southerly through Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia the question of profitable traffic is more serious, and the problems of construction extremely difficult and expensive, although engineers have pronounced them surmountable. It has been estimated that to fill in all the gaps would cost about \$200,000,000. The business of finding the capital has received encouragement by the interest which Andrew Carnegie has been induced to take in the scheme. His purse is large enough to furnish the whole amount if he chose to look on it as a monument to his name.

Strenuous is a badly overworked word, but it is the only one that describes the President's projected tour of the West. He will leave Washington April 1st. He will return there June 5th. Between those dates he will enter 25 States, crossing many of them twice. He will stop and make speeches at 134 cities and towns. Deducting from the 66 days of the tour the 16 to be spent in Yellowstone and the four in Yosemite, leaves 46 days for travel and oratory. The President will therefore average three speeches a day, at the very least. Figuring on 30-minute speeches, he will utter more than a half-million words. He will address several million people. If Theodore Roosevelt gets back to Washington June 5th in good physical and mental health, he will be truly a most wonderful man.

We in California can not complain of being slighted in the programme. The President will enter the State on May 7th—reaching Barstow that morning—and will not leave it

(except for a few hours at Reno and Carson) until May 20th, when he will make his last stop at Sisson. Think of the poor Coloradans, who have one day only, divided among Cheyenne Wells, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Trinidad.

But perhaps the President is wise after all. Short stops mean few banquets. Also they mean a minimum of spouting by local spell-binders. If the President can avoid being benevolently stuffed with indigestibles at dinners, and can avert avalanches of honeyed words of welcome from fluent Lawyer P.'s, prolix Mayor Q.'s, interminable Great Men X. Y. Z.'s—if he can say his own say, be seen by the populace, and get away from most of these 134 towns with a normal stomach and brain unvexed with little-great men's speeches, he will deserve to be ranked as the greatest diplomat of the time.

The application of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States in the recent Venezuelan embroglio, by which the seizure of territory in this hemisphere for the reimbursement of foreign creditors was successfully inhibited, has been made the subject of a note from the Argentine minister at Washington to Secretary Hay. On its face, the note would seem to indicate a tendency on the part of South American republics to welcome the moral support of the United States in situations similar to that of Venezuela. Some see in it an end to the jealousies of the Spanish-American countries toward their great northern neighbor, and of the suspicions that the position she takes is the result of self-seeking only. The Argentine minister is particularly insistent that the foreign capitalist risks his money as a pawnbroker does after weighing the chances of repayment, tacitly admitting the speculative chances of his venture by exacting a large interest. "The compulsory and immediate demand for payment," he says, "of such a public debt, would produce the ruin of the weaker nations, and the absorption of their governments by the more powerful ones." If this means that the United States is invited to protect South American republics against the possibility of being obliged to pay their just debts, it is a position far in advance of any this country has taken, and a doctrine not formulated by Monroe.

There are those, however, who ask if there is not an ulterior motive behind the Argentine note. The finances of that country are not all that could be wished. It repudiated its obligations in 1890, both public and private, precipitating a crisis which brought the Barings to the brink of ruin, and the present situation is about ripe for a similar move. The national expenses, which, in 1880, were only \$16,000,000, have, by a series of seemingly reckless public improvements, been swollen to the enormous sum of \$194,000,000. This for a population of scarcely 4,000,000. In the same proportion the budget of the United States would approximate \$4,000,000,000. Government expenses down there have been met by borrowing great sums abroad, especially in England and Germany. Can it be that the Venezuela case is causing apprehension that those countries will next ask Argentina to pay up, and that the ground is being prepared to invite the United States to save their land and their shekels besides?

The Vigilance Committee of 1856 really needs no tablet of bronze set up in the market-place to cause the world not to forget it. The work of the Vigilance Committee was of such a nature as to impress itself deeply on history. At the time when that earnest body of citizens rose in its might to purge the city of crime, San Francisco was the cynosure of all eyes, and what her citizens did made a noise that reverberated around the world. The tablet that the California Landmarks League has placed on the site of Fort Gunnybags will, however, serve to remind the less thoughtful that the city has a past, and a stirring one. The ceremony of placing the tablet was itself notable. The gathering of gray-haired men, who spoke eloquently, though in trembling voices, the bringing out and ringing of the old bell, which in '56 called the Vigilantes "to arms," the old badges and insignia, which were pinned on many breasts—all these made the ceremony picturesque and striking.

The work of the recent session of the legislature includes a number of important measures, though many of them are of interest to limited classes rather than to the general public. The difficulties that arose during the last election, owing to incorrectly marked ballots, have given rise to two new laws—one describing more in detail the method of marking, the other authorizing the use of ballot machines. Still another law gives county supervisors power to construct boulevards when two-thirds of the voters have declared in favor of such construction. The prosecution of water and forestry work is provided for by an appropriation of sixty thousand dollars to be expended in conjunction with the Federal officials. A bill authorizing cities to join together in the construction and maintenance of water-works became a law, and is of interest to this city as well as to the cities across the bay that were responsible for its introduction. The influence of electric power on street railways is seen in the removal of the limit of eight miles an hour placed on the speed of street cars.

The measure that is of most interest to the farmers is that providing for a free market on the city front, the provisions of which have already been described in these columns. For the protection of the northern citrus belt a law was passed requiring all boxes containing fruit to be marked with a statement of the county and the immediate locality in which the fruit was grown. The increasingly close relations of the university to farmers are recognized in two laws making appropriations for experiments to improve the quality of resistant vines; for the instruction of farmers by university specialists at farmers' institutes.

In the cause of education the most important law is that providing for a tax of one and one-half cents for the maintenance of high schools. A committee of the State board of education is appointed to arrange for securing the right to

print and use in the schools copyrighted text-books compiled outside of the State. A new law provides for the development of a new department of the public-school system for the instruction of deaf children by the method of lip reading. The enforcement of the educational rights of children is attempted in a law providing that all guardians of children of school age must send such children to school at least five months in each year. Attendance officers are to be appointed for the enforcement of this law, and habitual truants are to be provided for in parental schools. Closely connected with the education of children is their protection from immoral and lawless surroundings. The juvenile court law provides for the establishment of separate courts for the trial of youthful offenders and the provision of separate places of confinement for them. The scandals connected with the home for the feeble-minded has led to that institution being placed under the control of the State Commission in Lunacy. Two new boards have been provided for. The Board of Charities and Correction is empowered to investigate and report on all penal institutions, State hospitals for the insane, and public institutions in which the poor are maintained. A new law aims at the reform of criminals by probation.

The bank commission was abolished and a new one provided for; the code commission and the State board of horticulture were abolished; the board of harbor examiners was abolished. A new law provides that in cases where railroads seek to exercise the right of eminent domain such cases shall have preference over others on the court calendar and an appeal shall not stay execution, but the railroad may enter into possession immediately.

The constitutional amendments to be voted upon at the next general election are only three in number. One provides for three courts of appeal to relieve the supreme court. A second permits the legislature to revise or amend any one of the codes in a single act, expressing that purpose in its title. The third extends the legislative session to eighty days, defers the commencement of the session to the first Monday in February, allows each member a clerk at four dollars a day, and limits the outlay of each House outside of these clerks to \$300 a day. This would make the pay-roll for the session amount to \$86,400.

LATER: There appears in print this (Friday) morning the list of bills signed and "pocketed" by the governor. We believe that none of those mentioned above have failed to become laws, though the imperfect descriptions of the newspapers do not conduce to accuracy. The "pocket" most interesting to San Franciscans is that of what is called the Schmitz anti-injunction bill, designed to empower him to remove city officials without injunction interference from the courts. After the bill passed the legislature, Attorneys Ruef and McEnerney appeared before the governor and argued the matter with the result as stated that the bill failed of signature. Of the somewhat important bills that passed, not mentioned above, is the measure authorizing San Francisco to expend \$2,000,000 for the improvement of the seawall, and the bill appropriating \$100,000 for stamping out the "bubonic plague." The sum of \$130,000 for making an exhibit at the St. Louis exposition, \$50,000 for constructing a new governor's mansion, and \$200,000 for river improvements are among other appropriation laws. Coyote scalp claims hills signed by the governor amount to \$215,370. The total number of hills passed by the legislature was 496; 382 were approved, 114 lost.

The so-called anti-injunction bill, introduced through the influence of the labor-unions, and designed to prevent courts from issuing injunctions against picketing, etc., in labor disputes, was not signed by the governor. Another bill, which failed, appropriated \$150,000 for a new hotel in Yosemite Valley.

A good deal has been said about the existence of slavery in the Philippines, but little positive knowledge has drifted to these shores regarding the details. A letter from the islands, published in the New York Sun, seems to clear up some of the uncertainties. According to the writer, the institution was inaugurated by the Spanish friars, and was easily continued by the well-known lazy and shiftless propensities of the native Filipino. How it came about is thus related:

A poor Filipino finds himself in debt and without the means to meet his creditors. He forthwith borrows from a rich neighbor the required amount, often not more than thirty pesos—two pesos are equal to about eighty cents of our money—pays his debts, and becomes from that moment, together with his entire family, a slave to the man who had lent him the money, to remain his slave until this money is paid back. This poor native and his family work for the rich native, and in return receive clothes and food of the cheapest quality, but, of course, never any money. They also get a house to live in, but for this house the man is supposed to pay rent. As he has no money and has placed himself and family where not one of them can earn any, this rent can not be paid and is added year by year to the original sum borrowed. The man dies without ever paying the debt, and dies a slave, leaving his family in like bondage.

Thanks to the good sense and good judgment of the carmen of San Francisco, and of the leaders among the workmen—in other trades, the protracted conference held last Thursday and Friday resulted in a decision not to insist upon the street car company's unconditional reinstatement of the men suspended for refusal to sign apprentices' cards. Thus the crisis in the situation passed. There can be no question but that the men receded from their position because they fully recognized that they lacked the support of public opinion not only among employers, but among workmen as well. It is noteworthy that the Labor Council refused to indorse those sections of the carmen's demands which he spoke of in these columns last week as extreme. Manager Chapman will, within a few days, make detailed answer to the men's demands. Should he refuse to grant the majority of them there is still possibility of a strike. Both sides in the controversy, however, say that they look for an amicable adjustment.

THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN.

By Jerome A. Hart.

This," said mine host of the Hotel de Paris, as he led us into a suite of rooms on the noble floor—"This," said he, as he shot the heavy iron bolts and bars which fastened the prison-like Spanish windows—"This," said he, as he flung open the ponderous shutters with rattle and clash and clang—"This is the Puerta del Sol."

It was indeed the Gateway of the Sun. As I gazed upon it gaped. Another illusion gone.

Our host looked scrutinizingly into our faces, that he might note the effect upon us of this imposing sight. By the way, the relations between our host and ourselves were slightly strained. We had insisted on leaving our luggage on top of the coach until we had found rooms to our liking. Leaving one's luggage in that way usually has an excellent moral effect on Continental hotel-keepers. They always begin by showing you their highest-priced rooms, including a magnificent and funeral "salon"; then, if your luggage has been brought up, they insist there are no other rooms. Therefore it is well to leave your luggage on the coach, and if the rooms are not to your liking, go to another hotel.

But we had struck a haughty Castilian host with the soul of an Hidalgo. He did not like the caution shown by our failure to bring in our luggage, and he plainly showed it by his manner. So he attempted to crush us by the magnificence of the Puerta del Sol.

I gazed out upon the Gateway of the Sun. I saw before me a shabby square surrounded by dingy buildings. In front of these dingy buildings there lolled, lounged, lay, and sat dingy idlers and shabby beggars. Upon the surface of the square one saw no tree, nor shrub, nor patch of green, only a large expanse of dingy pavement. It was strewn with old newspapers, cigarette stumps, and orange skins. Over the shabby bosom of the square glided dingy, shabby tram-cars. And this was the Gateway of the Sun.

"How much," said I to our host—"how much a day, señor, for these rooms—the whole business—everything included—*todo compreso—tout compris*?"

Our host rubbed his hands together and replied slowly, "Thirty pesetas."

"For two persons?"

"No," replied the host in an explanatory tone, "per person."

"Then that makes sixty pesetas," I remarked.

"Yes, sixty pesetas—*tout compris*—everything included."

"Does it include service?"

"No-o-o-o," replied our host. "Service is extra—it will be one peseta and a half."

"For both?"

"No-o-o—per person."

"That makes three pesetas more. Does it include light?"

"Yes," said the host briskly, "light included."

"Candles or electric light?"

"I meant candles," admitted the host.

"Then the electric light is extra?"

"Yes, but it is only half a peseta per day."

"For two persons?"

"No-o-o-o," admitted the host, "one peseta for two persons."

"That makes sixty-five pesetas instead of thirty," said I. "Is there anything else to be added in this *tout compris*?"

Do you charge anything for the view of the Puerta del Sol?" The host's blue blood rose. "Evidently, señor," he said, stiffly, "you do not desire these rooms. I will therefore withdraw them from your consideration." And he stalked away in dudgeon.

We subsequently inflicted on our haughty host the pain of seeing the brass-bound menials of his rival across the square bear our belongings away to the Hotel de la Paz, where we soon were very comfortably housed.

The foregoing irrelevant remarks are merely given as a sample dialogue with a European hotel-keeper.

The number of idlers one sees on the Puerta del Sol is indeed astounding. There are not only peddlers and beggars, but ill-dressed and well-dressed loungers of all kinds—people who stand around all day with apparently nothing in the world to do. Madrid is a curious city. Being the capital of a idle nation, it is the concentrated quintessence of idling and idleness. The principal occupation there is talking politics, and odd as it may seem, there are cafés in Madrid frequented entirely by politicians or office-holders out of a job—*cesantes*.

In addition to the heggars on the Puerta del Sol, there are numerous pseudo-mendicants who pretend to have occupations. Among them are match peddlers, pencil peddlers, opera-ticket eddlers, lottery-ticket peddlers, toy peddlers, cigarette peddlers, *dulce* or candy peddlers, balloon peddlers, toy-windmill eddlers, newspaper peddlers, photograph peddlers, postal-card peddlers, shoe-string peddlers, and tape-line peddlers. There are also a large number of idle laborers waiting for a job, and porters with their knotted ropes which they listen to lamp-posts making seats of the loops.

Despite the polychromatic pictures of Gautier, De Amicis, and others, it is difficult to see anything picturesque about the Puerta del Sol. There is no color to the crowd. All the better-dressed people are in dark colors, and all the beggars are in dingy garb. The buildings are a dingy yellow and the whole effect is sad colored. But the crowd, if not light-hearted, is certainly extremely noisy, and a ceaseless yelling goes up from morning till midnight on the Puerta del Sol.

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The principal opera-house at Madrid is the Teatro Real, at which a very good Italian company has been producing standard operas lately. Among those given during our stay were "Aida,"

"Lucia," "Linda," "Rigoletto," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Faust." The opera-house is a large

and handsome one with only the orchestra floor given up to stalls, the remainder consisting of amphitheatrical rows of boxes with the exception of the top gallery, or *paradiso* as it is called. The price of the best seats in the orchestra is eighteen pesetas—between three dollars and three dollars and fifty cents, according to exchange. There is no "pit" in the Madrid opera-house as there is in the Italian opera-houses. In Italy one sees gorgeously attired officers entering the pit for ten cents; they carefully scrutinize the boxes, locate their acquaintances, and then confer the favor of their presence upon their friends for the rest of the evening. There were plenty of officers among the Madrid audiences, but they seemed to have seats of their own. At least most of them did. Frequently they were accompanied by doting wives whose admiration they graciously permitted.

Apropos of that, a curious feature of this Spanish audience was the attitude of the men toward the women. They did not, as in most European countries, go around visiting and chatting with the women; but the men congregated together and talked politics in the big aisles and lobbies.

The men were carefully dressed—about as in London and Paris, and much better than in Germany and Italy. But they wore more jewelry than one observes in Northern lands. It was not at all uncommon to see men with jeweled waistcoat buttons. One man wore a set with large emeralds mounted in diamonds. Gold waistcoat buttons were very common; so were jeweled shirt studs. Diamond rings and colored precious stones on masculine fingers were to be seen on every hand, while many of the men carried jeweled opera-glasses.

Some of the men were very handsome, notably among the officers. The women were not. Flying in the face of statements by such voracious persons as Théophile Gautier, Dumas père, Edmondo de Amicis, and Henry T. Finck, I have no hesitation in saying that I did not see any of the deliciously beautiful Madrileñas over whom they all raved. If it be said that we did not go to the right places, it may be retorted that we went everywhere, from ball-games to bull-fights, from churches to operas, and that takes in every grade of the population. Certainly the opera audiences include the most aristocratic set. I saw not a single beautiful woman at the opera, and most of those I saw there were pasty-faced creatures with skins like underdone pie crust, covered with powder and paint.

The women almost all wore hats. This is rather odd, for Spain is the land of the mantilla. It is true that this handsome headdress has been almost entirely laid aside by the upper classes, ladies rarely wearing it except on certain religious occasions. But the use of lace headgear at the opera is almost universal in London, Paris, and other capitals. That Spain, which is emphatically not the land of the bonnet and hat, should cling to its recently acquired fashion when other audiences are laying it aside, seems very odd. A performance was given at this theatre a few nights ago for the benefit of a charitable society under the patronage of Queen Christina and her ladies. It was given out that ladies in the audience were expected to appear without hats or bonnets, and this was regarded as an intimation from the queen that such should be the rule in the future at the opera. But from the audiences we saw at the opera, it is evident that the Madrid ladies prefer to show their Paris hats.

The houses were not crowded—in fact the audiences were rather thin. The seats were comfortable and the auditorium was heated—one of the few warm places we found while in Madrid. The performances were very fair, but not notable. The orchestra included some seventy musicians, and was quite good; the chorus was mediocre.

I do not think I ever saw such an incessant yawning. The audiences seemed bored. It is common to see men read newspapers at the opera in European cities, but Madrid is the first place where I have seen women doing so. In addition to the yawning, there was almost incessant coughing among the audience. But that you hear in Madrid on every hand. It is the cigarette cough.

In a European city it is always well to drive in the park at the hour when it is frequented by the "four hundred." Park driving is quite a solemn function in Europe. It is so solemn in Spain that nearly every Spanish city has a part of its afternoon driveway called the "salon," that being the rendezvous where the "upper ten" meet and chat. The "salon" in Madrid is a part of the Paseo del Prado. We saw some very handsome carriages there, but I can not say as much for the horses. All over Europe the rich people seem to spend more money on their carriages and harness, and on the boots and breeches of their servants, than they do on their horseflesh. Occasionally one would see a handsome span of mules harnessed to a fine private carriage with a crest on the panel. There were few equestrians to be seen in the park; oddly enough, despite the legends of Spanish caballeros, Barbary steeds, and all that, we saw a good many poor horsemen as well as poor horses. A curious sight was the occasional appearance of a coachman and footman smoking cigarettes on the box. I will not say that their masters were occupying the carriages at the time.

The Park of the Buen Retiro is not remarkable in any way. It has the usual features of parks in large cities. I observed that the driveways bore the names of South American countries.

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One of the surprises of Spain was the fish. I had been told so much about the bad food in Spain that I had determined to eat no fish, particularly at inland points. I am extremely fond of fish—so fond of it that I never eat it when it is not fresh, if I can avoid it. But we found the fish in Spain to be excellent, even in inland cities like Madrid, Cordova, and Seville. It was of course excellent in Barcelona, where there is a fine fish-market. At Cordova they had fish brought daily by train from Malaga, and very good it was. At Seville we were surprised by the appearance of shad which was fresh, sound, and delicious.

Apropos of shad, let me say here that San Francisco, which

ought to have one of the finest fish-markets in the world, has one of the worst. It is not the fault of the fish—the fish are all right—but the fault of the fishmongers. For years they have, in the chief city of the Pacific Coast, practiced ways of handling fish which are barbarous. In many Atlantic fish-markets fish is brought alive to market in fish wells. In San Francisco, on the other hand, the fish is often brought one hundred and fifty miles by rail from Monterey Bay, and before it reaches the consumer is unfit to eat. I have had fish served me in first-class clubs, restaurants, and hotels in San Francisco that was at least two days old; this in a seaport city with one of the largest bays in the world on one side of it, and on the other the Pacific Ocean, is grotesque.

Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, is one of the great ichthyologists of the world. When he first came to the Pacific Coast several ex-dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard determined to ask his expert opinion concerning the Pacific Coast shad. They all remembered the delicious shad which ran up the Eastern rivers. But they were unanimously of the opinion that the Pacific Coast shad was inferior. So they laid the whole matter before Dr. Jordan with a mass of statistical, ichthyological, and ichthyophagical material and several exhibits in the form of fresh shad—that is, "fresh" from the San Francisco fishmonger's point of view. Dr. Jordan listened patiently to their statements. They wound up by saying, "Now, doctor, what is the matter with this Pacific Coast shad?" The doctor gazed at them solemnly, leaned over and sniffed at the shad, and said, oracularly, "Gentlemen, the fish is not fresh!"

The shad-pictures were more surprised than seems natural, considering how frequently this is the case with fish in San Francisco. Dr. Jordan went on to explain to the startled fish-lovers that shad is a delicate fish; that it must not be slammed around like bales of dried codfish, but handled carefully and eaten fresh. This may have seemed rudimentary instruction, but it was very much needed. It is the fact that at Coronado Beach, a little place, one gets fish fresher and better than in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Coast. And it is another fact that in Seville, an interior city in Spain, we found better shad than we have frequently had served to us in San Francisco.

I speak of Seville as an "interior city," although it is a large port of entry. It is situated on the Guadalquivir, about fifty miles from the sea. I do not know whether the shad run up the Guadalquivir, but I suppose the fish is caught principally at the mouth, and shipped up to Seville. On the Susquehanna and other fishing grounds around Chesapeake Bay, the shad fishermen always seemed to me to do most of their work around the river mouths.

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It would be a waste of space to describe the magnificent gallery of paintings in the Museo del Prado. It is one of the finest collections in the world, ranking with the Louvre, the Uffizzi, and the Dresden galleries. It is a revelation to the picture-lover, for merely to walk through it will convince him that the Spanish masters may not be seen outside of Spain. Poor in purse as is Spain, she has not parted with her great pictures—aside from the ones stolen by Napoleon and his generals. Those who believe that they have seen in other European galleries anything like the art-work of Murillo, for example, in the various art-periods of his life, are much in error. So with Velasquez, so with Ribera, so with other Spanish masters.

But if Spain has a magnificent collection of pictures in the Museo del Prado, she has a very poor place in which to house them. The building, which is a shabby one, was never designed for a picture gallery. Not only is it badly lighted and badly arranged, but it is badly administered. For example, there are apparently no funds for heating it, and at this season the cold there is something Arctic. The unfortunate custodians stand around shivering, their feet in thick goloshes, their bodies swathed in heavy Spanish cloaks, and with handkerchiefs wrapped around their ears.

There is a marked difference between the great gallery of Madrid and the well-warmed Louvre, which is used by many of the Paris poor as a great municipal heater. One sees no tramps in the Museo del Prado—there, they would freeze to death.

Apropos of the Louvre, I was surprised to find that the large collection of Rubens pictures in the French gallery has a close second in the Spanish one. An unfamiliar-looking name, "Pedro Pablo Rubens," figures on a great many canvases in the Museo del Prado.

I have often wondered whether Rubens really painted all the pictures in those gorgeous Medicis rooms in the Louvre. We are told that Marie de Medicis sent for Rubens and made him her guest; that he stayed some months in the royal palace, then, returning to Antwerp, finished the enormous Medicis canvases in two years "with the aid of his pupils." These colossal canvases have made me suspect some of the great painters of using their pupils to fill in what might be called the coarse or machine work, and doing the "hand-painting" themselves. In the Medicis rooms, there must be, at a low calculation, several thousand square yards of bosom. Rubens ran markedly toward nude ladies, and he was very generous to them in the matter of pectoral muscles. Such vast masses of flesh tints would surely have wearied the brush-hand of even so assiduous a worker as Rubens. It is probable, therefore, that he merely blocked out the outlines of his obese goddesses, and then turned over the coarse flesh-tints or bosom-work to his apprentices. Probably he may have retouched these acres of flesh afterward, but it is impossible to believe that he could have done it all himself in two years. The only possible hypothesis favoring this theory is that he possessed one of those paint-squirts with which in modern times house-painters and whitewashers cover large surfaces like factory buildings.

Thus it is not at all improbable that the work was really executed in two years, the bosom sections being put on by frowsy apprentices with buckets of flesh-colored paint and squirt.

have sometimes heard artists discuss whether Rubens was justified, on ethical grounds, in paying such sycophantic compliments to Marie de Medicis as he does in that long series of fulsome paintings. She is represented from infancy to age with a general air of patting the beathen gods and goddesses on the head. In one picture, if I remember rightly, some gentleman, Atlas probably, is presenting the great queen with this sublimity ball, the World, which she is coyly accepting. Well, other great men have flattered other great ladies. Did not Shakespeare write in this courtier-wise of Elizabeth Tudor, the Virgin Queen?

"That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

No one believes Shakespeare believed all those pretty things about a red-headed old lady with a hooked nose and a bad temper. But any one can forgive him for writing such beautiful lines. So with Rubens—his painted compliments are as gross and earthy as the queen whom he depicted was earthy and gross. But what modern portrait-painter can throw the first stone at him? What modern artist to-day would refuse a commission, let us say, to paint that royal Blowsabella, Queen Isabella of Spain; to occupy rooms in her magnificent palace in Paris near the Place of the Star; to live for two years on the fat of the land, to be cosseted, to be petted, and to be rewarded munificently; to know that in three hundred years from now his pictures would hang in the great gallery at Madrid into which the royal palace will be turned when Spain shall have become a republic?

What artist would refuse? Well, considering that most of the great artists to-day do not scruple to abandon the painting of pictures for the painting of portraits—portraits of petroleum magnates, slaughter-house millionaires, pork potentates, pork potentatesses, and the little pork potentatuncle—I am justified in saying that no artist would.

In the Madrid gallery there hang many flattering pictures of Spain's hermit kings, her fanatic kings, her crazy kings, by Velasquez and other masters, which show that they were great courtiers as well as great artists.

Here is an odd incident concerning the Museo del Prado, showing some of the minor mishaps that befall travelers. We wanted some photographs of the paintings there. On emerging, after our first day's visit, we saw a tablet on the opposite wall, directing us to the photographic establishment of one Cualquierro, Number Two, Plaza de los Cortes. We determined to go there next day. The next day we drove there, but the cabman could find no "Number Two." He could find numbers one, three, and four, but "Number Two" was missing. We took a hand at the search, but "Number Two" was distinctly absent.

We concluded that we had made a mistake in the number. We drove back to the Museo. To our astonishment we found the tablet gone. We interrogated the custodian at the door. The custodian vaguely remembered having seen such a tablet, but did not know what had become of it. He lighted a cigarette and called another custodian. This official came out, joined him, and lighted a cigarette. Then we all talked it over. The second custodian said he kinder thought he remembered having seen something of the sort of tablet we described, but he wasn't sure, and he advised us to go back and look for "Number Two" again. Here the cabman, who had just lighted another cigarette, agreed with him. However, we thought we had worked hard enough for one day, so we went to our hotel.

The next day we got a new cabman and told him to drive to Cualquierro, photographer, Number Two, Plaza de los Cortes. He drove there at once. We gazed at the door in stupefaction—there was the number, there was the name. We entered the courtyard. As we did so, a young woman in deep black appeared, and inquired sympathetically if we wished to see the family. We told her no—we wanted to see the photographer.

"But," said she, "Señor Cualquierro died suddenly yesterday. You can not see him."

We replied feebly that we did not want to see him now—we only had wanted to buy some photographs. The sympathetic young person shook her head. "The law officers have placed seals on all his effects," she replied. "It will be at least six weeks before they will be released."

"Six weeks" must mean more than Mañana in Spain. We gave it up, and determined to buy our photographs elsewhere.

The following day, after another visit to the Museo del Prado, we were coming out of the gallery, when we both uttered an exclamation. There, on the opposite wall, was the advertising tablet of the dead photographer!

I went up and examined it closely. It was no flimsy cardboard affair; it was made of wood, the letters were painted and gilded, and it was screwed to the wall. The screws were rusty, and seemed not to have been disturbed for months.

Spain would be an excellent resort for a restless American millionaire suffering from neurasthenia. Life is very deliberate here. Perhaps it would be too much so for a man whose life was tied to a stock-ticker. During three days of this week, for example, the telegraph lines were down between here and France—which means nearly all of Europe. Not having much use for telegraphs or telephones here—thank God!—we knew nothing of it, until I saw a bitter complaint in the *Correspondencia de España*, a leading daily paper. The aggrieved journal did not growl so much about the interruption of the lines, the burden of its complaint being that the tele-

graph office continued calmly to receive telegrams during the three days, not only without sending them, but without notifying the senders that they were not sent.

This does seem a trifle off, even for Spain. Fancy being a stock-operator; fancy telegraphing from Madrid to Paris to sell ten thousand Turkish short on a declining market; fancy learning after three days that Turks had slumped heavily; fancy believing that you had made a neat little turn; fancy suddenly discovering that your dispatch was not sent until the market rebounded, and that you owe your broker money and are broke.

The Basque game of "Pelota" has become naturalized in Madrid—as for that matter in all large Spanish cities. I believe an unsuccessful attempt was once made to introduce it in San Francisco a few years ago. But there can be no doubt as to its success in Madrid. The game is a kind of handball, but is played with scoop-shaped rattan rackets bound to the wrist with thongs. The courts are about six hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, divided into rectangles something like tennis courts. There are two players on a side, called *rojos* and *azules*—reds and blues. The ball is served against the end wall, and the player on the opposite side must return it. The points are counted much as in tennis. But otherwise the game is very different. The ball is served with a velocity which is astounding; a player at the back of the curb often sends it with such violence that it rebounds from the *fronton* or opposing wall to the wall behind him—something over a thousand feet. Occasionally the ball will strike the corner of the court, in which case it comes out among the book-makers, attendants, and spectators on the ground floor, the higher-priced seats being above. When such a ball comes out it is amusing to see the spectators get out of the way—like lightning a clear lane appears among them, through which hisses the ball. At the old Haight Street baseball grounds in San Francisco there would occasionally be a "hot" ball, tipped off the bat on a foul, fly into the club boxes, and shake up the bond-holders; but such a ball was like floating thistledown compared to the "hot" balls at the "Pelota" *fronton* in Madrid.

Not only is the game exciting, but the crowd itself makes an excited scene. Spaniards are born gamblers, and during the progress of the "Pelota" games there is a continuous roar of betting. The book-makers stand on the floor of the court calling out the odds, while their partners in the galleries above take the spectators' bets and toss them below in little rubber balls while the book-makers return the pool-checks by tossing them back. There was some very neat catching done—I saw no muffs. In Spain, at bull-rings and similar places, much business is done "on the fly" by peddlers of oranges, cigarettes, and matches.

As the game nears its end, the excitement grows greater—as one side passes the other and then falls back the odds suddenly change. There was no free fight the day we were there, although it sounded a good deal like a riot. Evidently it was not always so peaceful, as large placards on the walls urged the spectators to be calm, to respect the law, not to fight, and not to attack the players.

Although the bull-fighting season in Spain is in summer rather than in winter, the lovers of the "sport" are so enthusiastic that continual *corridos* take place in Madrid during the winter season when the weather is fine—which it often is. The only difference between the winter and the summer fights is that some of the star *espadas* may be absent in Mexico or Cuba, and they are replaced by their understudies. Otherwise the programme is exactly the same. In Spain, they call the star bull-fighters *espadas* and never *toradores*—a word which apparently one hears only outside of Spain.

While we were in Madrid such a bull-fight took place. It was announced by enormous posters, which ran as follows:

GRAND BULL-FIGHT

Weather Permitting
TO-MORROW.

Six bulls from the great bull-breeding farm of His Excellency,
the Duke of Veragua,

Colors white and red,

And two bulls from the farm of Don Filiberto Mira Badajoz,
Colors white and yellow.

ESPADAS:

CASTOR IBARRA

"COCHERITO DE BILBAO"

[Nickname]

TOMAS ALARCON

"MAZZANTINITO"

[Nickname]

Six Picadores, names and nicknames given, one of them called "Little Melons."

Seven Banderilleros, names and nicknames given, most of them diminutives formed from their native places.

Follow the hours of opening, the particulars about the regulations concerning seating, etc., prices of seats, and localities where they can be purchased.

The weather was superb. The old saw says of Madrid that it has *nueve meses invierno, tres meses inferno*—"nine months winter, three months hell"—and most people who have been there believe it. But even in Madrid there are fine winter days, and this was one of them. There was an enormous crowd. The Hippodrome seats twelve thousand people, and every seat was filled. I was amused to notice that the musical and poetical cry of which Washington Irving wrote—"Water, water, here is water from the Sierra sweeter than honey and colder than snow"—was replaced by the more laconic and plebeian "beer." The other more frequent cries were "Abanicos," or fans, and the odd cries of the orange sellers—odd because they generally left out the name of their commodity; they cried "Quien quiera buena, buena, buena." This they would repeat incessantly and about once in a score of times add explanatorily, "Naranja." Another oddity was that the sides of the amphitheatre were reversed. The "Sol" and the "Sombra"—the sun and the shade. In summer the shady side is the high-priced one. In winter the sunny side. We who sat

in the sun were glad to buy the cheap fans from the *abaniqueros* to shield ourselves from the ardent rays. But I observed that the vast crowd all came provided with wraps. They placed them on the stone seats and used them for cushions when they did not procure the pillows for hire on every hand. While the sun was high fans were going, coats off and handkerchiefs mopping streaming brows. The moment the sun sunk behind the lofty range of the Guadarrama Mountains the twelve thousand arose as one man, took up coat or cloak, put it on, shivered, and fastened it around them. Well, the Madrileños evidently know their climate and we followed suit.

I do not intend here to describe a bull-fight. At this late date in the world's history such descriptions should be made a penal offense. I shall merely mention a few incidents of the day, one of the most notable of which was this: While there was a slight pause in the performance, and while the bull with lowered head was facing the *banderilleros*, who had not yet succeeded in launching their barbs into his body, a slender black-clad youth of about seventeen vaulted lightly over the barrier, deftly lodged two *banderillos* in the bull's shoulders, and vaulted back again before the amazed bull-fighters could move a hand. But in a moment two *alguazils*, two civil guards, four soldiers, and four *chulos* pounced upon the slender stripling, and we saw him disappearing at a quick pace, marched off between this double line of gold-laced gentry. He was evidently bound for the lock-up. But the twelve thousand people stood up on their stone benches and yelled and whistled and roared. They threw up their caps. They demanded that the president of the bull-fight should pardon the youth. This was done. Señor Campillo relented, called back the criminal and his grim guardians, presented him with a cigar, and bade him go in peace and sin no more. It was indeed a proud moment for this youth. Evidently some day he will be a bull-fighter and one of the great men of Spain.

The only other incident which I consider worthy of mention is that one of the poor old horses who was brought in to serve as a helpless slaughter-block for the bulls did not play his part well. When the attendant led him blindfolded up to the bull and turned him broadside on so that the bull could eviscerate him more easily, the old horse lashed out his heels so violently that he drove the bull away. When his rider dismounted and tried to make him be reasonable and get killed quietly, the old horse nearly killed him, too. So they led him away alive.

"Bravo, toro!" the Spaniards often cry to a good bull. "Bravo, caballo!" "Bravo old horse!" shouted I, while the wondering Spaniards stared at me. If he had kicked the head off a bull-fighter or two, I would not have shed a tear.

Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention that six bulls were killed and four horses gored to death during the course of the bull-fight, and a very disgusting spectacle it was.

The day after the bull-fight I looked over the papers with much interest to read the accounts. One in the *Heraldo* was headed "Scandalous happening at the bull-ring." I nodded my head. "Ah," said I, "evidently some Spanish newspapers are opposed to this disgraceful and cowardly 'sport'—so-called. Evidently Spaniards are not unanimous in their love of the bull-ring."

And I settled myself down with a smug smile and a fine puritanical glow to read the diatribe. I had seen the bull-fight—I had disapproved of it—and now I was going to read all about it.

I had not seen the yellow dailies of my own favored land for a long time. I began to realize dimly that I was missing their sanctimonious—and minute—accounts of prize-fights and *crim. con.* cases under the heading "Disgusting Details" and the like. Here in this Spanish daily there was a chance for me to feel again the thrill of the American newspaper reader—to wallow, as it were, in muck, and then, scraping it off, to arise refreshed and purified, agreeing with the yellow daily in virtuously condemning vice.

But Spain is a land of surprises. The article did not turn out exactly as I had anticipated. It was headed "SCANDALOUS HAPPENING AT THE BULL-RING," and I thought it referred to the spurring of a dying horse around the ring, his hoofs tangled in his own—ugh!

But no—it said nothing of that. "Whither are we drifting?" it began. "What kind of a gathering and what kind of a president was that of yesterday? By the weakness of the president and by the excessive good humor of the spectators the function of yesterday bids fair to destroy all respect for authority and all of the decency and good order which should preside at the bull-ring."

"Madrid"—went on the writer—"is supposed to be a civilized capital. She has big buildings and palaces; she has tramways with their *trole*; she has electric lights and operas. But can such a city claim to be civilized when she permits such scandalous proceedings as took place yesterday? The occurrences in the bull-ring were unworthy of the capital city of Spain."

"Every one knows to what we refer," continued the just, indignant *Heraldo*. "During the course of the bull-fight yesterday, a rash youth—whose name we suppress—leaped over the barrier and fixed a pair of ear-rings to the third bull. [This use of the slang phrase shows a slight weakening in the writer's severity.] "This young man, whatever his social standing—and we believe he belongs to a good family—should have been taken before the nearest police judge and given heavy fine and imprisonment. However, we do not so much blame the hot-headed youth as we do the spectators. These thousands of people who applauded this deplorable act at deserving of the most severe reprobation. The youth in moment of bull-fighting vertigo (*vertigo taurino*) was impelled to commit a foolish act. But when the spectators applauded him they struck at the very foundation of the decency and social order of our bull-ring."

"The deplorable effects of this scandalous affair of ye-

terday can not fail to have far-reaching results at subsequent corridas. Other youths will follow the example of this misguided young man, and soon the ancient and honorable sport of Spain will be sunken to a low level indeed. Happy are we to say that as there were just men in the Cities of the Plain, so also there were found some genuine lovers of manly sport at the bull-ring yesterday. Some few there were who were wise enough to hiss this deplorable and scandalous scene. But they were very few."

I rose from the perusal of this philippic with a somewhat dissatisfied feeling. True, it was condemnatory, but it condemned things the wrong way, condemn it! It did not leave me in the fine virtuous glow I had looked for when I sat down. Ah, they would have handled it differently at home. More than ever I find I miss the dear yellow dailies of my native land.

A WOMAN'S NAME.

A Grim Tale of the Frozen Russian Coast.

The snow flurries from the upper bay were throwing white, filmy shadows against the gloom of the winter night. From the huge bowl of Nicholas the Second's drydock to the stump-masted watch-vessel the freezing waters were lifeless, for the rare traders from the South and the American coast had fled before the onset of the Arctic winter. The few craft that lay grinding at their moorings along the ice-rimmed shores were dark, and untouched snow wrapped their ungainly bulks into cold monstrosity. On this night one American, a solitary specimen of his race, was crossing from the naval reserve wharf to the market, and his rocking sampan followed a lane of water that flowed tortuously between the solid ice extending from either shore.

It was New Year's Eve, according to his reckoning, and the man whistled drearily as he huddled within his furs and thought of the home where his name was unheard. In the midst of his poor attempt at gayety he was roused by a stopping of the motion of the sampan. He looked around into the dull glare of the riding light of a vessel that he recognized as one of the nameless Kurile Island brigs, craft without known port and unregistered in any shipping office. The squat stem rose above his head, and the sampan scraped across the curve of its cable. The American turned sharply to his boatman and asked, "What the matter?"

"No can do!" was the reply.

"Too muchee ice?"

The Chinaman waved his hand vaguely and jabbered while the steam of his breath wreathed in the glow of the riding lantern. The American stood up and looked out into the blackness. The ice had filled up the lane of water. After interrogating the Chinaman without gaining any suggestion from him, he glanced again at the bluff-bowed, nameless brig. A moment's study decided him, and he motioned to the boatman. The latter obeyed his gesture and drew the sampan up against the wooden side of the brig.

Five minutes later Henry Welch was stamping his feet on the cramped deck of this strange, anciently rigged craft, that told in every fashion of its make-up that it plied from unknown parts in the Ohkotsk and Kamschatka to Northern Japan and Eastern Siberia. The masts rose into the snowy darkness and the frozen running gear slapped and creaked in the gusty wind with a note of utter desolation. The only sign of life was a dull glow from a deadlight in the after deck. Welch shuffled to this and tried to look down, but the rime obscured the thick glass and he could see nothing. He sought the scuttle, brushed the snow off and thrust back the slide. A breath of warm, foul air stopped his nostrils, and he paused. Then, shivering and chilled, he plunged down, closing the scuttle after him.

He emerged into a small, roughly finished saloon. The bulkheads were unadorned, save for well-worn lockers along the after one and a rusted grate led into the forward one. The shaft of the mainmast supported an encircling table and above a swinging lamp.

There was a bottle on the table, and in a heavy screw chair a man sat watching an alcohol lamp over which he held a tin cup, evidently filled with some liquid. This man looked up as Welch stepped down and leaned forward to see who it was. Welch threw off his muffler and said at a venture, "Good-evening!"

The man at the table rose stiffly, and muttered an oath. "Who are you?" he asked, thickly. "Thought it was Kritsa."

"My name's Welch. Stuck in the ice. Too muchee ice," he continued, dropping into jargon, "no can do. What pigeon you?"

"I'm skipper here. Drop that lingo and talk United States."

"You American? Took this craft for a Kurile Isl- and junk."

The skipper swore viciously, and dropped back into his seat. His tongue had an unmistakable Yankee twist and Welch took the chair opposite him without further ceremony, and watched this master of an unregistered vessel fuss over a tiny lamp. Presently the skipper tested the warmth of the liquid in the cup with a dirty forefinger, hesitated a moment, and passed the cup to Welch.

Welch silently took it and drained the contents. He set the cup down hastily and cursed. The liquid was raw spirits, and very hot.

The other took no further notice of his uninvited guest, but refilled the cup from the bottle and held it again over the flame.

An hour later Welch stumbled drunkenly from his seat and sang a song he had known in boyhood. The chorus he had forgotten and the man opposite him supplied the words from an ancient chanter, and they brought it to a vociferous close just as the scuttle was thrust back and a huge ruffian with Mongol features rose in the murk of the saloon.

"Kritsa!" muttered the skipper, reaching greedily for the bottle, now nearly empty.

The newcomer held out a hairy hand for the liquor, but was met with a defiant gesture. There followed a rapid interchange of words in a language foreign to Welch, a blow, and Kritsa lay huddled on the deck. Welch went dizzily over to the fallen man and peered into his face. The features were mangled as by a blunt weapon, and when Welch rose again he saw on the skipper's fist the circle of brass used by thugs the world over. He flamed into angry speech, but the other chuckled. "Thought he could fool the old man? Kritsa'll learn not to monkey with me. I'm a bad man, I am."

Drunk as he was, Welch felt the tone of cheap bravado and was sickened by it; he was not mollified when a brutal kick drove the Mongol's body aside. But his protest dwindled away before the demeanor of his host, and in a little while they were drinking again from the tin cup and muttering ribald songs. Then the fumes of the liquor overcame them, and the alcohol lamp went out for lack of fuel, and the only sound, apart from the shrieking of the wind above, was the raucous breathing of the three men.

When Welch awoke he dimly saw the skipper fiddling with the empty bottle and trying to light the alcohol lamp. While he watched the Yankee went to a locker and extracted another bottle, which he uncorked and tasted. Five minutes later the tin cup was again heating over the lamp and the rank fumes of the liquor sickened Welch beyond expression. He roused himself, and the first thing he saw was the body of Kritsa huddled in a corner. The countenance seemed black and distorted. With an effort Welch straightened out his feverish limbs, and the skipper nodded at him in silly fashion, allowing some of the liquor to slop over the edge of the cup. "All right?" he asked glibly. "Feel pretty fit? Like another drink?"

"No," responded Welch. "I'm thinking you've done for your mate, there."

"Oh, Kritsa'll get over it; he's a dirty rascal, and I'm a bad man to fuss with." The drunken skipper wagged his head boastfully.

After some persuasion Welch took another draught of the hot liquor. The night seemed to him unending and his heart was cold within him. But this last drink seemed to waken an inextinguishable thirst, and before he knew it he was in the second stage of beastly intoxication where everything smelled of blood. And then the Thing on the floor got into his brain and he sang in order that he might not hear the drumming of the pulse in his ears.

The second bottle was emptied, and a third took its place. Welch forgot his errand, his honor, and his manhood; the lurching wretch opposite him was his friend and his inseparable brother. Kritsa did not matter. So they spoke loudly upon marvels by land and by desert seas. They muttered of death as an intimate, of wild battle as a recreation. And all the while the brass circlet shone on the gnarled hand of the murderer.

Then by some subtle alchemy of the blood the thought of the godless skipper reached back into memory. He prattled deliciously of a wife and a daughter. "D—n good sort," he explained, thickly. "Wife was all right. We lived in Iowa. Libertyville, Iowa, was our post-office. Proper girl. Never loved anybody but me. I was d—n kind to her. Never beat her. Little one used to kiss me, pardner. Said I was her papa. D—n sweet little girl."

Welch listened eagerly. His own heart was swelling with memories of a woman with flushing mouth and a hand that trembled on his cheek. He was fain to speak of her, but his words were unfit, and he vented his passion in oaths. The skipper heard him wisely, and stumbled to his feet. "Nice woman, my wife. Loved me. Big mistake when I killed her. Little one cried. I left. Came here. D—n sorry, pardner!"

"You killed her? D—n you!" cried Welch, in impotent rage.

"No hard words," babbled his companion. "I was drunk. Same as now. Good woman. I loved her."

Welch had forgotten his previous words. He was bowed over the table, dreaming. It was with difficulty that the skipper roused him to the fact that a cup of hot liquor was before him. He gulped it down, and bit into his lips to keep from going mad. Then he remembered and turned on his fellow with blazing eyes. "You killed her?" he yelled in frenzy. "I didn't kill her. And I loved her. O God! I loved her. And she didn't love me. Yes, she loved me, but I killed the love. You devil!"

"Easy on the words!" cried the other. "She said she saw something in my face. Swore I didn't love her. Saw something in my face—poor little wife. I loved her."

"Did you love her?" demanded Welch, rising unsteadily to his feet.

"I loved her. I worshiped her. She was so sweet. She was so sweet. I killed her."

"Did you love her?" reiterated Welch, beating the table in wild anger.

"I loved her!" was the response, and the changed tone fired Welch's blood till it boiled through his breast. "God and the devil and hell didn't matter,"

the skipper went on, "but she saw something in my face and she turned away. So I killed her."

Outside the wind blew gustily, and the brig rose and fell sluggishly to the tide and the swell rolling up into the bay before the gale. The skipper was mixing another cup of liquor, and his comrade watched with feverish eyes. When each had drunk they paced the confined deck, bumping into the bulkheads, and swearing madly at each other. Suddenly Welch brought himself to a stop. With the face of one whose mind is fixed singly on a purpose, he closed in upon the skipper of the brig and laid an imperative hand on his breast. "What was it she saw?" he demanded.

There was an instant's silence. Then a raucous whisper broke in upon the questioner's already dulling ear. "This!"

Welch looked. And as he looked he knew what the woman had seen, and the color left his cheeks, and he strove to turn his eyes away. But the demoniac glance paralyzed his limbs and the muscles of his throat tightened in agony.

Then before his tortured vision the huge form of the Mongol rose with blackened face and ravenous eyes. But Welch's gaze was fastened on the skipper's face, and he felt his countenance stiffen in mortal repulsion. As he stared he saw the skipper draw back his brass guarded fist and knew that he was destined to death. The gleaming brass glowed and burned into his soul, and the hatred in his bosom swelled till he could not breathe. He waited.

The blow descended, and he vented a last oath of execration. But in his drunken impotence he saw the Mongol pitch forward, and then everything was blackened.

When he came to himself the saloon was empty except for the body of the skipper lying starkly against the table. The last bottle was on its side, and the spilled liquor had thrown a dark clot across the board. With parched mouth and aching head Welch bent over and by the dim light of the swinging lamp peered into the face that he hated with a hatred unappeased by death. Across the forehead was a dull line of black, showing where the Mongol's blow had crushed the skull. Beneath this was a quiet placidity and untroubled rest. The grim mouth was parted in a smile and on the skipper's breast lay a hand gently open. Welch gazed long and earnestly on the closed eyes, wondering. Then he noticed the other hand. In its clutch was a cheap silver watch. On the white of its face was a picture. He tried to see the features, but blood had clotted over it, and his own eyes were swimming with pain. But he knew that it was a woman's face.

He turned away and went slowly up the steps, through the open scuttle, and out upon the deck. The gloomy dawn had broken, and a light coating of snow covered the ice on the bay. A moment later he roused his sampan man from his slumber in the lee of the bulkheads and motioned to him to get into the sampan. And as he let himself down by the forechains he saw in the snow that stretched away to the shore the tracks of a man. "Kritsa!" he murmured.

Then, coming to a realization of his position, he started out to walk on the ice, and as he lurched along his lips formed a strange word. The Chinaman, trudging by his side, heard it, but could not understand. It was a woman's name. Presently he made a song of it, and before he fell forward on the ice the frozen hills were echoing it. And when he was dead, even before his limbs were stiffened, the Chinaman robbed him and went away.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1903.

A Careless St. Louis Doctor.

The health officers of St. Louis played an extraordinary trick on Chicago recently, according to the testimony in the drainage canal case. Dr. Armand Ravold imported from Europe 107 barrels of bacilli prodigiosi, and dumped them stealthily in the Chicago drainage canal. The subsequent developments are told by the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

One day a bacillus prodigiosus was scooped out of the Mississippi, and Dr. Ravold at once recognized, or thought he recognized, the traveler as little John Henry Bacillus, who had been dumped into the canal at Lemont. He doesn't go so far as to say that the bacillus wagged its tail when called by name, or jumped through a hoop, or did any other tricks that might have served to establish its identification, but hadn't he imported 200 barrels of that breed from Germany, and where could this one have come from if not from Lemont? Right here it appears that Dr. Ravold miscalculated. He labored under the supposition that the bacillus prodigiosus was a foreigner, whereas it is set forth by the drainage board's experts that not only Lake Michigan but probably every other American body of fresh water is full of bacilli of this breed. Hence it is evident that Dr. Ravold paid the German professor for 200 barrels of imported bacilli that might have been scooped out of almost any frog-pond between Puget Sound and Cape Henlopen. The foolishness of St. Louis people passes comprehension. If Dr. Ravold had branded the bacilli dumped into the drainage canal by him, or put collars around their necks, or tied strings to their little toes, or nicked their ears, and then followed them to St. Louis, he might have a case against Chicago.

Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, has signed an ordinance prohibiting spitting upon the sidewalks, in public conveyances, and public buildings of that city under penalty of one dollar fine and costs for each offense. The ordinance applies also to theatres, railroad stations, and other indoor places resorted to by the public.

The Post-Office Department has decided to retire the new two-cent postage stamp, giving a full-face portrait of Washington, as soon as a suitable substitute can be prepared.

THE BRIDGE-WHIST MANIA.

New York in the Grip of the Game—Women Players "for Revenue Only"—Many Thousands Lost in a Night—Roping in the Men.

Has the "bridge" mania struck San Francisco yet? Two years ago, when I was in London, it was devastating that metropolis, and it was holding as important a place in the conversation of fashionable women as dress or society ever did—now New York is struggling in its grasp. It is not a fashion or a fad, it is a passion, a mania, a contagion. It attacks large groups of people like a plague. They are mown down by it, and it passes triumphantly over them.

Wherever women gather, there, sooner or later, bridge rises to top off the conversation. The only other subject that divides the honors with it is the best way of reducing weight. These, among dames of fashionable affiliations, are the questions of the hour. If you have a receipt whereby one may lose thirty pounds in six months, no matter what kind of a bore or a dunce you may be, people will hungrily listen to your words. And as to bridge! they say in London any one who will feed society can get into the innermost citadel. Well, in New York, any one who can play a good game of bridge will have invitations ten deep to the best houses in the city.

Every female stranger that appears upon the scene may be a new bridge star just swimming up above the horizon. So that is one of the questions that sooner or later is propounded to the newcomer. On those few occasions when I have "gone out," I have invariably been accosted by relays of eagerly polite ladies with some such formula as this:

"Do they play cards in California?"
 "Some of them do, I hear."
 "What do they play?"
 "I think they play poker."
 "Do you play?"
 "I have played."
 "Of course you play other things beside poker?"
 "I can play three kinds of solitaire."
 "But," with a sudden concentration of interest, "you can play bridge, of course?"
 "No, I can't."
 "But you know the game?"
 "No, I haven't the slightest idea what it's like."
 "Good heavens! how extraordinary! You must learn at once."

Then they go away, no longer interested. On more intimate occasions relatives take up the familiar strain:

"Look here, you must learn bridge."
 "Why should I? I hate cards. They make me sleepy."
 "But everybody plays bridge. It's like being a teetotaler, or wearing short hair, or doing some other eccentric Western thing, not to play."

"It bores me to death. Why should I be bored for nothing?"
 "But you're not in it if you don't play bridge."
 "Then I'll be out of it, and that will be satisfactory to all parties."

And so forth, and so forth.
 One of the main disadvantages of bridge is that it monopolizes your friends so that unless you are a bridge fiend too you never see them. You go to call at tea time, and the man at the door says they are not yet home from the bridge class. You go in the morning, and they are just shaking themselves into their furs to go for a lesson to the well-known and high-priced Mrs. Jones-Smith, the best bridge teacher in New York. You go to lunch, and they are there, but ten to one another bridge maniac will drop in, and immediately the conversation will revert to the favorite subject, and you will hear about that morning's lesson and how badly everybody played, or a full account of the game after Mrs. Brown's dinner the night before, and how Susie Smith-Robinson won enough to buy a new baby-lamb coat.

In a number of houses bridge is a matter of course after a dinner. It comes off as regularly as the black coffee. So many couples are at the festive board, and those couples are supposed to sit down afterward at the tables in the drawing-room and play till they get tired. A large number of society women spend nearly every evening this way. They go out to dinner four or five nights in the week, with the understanding that bridge is to follow the dinners. Sometimes they play till the small hours. A friend of mine told me that she was at one of these bridge dinners the other evening, and her partner, a very gorgeous lady, glittering with diamonds, told her she was tired as she had played till four o'clock the night before.

"We were playing with — [a very well-known name filled in this blank] who lost quite a pot of money before the evening was over. But she always plays that way. She's quite a plunger."

When you come to the question of playing for money, then indeed do you realize what bridge has become in New York. Half of its votaries indulge in it solely and only for the excitement it gives as a gambling game. To others, who really play well, it is an open and acknowledged source of revenue. These women, naturally, do not care to go to houses where the play is not high. They are making a "good thing" out of their superior proficiency, and they don't want to waste time in drawing-rooms where the sums made are respectably modest, or—worse yet—where one only gets a prize. Though the prizes may be very handsome—and they usually are—what value has an antique silver mir-

ror or a piece of rare old Venetian glass, compared to several hundred dollars in cold coin?

I was taking tea at a friend's house the other afternoon, when an exceedingly majestic lady of florid visage and fiercely controlled *embonpoint* lumbered in. I say "lumbered" advisedly, for she had the gait which only this word describes, and which is the result of a combination of great weight, gout, and exceedingly tight articles of clothing. She subsided carefully into a chair, slightly puffing. Her manner was curiously vivacious and youthful, she was artfully made up, and quite handsome, though I should have judged her in years to have been between fifty and sixty. She was superbly dressed in black velvet, wore two huge pearls in her ears, and another pear-shaped couple depending from the chain under her collar. Outside in the slushy street I could see her automobile, a very smart affair, with the chauffeur in a Persian lamb-trimmed coat, sitting stiffly on the box. Her conversation, I am fain to confess, was exceedingly amusing, quite scandalous, and sometimes really witty. She ate nothing, and dropped into her cup of clear tea a tiny pill of saccharine from the bottle in her purse, for like every other woman in town, she was dieting.

After she had left, the other women all began to talk about her.

She was Mrs. —, quite a personage. She had been a widow for some years, and was left, what she called, poorly off, till bridge came to her rescue. She was an expert player, and only wanted to play where the stakes were high. She went to the game with the seriousness of a priest to the temple, and woe betide her partner if she made mistakes, and they were beaten. According to my informants, her takings on fortunate evenings ran up into the thousands. One of the ladies volunteered the information that the automobile and the pearl earrings, and the costly necklace were the outward and visible signs of several profitable evenings in the month of February.

According to the stories one hears of the high play in certain houses, all this is quite probable. Some days ago, I heard some women talking over a hostess, at whose house they always played "forty-dollar points." One of the girls pooh-poohed the statement, giving as her reason with undisguised scorn that "poor Sally didn't have enough money for that." A game of "forty-dollar points" would mean the making or losing of many thousands before the evening was over. To ask a person to your house to a quiet little dinner, and then run them into a game of that kind would certainly be a disgruntling experience. Why not take them out in the hall at once and hold them up with a pistol?

The non-gambling bridge players are just as numerous, if not more so, as their more audacious sisters. They play for prizes, and as the prizes are almost always beautiful and costly, their game has nearly as much incentive to excellence in it as that of the ladies who play for dollars. The non-gamblers are in constant fear of falling into the clutches of the gamblers. It is not that they can not afford it, for in most cases they have more money than the other faction, but they disapprove of it: playing cards for money is against their principles. Yet when you find yourself at dinner at a house where the excuse of the reunion is bridge from ten to twelve, and you unexpectedly learn the game is to be played for high stakes, it is a little difficult to have suddenly to wave your principles in the faces of surprised and sometimes considerably annoyed company.

Men live in terror of being thus caught. They cautiously inquire beforehand whether the game is to be played, and if it is, for what points. A young man may be an excellent player, but it is not like the old times when the superior male condescended to the foolish female, and politely let her win. The foolish female is often an expert, whose skill is far beyond his, and who is bent upon extracting from him every cent which he may carry in his pocket. One hears piteous tales of simple youths from the Sunny South or the Golden West, who, flushed with the attention society is pouring on them, play a carelessly gallant game, and at the end of it are told by the hostess that they are four or five hundred dollars in her debt. I heard of one such catastrophe when the young man boldly rose up and said he had not the wherewithal to pay, that he was in a private house, playing with ladies, and he had no idea the stakes were so high. But his hostess looked at him with a hard eye, and spoke of debts of honor, and the victim had to tame his heart of fire, and go thence a wiser and a poorer man.

To be proficient in the game means to have an *entrée* into most of the fashionable houses in New York. The high-stake players are generally found among the faster lot of society people. Of this crowd some are very rich, some what they themselves would call poor, and all are bent upon having as good a time as they know how. The non-gamblers are the more solid and high-bred section of the community, that notion of New York society where family and education count more than fortune. If you are presentable and play a really fine game of bridge, either of these two "polished hordes" will make you welcome. In the first you can make enough solid cash—provided, of course, you are an expert—to squander or lay up, according to your tendency, quite a neat sum. In the second you can acquire a collection of bibelots and curios, ornaments and silverware, so choice, rich, and varied that your apartment will look like a combination of Howards, Ovingtons, and "The Little Shop."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, March 20, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday at Princeton, N. J., on March 18th.

Sir Michael Herbert has announced the appointment of Lord Chief Justice Alverstone of England, Sir Louis Jette, retired judge of the supreme court of Quebec, and Sir John Douglas Armour, judge of the supreme court of Canada, as members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, provided for under the Hay-Herbert treaty.

The announcement that the Sultan of Morocco has bought an estate in Norfolk, England, has created a good deal of interest in Europe. The purchase is believed to be partly the result of the sultan's apprehensions that the present rebellion may be successful, and that he may in consequence have to flee to another country, and partly the result of his remarkable admiration for foreign things. He is said also to have deposited a large treasure in gold and jewels in a London bank.

Ezra Kendall, who is appearing this season in "The Vinegar Buyer," has just purchased six hundred acres of land near the Bennings race-course, several miles from Washington, which he intends to divide equally among his six boys. Mr. Kendall proposes to let each cultivate his share according to his individual taste. He will build a comfortable home on the property where he can watch the lads and live in peace and comfort during his summer vacations and in his old age, when he retires from the stage.

Dr. Friedrich Mueller, who was recently here as chief assistant to Dr. Lorenz, has returned to America to treat Lolita Armour. For a year he will remain in Chicago, and will daily massage the limb of the little patient whom his chief operated upon some months ago. Dr. Lorenz, the dispatches announce, will also soon visit America again to supervise the after treatment. It was the intention of the Armour family to take the child to Vienna for that purpose during the approaching summer, but Dr. Lorenz's decision to revisit America obviated this necessity, and it is believed that better results will follow this change of plan.

For the fourth consecutive time, Carter H. Harrison has been chosen as the Democratic candidate in the coming mayoralty campaign in Chicago. Graeme Stewart, the Republican national committeeman for Illinois, the business man who secured the nomination of the Republican party after an exciting contest with John M. Harlan, will be Harrison's antagonist in the fight for the mayoralty. The city is nominally Democratic, and it is generally conceded that Stewart will be defeated at the polls. If he is, it will be the ninth time that a Harrison has occupied the mayor's chair at Chicago. Carter Harrison, father of the present mayor, was five times the city's chief executive.

According to the dispatches, President Castro has resigned as president of the Republic of Venezuela, and handed over the exercise of the presidential functions to the president of congress, General Rama Ayala. General Matos, the leader of the Venezuelan revolutionary movement, urges the acceptance of Castro's resignation, and says that he will promise to use all influence with his commanders of the revolutionary army to put an immediate end to the war. In the ordinary course of events, President Castro's term would have ended February 20, 1908. It is intimated that Castro's abdication of power is merely temporary, and that as soon as the present difficulties have been settled he will run for office at the next election.

M. Giron, who eloped with the Princess Louise of Saxony, is described by Emily Crawford as handsome. "His Spanish ancestry," she says, "is patent to any one who has an eye for national distinctive traits. He has the peculiarly Spanish nose, eyes, and eyelids of the Empress Eugénie and of her son, the late Prince Imperial. He has the easily proud air of a Spaniard, conscious of his noble race. It is an air untinged by conceit or arrogance. As to his ancestry, it is one of the best a person of Spanish descent could have, he being a Tellez-Giron, of the ducal house of Osuna. A younger son of that family went as master of the household with the Infanta Clara Isabel, daughter of Philip the Second, and wife of Archduke Albert, to Belgium, her father having appointed her governess of the Netherlands. The present Giron, the 'princess killer,' is a direct descendant of that Don."

Sir Thomas Lipton's sloop *Shamrock III*, challenger for the America's Cup, was launched at Glasgow on March 13th, under the most successful conditions. Lady Shaftesbury, wife of the commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, christened the yacht in the presence of a number of distinguished guests. After the launch, Sir Thomas Lipton said: "This will be my third, and perhaps my last, shot at lifting the America's Cup. The *Reliance* may beat us, but it will not be because I have not got the best boat British brains and workmen can produce. If the cup stays in America, it will stay there because of the extraordinary genius of the American yacht builder. If he can produce a still further improvement in his art, I shall begin to think he is a bit more than human. There is no question that the best boat wins in the international races. *Shamrock III*, to my mind, is a marvel, in which Fife and Watson have outdone themselves, and with just a little slice of luck, I think the battered old mug will find a resting place on this side of the water."

ART NOTES FROM BOSTON.

Sargent's Latest Contributions to the Decorations of the Hub City's Public Library—Hallowell's Remarkable Exhibition.

John Sargent is in Boston just now, having come to see his latest contribution to the decorations of the public library set in place. The new addition to the beautiful library decorations gives an inkling of Sargent's intended scheme of treatment of the History of Progress which he has undertaken, and we may predict a brilliant closing of the story. First, during the labor period of the birth and development of our race, the hundred or more mythologies and philosophies, of which we have a record, strove to enslave mankind in the toils of bogie superstitions by sensual allurements, and pretty nearly succeeded. Then the task of enslavement was transferred to Byzantine shoulders, when the hideous was substituted for the beautiful. Man had not responded to the allurements of the goddesses and the fairies with any amount of success. He found it all too expensive. So the bogies tried to frighten him by visions of fire and nearly broke his spirit by prescribing austerities of the severest kind. If this phase of man's purgatory that Sargent has just completed, and he has done it in a masterly technique and after the manner of twelfth-century art. Next will come a representation of the Sermon on the Mount, and all that the sentiment surrounding it implies will be put in most attractive form, so that the horrors of paganism and so forth will be cheerfully contrasted.

The world is progressing so fast toward moderation of religious bogies that by the time Sargent gets through with representing the Sermon on the Mount stage of development, he may possibly be able to add a little Darwinism and Huxleyism on the side to illustrate yet another phase of human shell-bursting without shocking Boston too volcanically. Perhaps Sargent may live to paint a panel illustrative of an advance even beyond the "Survival of the Fittest" condemnation of science, and wind up with a nuptial scene showing the unification of science and religion on new terms of agreement, science being the foundation and the root, and religion the ornament and the flower to be cultivated and enjoyed at will.

Another exhibition, in which artistic Boston has recently been reveling, is that of Hallowell, the young American artist with a fifteenth-century talent, whose marvelous work I described in a letter from the Dalmatian Coast nearly two years ago. Of the ninety canvases on view at the Saint Rotolph Club, the most striking is the centrepiece, a triptych altar-piece, painted for a church in Ashmont, somewhere in the near suburbs of Boston. The three panels are composed by the assembling of religious concepts from half a dozen masterpieces found in the churches and galleries of Italy. The idea of the centre panel is avowedly borrowed from the great Giorgione of Castle Franco, Veneto, Italy, which many an artist and critic votes to call the "greatest picture in the world," notwithstanding the comparative obscurity of Giorgione to the tourist herd, and the rural isolation of Castle Franco. And likewise borrowed are most of the figures in the whole grouping. They are beloved and familiar personalities to all of us, and are associated with the growth of the popish religion in company with the type of the Christ most commonly accepted and revered that was given us by Leonardo da Vinci in the so-called "napkin portrait."

Hallowell could not, if he would, improve on the pious conceptions of Giorgione and the rest of the fifteenth-century religious enthusiasts who were the court painters of the church, and so he employs their loving creations to tell the simple story over again just as we cling to the classic forms in literature when we wish to revive thoughts of revered memory. But on either hand and all-surrounding his own picture, Hallowell has placed his own faithful copies of the masterpieces from which he has taken his inspiration.

While Hallowell has bowed to the inspiration of a classic age in the matter of religious composition, he has endowed the picture with a diffusion of light such as would puzzle the impressionists of the world to imitate. Can you imagine a light whiter than white? Can you imagine a mass of pigment weighted with color that seems to shed rays of light by reason of the arrangement and juxtaposition of the tones themselves? Well, Hallowell has accomplished this by a masterly assembling of tones none of which are light effusers themselves. When you see the picture it will strike you as being light and brilliant, and you will marvel at the effect, but if you accustom your eye to the light effects long

enough you will begin to see them scintillate until the room is lit up by the picture as if it really radiated rays of iridescent light. Boston, 1903. VAN FLETCH.

LITERARY NOTES.

Clairvoyance and Added Eggs.

We found, not long ago, in the *Lady's Pictorial*, of London, a paragraph which said:

Society is nowadays ruled by charlatans—the fortune-teller batters on the superstition of Mayfair. Palmists, "psychists," clairvoyants, crystal-gazers, and up-to-date astrologers are as firmly believed in nowadays as were the soothsayers and witches of the Dark Ages. The men and women whom we meet at dinner, who fill the boxes at the opera, and drive the smartest motor-cars, are the very persons by whom all the "quacks" who are springing up like mushrooms in our midst are supported.

Well, we believe it. Clairvoyance and clairvoyants are fast becoming "respectable." Formerly, the clairvoyant books that appeared were badly printed on wretched paper, worse bound, and were sold for ten cents each by greasy old book-sellers to frowsy females. Now such books are issued by reputable publishers, in handsome style, at high prices. Specifically we have in mind "Man Visible and Invisible," by C. W. Leadbeater, which reached us for review a few days since.

In the first few chapters of this precious volume the author takes the reader through a course of pseudo-reasoning by which anything under heaven might be "proved." What the author in this case does "prove" is that there exhalates from the body and mind of man certain semigeous substances representing his thoughts and feelings. These, says Author Leadbeater, a clairvoyant can see. High spiritual natures have light lavender aura. Sensual ones, to the clairvoyant eye, are clothed in dull red. Pure religious people are enveloped in the sky's own blue, while malicious folk walk amid Stygian blackness. And Leadbeater gives colored pictures to prove it. Plate VII, for example, shows what looks like the cross-section of a very badly added and slightly incubated egg—brown, green, ochreous, red, and purple are some of the colors—in the centre of which appears a naked but asexual person, who, we are to understand, is responsible for his awful polychromatic surroundings. Plate XII shows another egg, this one crossed by most unnatural zigzag bands, and containing (besides another sexless creature) what look like curled up coleopterous larvae. The most exciting egg, though, is represented in Plate XIII. Here writhe four large dark brown snakes, each cruelly stabbed through by fierce red two-pointed spears. This represents "intense anger." The asexual creature here—But buy the book and see for yourself. No review can do those pictures justice.

Published by John Lane, New York.

The Meaning of Pictures.

John C. Van Dyck's course of lectures, given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been published in book-form. In an unusually simple and straightforward manner the lecturer deals with his subject in six lectures on "Truth in Painting," "Individuality, or the Personal Element," "Imagination of the Artist," "Pictorial Poetry," "The Decorative Quality," "Subjects in Painting."

The message of these lectures might be called a plea for a broader appreciation of art—"a raising ourselves above prejudice," as Mr. Van Dyck puts it, in order that it shall not be some certain school or method or class of subject that appeals exclusively. A broad point of view, he urges, will enable one to see that Japanese art, from its very quality of being "Japanesque," is admirable. The early Egyptian feeling after art was good, inasmuch as their rigid "signs" bore to them a recognized report of nature. In Western art, from the Florentine school down to the present, are developed certain excellencies along certain lines, and each is true in the measure of the suggestion of truth it conveys to the mind of the beholder. "We should find something to admire in all of them, if we had more judgment and less prejudice," says the lecturer.

In literature and music, as well as painting, the "suggestion" of nature and not the counterfeit is the highest aim of the artist. "Recognize this and you have taken the first step toward the understanding of art," says the author-lecturer. It is the symbol of the real that makes for expression in art, for realism pure and simple, divested of its symbols, degenerates into "a pot for a pot's sake, a cow for a cow's sake, which is to say, a sign for a sign's sake."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Commercial German," a book of exercises for beginners, by Arnold Kutner, is published by the American Book Company, New York.

"The Needle's Eye," a story of American life, by Florence Morse Kingsley, is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A number of sermons by the late Dr. George H. Hepworth, which have been printed at various times in the *New York Herald*, now appear in book-form under the title, "We Shall Live Again." All the sermons are very brief, and most breathe a spirit of optimism and confident faith. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Paris Sketch Book," another addition to the admirable Dent edition of Thackeray, now in course of publication under the editorship of Walter Jerrold, must bring the set nearly to completion. The "Sketch Book" contains ten or twelve of the clever drawings of Charles E. Brock, and also a portrait of Thackeray from the bust by Burnard. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The advantages claimed for E. F. Andrews' new school text-book in botany are two. 1. It is adapted to the needs of small schools which have neither laboratory nor botanical appliances. 2. It aims to carry the student through the whole year, instead of "crowding the whole course into a few weeks of the spring term." The illustrations are good, and the work, which is entitled "Botany All the Year Round," is otherwise attractive. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

During his life, Matthew Arnold was accustomed to jot down in a notebook fine passages which he encountered in reading. He used often to say half-jokingly, writes his daughter, that if any one would take the trouble to collect these quotations, and print them, the resultant would be a volume of priceless worth. This has now been done. The extracts show how broad was Arnold's range of reading, how catholic his taste. Probably not over one-third of them are in English, the remainder being from the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, and Italian. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

An exceedingly clever little book, called "The Lightning Conductor," has been written jointly by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. A beautiful American girl, traveling with her aunt in Europe, falls into the hands of a brute of a German with an old-style thrashing-machine auto for sale—and buys it. Her chauffeur deserts her and leaves her stranded. At this unhappy moment a handsome young Englishman comes along, takes in the situation, offers his services as chauffeur, and is accepted. Of course the girl and the chauffeur fall in love, and the fact that the latter is a gentleman of wealth and position remains a secret until the party have covered France and Italy. The complications are most amusing. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Charles McMurry's concise work, entitled "Special Method in the Reading of Complete English Classics in the Grades of the Common School," endeavors to direct teacher and pupil along right literary paths. Such a book must necessarily contain absurdities, especially if its author be a man of none too large sympathies. Tastes differ so widely that what is one man's literary meat is another man's literary poison. Any extended book-list for youthful or adult minds must always contain much that some individuals will find worse than useless, and it must lack much in which the same persons would find keen delight and solace. Perhaps with healthy-minded boys and girls it is after all the best plan to turn them loose in a library and let them browse. That is a method that worked quite well with some rather famous men—Macaulay, for example. Others doubtless may glean valuable hints from Mr. McMurry's work. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The contents of Parts II and III of the *Studio's* five series of portfolios entitled "Representative Art of Our Time," are as follows: Part II: "Essay on Artistic Lithography," by Joseph Pennell; mezzotint, "The Bather," by Max Pietschmann; watercolor, "Milan Cathedral," by Albert Goodwin. R. W. S.; sanguine, "Study of a Child's Head," F. E. László; pastel, "London Bridge—Sunday Morning," Frank Brangwyn; pastel, "Breton Schoolgirls," by L. Lévy-Dhurmer; water-color, "Fleet Street, London," by Herbert Marshall, R. W. S. Part III: "Essay on the Future of Oil-Painting," by Percy

Bate; etching, "Oxcliffe Marsh," by Fred. Burridge, R. E.; oil-painting, "The Mushroom Gatherers," by E. A. Hornel; lithograph, "A Study," by H. H. la Thangue, A. R. A.; oil-painting, "The Vagabond's Horse," by Fritz Tbaulow; pastel, "Winter," by Henri Eugène le Sidaner; oil-painting, "October Evening, Picardy," by Sir E. A. Waterlow, R. A., P. R. W. S. Each number measures 12x16 inches. The work will be complete in eight parts. A stout board cover to hold the parts is furnished. Published by the Studio Company, New York; price, per part, \$1.00.

An Appeal to Readers.

LOS ANGELES, March 22, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly print in your paper the poem which contains these lines:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song.
But the man worth while is the one who will
smile
When everything goes dead wrong."
And oblige, yours truly, E. C. FROST.

[Can any of our readers furnish us a copy of the poem containing these lines for publication in the *Argonaut*?—Ebs.]

A letter of condolence to Tobias Lear, March 30, 1796, signed by both George and Martha Washington, brought eleven hundred and fifty dollars at the Peirce sale in New York recently. It was, of course, the double signature, said to be unique, that gave it this value, though the epistle itself is considered a model of dignified and yet sincere sympathy.

The sale of the late Emile Zola's art treasures, which lasted five days in Paris, brought only thirty thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars to the widow.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Strong Novel of Italian Life.

A masculine grasp of intellect, an inner vision which pierces through the thickest walls of reserve and defense, an unerring capacity for strong and true character delineation, a thorough comprehension of the policy and scope of Italian statecraft, an acute understanding of all the myriad social and political aspects of modern Rome—these are some of the mental qualifications which Matilde Serao, greatest of living Italian novelists, brings to her task in her latest novel, "The Conquest of Rome."

There is an element of ruthlessness in this writer's calm, cold analysis of the national character, and in the manner in which she throws a flood of revealing light on the non-obvious phases of Roman society. She has studied her subject long and deeply, with a keen and discerning eye, and her remarkable powers of observation and insight are focussed by turns on the general and the particular.

It is naturally to the Roman that the book will prove most intensely interesting, for, in her description of personages prominent at balls, dinners, and receptions, it is obvious that this author, who has a remarkable gift for painting a personality in a phrase, is describing men and women who actually figure in political and social circles of Rome.

But beyond this, the book has a wider value. It is as if the reader were accompanying a powerful and far-seeing guide on an aerial flight over the city of Rome, who rolls up roofs like so many scrolls, and points out to the observer the manifold workings of the life beneath. The thread of narrative proper is, comparatively, almost tragically simple. "The Conquest of Rome" relates the experience of a young provincial advocate, whose goal is political ambition, and who, after eating his heart out for years in obscurity, has been elected deputy to the Roman parliament. He hastens to Rome as a lover to his bride, hoping to conquer the great, the invincible city.

He makes his mark; the conquest is begun; but a fruitless love affair with an unyielding mistress, whose nature the author apparently designs to be typical of the attitude of Rome toward its lovers, prostrates the energies of the hot-blooded provincial. He has tried vainly to serve two mistresses, and Rome has already forgotten him. His career as a statesman is cut short, and he returns to the drear wastes of the Basilicata, a fallen soldier, under the heel of the mighty despot whom he had vainly sought to conquer.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Pleasant English Novel.

Rosa Nouchette Carey, the English novelist, has her cozy niche among the purveyors of light literature, for her goods probably never go a-begging. She writes of a life with which it is evident she is entirely familiar—the life of the prosperous middle class of England. Her latest novel, "The Highway of Fate," is a fluent chronicle of ceaseless tea-drinkings, with a mild love-story thrown in. The plot is a rambling discursive sort of affair, the incidents comfortably trivial; the characters, however, have a sort of every-day reality about them, as they are probably selected from life, although their virtues are painted in with too prodigal a hand. The story rehearses the fortunes of an English girl, who takes the position of companion to a rich Englishwoman of plebeian origin, but warm heart. The companion, who is a pretty English girl with all the virtues, enters upon a life of cozy luxury, her salary goes up by leaps and bounds, she captures a young man with a landed estate, and a rather tame villain, who steps on a few toes in the story, is conveniently got out of the way by fitting him out with a hero's death. In spite of the obvious defects of the story, the author has the ability successfully to create an atmosphere, and paints with photographic fidelity and loving touch the lovely English homes and scenery among which the lives of her characters revolve.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

American Diplomacy in the Orient

If we except Secretary Hay, John W. Foster is easily our foremost living diplomatist. His book of several years ago, "A Century of American Diplomacy," is an authority, and has passed into many editions. His book, just published, "American Diplomacy in the Orient," is equally valuable, and undoubtedly will meet with as great success. It is a fascinating story, that of America's relations with oriental peoples from Washington's time to Roosevelt's, and Mr. Foster has told it well.

Terse and concisely he presents the salient facts regarding our dealings with China and Japan, Korea, Siam, and Samoa, Hawaii and the Philippines. Perhaps the most brilliant chapter gives the story of Perry's memorable negotiations on the shore of Yeddo Bay, whereby Japan was opened to commerce of the world. Mr. Foster tells of the presents taken on shore by the Americans, including "many clocks, instruments, and tools, a complete telegraphic apparatus, a small locomotive, cars, rails, and all the appliances for a miniature railroad, lifeboats, and (not to suppress the truth) many baskets of champagne, a great variety and supply of liquors, and many barrels of whisky." The circular railway was put in operation, greatly to the amazement of the Japanese, and the barrels of Old Kentucky were broached with the effect that some of the natives "grew quite bilious over the peaceful termination of the negotiations."

Other interesting chapters deal with the Anglo-China Opium War, for which Mr. Foster is no apologist, and with the events following the Spanish war. As to whether we should have retained the Philippines or not, Mr. Foster is somewhat vague, and as to the ultimate good result of their retention he seems doubtful. High praise is given to Secretary Hay for his action in regard to the silver payment of the Chinese indemnity, and to his Chinese policy generally.

So large a subject in so small compass has made necessary brief and undetailed statements, but by foot-note references Mr. Foster has enabled the reader so disposed to inform himself more thoroughly upon those phases of the work in which he may be especially interested.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The last work of Andrew C. Wheeler, known as "Nym Crinkle" and "J. P. M.," who died on March 10th, will be published this week. It is entitled "The Conquering of Kate," and is a double love-story, the scene of which is laid in southern Pennsylvania of thirty years ago. The author not long before his death had dramatized "Tangled Up in Beulah Land," and had written another play, which it was his intention to expand later into a novel.

Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," has pitched the scene of his latest novel, "Conjuror's House," in a little post of the Hudson Bay Company, cut off from civilization by five hundred miles of trackless pine wilderness. The hero is a young fur trader, who gets caught trespassing on the lands of the Hudson Bay Company, is sentenced to death, braves the company, and wins the fair Virginia, daughter of the factor and post commander.

"Spinners of Life," Vance Thompson's novel, has just been published. It deals with New York club, social, and political life, and has a flavor of the esoteric.

"The Pagan at the Shrine," by Paul Gwynne, author of "The Old Knowledge," is to be brought out by the Macmillan Company this spring. The scene of the story is laid in southern Spain.

Several of the friends of the late George Douglass Brown, author of "The House With the Green Shutters," are preparing his biography, which will be published soon. The introduction is contributed by Andrew Lang, and the memoir by Cuthbert Lennox. Other friends give their reminiscences of Brown's life at Oxford, in Glasgow, and in London.

William Eleroy Curtis, of the Chicago Record-Herald, has just completed a work entitled "The True Abraham Lincoln" for the True Biographies Series. Another book from his pen, which is to be published at once, is a volume of sketches and studies of life and travel in Turkey, entitled "The Turk and His Lost Provinces."

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" are to be dramatized by Mrs. Anne Crawford Flexner, a friend of the author's. Liebler & Co. have secured the rights, and hope to produce the play next autumn.

Two volumes devoted to the "Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe," by James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, will be brought out next month. In this work, the letters are collected from scattered sources for the first time, while the biography is new, and makes use of the most recent data on Poe's career.

A number of Chopin's letters, which were supposed to have been destroyed in the pillage of the Yamoyki Palace, at Warsaw, have re-

mained in safety in the possession of the composer's relatives. His grandniece, Mlle. Ciechomska, has given them to the Paris *Revue Musicale* for publication. With them will appear letters written by George Sand, Solange Clésinger, and others.

C. Hanford Henderson's new book, "John Percyfield," is announced as a romance, not a novel, combining the admirable qualities of "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

A twelfth edition of "The Right Princess," Mrs. Burnham's Christian-Science novel, is announced. Its popularity has resulted in the appearance of several other novels in the field of Christian Science.

"A Woman's Wanderings and Trials During the Anglo-Boer War" is the title of a volume written by Mrs. De La Rey, the wife of the famous Boer general, which has just been published in London. Mrs. De La Rey's story is a remarkable one. She must have risked and escaped capture as often as her countryman, De Wet, and her movements were so swift and so cunning that she frequently conversed with her husband and with a British general on one and the same day.

The splendor and power of Mexico in the time of Montezuma furnish the historical background to a romance entitled "The Spoils of Empire," which Francis Newton Thorpe has written.

How Norris Was Misled.

A graphic little story is going the rounds about the late Frank Norris and his authorship of "The Pit," which is now said to be the best selling book in the United States. It goes to prove (says the *Bookman*) that the most convincing touches in fiction are not necessarily copied from life, and that even an avowed realist may sometimes be misled. During his last year in New York, Mr. Norris formed a rather close friendship with Edwin Lefevre, the author of "Wall Street Stories," and it was at one time agreed between them that Mr. Lefevre should revise the proofs of Mr. Norris's story, "The Pit," in all the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work. As it turned out, they never succeeded in coming together for that purpose, and the plan was abandoned.

But frequently, at Norris's request, Mr. Lefevre explained the intricacies of stock markets, speculations, corners, and the like; and one night he found himself launched upon an eloquent description of a panic. He described the pandemonium reigning on the floor of the exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him grouping his way blindly out of the gallery, a broken, ruined man. So far, Mr. Lefevre had told only what he had seen, all too often with his own eyes. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to "fake" a dramatic conclusion, and he told how the man was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and some one shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are!" interrupted Mr. Norris, springing up excitedly; "there you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent!" And yet, adds Mr. Lefevre in telling the story, "it was the one bit of fake in my whole description."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Carl Hilty on "Happiness."

Happiness! Every motive of our complex life might be resolved into a desire for that supreme boon; every ambition, whether commercial, political, sensual, or spiritual has but one goal—happiness.

"What happiness is every man knows, because what pleasure is every man knows," says Bentham. But as men differ in race and age, so do their ideals of happiness differ. "To some it seems to be virtue," says Aristotle, "to others prudence, and to others a kind of wisdom; . . . others again include external prosperity," while Plato thought that happiness could best be reached through the intellect—the contemplative life.

But the modern philosopher seems to put all purely intellectual and spiritual striving aside, while he preaches the doctrine of work—toil with the hands. Not only in the sweat of your brow shall you eat bread, but only in the sweat of your brow shall you obtain that perfect satisfaction, which is happiness. This is the doctrine taught by Carl Hilty, a Swiss professor, whose little book, "Happiness," has been translated into English by Francis G. Peabody.

The work contains seven essays on the "meaning of life," such as "The Art of Work," "How to Fight the Battles of Life," "Good Habits," "The Art of Having Time." Professor Hilty is himself a living exemplar of his own doctrine, if we may judge by the long list of work accomplished, which appears in the brief prefatory sketch of his life.

The essays are terse, logical, and stimulating. Altogether, the seven chapters make but one hundred and fifty pages, which in itself is encouraging. One thought in all of them is driven home—"Find your work and make it your happiness; if you can not, then find happiness in your work." Again, "Only he who works knows what enjoyment and refreshment are. Rest, which does not follow work, is like eating without an appetite. The best, the pleasantest, and the most rewarding—and also the cheapest—way of passing the time is to be busy with one's work."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

The Great Florentine.

In the author's preface to the notable work of Karl Federn on "Dante and His Time," occurs the following paragraphs tersely and luminously outlining the scope of the first part of the book:

"In Dante's poem," said Carlyle, "ten silent Christian centuries have found a voice." One must know these centuries in order to understand the poem. Dante is the poet of the Middle Ages. But the latest flowers and the ripest fruits broken the rise of a new generation; Dante is also the poet of the early Renaissance. We must know the remarkable men of this remarkable time, one must know what occupied them, how they looked upon the world and lived in it, what were their aims and what ways they took to carry them out, what they thought and believed, learned and taught, what seemed of importance to them in their lives; what happened in their world; its movements, its great struggles, its petty interests.

We should know their towns, their houses and streets, the garments they wore, should know how they slept and what they ate, how they solemnized wedding and funerals. We must follow them to their halls and assemblies, to the churches, where they worshipped with their fellows, to the cells, whither they fled from the world.

In the following book I have tried to give briefly a few life-like portraits of all this . . .

In the second and shorter part of the work, Professor Federn follows the mental and spiritual development of the man and poet Dante, giving also quite extended discussion to the vexed, but for ever interesting, questions relating to the life of Beatrice. The book as a whole is decidedly a remarkable one.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

Shakespeare Again Edited.

The innumerable editions of the works of Shakespeare fall readily into three classes, as follows: 1. Editions prepared from the various texts, varied from all texts when the editor's judgment so inclined him, spelling modernized—such as the Globe. 2. Variorum editions, giving all the different readings, such as Furness's Variorum. 3. Editions in which the antique spelling has been preserved, and some one text (usually the 1623 folio), followed closely or exactly. Each of the above classes may in turn be divided into two (a) according as it deletes certain lines because of their indelicacy (as does Rolfe lines 218-220 in Act II, Scene ii, "Merchant of Venice"), or (b) as it retains the gross passages.

It is idle to say that any one of these va-

rious sorts of editions is abstractly "better" than the others. Each, by the very fact of its existence, proves the demand for it. The first class conceivably would best suit the needs of the general reader; the second that of the student; the third that of the person of culture, enamored of the quaint flavor that the ancient spelling gives to Shakespeare's lines.

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who are the editors of a new edition, called the First Folio, make rather large claims for their work. In the preface they infer that theirs is the first easily accessible reprint of the First Folio, whereas the fact is that several facsimiles of the First Folio are to be found in most large libraries. However, their edition, though it lacks the charm of the ancient (and it must be said, somewhat illegible) typography, is a distinctly valuable addition to editions. At least they have avoided what Horne Tooke called "the presumptuous license of dwarfish commentators." Briefly, the plan is to print in thirty or forty small volumes the exact text of the First Folio—archaic punctuation, misspelling, misprints, and all—with the insertion of passages in brackets from the Quartos where they occur, and with copious notes. "A Midsommer Nights Dreame" in the initial volume, occupies seventy-five pages, the notes and introduction, one hundred and fifty. The little book is typographically a very attractive one, and certainly low priced.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each.

New Publications.

"The Winning of Sarenne," a novel of little importance, by St. Clair Beall, is published by the Federal Book Company, New York.

"The God of Things," a novel of modern Egypt, by Florence Brooks Whitehouse, is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price \$1.50.

Chateaubriand's "Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage," edited with notes and vocabulary by Professor James Bruner, Ph. D., is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

Probably the best brief biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds in print is that by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F. S. A., which recently appeared. The biographer is not only a man of undoubted competence, but special attention has been given to the illustrations, which number nearly one hundred. The work is handsomely bound, and is imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

David Allyn Gorton, M. D., in "Ethics, Civil and Political," makes a searching inquiry into the principles and conduct of modern mankind. He treats of the ethics of education, labor, trade, individualism, democracy, oligarchy, pauperism, and crime, and slashes into his subjects holdly. While one can not always accord with his views, yet Dr. Gorton's sparkling sallies are spurs to thought, and this is the effect the author desires to produce. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

A very lucid exposition of a theory of art voiced by Ruskin, Morris, and many other and lesser persons, is "Delight: the Soul of Art," a series of lectures by Arthur J. Eddy. Few persons of intelligence will rise from reading this book without a much clearer idea of what art is than they before possessed. A minor fault of the author is the rather unnecessary references to distinguished artists who were "friends of mine." For impressing a Chicago audience, this dragging in of the great of earth may have been well enough, but the device is unworthy of the printed book. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

It is one of the paradoxes of human nature that Voltaire, the "great apostle of tolerance," should have belittled Shakespeare, and refused to see in him anything of real greatness. Even he tried to "improve" Shakespeare by adapting his plays in French. By his criticisms he retarded the recognition of Shakespeare's fame in France for full fifty years. Professor Lounsbury, in his "Shakespeare and Voltaire," shows also that Voltaire's indebtedness to the man he abused amounted almost to plagiarism. The author quotes Arthur Murphy, a wit of the time, who, in an open letter to Voltaire, wrote: "An ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance tells me that whenever you treat the English Bard as a drunken savage in your preface, he always deems it a sure prognostic that your play is the better for him." Professor Lounsbury has made a very interesting work on the critical battles of long ago. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

The Pope's Latest Poem.

The following translation of Pope Leo's Latin poem, "Suprema Leonis Vota," in celebration of his ninety-third birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election as Pope, appears in the current issue of the *Independent*. The verses were included in the book presented by Leo the Thirteenth on March 1st to each of the cardinals of the sacred college, many of whom had gathered in Rome to congratulate him on his jubilee and birthday:

LEO'S LAST PRAYER.

Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray;
Black night succeeds thy day.
Black night for thee; wasted thy frame; life's
flood sustains
No more thy shrunken veins.
Death casts his fatal dart; robed for the grave
thy bones
Lie under the cold stones.
But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs
in flight
To reach the realms of light.
That is the goal she seeks; thither her journey
fares;
Grant, Lord, my anxious prayers,
That, with the citizens of heaven, God's face and
light
May ever thrill my sight;
That I may see thy face, Heaven's Queen, whose
Mother love
Has brought me home above.
To thee, saved through the tangles of a perilous
way
I lift my grateful lay.

Ernest Legouvé, the dramatist and for many years the oldest member of the French Academy, died in Paris on March 14th at the age of ninety-six.

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It is a dreadful waste of time to read "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which is the sort of sentimental slop that can only be stomachied by the rawly romantic taste of undeveloped girlhood. It was written for the young person, and no doubt has enjoyed a large circulation in the dormitories of boarding-schools. The fact that the action of the romance is located in the court of Henry the Eighth, and that famous knights and lords figure in its pages, as well as the prestige derived from its large and lucrative circulation among the young persons aforesaid, has given the book a fictitious importance to which it is not really entitled.

This matter of literary success is a constant puzzle. The other day I accidentally ran across a certain recently published work of fiction which had brought sudden and overwhelming success to its author. The hook has been figuring in all those lists of works which are in constant popular demand at the libraries—and thousands who will never read it already know its title by heart, so loudly has it been trumpeted in the hall of fame. I skimmed through several chapters with some curiosity, and found it to be a half-hatched story by a half-hatched writer about some half-hatched and profoundly uninteresting people. The style, if style there were, was abrupt, jerky, obscure, and out at ends, the story winding and circuitous, and its thread constantly being hurried under floods of mystifying and irrelevant comment, while the whole hook was as dull as ditch water. I would as soon seek recreation in a column of conundrums in the daily paper. Yet within the year I have read ten or a dozen totally unheralded but really good novels of American life, whose authors showed powers of matured and acute observation of life and human nature, as well as the possession of a good, clear, clean-cut literary style, and who told stories of American life and character that were worth the telling.

To mention three of them, whoever hears of "Morechester," "The Aliens," or "Margaret Warren"? These names do not resound through the columns of the literary journals, and the maw of the indiscriminate novel-devourer swallows them not. Yet the dramatization of popular trash, such as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," spelled success in advance, and has doubtless brought joy to hundreds of youthful hearts, whose owners think hook and play equally "great."

Truth to tell, the play is better than might be expected from the hook, although it is merely pretty superficiality. It is the same style of thing as Crawford's "In the Palace of the King," and like that drama, of mediæval sentimentality mounted with a shrewd eye to spectacular effect. There is a beautiful park, there are lofty tapestried chambers, and picturesquely costumed courtiers and maids of honor to surround and enhance the state and heauty of the English princess. Effie Ellsler, who is popular and pleasing enough to carry the audience along with her in the love dreams, as well as the pretty captious humors of the spoiled and petted princess, is yet not of sufficiently pronounced decorative value in the general scheme of heauty. Her small size, her prettily prim vivacity, her quiet roguery, her nicely graded and admirably restrained powers of comedy acting suit one kind of Mary Tudor, but not that kind of Mary Tudor who, with her triumphant heauty, was queen of hearts, and who developed the knight-errantry of Charles Brandon to its fullest flower. It is deplorable to think of Julia Marlowe wasting her rare and exquisite talents on this kind of thing, but she, if any one, could put the necessary throb of romance into the play that would make it worth while.

Miss Ellsler is quite fortunate in her leading support, for Walter Seymour, the Charles Brandon of the cast, although hristling with faults, is young, handsome enough to pass, and not mechanical: a negative virtue, but that's something in the melancholy era (to us in San Francisco at least) of cheap companies. Mr. Seymour (who, by the way, looks like the twin brother of that Alsop who was for a time leading man at the Alcazar), looks

to be a pretty popinjay when he first comes in, but he fences with so much skill and impetuosity that it is easy to forgive him for saying "tie like a tog." The duel was the first note of earnestness in the pretty trifling of the first act, and woke things up amazingly. The love-scene, too, between Mary and Charles Brandon went very well, for the young man with the aggressive chin puts almost as much earnestness into his love-making as into his fencing.

The remainder of the support consisted of actors who belong to the perfunctory school, except for King Henry, who worked himself up into a tolerably successful royal rage in the last act, and a conscientiously wicked villain who played the part of the libertine young French king. A pretty girl who played Anne Boleyn nodded like a mandarin with each affirmation, and a young lady who is conscience incarnate portrayed Lady Jane Bolingbroke, who was afflicted with such a prolonged and unintermitting series of hecks and blinks, eye-rollings, eyebrow liftings, lip-pursings, and curl-shakings as to arouse a sense of exhaustion in the beholder.

However, the fine-feathered folk at the English court made a goodly show, although King Henry, for a monarch who made his court famous for its pomp and ceremony, accepted from them with surprising equanimity remarkably free and easy and most uncourtier-like manners.

Paul Kester, the dramatist, has cut down a tediously long hook into a play which, although it has its dull places, has, by the virtue of contrast, gained in compactness. The third act is the best, although there is an element of impressiveness in the fourth, in which Mary Tudor becomes the widow of the venerable French king. The scene that follows smacks of cheap melodrama, but horrors some dignity from the effect of the dirge-like harmonies that burden the air with their mournful refrain, announcing to the court the passing away of the king. Mary Tudor escapes, of course, from new perils that encompass her by the aid of Brandon's good sword hand, and the clemency of Henry toward the fleeing pair makes up a closing act that has the virtue of brevity and a spirit of comedy to maintain the interest to the end.

The Tivoli singers have little cause to complain of the monotony of their working routine. This week, for instance, Caro Roma is Little Buttercup in "H. M. S. Pinafore." A week or so ago she was being tutored in the star part of his star opera by one of the star composers of the present day, and next week Zelle de Lussan as Carmen will be the means of again bringing grand opera and Grau audiences to the Tivoli precincts.

In the meanwhile, "H. M. S. Pinafore" is running merrily along, and will continue to do so on the alternating nights of the "Carmen" performances. The fun of this jolly little hurlesque never seems to pall, in spite of the fact that its frequent presentations during its quarter of a century of life has made it thoroughly familiar to the theatre-going public. Old and constant admirers are always liable to turn out and welcome the Gilbert and Sullivan operas during their occasional revivals, and even the adherents of the ragtime vogue can spare laughter and admiration for their delightfully grave absurdities. And speaking of gravity and absurdity in juxtaposition, what is the matter with Arthur Cunningham these times that his sense of humor is so active and so much in evidence at a time when an owl-like gravity would hest become him? How out of character it is for Captain Corcoran to laugh at the antics of his sailors, to be amused at Sir Joseph Porter's peacock pomposities, and to be immensely entertained over Little Buttercup's airs of portentous mystery. Captain Corcoran is one in that fantastic land of burlesque, and when the player of that part fails to enter into the spirit of the thing with his fellow-actors, he is coming out of his character and joining the laughers on the other side of the footlights. Perhaps these errant and misplaced smiles result from a harmless little pose on Mr. Cunningham's part. It is even possible that the big popular singer, with the big popular voice, is suffering from a mild attack of constriction of the hat-band. Such things may be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, but Mr. Cunningham should not forget his Argus-eyed auditors on the other side of the cloud which is temporarily obscuring his good common sense.

Mr. Cunningham, by the way, has a big-voiced rival in Arthur Hahn, who sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Like the artful circus tumbler, who feigns to miss his leap that he may all the more surely thrill by his subsequent success, Mr. Hahn, at the critical and deepest moment, calmly sent his bass notes on an upward flight instead of down

to the very bottom of the vocal descent. On the next round, however, he went down to the very lowest of the low in the haseament notes of the human voice. And of course an indiscreet minority rushed in, in the usual style, and covered up with applause his last and most triumphantly has note. Such are the trials of the admired songster.

Miss Davis is reforming in the matter of over-lavish smiles, and was an unexpectedly pretty Josephine, in an extremely becoming yachting costume of white and red, and Oscar Lee, who triumphantly carries his lost and lonely look through all his parts, was a satisfactory Rafe Rackshaw, except for some very queer upper notes.

Ferris Hartman was absent from the cast, but Edward Webb's assumption of the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter was very successful. The stage looked extremely attractive with the salty old whiskered tars swabbing the deck and polishing the hrasses, and the merry swinging choruses, as well as the familiar solos, have not lost a tithe of their power to delight with that merry melodic charm and swift spontaneous versification which brought so much name and fame to the uniquely gifted pair who brought them forth.

So far as we know from actual experience, Gilbert and Sullivan were never other than successful in their collaborated works. "Ruddigore" and "Princess Ida," I believe, never traveled further than the city of their birth. Neither were so popular as their numerous predecessors, but just why we have never had a chance to find out for ourselves. Would that the Tivoli would continue its Gilbert and Sullivan enterprise and give us the opportunity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mark Hambourg's Concerts.

The famous Russian pianist, Mark Hambourg, will appear at Fischer's Theatre at two afternoon concerts, on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 31st and April 1st, at three o'clock. These will positively be his only appearances here, as he leaves for Sydney by the steamship *Ventura* on April 2d. His programmes will include some twelve or more famous works, and will prove a treat to those who attend the concerts, for Hambourg has an international reputation, and has won praise from all the noted critics of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, New York, and other large cities in which he has played. Seats will be on sale at Kohler & Chase's music store, and the prices will be popular.

The principal event at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) will be a handicap for three-year-olds and upward for a purse of six hundred dollars, the distance being one mile. Next Saturday comes one of the greatest events of the year, the Gehhard handicap for two-year-olds over futurity course.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of Effie Ellsler.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Effie Ellsler in the rôle of the Princess Mary Tudor, enters on its second and last week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Then comes a notable engagement—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the much-discussed English actress, who is to make her first appearance here with her London company in "The Joy of Living." Edith Wharton's translation of Hermann Sudermann's great success, "Es Lebe das Leben." It is in five acts, and is a realistic transcript of German social and political life. The principal character, the Countess Beata, is a woman who, like Magda, scorns convention in pursuit of what she feels to be the best instincts of her life. But while Sudermann depicted in "Magda" the manners of the German middle class, in "The Joy of Living" he treats of the nobility and the highest official circles in a similar spirit of grave and impressive philosophy. The moral which he presents through a crescendo of climaxes that reaches the very highest pitch of dramatic intensity, just before the fall of the final curtain, is practically the same as that of "Magda"—that sin, no matter how deeply buried, or how nearly forgotten, is certain to be resurrected and full reparation demanded. "The Joy of Living" will be continued for one week, and then Mrs. Campbell will be seen in other notable plays in her repertoire.

A Carton Comedy at the Alcazar.

At the Alcazar Theatre next week, Bertha Greighton, the new leading lady, will make her local debut in R. C. Carton's brilliant comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." Miss Greighton will have an admirable opportunity as the winsome woman of fashion masquerading as a vicar's cook in an effort to bide her identity when overwhelmed by domestic troubles. Hilda Spong, it will be remembered, played this rôle when the Empire Company produced the play here two seasons ago. During her stage career, which dates back to her seventh year, Miss Greighton has acquired a repertoire of nearly two hundred parts, ranging from Shakespearean classics to modern problem plays and farces of frivolity. She supported the younger Salvini, Sol Smith Russell, and other celebrities; starred in "A Colonial Girl," and achieved popularity in several Eastern stock companies, particularly in Philadelphia, where she remained for three years. Although born in the Sonoma Valley, and a resident of San Francisco in early childhood, she is new to our stage. "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" will derive added interest from the re-appearance of the popular leading man, Ernest Hastings, and the presence in the cast of such favorites as Albert Morrison, Charles Francis Bryant, Frank Bacon, George Osbourne, Juliet Crosby, Oza Waldrop, and Marie Howe. "An American Citizen" will be the next attraction, with Mr. Hastings and Miss Greighton in the rôles formerly played here by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott.

Zelie de Lussan's Success.

"Carmen," with Zelie de Lussan in the title-rôle, was a gala event at the Tivoli Opera House on Friday night. The popular prima donna had an enthusiastic reception, and her support was admirable. George Tenery, brought by the management all the way from New York for the part of Don José, gives a fine performance, and Bertha Davis surprised her most ardent admirers with her singing of Michaela, gaining an encore for her solo in act third. Cunningham has found a splendid medium for his fine baritone in the rôle of the toreador, and Jacques as Zuniga, Marie Welsh and Frances Gibson as the companions of Carmen, and Webb and Hartman as the two smugglers, complete a very effective cast. Steindorff is again at the head of the musical department, and he has an enlarged orchestra that brings out all the beauty of Bizet's score. "Carmen" will be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday nights of next week, and on the alternate nights "Pinafore" will be sung.

"More Than Queen" at the Grand.

Emmet Corrigan and Maude Odell will bring their engagement at the Grand Opera House to a close next week with an elaborate production of the spectacular Napoleonic drama, "More Than Queen," which was adapted from the French for Julia Arthur and presented here a few years ago by Blanche Walsh. The play, which deals with the courtship, marriage, and separation of Napoleon and Josephine, abounds in strong situations and calls for some beautiful stage pictures and gorgeous costumes. The cast is a large one, and the Grand Opera House Company has been specially strengthened for this production.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

The now famous Beaux and Belles Octet is to re-appear at the Orpheum next week. Their skit has been entirely rewritten and staged by Harry T. MacConnell, composer of the catchy music of "The Casino Girl," "Liberty Bells," and other musical productions. One of the features is an international song depicting the visit of the octet to Germany, France, Japan, and Spain, and introducing the various dances of each country. The other newcomers are Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent, who will appear in a sketch entitled "An Idyl of the Golf Links"; Kronau's White Tscherkess trio, Russian singers, who are said to possess splendid voices and carry an elaborate stage setting showing an Arctic scene, including an electric snow-

storm, an aurora borealis effect, and the shimmer of moonlight on a restless sea. Those retained from this week's bill are Lillian Burkhart in "A Strenuous Daisy"; Milly Capell, who gives a remarkable exhibition with her trained horse and hunting dogs; Green and Werner, the "babes of the jungle"; Esther Fee, the violin soloist; and the brothers French, trick and expert bicyclists.

Last Week of "Hoity-Toity."

The amusing burlesque, "Hoity-Toity," is in its last days at Fischer's Theatre, for after next week, the new Weber & Fields concoction, "Helter-Skelter," will be offered. It is heralded as a "circus" burlesque, and, we are assured, will contain a liberal sprinkling of bright sayings, tantalizing tunes, clever specialties, and gorgeous costumes and scenic embellishments. All the favorites will have congenial rôles, and the three droll comedians expect to score a big hit with their automobile specialty and champagne dance.

The Coming Bench Show.

The San Francisco Kennel Club's show, which will be held under American Kennel Club rules, opens at the Pavilion on April 22d, and ends on the 25th. Entries for the show close April 11th. The office of the club is located at 630 Market Street, where owners of blue ribbon candidates can enter their pet canines for the show. Some of the trophies to be competed for are now on exhibition in the windows of the George C. Shreve Co., and many additional ones are being procured every day. The present officers of the club are W. C. Ralston, president; John E. de Ruyter, vice-president; E. Courtney Ford, second vice-president; William S. Kittle, director; Charles K. Harley, secretary and treasurer; and Charles de S. Boice, Jr., manager.

The Pacific Cat Club, by the way, will hold its first bench show in the Art Gallery of the Mechanics' Pavilion on April 24th and 25th. The club considers itself fortunate in securing those dates as they are the closing days of the dog show.

Organ Recital at Trinity.

The seventh monthly musical service at Trinity Church will be given Sunday evening, March 29th, at eight o'clock. The following numbers will be rendered by the full choir of forty voices:

Chorus, "Babylon's Wave." Gounod; motett, "King all Glorious." Barnby, Mr. Onslow; Mr. Barnhart and choir; contralto solo, "The Trees and the Master," Chadwick; Miss Una Fairweather; chorus, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei, from mass in F-sharp, Ad Lucher; allegro vivace, first organ symphonie, Vienne; bass solo, "Out of the Depths," Perlet, Mr. Barnhart; Inflammatus from the "Stabat Mater," Rossini, Miss Flynn and choir; and finale, first symphonie, Vienne.

Commenting on the suppression of his play, "Arms and the Man" in Vienna, Bernard Shaw, the witty playwright, says: "I am charmed and flattered by the action of the Austrian Government. It has paid me the most flattering compliment in its power. Here the critics would persist in treating 'Arms and the Man' as a comic opera or a burlesque. It has been left for the Austrian Government to see my original purpose, and to discover that it is really a serious study of humanity with a revolutionary tendency. The prohibition, however, is only temporary. So soon as the present Macedonian troubles are over, it will be permitted, and the Viennese people, who are now thrilling and palpitating to see the piece, can have their wishes satisfied. What better advertisement could a man have than that?"

Chicago did not enthuse over the James O'Neill version of Hall Caine's "The Manxman." The play was severely scored. May Buckley figured in the cast.

Rose Cogblan, who has not visited San Francisco for several years, is to appear here in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" next week.

"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; SPRING STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St.

Death of a Once-Famous Caterer.

Anthony G. Oakes, better known to the bon vivants of pioneer days as "Tony" Oakes, died at Sunny Vale, in Santa Clara County, on Sunday last at the age of seventy-three. He enjoyed the distinction of opening one of the first terrapin houses in this city, which was the resort of early-time newspaper men and actors. Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett, and David Wambold, one of the old-time sweet singers of minstrelsy, often enjoyed toothsome dishes prepared by the amiable caterer. W. C. Ralston was one of Oakes's patrons, and induced him to abandon the terrapin house and open a Crystal Springs resort, which was liberally patronized by the friends that Oakes had made. At one time Oakes rated his fortune at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but after a crash in stocks he was practically penniless. Friends advanced him money, and he went to Haywards, where he opened the "Villa" in the late 'fifties. There he made money as before, but he failed to lay by for old age, and when reverses came he gave up business and retired to Alviso, where he had an interest in a large amount of marsh land. Some years ago he left Alviso and took up his residence with his son at Sunny Vale. He is survived by three sons, George A. Oakes, of Haywards, Fred O. Oakes, of Alameda, and Walter Oakes, of Sunny Vale.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Indians of South Dakota have discovered the beauties of the divorce laws of that State, and are taking advantage of them. The Chamberlain correspondent of the New York Herald declares that at the present rate of increase, the Indian divorce mill of South Dakota will in five years become more extensive than the ready-made divorce factory for Easterners, and adds: "While an Indian divorce was an unheard of thing half a decade ago, sixteen petitions for legal separation have been filed at Oacoma alone during the last year by full-blooded Sioux bucks and squaws. Divorces have come to the Indians as one of the heritages of civilization. The Indian officials have been trying for twenty years to induce the Indians to be married according to the white man's law. Now they have almost succeeded. But the same law has taught them the interesting fact that they can change wives or husbands. They fail to understand that the divorce law is anything but a means of attaining the luxury of an unlimited number of marriages. Many bucks and squaws who know not a word of English, and bear no mark of civilization except that of clothes, come to the attorneys' offices here and in Oacoma and ask for divorces when they have no other reason but a desire to form a new marriage. They point to other Indians who have had many wives, and ask why they can not when the law provides the way. When the Indian tribes were placed on reservations and cut off from their native wild life, their respect for their own social laws dwindled. It was not long until many were living in utter disregard of the family obligations. Bucks deserted squaws and squaws took on new husbands without any formality, and without any reason except their whim. Bigamy was erased from the calendar of tribal offenses. It was to remedy this evil that the government officials and the church missionaries demanded that the Indians be married according to the South Dakota laws. Now that they have found out about the divorces they seek to return to their old free life through the divorce avenue. At the last term of court at Oacoma, Burnt Prairie, a well-known old warrior, testified proudly that he had had thirty-six wives. The new order of things means that his son will probably want as many wives, but will endeavor to have them in compliance with the white man's law, through frequent application to the divorce courts."

"The Indian marriage of to-day is a curious mixture of civilized methods and tribal ceremonies," continues the correspondent. "Unwilling to give up their traditional customs, the Indians are now using both the tribal and civilized marriage laws. The young buck chooses his squaw in the manner of the Sioux, then is married by a justice of the peace or a missionary clergyman. Justices of the peace in Oacoma, it is said, have been visited by as many as thirty couples at the same time, all demanding immediate marriage. The Episcopalian missions are proving most popular, however. The Indians are mystified and charmed by the elaborate ceremony of the Episcopal marriage, so they now look up these churches to finish the elaborate tribal custom of choosing wives and husbands. They want to be married by high church form. They think this more in keeping with their own ceremony than the few, informal words in a dingy little justice's office. As many of the Indian marriages must be performed through interpreters, so the divorce hearings are carried on largely through intermediaries. It is a novel sight to witness copper-hued Sioux Indians, tribesmen with those who slew Custer's army, sitting about a court-room and watching with solemn mien the red tape of a modern court."

The cakewalk craze seems to have reached its climax in Paris with the recent appearance of a highly grotesque colored illustrated edition of *Le Rire*, headed "Le Cakewalk Officiel," in which a caricature of a grand ball at the Elysées Palace is depicted, in which President Loubet, holding an American flag in his hand, is represented dancing a cakewalk with a female of extraordinary proportions representing France. Following them are MM. Crozier, Meline, and other notables. M. Waldeck-Rousseau stands with one foot on a bass drum conducting the orchestra. Facing M. Loubet are all the ministers, led by General André, who is mounted on a charger executing cakewalk steps. Above, seated on a cloud, are two apparitions, one M. Combes, winged and haloed, the other with horns and spider-like extremities. M. Lepinc sits on the floor, beating time with a baton, assisted by a doll called Chérese Humbert, who keeps crying, "Excuse!" Sterling Heilig, in describing

the vogue of the cakewalk in Paris, says: "At the last brilliant 'reunion' of the Countess de Talleyrand-Perigord, the Duc de Montmorency, the Marquis de Massa, the Comte Stanislas de Castellane, and the Comte Edouard de la Rocheboucauld, each leading a beauteous comtesse, marquise, or duchesse, performed the cakewalk. That same night the frequenters of Maxim's notorious and expensive restaurant were delighted by the sprightly Germaine Grivonne's impromptu rendering of the cakewalk in the centre of the downstairs supper-room. Chocolat, the simpering negro clown of the Nouveau Cirque, had been blustering and bragging in the bar. 'Bring Chocolat here!' cried Germaine, the little blue-eyed blonde, who does exactly as she will at Maxim's. They brought Chocolat. 'Now dance the cakewalk with me!' she said. And they did. Each night that week—and this week, too—a troupe of negroes from America do the real cakewalk at the Nouveau Cirque, the Paris winter circus patronized by best society and given over in particular to young folk. Each night at the Folies Bergere, at the Scala, and at the Trianon music halls the celebrated cakewalk figures in the ballets. Night after night in the swellest social circles, in the wealthy middle-class sets, in the poor relation and outsiders' coteries, down to the little *bourgeoise* itself, the 'cakewalk' triumphs. There is not a dancing-master in the capital who does not have his cakewalk classes."

One of the principal subjects which came up for discussion at the National Dressmakers' Association in Chicago last week was the shirt-waist. It was declared common, *bourgeoise*, and a menace to the profits of the hard-working dressmaker. Mme. Baker, one of the leading speakers, said: "Fight against the shirt-waist all you can. Talk them down all you can. They are a danger to every *modiste*. How can we expect to do a successful business when shirt-waists, which are in the mode, can be bought at any of the department stores for from \$8 to \$12. Can we afford to spend our time making shirt-waists which net only a trivial profit? From a business point of view, the shirt-waist is a foe to our profession—and they aren't pretty, anyway." Warning against the "dressmakers' face" was also issued by the lecturer. She said that the strained, agonized expression of the *modiste* on a still hunt after ideas was becoming as well known as the bicycle, the golf, or the football face, and urged her hearers to look pleasant and forget their trials. The "dressmakers' face" was, she declared, especially prevalent at this time of year in the chase after spring and summer patterns. Some of the dicta in regard to the constructing of gowns which the speaker laid down were as follows: Trains are tabooed; skirts must be no longer than barely to touch the ground; everything must be smooth about the hips; the skirt without a yoke has no place in fashions; short sleeves are bad form for street wear, even in the hottest of dog-days; blouses are no longer the thing; waists are to have a pompadour effect; and big sleeves are coming in again—sleeves with a puff at the shoulder like those in the celebrated Marie Stuart picture.

Commenting on Jerome A. Hart's recent letter in which he discussed the climate of Nice, an *Argonaut* reader writes: "In justice to 'that brilliant little city' I do want to say a word in defense of its climate. It is true there are times when the white dust blinds and chokes, and times when rain turns the streets into a white pasty mud that is very disagreeable—ice forms, and snow falls—indeed, one winter I have known Nice to wear a mantle of snow six times, and upon one of those six visitations the mantle was so thick and the temperature so low that snow lay unmelted for a week along high walls untouched by the sun. But with the experience of four winters to draw conclusions from, I know of no place that enjoys during the winter months a greater number of days so perfect that mere existence is a joy. Mr. Hart speaks of the 'amazing lying' about climate and temperature along the Riviera. With us, during the present winter, frost has been frequent, and night after night ice has formed in the gutters. The surrounding hills have been white with snow, and the air, even at midday, bitingly cold. Nevertheless, a letter received a few days ago from a friend in the East tells me that she has been watching the reports of the Weather Bureau, and that she finds the mercury has never fallen below forty degrees Fahrenheit, and that fact (?) and the frequent editorials in the newspapers lead her to believe that San Francisco is an earthly paradise in the matter of climate and temperature. It is possible that if ever the lady does enter this paradise she may say with Mr. Hart—'what amazing ly-

ing.' To understand Nice's climate better, one has only to remember that in and about Nice lemons and oranges and olives ripen, flowers bloom freely all winter in the open air, and are always cheap and abundant in the exceedingly attractive street-market."

Owing to the riotous celebrations of the Mardi Gras in Paris, the prefecture of police is considering the question of abolishing the throwing of confetti on the occasion of the Mid-Lent Carnival. On the evening of Shrove Tuesday, confetti which, in Paris, is made of little discs of colored paper and not of plaster imitation candies used in Rome and Venice, was from one to two feet deep all over the Grand Boulevard. A week was spent in cleaning it up. Aside from obstructing the street the throwing of confetti furnished pickpockets and thieves with an excellent opportunity of plying their calling. It is expected that on the occasion of the coming carnival the throwing of confetti may be limited to certain hours of the day, and to the Champs-Élysées, or certain boulevards.

At a distinguished gathering in Vienna the other day, Dr. Lorenz jestingly remarked that the greatest ordeals to which he had to submit during his recent visit to the United States were "the mania for banqueting foreign celebrities to death," and the "tyranny of the American toastmaster."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 25, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 3%.....	1,800	@ 108		108	108 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.	2,000	@ 99		99 1/2	100
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 120- 120 1/2		120 1/2	121
Los An. Pac. Ry.					
Con 5%.....	19,000	@ 107 1/2-107 3/4		107 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	23,000	@ 123 1/2-123 3/4			
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	2,000	@ 110		110 1/2	
North Shore Ry. 5%.	7,000	@ 102 1/2		102 3/4	103
Oakland Transit 5%.	15,000	@ 114 1/2		115	
Oakland Transit Con					
5%.....	5,000	@ 106 1/2		106 3/4	
Omnibus C. R. 6%.	1,000	@ 127 1/2		127 3/4	
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	16,000	@ 114- 114 1/2		113 3/4	114 1/2
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry					
5%.....	2,000	@ 106		105 3/4	106
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%.....	30,000	@ 124 1/2-124 3/4		124 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	7,000	@ 111 1/2		111 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series B.....	10,000	@ 107 1/2		107 3/4	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906	10,000	@ 110		109 3/4	110 1/2
S. P. of Cal. Stpd.					
5%.....	9,500	@ 110 1/2		110 3/4	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	1,000	@ 141		140 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2		107 3/4	
S. V. Water 4 1/2 ad..	3,000	@ 101 1/2		101	
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Contra Costa.....	65	@ 62 1/2- 62 3/4		62 3/4	
Spring Valley.....	230	@ 83 1/2- 87		84 1/2	84 3/4
Banks.					
Bank of California..	25	@ 500		500	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	220	@ 64 1/2- 67		67 1/2	68 1/2
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S....	90	@ 47 1/2- 47 3/4		47 3/4	48
Honokaa S. Co.....	10	@ 14 1/2		15	
Hutchinson.....	545	@ 16 1/2- 16 3/4		16 3/4	
Makawell S. Co.....	130	@ 27- 27 1/2		27	
Pauhaui S. Co.....	355	@ 18 1/2- 18 3/4		18 1/2	
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gas.....	125	@ 4 1/2		4 3/4	
Mutual Electric.....	1,365	@ 5- 8 1/2		8 1/2	9
Pacific Gas.....	450	@ 39 1/2- 42 1/2			
Pacific Lighting Co.	60	@ 57- 57 1/2		42 1/2	43
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,166	@ 57 1/2- 65		62	
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	50	@ 4 1/2		4 1/2	
Trusts and Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	925	@ 58 1/2- 64		60 1/2	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers....	380	@ 151 1/2- 155		154	156
Cal. Fruit C. Assn....	65	@ 92 1/2- 93 1/2		92 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	270	@ 105- 105 1/2		105 1/2	106
Oceanic S. Co.....	40	@ 14 1/2- 14 3/4		15	

Spring Valley Water on sales of 230 shares sold up to 87, but sold off to 83 1/2, closing at 84 1/2 bid, 84 3/4 asked.

Alaska Packers has been strong, selling up from 151 1/2 to 155 on sales of 380 shares, closing at 154 bid, 156 asked.

The sugars have been very quiet, with narrow fluctuations, and have about held their own in price.

Giant Powder was in better demand, and on sales of 220 shares advanced two and one-half points to 67, closing at 67 1/2 bid, 68 1/2 asked.

The light and power stocks have been very active, and on sales of about 5,000 shares made gains of from three and a half to seven and three quarters points. San Francisco Gas and Electric advancing seven and three quarters points to 65; Pacific Gas, three and a half points to 42 1/2; Mutual Electric, three and seven-eighths points to 8 1/2; Equitable Gas, one half point to 4 1/2. At the close the market shaded off, but the stocks were in good demand.

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Just after the publication of the ingenious stories for children that Charles Lamh and his sister Mary wrote in collaboration, Lamh asked a fellow-traveler one day: "Have you read Lamh's tales?" "No," replied the other, "but I have a black sheepskin rug!"

Francis E. Leupp, in an article on "Humors of Congress," says that Representative Hilhorn, of California, after a vote in the House unseating him, retired to the cloak-room, where he held a levee as friends crowded in with expressions of sympathy and good will. "Well, Hilhorn," said one of them, "you are certain to come back, so you ought not to feel so bad." "Yes," said Hilhorn, in his dry way; "we all cherish Christian belief in the resurrection, but I don't think that it entirely reconciles us to death."

Chaplain Russell, of the Missouri House of Representatives, recently demonstrated the efficacy of prayer by a supplication that is said to have transformed the attitude of the members of the House, a majority of whom formerly read the papers during the chaplain's petition. "O Lord," he prayed, "I ask that those in this house who rise to their feet for prayer may not continue to read their papers while the chaplain prays. Grant that they may have some respect for God if they have not for the chaplain."

The late Augustus Hare was fond of relating an amusing incident which illustrated the absent-mindedness of his cousin, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Jowett. Both were quite devoid of either taste or smell, and for some reason both were inordinately fond of tea. One morning they had each drunk eight cups, when suddenly, as Jowett rose from his table, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! I forgot to put the tea in!" Neither had noticed the omission as they sipped their favorite beverage.

Bismark, on one occasion, told Sidney Whitman of his well-known feat in oyster-eating. He was once in Liège, where he ordered some oysters in a restaurant—fifty to begin with. He saw the lady behind the counter look up in surprise; so, when he had eaten them, wishing to see what effect it might have on her, he ordered another fifty, and so on, until he had eaten one hundred and seventy oysters. Mr. Whitman adds that "it is only fair to remember that in all probability they were the small Ostend variety."

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, knows his Bible very well, from cover to cover, and draws on it for philosophy and illustration with great facility. Only once in a great while is he caught tripping in this field. One such occasion was while the Senate was discussing the Chinese treaty of 1881. He quoted against the exclusion policy St. Paul's declaration: "For God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." Senator Miller, of California, exclaimed: "Go on—quote the remainder of the sentence." "There is no more of it," said Mr. Hoar. "Oh, yes, there is," rejoined Miller; "for the apostle added to the words which the senator has just quoted, 'and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.'"

It is related that a stranger once entered a cathedral in Sicily and begged to be allowed to try the organ, which was new and a very fine instrument that even the organist did not understand. With some reluctance the organist allowed the stranger to play, and soon the cathedral was filled with sounds that its walls had never heard before. As the stranger played, pulling out stops never before combined, and working slowly up to the full organ, the cathedral filled, and it was not until a large congregation had wondered at his gift that the stranger told his name. He was Dom Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest-composer, whose latest oratorio, "Leo," was recently performed at the Vatican during the celebration of the Pope's jubilee.

In one of the towns which John Philip Sousa recently visited in England, the march king met a lady with a great reputation for worrying celebrities of all kinds to attend her dinners and "at homes." She sent him a pressing invitation to sup at her house after his performance; but when Sousa learned that she had issued invitations to her neighbors "to meet Mr. John Philip Sousa"—an exhibition of "previousness" not to be tolerated even by an American—he declined politely and

with thanks. Having counted upon Sousa's acceptance, and held his name out to her friends as bait, the lady was much disturbed on receiving his note, and wrote back to him with desperate solicitude: "I am terribly sorry to have your card saying you can not come, but I still hope for the pleasure of your company." To this the poor lady received the following terrifying answer: "DEAR MADAM: I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret to say that only fifty of them will be able to accept your invitation, the rest of them having appointments to keep elsewhere."

P. T. Barnum and his wife were very fond of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who often visited them at Bridgeport. To a friend the famous showman once remarked: "Alice was the more thoughtful, while Phoebe was always huddling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents, and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phoebe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said: 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall.'"

William E. Curtis tells a story of a clergyman of a little Central New York village, who, upon being introduced to President Lincoln during the dark days of the Civil War, was asked: "What can I do for you?" "I have not come to ask any favors of you, Mr. President," the latter replied; "I have only come to say that the loyal people of the North are sustaining you, and will continue to do so. We are giving you all that we have—the lives of our sons as well as our confidence and our prayers. You must know that no pious father or mother ever kneels in prayer these days without asking God to give you strength and wisdom." The tears filled Lincoln's eyes as he thanked his visitor, and said: "But for those prayers I should have faltered and perhaps failed long ago. Tell every father and mother you know to keep on praying and I will keep on fighting, for I am sure that God is on our side." As the clergyman started to leave the room, Lincoln held him by the hand and said: "I suppose I may consider this a sort of pastoral call." "Yes," replied the clergyman. "Out in our country," continued Lincoln, "when a parson made a pastoral call it was always the custom for the folks to ask him to lead in prayer, and I should like to ask you to pray with me to-day—pray that I may have strength and wisdom." The two men knelt side by side before a settee, and the clergyman offered the most fervent appeal to the Almighty Power that ever fell from his lips. As they rose Lincoln grasped his visitor's hand and remarked, in a satisfied sort of way: "I feel better."

Manners for Musical "At Homes."

Don't, when asking any one to sing or play, casually close the piano while so doing. It is a simple act, but one most discouraging in its effect.

Don't, upon hearing some one consent to perform, throw yourself back in your chair after the manner of one about to have a tooth extracted; and don't, during the progress of a song, glare at the carpet, or keep clenching your hands. Neither should you draw in a sharp hissing breath when the accompanist mislays his fingers.

Don't, when asked to oblige with a selection, go through your entire repertoire. Even a corset gets wearisome if played badly and a great deal.

Don't, when accompanying, try to cover the defects of the voice by crashing out high chords of your own invention, and never, under any circumstances, grind your teeth audibly during a singer's inadvertent wanderings from the key.

Don't whistle while a song is being rendered. Even if you whistle the same melody and in a similar key, the effect is irritating to those around you.—Punch.

—THERE IS WHISKY AND WHISKY, BUT ONLY one "Jesse Moore" Whisky—the kind doctors recommend for its purity and healthfulness.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Motor-Guys.

Why must the stylish motorist
Look like a mountain goat?
(Few animals could e'er exist
In so hirsute a coat!)

Why must the willful motor-man
Impersonate a bear,
The grizzliest, shaggiest that he can
In point of outdoor wear?

Why must our scorching plutocrats
Contrive to imitate
Skye terriers with their hair in mats
Of most bedraggled state?

Why need the wild chauffeur, I ask,
Outvie the chimpanzee,
With goggle eyes and hideous mask
That makes one ill to see?

As to the ladies—p'raps 'twere well
To spare profane remark,
And not to draw a parallel
With inmates of the Ark!

I don't know what's the right reply—
Is it perchance to scare
From off the road each passerby,
Such clothes our motorists wear?

—Punch.

Morgan to the Senate.

I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story I would tell you. But this ditch:
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
Yon ditch's banks! He sets and his last beams
Fall on that ditch—not Nicaragua's ditch,
Of which I would that I might say a word,
If I had but the time and gift of speech—
But that ignoble hole of Panama,
That reeking, foul, and fever-haunted rut.
Dug past some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred odors, only great
In that strange spell—a debt.

Each hour gray ghosts
Of its dead victims haunt the thing,
Cry out against it! But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor—I name no
names—
Cried: "Rise! Rise, Morgan, say a word or
two

Against this crime—this shameful thing! Sit not
In servile silence! Are you speechless, dumb,
That rightful protest may not pass your lips?"
I know a better course—I that speak to ye—
I told you of it once. A pleasant way
Full of all beauties and of easy grades,
Of sweet and quiet scenes, with here and there
A tall volcano throwing ashes out
In graceful showers.

How I loved
That glorious scheme! Younger by forty years
Than you behold me now, I took it up
To desert on its fair advantages
And win your favor for it. In one short session
That pleasing fad of mine was slain! I saw
The friends that I had won desert! But here
I rise, at last, from silence to cry Shame!
Have ye good ears? Then I will open my mouth
and speak!

I have few words, but I can say them o'er and
o'er;
You shall not stop me ere I say my piece,
For I can sleep and talk if needs must be,
And eating still declaim!

Yet here I stand
And here ye sit and read the while I talk
Of that which needs no honest praise of mine—
Why, but its very name should be a charm
To win you to its favor!

And once again
Hear me, ye walls that echo back the words
I've said and still will say: Again I swear
That Nicaragua shall be ditched!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

In Praise of Prosperity.

They raised his salary two years ago last May,
The said increase amounting to thirty cents a day.

Since then they've raised the prices
Of earrots and of beers,
Of flour and of meats,
Of corn and coal and fruits,
Of habics' little boots,
Of potatoes, milk, and cheese,
Of the product of the bees,
Of hats and socks and coats,
Of all that sinks or floats.

He's paying out the money that he saved before
his raise,
But prosperity's upon us, and his heart is full of
praise.

—Chicago Post.

Church—"What is the stuff that heroes are
made of?" Gotham—"Well, if we can be-
lieve the advertisements, it is some of those
new breakfast cereals."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Milk of the Cow

is richer in proteids, fats and salts than the human
milk, hence it must be adapted to infant feeding.
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the per-
fection of a cow's milk for infants. Forty-five years
experience has made it the leading infant food of
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Excellent domestic fuel
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Let us send you
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From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR,
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The New England and Commonwealth will sail through
to Alexandria on the January and February voyages.

COMMONWEALTH, March 28th.
CAMBROMAN, May 2d.
VANCOUVER, April 22d.

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Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to
CHAS. D. TAYLOR, 30 Montgomery St., Passenger
Agent for the Pacific Coast.

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NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.

Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York,
Philadelphia.....April 1 Philadelphia.....April 22
New York.....April 15 St. Paul.....April 29

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NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York,
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Kronland.....April 11 Finland.....April 25
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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic.....Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Friday, May 8
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic.....Saturday, June 27

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.

Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, April 22
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, May 16
America Maru.....Thursday, June 11

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and
Sydney, Thursday, April 2, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, April 11, 1903,
at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 29, 1903, at 10
A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market
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Steamers leave San Francisco as fol-
lows:
For Ketchikan, Wrangell, Peters-
burg, Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas
City, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M.,
March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1.
Change to company's steamers at
Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M.,
March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, April 1. Change at Seattle to
this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at
Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., March 5; 11, 17, 23, 29, April 4.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., March 2, 8, 14, 20, 26, April 1.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo),
San Diego, and Santa Barbara:

Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro),
Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cay-
ucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, Hueneue
and Newport.

Coos Bay, 9 A. M., March 2, 10, 18, 26, April 3.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo,
Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas
(Mex.)—10 A. M., April 7.

For further information obtain folder.
Ticket reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.

C. D. DUNANN, General Passenger Agent,
10 Market Street, San Francisco

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Elita Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Redding, and Mr. Herbert Boughton Gee has been announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, of Oakland, and Dr. J. Loran Pease.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Schwerin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Schwerin, of Alameda, and Mr. James B. Whittemore.

The wedding of Miss Edith McBean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McBean, and Dr. Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 1935 Pacific Avenue to-day (Saturday). The ceremony will be celebrated at noon by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Mary Kip, and Miss Cora Suedberg will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Athole McBean will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Lane and Mr. William Bradford Leonard, of New York, has been set for April 16th, and will be solemnized at Mrs. Hearst's Berkeley residence. Only intimate friends and relatives will witness the ceremony. Mr. Leonard and his bride are to make their home in New York.

The wedding of Miss Kate Gunn and Mr. Charles Woods will take place at St. Luke's Church on April 14th. Miss Georgia Lacey will be the maid of honor, and Mr. George Beardsley will act as best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Elizabeth Bender, Miss Gertrude Rithet, of Victoria, B. C., Miss Gunn, of Canada, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss Helen Woods, of New York, and Miss Jeanette Hooper. The ushers will be Mr. Edward Gunn, Mr. George Gunn, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, Mr. Charles Schoonmaker, Mr. Hugh Blackman, and Mr. Harvey Markey.

The wedding of Miss Florence Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman, and Dr. Charles A. Noble took place at the residence of the bride's parents on California Street on Tuesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church. Miss Janet Coleman, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson acted as best man. Dr. and Mrs. Noble departed later in the day on their wedding journey, and upon their return will reside in Berkeley, the groom being connected with the faculty of the University of California.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Church, daughter of Mr. T. R. Church, and Mr. Charles Francis Jackson took place on last Saturday evening at the First Unitarian Church. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Smith. Miss Henrietta Moffatt was the maid of honor, and Mr. William Van Allen was the best man. Mr. William Olney, Mr. Alvin Leventritt, Mr. William F. Wood, and Mr. Robert Porter acted as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's father, 1016 Franklin Street. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will reside at 2728 Broderick Street.

The wedding of Miss Louise Hoffacker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hoffacker, and Mr. Charles R. Page, son of Mr. Charles Page, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue on Thursday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Clifton Macon, of Trinity Church.

The wedding of Miss Estelle Curtice, daughter of Mrs. Harriette Curtice, of Lincoln, Neb., and Mr. Frank S. Oliver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Oliver, will take place on Thursday, April 2d, at the residence of the bride's cousin, Miss Orrie Young, 1616 Bush Street. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Charles A. Brown, of Oakland. Miss Young will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Walter D. Bliss will act as best man.

A party among Dr. and Mrs. Russell H. Cool, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss Viola Percy, Mrs. Susie May Hayes, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. Richard M. Hotelling, Captain F. E. Johnston, and Lieutenant K. W. Fuchs visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last Saturday and remained over night.

Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U. S. N., has been quite extensively entertained during his brief stay in San Francisco. On Tuesday evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Pacific Union Club. Ex-Senator Charles Felton, who entertained the admiral at his country place at Menlo Park last week, acted as toastmaster. On Wednesday the admiral and his party dined at the residence of Mr. Henry T. Scott, and on Thursday he visited Mare Island Navy Yard, when Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N.,

and Mrs. Miller gave a luncheon and informal reception in his honor. Friday he attended a luncheon at the Merchants' Club, and to-day (Saturday) he will conclude his visit in San Francisco and proceed to Portland. The Misses Morrison, of San José, entertained Admiral and Mrs. Schley, Colonel and Mrs. McClure, and the other members of their party at an informal reception during their recent visit to San José.

COMMUNICATIONS.

American Soldiers and the Lanao Road.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to an article on the Iligan-Lanao road, which appeared in the *Army and Navy Journal* of March 14, 1903, I will say that it is a wonder to me that complaint has not already been made about this imposition on the army. I grant that in time of war, soldiers may be required to do laboring work, or any other kind of work, such as circumstances demand, and would be found equal to the occasion. But, for years already, we have been proclaiming from the house tops that the insurrection was over, its backbone having been broken by General Otis, in 1899, and that a condition of warfare does not exist in the islands, though insurrecto "ladrones" in uniform and under the command of a general are operating to-day, almost under the walls of Manila. Amnesty has been declared, civil government has been proclaimed, and many ex-insurrecto leaders are holding lucrative positions and hurrahing for a governor who has been so generous to them. Why then forbid our army to finish the work it so well began, and to crush once for all the serpent of rebellion we are warning on our bosom? Why forbid the army to interfere in any way with civil matters, or even to offer suggestions to the civil authorities, whose strength, though it be small, is based on the presence of the military forces, and compel United States soldiers to set aside their rifles, and with pick and shovel to engage in a strictly civil task for which they did not enlist, and which, under the circumstances under which it is carried on, is not only humiliating to them, but also detrimental to their health? Is it because of the scarcity of laborers among a population of eight or ten million people? No. The answer is readily found: Because of the general worthlessness of our brown brothers, because of the pride of the Moros, who consider labor to be beneath their dignity, and finally because we have no means of compelling either to work.

Since the downfall of Spain, the Filipinos consider themselves to be our equals and to have the right to enjoy the blessings of personal liberty to the point of retarding the advancement of their country. Nature has been particularly kind to these people. With but few wants in the way of clothing, food, or shelter, grasshoppers and reptiles being on their bill of fare, they idle away their time in perfect comfort, dividing it equally between gambling, cock-fighting, and sleeping. Under the present system of government, there appears to be no way of forcing them to work, bribery even will have no effect on them, for I have known them to refuse to work for even three times the wages they formerly received. I have also found that they have a special aversion to working on the roads, such exercise being, in their minds, only fit for convicts. Therefore, for fear of wounding their feelings, we allow them to sit on their heels and to gaze in wonderment at a working American who relieves them of the necessity of helping themselves, and compel our soldiers to do a class of work, which, under a tropical sun, is only fit for the inferior races.

A remedy is at hand. Filipino convicts, under proper guard, could be made to work on the Lanao road. There would be no danger of any of them trying to escape, for they have more fear of a Moro than they ever had of the "water-cure" of old. There should be no scarcity of such a class of gentry among a people whose salient traits, in addition to those already mentioned, are prevarication and treachery. Or, if convicts are not available, which I doubt, Chinamen could be employed. Those who are familiar with the Philippines and the conditions prevailing there, will agree with me that more faithful workers, and all-around better people than the Chinese, can not be found in the islands. They are superior to the Filipinos in every respect, and for that reason are despised by the latter, notwithstanding the fact that the most prominent among them are themselves Chinese mestizos. Should Chinamen be out of the question, then we have the American negroes. There is certainly a surplus of these citizens in the Southern States, and the shipment of a few hundred of them to the islands would be grateful to the South and beneficial to the negroes themselves. They could do the laboring work on the Lanao road, which, though under way for many months, does not promise to be complete before another year. As a reward for their services, in addition to their pay, they could be given a parcel of government land, and he permitted to colonize a country whose climatic conditions are more favorable to them than to us.

To return to the Lanao road. The battalion commander of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry is too much of a soldier to complain. He has been ordered to build the road, and he will do it at any cost, sparing neither himself, his officers, nor his men. But, because military customs prevent him from expressing his opinion, should the lives of our men be jeopardized any further in the construction of a military road, which, I am informed, is to be turned over to the civil authorities, no sooner completed, as well as the military wharf at Iligan? True it is that in olden times soldiers have done just such work as has fallen to the lot of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, and the substantial military roads throughout Europe, remains of which still exist, constructed by Caesar's troops, are a monument to the glory of those old warriors.

Despotic rulers in modern times have also turned their armies from the battle-fields toward unilitary duties merely to satisfy their personal whims. Louis the Fifteenth, who had no regard for the rights of others, had at one time as many as twenty-two battalions engaged in digging a canal for the purpose of furnishing, from a great distance, a water supply for his fountain at Versailles. This task proved to be a failure, besides costing countless numbers of lives, which could have been sacrificed to a better cause.

Are we to-day to imitate these autocrats of old, and compel some of our genuine American citizens to build roads, on a small pay and at the risk of their lives, amid a population of quasi-brothers who question our right further to civilize them, deeming themselves already fit to rank among the independent nations of the world? If the Iligan-Lanao road must be a "military road," a military road let it be. We may retain the name and still spare our men, by calling upon the scouts and constabulary for their assistance, and if they take any interest in the welfare of their country they should respond at once. There are thousands of these quasi-soldiers, wearing our uniform and drawing pay from the government, who should relieve the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, and who could work on the road were we less concerned about wounding their pride.

Last year the heat was so great at Iligan, and the work so arduous, that the men worked in half-hour shifts as late as 11:30 A. M. to begin again at about 2 P. M. I understand that the hours have since been lessened, but the fact remains that one, if not more men, have been court-martialed for complaining, and, from a strictly military point of view, this was correct. Moreover, cholera, which is prevailing extensively among the surrounding Moro tribes, has already carried off several of our soldiers, and many others have contracted fevers and intestinal disorders while in the camps along the Lanao road. That more have not perished is due to the care we take in regard to the quality of the water and food served out to the men. As for mingling with the Moros, there is not much danger of our men doing it from choice, the Moros, both male and female, being too repulsive and filthy to attract any but their equals.

AN OBSERVER.

An exhibition of paintings by the well-known artists, Charles Rollo Peters and Charles J. Dickman opened at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday, and will continue a week. Ladies were admitted to the exhibition on the opening day from two to five o'clock. To-day (Saturday) they will have another opportunity to see the pictures, and again on the closing day from two to five o'clock. Mr. Peters' pictures deal with Monterey, while Mr. Dickman's canvases are the result of sketches he made in Europe among the picturesque fisher folk.

The first half of the home-and-home contest between the ladies of the San Francisco and Oakland golf clubs on Monday, resulted in a victory for the players representing the San Francisco Club by a score of six up. The latter team was made up of Mrs. J. R. Clark, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Mrs. Le Roy Nickel. The Oakland players were Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Miss A. Knowles, Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Miss J. Moore, and Miss Marie Dean.

The Tavern of Tamalpais offers many attractions to those in search of a pleasant day's outing. The trip through Mill Valley and up the mountain side affords a wealth of scenic surprises, the accommodations at the tavern are excellent for those who desire to remain over night, and the cuisine is all that the most exacting could ask for.

As at present planned, President Roosevelt's stay in San Francisco, when he comes West, will be very brief. He is to reach this city on the afternoon of May 12th, and will depart at midnight on May 14th.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant sailed on Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* for a two months' trip to Tahiti. They were accompanied by Mrs. John Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry have departed for the East en route to Europe. They expect to be absent about a year.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were in Florence when last heard from. They will spend Easter in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart are making a short stay at the Hotel Richelieu prior to their departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, who arrived from the East last week, are sojourning at San Mateo.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury have gone to Del Monte for a brief visit.

Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, and Mrs. Philip Lansdale are contemplating a trip to Europe soon.

Miss Katherine Duval is visiting friends in Denver.

The Baroness von Schroeder has been sojourning at Paso Robles during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhbs and Miss Stuhbs returned to Chicago on Sunday last.

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, who are making a tour of the State, spent Sunday at Burlingame.

Mrs. M. J. O'Connor and Miss Frances O'Connor, who have been passing a part of the winter in San Francisco, expect to return to Paris early next month.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs will spend several months in Berkeley, where they have taken a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will occupy the Crockett cottage at Burlingame this summer.

Mrs. C. P. Robinson and Miss Katherine Robinson are at Santa Cruz for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip and Miss Mary Kip expect to leave for the East next month. They will first visit Dr. and Mrs. Guy Edie at Columbus, O., and then proceed to New York.

Mr. John Parrott and family have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. William Collier leaves next week for her cottage at Clear Lake, where she will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton have reached Italy on their trip around the world.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii arrived from the East on Wednesday. She expects to sail for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday, but will return to Washington before Congress convenes in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* for Tahiti on Tuesday.

Mrs. Louis Leih, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting San Francisco. She is a daughter of the late W. B. Carr, and while here is a guest of her brother, Mr. George G. Carr, at his residence on Green Street.

Mrs. Ida Hancock, of Los Angeles, who has been spending the winter in Rome, is expected to return this month, and will visit her niece, Mrs. Agostine Strickland.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was a guest at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Judge H. G. Bond has returned to New York after a short stay at his country place near Santa Clara.

Mr. John Agar and family are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Breyfogle, of Louisville, Ky., are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle at the Palace Hotel.

Senator George C. Perkins returned to Oakland this week from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

The Misses Porter have returned to their home in San José after an extended trip of several years abroad.

Miss Harriette M. Simons, who has been visiting in the East for several months, has returned to San Francisco.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Captain and Mrs. F. W. Wise, of Victoria, B. C., Dr. John G. Cunningham, of Spokane, Wash., Mr. B. R. Eherard, of Fresno, and Mr. C. C. McMahan, of Bartlett Springs.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Brewster, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Van Antwerp, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sehnman, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Beldin, and Dr. D. E. Melliss, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burson, of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Salishury, of Salt Lake, Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Austin Sperry, and Mrs. John Flournoy.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., who is to succeed Major-General Robert P. Hughes, U. S. A., as commander of the Department of California, is due here from Chicago this week. He will assume the command on April 1st.

General George W. Randall, U. S. A., accompanied by his aid, Lieutenant James B. Allison, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from Vancouver Barracks, Wash., on his way to Manila on Tuesday. He has been succeeded in the command of the Department of the Columbia by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., and will sail for the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* on April 1st.

Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Tucker, U. S. A., arrived here from Vancouver on official business during the week.

Captain Edson A. Lewis, Eighteenth In-

fantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lewis arrived early in the week from Fort Logan. They are en route to Manila with the captain's command.

Major Leonard A. Lovering, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Philippines for duty in the inspector-general's department.

Commander Adolph Marix, U. S. N., and Mrs. Marix are expected here next week from the Orient. Commander Marix has just been relieved from duty as captain of the port of Manila.

Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John B. Murphy, U. S. A., of the artillery corps, were designated to take the Sixty-Fifth Coast and Field Artillery recruits to Vancouver Barracks this week.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Fred Bushnell, who died last Sunday, has been filed for probate. He left an estate valued at about \$100,000, and the instrument which hequeathed it to his heirs was made the day before his death, in the presence of W. F. Bogart, J. F. Leahy, and W. F. Golcher, who affixed their names to it as witnesses. Bushnell declared that everything of which he died possessed was community property, and that it was his wish that his widow, Mrs. Anna Bushnell, be allowed her lawful share of the estate as such community property. He instructed his executors to pay to his mother in Pennsylvania the sum of \$50 per month from the income of the estate during her lifetime, and to his four-year-old daughter, Victory Bushnell, he left a monthly allowance of \$100 until she shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years. Until that time the entire residue of his property shall be held in trust for her by his executors, who shall then turn it over to her control. W. F. Bogart, J. F. Leahy, and W. F. Golcher were named as executors of the will.

The will of the late Samuel Sachs, which has been filed for probate, was made April 17, 1902, and bears the signatures of Hugo Waldeck and E. S. Heller as witnesses. Rosie Sachs, widow of the testator, and the Union Trust Company are named as executors. To his widow, deceased hequeaths that portion of their community property which she is entitled to under the law, or one-half of the estate, the whole of which is estimated to be worth \$1,500,000. The other half, with the exception of a few small bequests, he leaves to his daughter, Beatrice Ach, and his two sons, Walter and Harold Sachs, share and share alike. The sons' shares are to be held in trust for them by the Union Trust Company until they reach the age of twenty-five years, unless it sees fit to distribute their respective shares to them prior to that time.

Promenade Concert at the Hopkins Institute.

Additional interest has been added to the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association at the Hopkins Institute of Art by the arrival of several important pictures by Joseph Greenebaum, the well-known artist, who has been living in Paris for the past two years. Several of the most striking canvases of the exhibition have already been sold, among others, Brewer's painting of the "Mission Cañon of Santa Barbara," which has been attracting a great deal of attention. The attendance during the week has been unusually large, especially on Thursday evening when the second promenade concert was given. The soloists were Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson, contralto; Miss Grace Marshall, soprano; Mrs. Gerard Barton, Miss Aimee Daviese, accompanists; and Miss Mary M. Bumstead, organist. Following was the programme, rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

Organ overture, "Stradella," Flotow, Miss Mary M. Bumstead; song, "The Girls of Seville," Denza, Miss Grace Marshall; violin, "Adagio Pathétique," Godard, Miss Madeline Todd; song, "Nina," Pergolesi, Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson; organ "Traumerei," Schumann, "Spring Song," Gounod, Miss Mary M. Bumstead; song, "Before the Dawn," Chadwick, Miss Grace Marshall; violin, "Romance," Van Goen, "Mazurka," Wieniawski, Miss Madeline Todd; songs, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," "A Lover and His Lass," Barton, Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson; organ, "Processional March," Giorza, Miss Mary M. Bumstead.

The next promenade concert will be given on Thursday evening, April 3d.

In the semi-final round of the tournament for the Council's Cup on Wednesday, played on the Presidio links, H. C. Golcher defeated Dr. J. R. Clark by 3 up. They played 18 holes. Mr. Golcher will now compete in the finals to-day (Saturday) with John Lawson.

Children to Germany Taken in Charge.

A German lady returning to Berlin, accompanied by her children, aged ten and sixteen years, respectively, would be willing to take charge of one or more children for whom the advantages of a German education are desired. For further particulars apply 1954 Bush Street.

Notice of Removal.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM FEBRUARY 28, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00a	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7.25p
7.00a	Vacaville, Winters, Bismarck	7.25p
7.30a	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	8.25p
7.30a	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7.28p
8.00a	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	7.55p
8.00a	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10.28a
8.00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	10.42p
8.00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield	5.25p
8.30a	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7.55p
8.30a	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4.25p
8.30a	Oakdale, Chiles, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	4.25p
9.00a	Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	5.55p
10.00a	Vallejo	1.28p
10.00a	Crescent City Express—Eastbound—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Haymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans (Westbound arrives at Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	11.35a
10.00a	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha	6.25p
12.00m	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3.25p
11.00p	Sacramento River Steamers	11.00p
3.30p	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10.55a
3.30p	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.55p
4.00p	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9.25a
4.00p	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10.25a
4.00p	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4.25p
4.30p	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.55a
5.00p	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connection, Saugus for Santa Barbara (Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl train for Chicago)	8.55a
5.00p	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	1.25p
5.30p	Niles, Local	7.25a
6.00p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7.55a
6.00p	Vallejo	11.28a
6.00p	Oakland—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago	4.25p
7.00p	Sunset Limited—Ogden, Denver, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez (Arrives via San Joaquin Valley Westbound)	8.25a
7.00p	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11.25a
7.00p	Vallejo	7.55p
8.05p	Oregonian Express—Salem, Clatskanie, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.55a
9.10p	Hayward, Niles (Sunday only)	11.55a
11.25p	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	1.25p
	Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	5.25p

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

8.15a	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and San Jose	5.50p
12.15p	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	11.50a
		11.50a
4.16p	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	11.50a
9.30p	Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations (Saturday only)	7.20p
	Leaves Los Gatos 4.35p Sunday	

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip B) 7:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M. From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—16:00 18:00 19:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

5.10a	San Jose and Way Stations	7.30p
7.00a	San Jose and Way Stations	6.30p
7.00a	New Almaden	7.10p
8.00a	Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Salinas, Lodi, Ojai, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations	10.45p
10.00a	Pacific Coast Express (Leaves via San Joaquin Valley Eastbound as Crescent City Express)—New Orleans, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Pacific Grove, Del Monte (Arrives via Coast Line Westbound)	11.35a
9.00a	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4.10p
10.30a	San Jose and Way Stations	1.30p
11.30a	San Jose and Way Stations	6.30p
11.30p	San Jose and Way Stations	7.00p
2.00p	San Jose and Way Stations	10.00a
3.30p	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12.15p
3.30p	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8.36a
4.30p	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10.45a
4.30p	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	10.00a
5.30p	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	8.00a
6.15p	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	15.45a
6.30p	San Jose and Way Stations	5.36a
7.00p	Sunset Limited—Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Dominguez, El Paso, New Orleans, New York (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	11.28a
11.45p	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19.45p
11.45p	San Jose and Way Stations	19.45p

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

x Saturday and Sunday only.

† Stops at all stations on Sunday.

‡ Sunday excepted. § Sunday only.

d Saturday only.

e Connects at Goshen Jc. with trains for Hanford, Visalia, At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.

f Via Coast Line.

g Tuesday and Friday.

m Arrive via Niles.

n Daily except Saturday.

w Via San Joaquin Valley.

y Stops Santa Clara south bound only. Connects, except Sunday, for all points Narrow Gauge.

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Ascum—"Twins at your house, eh? I'll bet they're pretty hoisterous?" Nupop—"Partly so. One of them is girlstrous."—Philadelphia Press.

Reckless extravagance: "These grand-opera singers are awfully extravagant." "That's so. I actually heard of one who sang her baby to sleep with a hundred-pound aria."—Tit-Bits.

As had as they make 'em: Knicker—"Why do you think Jones the meanest man afloat?" Bocker—"He keeps a collection of pluggeds coins to put in his trousers' pocket at night."—Brooklyn Life.

Signs of the Times: In a Montana hotel there is a notice which reads: "Boarders taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly will be taken by the neck."—London Tit-Bits.

"What do you think of the national theatre project?" "It strikes me," said the theatrical thug, "that it would be a great place for an actor with a political 'pull' who could star in a dramatization of the Congressional Record."—Baltimore Herald.

Parliamentary procedure: "The first thing to be done," said the committeeman in an important tone, "is to organize. Therefore—" "I beg your pardon," said an older member; "we have not been photographed yet."—Judge.

Quite plain: Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)—"And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes." Student—"And what are they, doctor?" Old Dr. Grimshaw—"The poor whom he cures, and the rich whom he doctors."—Tit-Bits.

Doctor—"Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a note stating you had been attacked with numps, and I had you suffering from rheumatism." Patient—"That's all right, doctor. There wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism."—Tit-Bits.

Husband—"Darling, I believe that I am failing." Wife (in alarm)—"Gracious! How often I have warned you, George, against your foolish speculations." Husband—"I don't mean in business, dear; I mean I'm failing in health." Wife (relieved)—"Oh, is that all?"—Ex.

The one thing: Tourist—"No trouble here to get something to drink on Sunday." Colonel Kaintuck—"None whatever, sub." Tourist—"You people down here don't believe in keeping anything dry, eh?" Colonel Kaintuck—"Nothing but our powdah, sub."—Philadelphia Press.

"What can I preach about next Sunday that will please the entire congregation?" asked the new minister. "Preach about the evils of riches," replied the old deacon; "there isn't a member of the congregation that is worth over two thousand dollars."—Chicago Daily News.

"Did you give that woman two good eggs for her five cents?" asked the corner-grocer of the new boy. "I did, sir." "You're discharged. You should have sold her two bad eggs, so that she'd come back to kick and give me a chance to sell her a porterhouse steak."—Baltimore News.

"I've got a story," said the new reporter, "about a thief who pretended to be a lodger in a hotel and so gained access to the other guests' rooms, where he gathered in all the loose money he could, and—" "Head it 'False Roomer Gains Currency,'" suggested the snake editor. —Philadelphia Press.

"Who was that poor cuss that the moh tarred and feathered, rode on a rail, horse-whipped, and threatened to lynch?" "Why," said the leader of the mob, "that's the fellow who wrote to the papers that the citizens of this town had no respect for law and order. We showed the cuss that we were law-abiding citizens, you bet!"—Baltimore Herald.

As to gossiping: "My dear," said Mrs. Cawker to her daughter, "when you are at Mrs. Cumso's this afternoon, I hope you won't think of repeating that bit of gossip about Mrs. Gilfoyle that Mrs. Fosdick told us this afternoon." "Why, mamma?" "Well, because it would be ungenerous and unkind, and I don't think Mrs. Gilfoyle would like it told; and, besides, I want to tell it to Mrs. Cumso myself."—Smart Set.

Farmer Bentover—"I see an item in the Plain Dealer last night about a prehistoric man being dug up out West some's that was cacklerated to be about sixteen thousand years old. Farmer Hornbeak—"Waal, likely as not, the Democrats will be runnin' him for President. Make a pretty good candidate, too; he aint liable to cut up any in the future, and whatever he may have did in the past has been forgotten by this time."—Puck.

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History professor—"Why wasn't Martin Luther adjusted to his environment?" Student—"Because the Diet of Worms didn't suit his taste, I suppose."—Columbia Jester.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

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Week Days.	Sun- Days.	Destination.	Sun- Days.	Week Days.
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Ignacio and Novato.	9.10 a m	8.40 a m
3.30 p m	9.30 a m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m		6.05 p m	6.20 p m
			7.35 p m	
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Petaluma	10.40 a m	8.40 a m
3.30 p m	9.30 a m	and Santa Rosa.	6.05 p m	10.20 a m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	5.00 p m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	8.00 a m		7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Hopland	10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m	and Ukiah.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Willits	7.35 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Guerneville.	7.35 p m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m		10.40 a m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m	Sonoma	9.10 a m	8.40 a m
5.10 p m	5.00 p m	Glen Ellen.	6.05 p m	6.20 p m
7.30 a m	8.00 a m		10.40 a m	10.20 a m
3.30 p m	5.00 p m	Sebastopol.	7.35 p m	6.20 p m

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5:15 P.	10:00 A.		3:30 P.	5:50 P.
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" Fresno	3.20 p	3.00 p		3.15 a
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THE

Argonaut

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resident Theodore Roosevelt, as everybody knows, has publicly expressed his strong hope that the wedded women of the United States might each be the mother of many children. But there are obstacles in the way to such multiple maternity. A formidable one, according to many items going the rounds of the press, is the in-ty-heartedness of janitors, the inhumanity of apartment-house agents. These gentry loathe young 'uns. In many cities there are rows of flats where there are

"no children allowed." Here, surely, is a state of things. Mothers of the future nation, faithful obeyers of the Bible and the President, endurers of that "pleasing punishment that women bear who love their lords," discriminated against, barred out from what are considered the most desirable places in which to live—this is preposterous. Think of that model mother, Mrs. Julia Walker, of New York, whom a cruel judge ordered ejected because she had not informed her new landlord that the Walkerkins, good and quiet, numbered seven. According to the President, Mistress Walker deserved well of the State; according to the judge and landlord she and the good and mystic seven were anathema maranatha, to be banished to the suburbs.

But in Chicago, an alderman has leaped to the breach. Jonathan Ruxton, a city father, and also the un-metaphorical father of eight, has introduced an ordinance which whereas that, as apartment-house managers refuse to rent to parents with small children, thereby discouraging, he says, "what would be the natural and probable increase in the population of Chicago, contrary to the injunction imposed upon our first parents upon their expulsion from the Garden of Eden to multiply and replenish the earth, and against the policy and purpose of our national administration," these landlords shall therefore be amerced in the sum of one hundred dollars each.

Without criticising the inaccuracies of Jonathan Ruxton's Bible chronology, and passing lightly over his endeavor to make out that the "national administration" has a "policy" in regard to parental fertility, it is still obvious that this proposed ordinance is fatally faulty from a legal viewpoint. Property-owners can evidently not be compelled to lease their houses to any person unless they please. And the real trouble anyway in last analysis is with the childless denizens of apartment-houses who are intolerant of childhood. Boys are boisterous. They muss things up. They make noise. Therefore they are not wanted. But that this intolerance should be so extreme seems odd from one point of view at least, for during the past year or so our "best magazines," supposedly reflectors of public taste, have been chuck-full of stories of children for grown-ups. The pudgy creations of Josephine Daskam have sprawled over their pages, the figure of faithful Emmy Lou has marched through the months, the children of Empeigh Merwyn have frolicked in many a number. That the literary child should be so extraordinarily popular while the real one is in considerable disfavor does seem a trifle queer.

Ever since the Rev. Heber Newton became pastor of the Memorial Church at Stanford, he has been the target for pungent criticism, not to use any stronger terms. The comments of certain Catholic journals of this city anent his "heresies" have been particularly acrid. Several clergymen of San José, we believe refused to have anything to do with the Reverend Newton's "conference of religions," even saying that missionaries should be sent to Stanford. And now, "a lady," resident in San Francisco, writes back to the New York Sun a sorrowful epistle asking for some good orthodox preacher to come over into California, and help us. "Please, please," she cries, "won't you let us waft him back to you again and send us a real live man."

In proof of her contention that the Reverend Newton is religiously not "a real live man" the San Francisco lady encloses in her letter a newspaper account of the religious symposium at Stanford a few weeks ago. That was, indeed, conducted in liberal spirit. Besides Dr. Newton, the speakers were the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a Unitarian; Dr. H. W. Thomas, who was several years ago expelled from the Methodist church for

heresy; Swami Ram, an Indian Vedantist; Anagariba Dharmapala, representing Buddhism; and Emlyn Lewys, of the Indian cult of Jain. Dr. Thomas, according to the *Chronicle*, said that all peoples believe the same thing; the differences are in definition. Swami Ram declared that "the Christianity of the New Testament was distinctly and characteristically Vedantic." Dr. Newton said that Christianity was not exclusive, but inclusive, of other religions. Dr. Jones, in conclusion, urged his hearers to "get to heaven by any road you like; choose a bypath if you will, but for the work needed in this world let's stand together."

But the *Sun* gives the orthodox and disturbed San Francisco lady cold comfort. It refers her to sermons preached on a recent Sunday by prominent New York clergymen. According to its account, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, a Congregationalist, told his audience that "religion does not ask you to be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian," but simply asks: "Do justly, love mercy, walk reverently with God." Dr. Parkhurst, a Presbyterian, defined a Christian as "a pure, honest, and unselfish man." "The spirit of these utterances," says the newspaper, "does not differ essentially from that expressed at the Stanford University conference, whether by Dr. Newton, by the Unitarian, by the Methodist heretic, or by the representatives of religions of India." And therefore the *Sun* confesses its inability to pick out "a real live man" to succeed Dr. Heber Newton.

There was, however, one clergyman speaking on this particular Sunday in New York State who might have filled the bill. Bishop Huntington, Episcopal in faith, rebuked his clergy for not preaching Hell. "Of a hundred average sermons," he asked, "do three proclaim it?"

But Bishop Huntington has reached four-score and five years. He can not be expected, under that weight of years, to heed even so poignant a cry for help as that of the San Francisco lady. And it must be painful to her to note that even he dashes her hopes of securing "a real live man" for Stanford by practically saying that only three clergymen out of a hundred preach Hell.

The question naturally occurs, Is it because Bishop Huntington learned his theology at Harvard in the years 1840-3—is it because he is a last leaf upon the bough—is it because he is eighty-five, that he so solitarily preaches the doctrine of fire and brimstone?

While the field of Republican politics contains but one avowed candidate for the next Presidential nomination, no one is likely, except for reasons of interest, to risk his reputation for foresight by indulging in vaticinations regarding the renomination of President Roosevelt while the convention is still a year and a quarter in the future. That is about the attitude of the editorial President-makers just now. Much has been said about the enemies the President has made in his own party, and the antagonism which anti-trust policies have promised him, but it is apparent that most of this is born in opposition circles and is part of a pre-convention Democratic campaign to sidetrack a candidate they would despair of beating at the polls. At the present moment Roosevelt is the only serious candidate considered. Fairbanks, Spooner, and Hanna have indeed been mentioned. The latter has repeatedly disavowed his candidacy, and is entitled to credence. The two others stand in the positions of residuary legatees in case the unexpected happens, and possibly have an eye on the Vice-Presidency.

With all his impulsiveness and independence, President Roosevelt seems not seriously to have impaired his chances in the convention. Lack of political tact

is the strongest charge against him, and that does not seem to be a strong card with the masses of the party who can force his nomination in spite of the politicians if they so desire. The reputation of the President for political strength and astuteness has been growing so rapidly as to make him practically the leader of his party. Proof of it is shown in the success of his policies. The Fifty-Seventh Congress has passed his anti-trust laws and his canal and Cuban treaties. It has concurred in his proposed changes in the immigration laws. It has adopted his policy of forest reserve regulations and extensions. It has inaugurated his plans for arid land reclamation and irrigation—plans which had lain dormant for years until he vitalized them by his insistence. It has followed his suggestions in the reorganization of the army, and creation of a general staff, and in the increase of the navy and provisions for manning the ships. A President with such a record may be deemed successful, and another year of the same kind would certainly tend to make him almost invulnerable as a candidate for the nomination. Senator Hanna is reported as having told the President that he would be renominated and elected, and whatever else he may be, Senator Hanna is a pretty good politician.

The three-penny Thunderer of London is not so slow after all, considering that it is the first newspaper in the world to print real news dispatches sent across the ocean by wireless telegraphy. An item in the New York Sun says that on Sunday last the Times printed two such paragraphs, each one of about two hundred words, under the heading, "[By Marconigraph.]" The Times editorially points out, that the messages mark the establishment of a regular news service by the Marconi company upon a contract basis, and an epoch in the development of Marconigraphy. Such dispatches, it says, can be sent across the Atlantic at a cost only a little in excess of the cable rate between England and France.

It is worthy of note that California has the honor of being the scene of publication of one of the first town newspapers, if not the first town newspaper, made up wholly of Marconigrams. A week ago there appeared at Avalon, on Catalina Island, a little sheet called the *Wireless*, all the news for which was sent through the air from San Pedro, twenty-five miles away. There is some difference, however, between messages sent twenty-five miles and those sent two thousand, as were the Times's.

We see that the Times adheres resolutely to the word Marconigram as a name for the wireless message. The London Times, if any paper, should be able to make the name stick, and we hope it will stick, however inventors of would-be-rival systems may howl and kick out of traces. The adoption of such a terminology would be none too great an honor for the world to confer on Guglielmo Marconi.

The campaign of the French Government against the monastic order has reached an interesting point, from which its future course is not easy to foresee. Some fifty-four clerical orders recently applied, under the law of associations, for authority to conduct schools. The matter came up March 18th in the French assembly on an elaborate report on the subject by M. Barbier. That body took up the cases separately, and came to the conclusion that all of the orders applying not only were, but long had been, without warrant of law. Their applications were rejected by a vote of 300 to 257. It is this small comparative majority of 43 which gives the situation a critical aspect. A slight change of votes would have defeated the ministry, and its resignation would have been required. The puzzling question is, whether the anti-clerical course of Premier Combes having brought himself and colleagues to the verge of defeat in the assembly, the war against the orders will be henceforth as relentlessly pursued, and whether it can possibly continue so far as to bring about an abolition of the Concordat and a consequent divorce between Church and State.

One of the arguments against the clericals is that they are inimical to the Republic. On the other hand, the Pope has steadily advised French churchmen to accept the republican régime and refrain from royalist schemes to revive either the Bourbon or Napoleonic dynasties. He is giving no excuse for a breach between Church and State, and it is safe to presume that none will occur, unless he is succeeded by a Pontiff with decidedly reactionary views.

Not the least interesting fact regarding the marvelous newly discovered element, radium, is that it was first identified by a woman, Mme. Curie, who engages in complex chemical experiments in company with her husband. The more that is learned of radium the more wonderful does the metal seem, and the greater, therefore, will be Mme. Curie's fame. Radium is a constituent of pitchblende, which itself is rare. From a ton of pitchblende only fifteen and one-half grains of radium can be extracted, and that with the utmost difficulty. A gram of radium is now estimated to be worth \$2,000, and the value of a kilogram (a trifle over two pounds) is theoretically placed at about \$2,000,000. Radium would, however, be an awkward thing to have about the house. "Probably if half a kilogram were in a bottle on that table," said Sir William Crookes, in a lecture, recently, "it would kill us all. It would almost certainly destroy our sight and burn our skins to such an extent that we could not survive." Radium is self-luminous, shining with a bluish light. It also continuously gives off "particles" or "electrons," with a

velocity approaching that of light. The energy so developed by a single gram is said by Professor Crookes to be "enough to lift the whole of the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis; and I am not quite certain that we could not throw in the French fleet as well." Whence comes this tremendous energy? That is the question which now perplexes physicists. The law of conservation of energy seems to be in the balance. From nothing can come nothing is the first law of physics, yet radium seems to give off particles indefinitely, and to lose not at all in mass. And as if this were not enough of a marvel, M. Curie stated to the French Academy only a few days ago that radium also gives off heat, constantly maintaining its temperature 2.7° F. above its environment. From where does this heat come? Very likely it will eventually be found that radium does actually lose in weight, but the loss must be infinitesimal. Not since the discovery of the Roentgen rays have so interesting chemico-physical questions been raised as those regarding radium.

The news that Mrs. Florence Maybrick will be released in 1904 appears to be authentic. At that time will be ended one of the most celebrated cases in the annals of crime. In 1879, at the age of seventeen, this beautiful daughter of a Mohile banker married James Maybrick, a Liverpool merchant, aged forty. He was a half-worn-out debauchee, and an arsenic eater. Both husband and wife violated their marriage vows. In 1889, he died, after a short illness. Arsenic was found in his stomach, and in food Mrs. Maybrick had prepared for him. In the trial that followed, the judge, Sir James Stephen, charged so strongly against the prisoner that the jury had no choice but to bring in a verdict of guilty. Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death. This sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. Partisans of Mrs. Maybrick are wont to make much of the fact that shortly after the trial the judge became a raving maniac, and later died in the mad-house. Whether Mrs. Maybrick was or was not guilty will probably never be known. Her release, when it is effected, will be by royal pardon. Certainly it will be greeted with joy by the great mass of the American people whose sympathy she has always had and who, in the past, have vainly petitioned the English authorities in her behalf.

If the statements made by Rev. Henry L. Hutchins, in a paper recently read before the Connecticut Bible Society are correct, the moral and physical extinction of the New England Yankee is drawing near. It has long been known how foreign immigration has supplanted native Americans in the large New England cities. Mr. Hutchins's observations have been confined to the small rural towns of New England, where he finds similar conditions, with complications. Intermarrying of neighbors and relatives, or abstention from marrying at all, he says, has weakened the moral fibre of the Yankee stock in many such communities. In consequence, illiteracy, insanity, and imbecility are becoming more and more frequent. The offspring of this "dead Yankee blood" become degenerate, and are forming a class to which he refers as "the poor whites of the North." At the same time a new stock of foreigners is coming in, first as hirelings, afterward as property-owners, and revolutionizing the character of the New England population. The coming American race will be determined by the character of our immigrants. In the large cities native whites of native parentage comprise only from 17 to 35 per cent. of the inhabitants. San Francisco is rated at 24.4 per cent. There are manifestly good reasons for looking after our immigration laws and sifting the material offered from abroad.

The best judgment obtainable at the present time is that the repeated asseverations that a growing conflict of interests between Germany and the United States exists, and is likely to result in war, are not based on any very solid foundation. The alleged causes are German need of expansion and desire for colonies on this continent; irritation on being confronted with the Monroe Doctrine; and exasperation engendered by the workings of the American tariff. Chancellor Von Buelow is making repeated statements in the Reichstag that Germany had no intention to grab land in connection with the recent Venezuela matter, and, though it is intimated that he "doth protest too much," it must be admitted that the incidents of that affair tend to confirm his announcements. Both Germany and England gave evidence of good faith. They consulted with the United States in advance as to their programme, and, receiving indorsement, pursued it within the understanding agreed upon by the diplomats. The official pressure for Pan-Germanism is not alarming either wing of this continent. Emigration from Germany has been large, and has been valuable to the countries it has sought. Most of the emigrants left their native land to escape from a paternalism which they would hesitate to accept again in their new homes. Even in Brazil the Germans number only about 400,000 in a population of 18,000,000, and could not turn that country into a German colony if they would, and would not if they could. The sphere of German expansion is rather in the East than in the West. Asia Minor and possibly China offer the line of least resistance, while this continent is practically closed to foreign colonization by the Monroe Doctrine, enforced by the United States, and approved by Great Britain. As to the tariff, it is true that our schedules do not please the Germans, and in the growing indifference to reciprocity treaties in the United States may be seen a reason why that dissatisfaction may continue for some time. The weapon which Germany may consistently use against it is retaliation, and they are using that weapon in the form of a new tariff of their own, which may affect our food exports. It is legitimate as a commercial reprisal, and may eventually exact concessions, but war would not pay, and the mooted European tariff combination against the United States is practically abandoned as

not only futile but impossible. Our trade is too valuable and our food products too necessary abroad to be the subjects of an embargo, and it is not noticeable that any respectable foreign power is going about with a chip on its shoulder.

Uneasy lies the head that tries to run a political party, and, if the reports now current are to be believed, Mayor Schmitz is finding this out. The trouble between Michael Casey and the mayor is no secret. Casey was the appointee of the mayor on the board of public works, but it seems that the creature is greater than his creator. Casey was made president of the board of public works. He is *ex officio* a member of the board of health, and was elected president of that body. As president of the latter body he was able to prevent Mayor Schmitz from securing the extensive patronage of the health department. That precipitated the struggle between the two, but it by no means marked the limit of Casey's ambition. He aspired to the control of the Union Labor party, and he seems to have gained it. At the last session of the legislature, Ruef had a bill passed providing that an injunction would not lie to restrain the removal by the mayor of any of his appointees. This would enable the mayor to remove Casey. But Casey secured the passage of a resolution by the county committee of the Union Labor party requesting the governor to veto the bill. That body is thus arrayed against the mayor, and with Casey. It is said that Casey does not aspire to be mayor, but would prefer the shrievalty instead. There is small comfort for Schmitz in this, however, for his following in the Union Labor party is now said to be small, and without the Union Labor nomination he has small chance of being taken up by the Republicans, particularly after his participation in the Hearst campaign.

There is trouble in the Red Cross Society, which Miss Clara Barton, by her individual exertions, succeeded in establishing about twenty-two years ago, and of which she has since been the head and front. The trouble arises from the very absolutism of her control, combined with the probability that she is getting too far along in years to handle the organization as efficiently as of yore. Under the charter from Congress, Miss Barton was enabled to name the incorporators and their successors since that time. Her opponents say that she has used her power for her own fame and aggrandizement to such an extent that the society has become a sort of admiration club instead of a relief association. They are urging the incorporators to petition Congress for her removal. As she has been elected president for life all that can be done is to induce her to resign or prevail upon Congress to revoke the charter, and leave the field open for a reorganization. Miss Barton has her defenders, and no one questions the good work she has done, both effectively and unselfishly. It may be, however, that she has held on to the work too long, and that it would have been better, both for herself and the Red Cross, if she had gracefully retired at the height of her fame. She is, we believe, now seventy-three years old.

Some time ago the teachers of Chicago formed themselves into a union—whether they would call it a trade-union or a professional union we do not know. The teachers of San José, ever progressive, have followed their example. The San José union has also affiliated itself with the Santa Clara Labor Council. It is reported that a second union is to be formed by the teachers of Santa Clara County. This action on the part of the teachers raises some very interesting questions. Do the teachers of San José propose to go out on strike? And if so, whom would they be striking against, the board of education, or the people, including themselves? Will they indulge in sympathetic strikes when ordered to do so by the Labor Council? If they do, how will they discriminate between the children of their fellow-strikers and those of the outside barbarians? Or will the strikers' children also be denied the privileges of education? Will they decline to use materials in the school made by "scab" laborers? Will they permit the children to use such materials? Must the imprint of the Labor Council appear at the head of all written work banded in by the children? Will all other teachers become eczematous? The future has unlimited possibilities when the teachers join the ranks of organized labor.

On the assurance by the President, through Secretary Hay, that the United States Congress would be called in special session before December 1st to act on the Cuban reciprocity treaty, the Cuban senate on Saturday ratified it without amendment by a vote of twelve to four. Now the matter is up to the House of the newly elected Fifty-Eighth Congress. It is idle to guess at whether they will approve the treaty or not, but a bitter fight—and that in the ranks of the Republican party—is certain. California, despite the defection of her senior senator, is practically a unit against it. "Of all forms of reciprocity the Cuban treaty is the worst," says the *Chronicle*. "It establishes the principle of favoritism, both at home and abroad," says the *Call*. "It favors certain lines of Eastern manufactures at the expense of young and growing home industries," says the *Los Angeles Herald*. And they are right. Why should the interests of Californians be sacrificed to those of Cubans?

The board of supervisors has decided that the growth of the city demands that certain permanent improvements should be made, and the people are to be called upon to decide whether they shall be made. A special election will be held shortly to decide whether bonds in the sum of \$13,150,000 shall be authorized. It is proposed to issue the bonds only as they are needed, but it is considered best that all should

authorized at the same time. The improvements for which these bonds are asked are: Hospital, \$500,000; sewers, \$5,500,000; schools and sites, \$2,500,000; county jail addition to the Hall of Justice, \$750,000; park and Presidio extension, \$270,000; children's playgrounds, one in the northern and one in the southern part of the city, \$360,000; repairing streets, \$1,000,000; Telegraph Hill Park, \$460,000; Twin Peaks Park, \$140,000; St. Mary's Square, \$200,000; Mission Park, \$270,000; public library building and site, \$1,000,000. The necessity for the hospital has been discussed in these columns several times; a comprehensive sewer system has been planned by the board of public works, and the money is asked for its construction; the need of school accommodations has been felt for a long time; the present county jail is antiquated; the children's playgrounds are asked to enable the children to grow into healthy men and women; the public library building is asked because the institution has outgrown its present quarters, and its present quarters are needed for other purposes; the other improvements are in response to general demands.

The decision of the Secretary of the Interior to grant a rehearing of this city's application for a right of way through the Yosemite National Park, for the pipe line of the proposed water supply, was a decided victory for San Francisco. It is a rule of the department that no rehearings shall be granted in such cases, but City Attorney Lane, who has gone to Washington to look after the city's interests in the matter, presented facts that put the case in such a new light that Secretary Hitchcock set the rule aside. The fact seems to be that the Secretary misunderstood the application entirely. He seemed to think that the water supply of the Yosemite Valley was to be drawn upon, or that other vested rights of the people were to be interfered with. When he learned that the application was merely for permission to carry the pipe line across the park a distance of forty miles from the valley itself, he granted the rehearing, and it is probable that later he will grant the application. This victory is one that will interest other cities as well. The recent legislature passed a law that cities may join together in building and maintaining water-works, and, as the proposed supply is ample for all demands that may be made upon it, it is likely that Oakland, and other cities along the route, will want to join with San Francisco. Sacramento, for instance, would probably be pleased to improve its water supply.

The California Mine Operators' Association is an organization recently formed in this city. Its purpose, according to the constitution adopted, is to foster and develop mining in this State in all its branches. This formal statement, however, covers the intention of cooperating among themselves for protection against the demands of the Western Federation of Miners, as is seen by a resolution adopted at the first meeting, declaring that whereas the association believes in equal rights to all and special privileges to none, it will not discriminate, in the employment of labor, against non-union men. The association recognizes the right of miners to form a union if they desire to do so, and will also recognize the right of the union to discuss hours and wages. But the question whom they shall employ and whom they shall not, the operators insist upon reserving to themselves. As this is just the point that the federation refuses to concede, there is likely to be a conflict between the two organizations. The operators claim to be prepared for such a conflict, and threaten to import miners from other States if they can not get enough labor on their own terms to work the mines.

An interesting item appeared in print the other day regarding the city prison's free lodgers. It seems that men who apply there for a night's shelter are never turned away. During January, 2,000 were given blankets and a bed on the floor. In February there were 1,570. Applicants for prison beds must appear before midnight to gain admittance. About five-thirty they are lined up and discharged, each being given a third of a loaf of bread and coffee *ad libitum*. Of late, the number of "guests" has rapidly diminished. Where once there were a hundred, now there are ten. A bed on a mossy bank in California's hills or valleys is now superior to those in San Francisco's donjon keep. Spring and the country call, the hohoes must away. But they'll all be back in chill November, so the police say, to enjoy again the city's generous—possibly too generous—hospitality.

On Saturday last, Manager Chapman, of the United Railroads, made detailed answer to the numerous demands of the men, wherein he declined to grant all the more important of them, but agreed to submit them to the arbitration of W. D. Mahon, national president of the street railway employees union, and Patrick Calhoun, of New York, on the part of the company. He however excepted from arbitration demands whose acceptance would impair the company's right to hire or discharge men. The carmen, in mass-meeting assembled, have accepted Manager Chapman's terms. The danger of a strike is now extremely small.

One day last week Morgan casually remarked that prosperity would continue. At once, the markets in London became firm. In Liverpool stocks soared. In Berlin they became buoyant. The downcast bulls of the Paris bourse took heart. In New York hordes of buyers rushed wildly into the stock pits and bought, bought much, bought anything. Shares advanced from fractions to five points. No one questioned the word of Morgan, no one doubted, no one denied. For do we. Great is Morgan. Great is Allah—and Morgan. For ought we to say, Great is Morgan—and Allah? We guess we had.

TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION."

Powerful Drama by Henri Bataille Based on the Great Russian's Last Novel—Blanche Walsh as Maslova—A Tearful Audience—The Play's Strong Points.

New York has evinced a tendency this winter to patronize serious dramas, even though they have a leaning toward the horrible. Mary Shaw in "Ghosts," of which I wrote a week or two ago, has been such a success that it has gone on tour through the Middle and North-West. I am rather curious to see how they will behave to it in Chicago, which, in certain ways, is a more progressive city than New York, and the people of which, like the Athenians, spend their time in telling and hearing some new thing. Here, there is no doubt, a good deal of its vogue rose from its purely horrible side. Quantities of people went to see it because they heard it was blood-curdling, and supposed the "ghosts" referred to were spectres that walked in the glimpses of the moon.

Now "Resurrection" has been produced at Hammerstein's, and everybody is going, and there is a deal of talk about it, the papers showing a tendency to "take sides," and the syndicate and the anti-syndicate journals being quite heated in their comments for and against. From the advance notices, one extracted nothing but the idea that a great masterpiece was to be butchered to make a Roman holiday. "Resurrection" was going to be a sensational success of the "popular" kind. The management had difficulty in getting an actress to play Maslova, and there was, at one time, a hair-raising rumor that the part had been offered to Mrs. Potter. Fortunately, we were spared that. But it seemed only one degree better when the announcement was made that Blanche Walsh would play it—one of the most subtle delineations of female character in fiction.

We all knew Blanche Walsh as a handsome, wooden woman, educated in the least intellectual traditions of road-acting. She has never, so far as I know, shown any unusual degree of intelligence, fineness, or distinction. She is hard, dry, and unimaginative. I have always supposed that such position as she has gained has been through her striking appearance (for she is unusually fine looking), her full, rich voice, and a sort of stagey dignity which fitted her for the parts of queens and rulers that she played in the Sardou dramas. That she had any qualifications to delineate such a heart-stirring and piercingly tragic character as Maslova I never should have imagined. In thinking over the actresses now playing in New York who could have done it, I came to the conclusion Blanche Bates would have been better than any of the others. She has the physical force and richness that the character needed, and behind that a better intelligence, keener intuitive powers than the other domestic stars.

But Blanche Walsh! Only to think of her, and then to think of Tolstoy's description of Maslova—not Maslova in her happy youth and innocence, but Maslova arraigned in a court-room for murder—was to realize how unsuitable she was. As for Hawthorn as Prince Dmitri Nekhludoff, I only knew him as a good, old-fashioned, reliable actor of the "legit." He was a worthy Cassius in Mansfield's "Julius Caesar," though of the slow-articulating, rhetorical, traditional style. How he was going to portray a fast, up-to-date Russian nobleman, struck in mid-career by a tremendous psychological revolution, was a question that seemed to have only one answer. Altogether it sounded anything but promising, and many people felt they would not risk the disillusion of seeing "Resurrection." The curious, who did not know the book, or to whom it was not a revered, almost a sacred, thing, went, and they reported the performance as "fine but very sad."

After some hesitation I finally went last week, and came away curiously impressed—as much by a crowded house, the female portion of which wept copiously, as by the superb vitality of the unmatchable "story," and the unexpected acting of Blanche Walsh. It was worth while. I am not sure it was not "an experience."

The drama—it is the French adaptation of Henri Bataille—follows the story as Tolstoy wrote it with unusual fidelity. Of course, the inspiration of the master mind that shone through the book like a sword of light, is missing. But those critics who say the name Count Leo Tolstoy might as well be taken off the bills, so little relation does the play bear to his book, are mistaken. Even the bare skeleton of his novel has nobility and purpose in its faintest outlines. From its inception to its ending sentence this amazing book is inspired by the loftiest intention—an intention so lofty that the apathetic majority say its author is mad—and so strong is this intention that it animates and almost uplifts the ordinary melodrama ordinary minds have made from it.

There were four great "points" in the story, and into each of these, as he read, we may imagine Henri Bataille sticking a pin. The first is the betrayal and desertion of Maslova by Prince Dmitri Nekhludoff, the second Maslova's trial for murder ten years later, the third her exile to Siberia, the fourth Dmitri's voluntary exile with her and offer to marry her. These "points" occur in the play with as much fidelity to the story as the dramatic form permits. They make of themselves a prologue and three acts. To hold them together two other acts, also drawn with as much exactitude as possible from the novel, are introduced as connectives. These are the scene at the old princesses, where Dmitri goes, sickened and appalled by the trial he has witnessed in the court-room; and

the scene in the infirmary of the prison, where an orderly proffers love to Maslova, is repulsed by her, and tells a lie incriminating her to protect himself. From the point of view of stage technique these two connecting acts are skillfully introduced, the first showing Dmitri's growing hatred of the life that has fostered his sins and protected his weaknesses, and the second Maslova's early efforts toward reform and the difficulties encountered.

The most noteworthy point of resemblance between the book and its dramatization is that the ending is the same. This strikes me as truly remarkable. That a popular stage arrangement of a never popular novel should have kept to the loftily impersonal ending of that novel is extraordinary. Of course the spectators who do not know "Resurrection" expect Maslova and Dmitri to marry and go home to his princely castle hand in hand. Instead, they separate, Maslova telling him of her intention to marry Simonson, the political prisoner, for whom she has but a calm, sisterly regard, but with whom her life may become more useful to those fallen as she was and looking for a helping hand. Tolstoy's idea that the fires in these rebellious hearts had been burned out, and they had risen above themselves to the larger plane where love is not "an egotism of two" but a universal gospel, has been preserved in a scene which, in spite of bad acting and difficult dialogue, still retains something of its original nobility. I noticed that it seemed to affect the audience deeply. Even some of the men looked tearful. Nearly the whole house had expected the reformed street-walker would marry the prince, and they could not get reconciled to this new point of view.

Viewing "Resurrection" as "a good play" it has several striking scenes, most of which in the New York production are exaggerated and overdone. The second act shows the jury-room, after the dismissal of the prisoner. This is meant to be and ought to be an exceedingly novel and interesting representation. For some reason or other they burlesque it so that it is almost absurd. Some of the jurors are so made up that they look like figures out of comic operas. The dialogue is good, short, pithy, and occasionally humorous. But nearly every player over-did his part and added to the effect of clumsy buffonery, so that when Nekhludoff comes in with the heavy tragedy of his first throes of repentance, he is like a singer that suddenly begins to shout off the key.

What the average newspaper scribe calls "the strong scene," is that in the Woman's Prison in Moscow after Maslova's conviction and sentence. It is difficult to say where art and realism should meet in portraying such backwaters of life as this. Any one who has read the book will remember the horrors of the place, described with an unemotional exactness which alone rendered the description endurable. The scene, as played here, has the same quality of burlesque in it that the jury-room one shows. Only it is in a lesser degree. The sweepings of the Moscow gutters indulge in rather terrifying horse-play, while the consumptive woman coughs in the corner and the moans of the deacon's daughter who murdered her baby beat on the general racket.

This is the scene in which Blanche Walsh astonished everybody by displaying a coarse but rugged power. As far as I was concerned, her playing was an overwhelming surprise. She is horribly realistic. The degradation of what was once a lovely and gracious being, is complete. A less sensitive man than Nekhludoff might have shuddered and shrunk before the ruin he had made in a fellow-creature's soul. This whole scene—following the book with careful closeness—is terrible and arresting. There is nothing cheap or theatrical in it till, at the end, the woman, half-drunk, swayed by an almost bestial rage and misery, sees the crucifix hanging on the wall. The prince is gone, the money he gave her lies torn on the floor, with sudden eyes she looks at the image, a glimmer of intelligence crossing her face. This is the most stagey point in the act; but it can not be denied that it is theatrically effective. The distinct weakness of the performance, that in which the dramatist completely failed, is the character of Dmitri Nekhludoff. And this was hardly his fault, as Nekhludoff's "change of heart" is a complicated, psychological process entirely unsuited for stage representation. In the play he has got to be an ordinary, selfish, mean-souled man of the world, who, suddenly faced by the consequences of his sin, is struck into a frenzy of repentance. And this sort of man, loudly repenting and yowling over his past, is even more irritating on the stage than he would be in real life. The dramatist tried to make him a little more comprehensible to the ordinary unrepenting spectator by making him say "Poor Little Maslova! How I loved her!" which only rendered him a thousand times more contemptible and exasperating.

These people, who repent at the last moment, having had as much amusement as they knew how to get, are exceedingly unsympathetic figures to put on the stage in a country as humorously sane as ours. The elder brother of the Prodigal Son always has had the community's approval and affection. In the book Nekhludoff does unquestionably raise Maslova, as he himself rises, to that resurrection which lifts them both. But in the play these spiritual tumults and periods of growth are not seen, and we only have a man, at one moment priggish, at the next hysterical, standing in the centre of the stage and talking to everybody about his sorrow and his repentance, till one is quite sick of him and wishes he would go away or be still.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, March 24, 1903.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY.

A Romance of San Francisco in the 'Fifties.

Even in the 'fifties there were social lines in San Francisco drawn hard and fast, and although they might sometimes be made to zigzag in order to get around an obstacle, they were none the less in evidence. In the case of Mme. Delmar and the beautiful Veronica the clan was divided into hostile camps. In the conservative set the name of Mme. Delmar was always mentioned with a shrugging of the shoulders and an uplifting of the eyebrows, but they of the radical camp boldly opened their arms to this woman who carried herself with the air of a duchess. In this infant city there was no ancient history, they argued, and needless to say this was the prosperous camp that took things as they came, and floated on the high tide. With them it was not considered polite to have a family tree where there were so many suspected pasts and so many obvious futures, and every house in the town, from the stately row in South Park to the cabins at the foot of the hill, was built more or less of glass. The society that was characterized as "Gringo and diluted Castilian," with the accent on the adjective, was a society of the present.

As for Veronica, what else could they do but take her in? Therein may have lain the secret of their generosity toward her mother. Veronica, with her radiant beauty, her rather startling love of display and high-handed manners, was not a good foil for the average girl, but because of her marvelous voice and great musical talent, no social gathering ever seemed complete without her. As for the men of the town, they were all frankly in love with her, for no one seemed to try to resist the spell of her fascination. When she danced, the circle of aspirants for a waltz closed her in until the last one was gone; when she sang, every black-coat in the room seemed irresistibly drawn in a mystic circle around the piano; and when the evening was spent and Veronica had said good-night, the more ardent of her adorers skurried to the corner she must pass, in order to get a last careless nod and another glance from those burning eyes, as bright as the stars above her.

All this homage the haughty Veronica accepted with a nonchalant indifference, as the gorgeous scarlet poppies in her balcony accepted the suns and dews from heaven as their own inalienable right, and drooped and died without them.

To Mr. Alfred Starkweather Little, of Baltimore, this state of affairs was not long to be endured. The girl had managed to be the centre of their admiration without showing the least preference for any one in particular, but when "Little Baltimore," as he had come to be called, felt his heart beat seriously for the first time, he determined, with all the ardor of his twenty-five untried years, that this woman, and no other, should be his wife, and that right away. In those white-heat days, when a year was told off in heart-throbs, when a man lived a lifetime of ups and downs in a few months, patience was a lost virtue. Consequently, "Little Baltimore," fired with the courage that dares, decided a frank understanding, however desperate, would be preferable to the indifference and coquetry that tortured him now by turns.

Alighting one evening from the lumbering omnibus that ran out to South Park, Mr. Alfred Starkweather Little, with his indestructible Baltimore dignity, approached the Olympus of his divinity. As he entered the hallway, the melting tones that had first set his heartstrings to vibrating, reached his ear:

"Le parlare d'amor
O care fior."

Taking the selection for an auspicious omen, he advanced, unannounced. Miss Delmar was seated at the piano, one of the few bulky, old square pianos that had at that early time made their way around the Horn. Half rising and still strumming lightly with her left hand, she nodded indifferently, and said: "Oh, it's you again, is it?"

Taking the outposts at a dash, Little Baltimore answered: "Yes, it is I, and more fortunate than I had dared to hope in finding you alone."

"And more unfortunate than you suspected, because I am in a most disagreeable mood," the girl answered, ungraciously.

"Impossible!" Little Baltimore interrupted, with lover-like enthusiasm.

"Impossible!" the scornful lips mocked; "you know nothing about it. I am simply dying of disgust with this miserable little sand-hill village." She struck the keys a petulant bang, and faced him. "Fancy what a life this is for me, stranded in this social desert, with no advantages, no opportunities, nothing!"

"What more would you ask?" Little ventured, making a mental review of the serried ranks of her adorers.

"What more would I have?" she repeated; "I would have a chance to live in a congenial atmosphere, to drink deep and live high while life lasts. Position in a city where the men are not all miners or gamblers and the women yesterday's washerwomen. And travel," she went on, her eyes flashing and her nostrils dilating, "a chance to see the world, hear good music—be myself, perhaps, a queen of song in a world of music-lovers and artists. . . . Yes, that is all I want, but that I must have, and I'm ready to give my soul in return for it."

"But even that can not bring you happiness," Little remonstrated; "there's nothing half so sweet in

life as love's young dream," and if you knew, Veronica, how I love you—"

The haughty head went back, the defiant eyes blazed at him a moment in amazement; then, with a burst of mocking laughter, she said: "Oh, my poor friend, you must be crazy. Let us talk no more about it. We will have a little music to dissipate your sentimental mood." And giving herself no further trouble about Little Baltimore, she turned and continued her song.

Without stopping to say good-by forever, Little, cut to the quick by the girl's disdain, arose and left. The sound of her voice still reached him on the broad flagged steps, and the last echo of "Ditele che l'adoro" was drowned in the March wind that surged over the sand dunes and down the street like a great sob.

After that evening Alfred Little was no longer a prominent figure of San Francisco's gilded youth. As soon as he could transfer his interests in the city, he went up to the mines, and after having tried mining with but indifferent success, he sailed for the Orient. Several years spent in restless activity started him on his second quarter-century wiser and somewhat sobered. In time he returned to his native heath to take up his life seriously and slip into the vacancy in the firm made by his father's death.

From time to time, Little met old friends who, like himself, had turned their backs upon the allurements of the Golden West, and occasional reports reached him of the ambitious marriage of the beautiful Veronica. She had married a fortune as great as her wildest dreams could fancy, and was queening it to her heart's content. After a number of years some one else returned with marvelous tales of merchants, wealthy in Little's time, who had lost every cent and turned bartender; washerwomen whose husbands had "struck it rich," who were riding in satin-lined carriages and struggling with their brogues; music-hall favorites who had married respectable faro-dealers and become models of propriety and leaders of society, and other gossip characteristic of the mushroom growth of the sand-hill city. And Little realized how well his wound had healed when he heard, without a tremor, the name of the dashing Veronica connected lightly with that of a soulful tenor. It had been at first against his will that he had come to admit there were still many women in the world, or many voices, either, that, while lacking the depth and penetrative power of the one that had first awakened him, were sweeter and more tender; and many eyes less flashing and fiery, perhaps, but clearer and more steady.

It was long after this consciousness had forced itself upon him that the business of the firm required his presence again on the Western Coast. The run across the continent was now accomplished in a few days, and the thriving, prosperous city with its streets, hotels, street-car system, and docks had nothing but the name in common with the "miserable little sand-hill village" he had left a decade before. Hills had been cut down and hollows filled in. Montgomery Street, the original high-water mark, was now the centre of the town. The colony of wooden shacks around the old Portsmouth Plaza had given place to substantial buildings. The slough where he had once shot mud-hens was now lower Jackson Street. "Happy Valley" was now only a tradition, and the sacred precinct of South Park was given over to tenement and boarding-houses.

Revisiting these only half-familiar scenes of his youth brought with it a feeling as of revisiting the earth after having lain centuries dead. The old plaza was one of the least changed spots in the city, and it was there that Little always turned his wandering steps. During the day it, too, was invaded by the bustling crowds, but with the nightfall came some of the old familiar figures, as of the ghosts of the pioneers. The gas-jets flared into their heavily bearded faces and bizarre costumes, and the old babel of strange tongues fell upon his ears, and sometimes even the tinkle of a guitar, accompanied by a husky voice, almost completed the illusion that he was again in the days of old.

So it seemed almost natural one evening that some one in passing should be humming to himself the opening bars of "The Flower Song." Perhaps a day never passes that some light young heart coming up from the Italian quarter does not whistle or sing it to himself and pass unnoticed, but this night the idle humming touched a chord in the heart of a listener that sent the dream-echoes vibrating down the corridors of memory and ringing, singing indefinitely on. Again this sober, heavy-set man was a hot-headed youth of twenty-five, and again he saw, in fancy, as he had not seen for twenty years, the proud and scornful beauty, Veronica Delmar. The careless tones of the passer had died into a far, faint diminuendo, but as Little listened, he felt again the beating heart and bounding hope with which he had hailed the omnibus that day to take him to the Olympus of his divinity.

His reverie was disturbed by the approach of a pair of strolling musicians—a man and woman, leading a tired, overworked little monkey by a chain. The figures of the singers were indistinct under the flare of the street lights, but the outline of a big fellow in a slouch hat and cloak, loosely draped over his shoulders, was easily discerned above the heads of the widening circle of listeners. As Little turned idly to watch the group, they began to sing the popular songs of the day, after which the monkey took off his cap and held it for contributions. As the crowd increased, drawn by the shouts of laughter elicited by the monkey's begging, the shower of coins grew too valuable for the monkey's handling, so the man drew the little beggar to his

shoulder and took off his own hat off, handing his guitar to his companion.

The woman, to Little's surprise, instead of continuing with the class of music that had first attracted the crowd, struck a few chords and began the serenade from "Don Pasquale." The voice of the singer lacked volume, but was so pure and managed with such consummate art, that the listeners were from the first surprised and interested. Although at times the woman seemed rather to sigh than to sing, the articulation was so perfect that not a word was lost. Even at his distance Little caught the lowest notes, and their penetrating clearness touched a chord in his nature that had not vibrated for years. Here was an inexplicable emotion! He sought to explain it by the dreaming to which he had been giving himself up, and which had worked upon his imagination. Nevertheless, he pressed his way closer into the crowd to get a better view of the singer.

When that song was finished, some one called for a selection from "Carmen." The woman shook her head, fearing her voice was not powerful enough for such dramatic music, and chose instead a Miserere. The poor soul had reason to avoid a score whose impassioned strains surpassed the range of her broken voice. By the time the Miserere was ended, some of the crowd had moved on, giving Little a chance to join the front row.

One glance into the face of the artist who had sung the serenade made him draw back. Then he looked again in horror. In spite of her age (she seemed to have passed forty) and in spite of the drawn features and parchment-like skin, the woman bore a strange resemblance to the beautiful Veronica Delmar. There were the same loose locks of hair waving over a low forehead, the same deep eyes, the same scornful mouth that, when the coins jingled generously into the hat, brightened with a weary smile. The sloping shoulders and graceful head were carried as proudly as in the old days. Was all this merely a trick of the imagination, Little asked himself, or was this indeed the proud, ambitious girl who had once been so cruel? The singer was certainly about the age Veronica must be, wherever she was, but the puffy eyelids, the sunken cheeks, the tawdry dress, all told of years of misery and debauch. Although he assured himself over and over this was only a chance resemblance, he could not take his eyes off the woman's face, so like and yet so strangely unlike was she to the beautiful girl of twenty years ago.

When, in turn, the woman took the hat to offer it for contributions, Little drew slightly aside so that she would have to go beyond the circle to reach him. Dropping a much heavier coin into the old hat than it had ever felt before, he caused the woman to look up quickly into his face, with a smile of gratitude. This gave him a chance to settle his doubts.

"Veronica!" he said, impulsively.

The woman started nervously, and fixed her great eyes upon him.

"I am one of your old friends," he continued, "do you remember me?"

At that moment the man came up to her to get his hat, and the face of the singer showed her fear of him. She gave Little a warning glance, and turned hastily aside. She seemed to be struggling between her humiliated pride and aroused curiosity. At last, taking up the guitar, she moved a step or two toward Little, and began:

"Le parlare d'amor."

Her clear, penetrating tones rose in the stillness of the night like a melancholy echo of the past:

"O care fior
Ditele che l'adoro."

The choice of "The Flower Song" dissipated Little's last doubt. This was the voice that had charmed his youth and shattered the dream of his first love.

When the crowd grew tired and began to disperse, the singers turned down toward the Italian quarter, Little following at a short distance. The woman, too, loitered a few steps behind her companion, hoping, perhaps, for one more word with this link with her happy past. But at the side entrance of a cheap little wine-shop the man stopped and turned with an imperious "Veronica, vieni!"

With a slight shrug, as if nothing mattered much any way, the woman hastened her steps and both disappeared behind the swinging doors.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1903.

President Roosevelt has selected Wayne MacVeagh, of Philadelphia, who was a member of the Cabinet of President Garfield, to represent the United States at The Hague when the arbitration tribunal considers the question of preferential treatment as between the allied and non-allied powers having claims against Venezuela. In 1893 he was made ambassador to Italy, which post he held until 1897. Since that time he has practiced law in Philadelphia, though spending much of his time in Washington.

A young woman, tried at Marion, S. C., on a charge of murder for killing a man to whom she claimed to have been secretly married, was acquitted by the jury, and the judge of the court then imposed upon her a fine of twenty dollars for carrying a pistol, contrary to the law of the State. The spectators in the court-room, who had applauded the verdict, made up the amount of the fine and presented it to her, and she departed for her home a free woman.

ANECDOTES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

General Chaffee's Ordeal at the Bi-Weekly Manila Reception—
How Our Giant Officials Impress the Filipino Women—
Governor Taft's Versatile Secretary.

Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, who is slated as second in succession to General Miles, is a soldier all through, and a soldier all the time. If there is ever an occasion which pulls him "off guard" it is a men's dinner, when that wonderful drill-sergeant's backbone of his seems to unbend somewhat, and he is a "regular freshman" again, as they say at college. At the ordinary formal social functions, however, General Chaffee seems very much like a man who is on parade-ground and wishes he were not.

A few days after he arrived in Manila from Peking and took command in place of General MacArthur, Governor Taft was giving one of his bi-weekly receptions in the Malacañan Palace. It was the usual mixed throng of Americans, Filipinos, Spaniards, and members of the foreign consular corps. General Chaffee was conspicuously doing his duty, going from person to person among the American contingent, and not hesitating to introduce himself where he had not met a person. At last, having ranged the reception-hall and other rooms, and covered the surface of the big balcony on the river, he straightened up and sighed to himself in satisfaction: he had been the rounds of all the Americans present. But a thought presented itself, he frowned and scowled, then screwed tighter still those firm-set lips of his, and started, with long strides and on a bee-line, for a group across the reception-hall.

In this group were a Spanish widow and her daughter, of the left-over portion of Manila official and semi-official elegance in Spanish days, three daughters of a Filipino judge of the supreme court, two Filipino lawyers, and a young American on the staff of the civil commission. The latter was practicing his Spanish and his politeness on the ladies of the old régime and the new, when he became aware that the public interest was centering in his direction.

General Chaffee was bearing down upon him with space-consuming strides, the crowd giving way right and left as he came through with soldierly erectness. The figure looked so determined and almost fierce that the young secretary had to summon his self-possession not to flee incontinently and leave the Spanish widow and her dashing daughter to their fate. But he held his ground, wondering if he should be run down bodily. Never swerving to right or left, General Chaffee made his charge, stopping at last a scant two feet in front of the disturbed secretary, his heels coming together with a click, and his right hand shooting up as if to salute.

But it went only to his waist, whence it was shoved out like a "present arms" and grasped the young man's own unwilling right, fairly wrenching it forth for a vigorous handshake.

"Lordy, what's coming now?" thought the latter. "I'm Chaffee," announced the general to the astonished recipient of his attention. [One glance at that chin and that seamed face would have told it, had not the secretary already known who the general was.] "I'm Chaffee, and I can't speak Spanish. I see you can. Introduce me to these ladies, but tell them I'm sorry I can't talk their language, but I hope some time to do so."

Collecting his wits, the young man interpreted while the general and the widow exchanged expressions of pleasure at meeting one another. The latter was plainly too much flattered by the attention to bear resentment because Spanish official etiquette had been sadly shattered. After a moment's conversation, the general departed exactly as he had come, another sigh of relief escaping him: Was he not doing his duty with the Spanish-speaking contingent also?

Arthur W. Fergusson, executive secretary in the Philippine government (Governor Taft's right-hand man), who was recently on leave in Washington, and a visitor to Seattle and San Francisco, is affectionately known as "Fergie" by his friends, who find that he has not shrunk any during his two and one-half years in the Philippines. He displaces something like two hundred and sixty pounds of weights on the scales. One time in 1901, when out organizing civil government in the provinces, the commissioners (whose smallest member, General Luke E. Wright, was no fairy), accepted an invitation to view proceedings in the big cockpit between Dagupati and Lingagen, in Pangasinan province, Luzon. Three Filipino women watched the American officials squeeze through the narrow doorway into the bamboo cockpit.

As Professor Dean C. Worcester, six feet four inches, and two hundred and sixty pounds, swung into view, one woman nudged the others, and, pointing to him, said: "Jesús!"

Right behind was Judge Taft, who carried at the time about three hundred pounds of very solid flesh on his six-foot frame.

"Maria!" ejaculated the second woman at the sight. Just then Fergusson appeared in the doorway, and though his more than six feet carried a little less than two hundred and sixty pounds, his exterior elevation made him look much the largest of all.

"Jesús, Maria y José," fairly gasped the third woman; "what men these Americans are."

On their way to the islands in early 1900, the Han-

cock bore the commissioners' party to Hong Kong, where, among other things, the men stocked up with white drill, and the women with white duck and linen suits for the Philippines. All but Governor Taft and Secretary Fergusson got their suits (military coat and trousers) made and fitted by the Chinese tailors for two dollars or less a suit; the tailor these two patronized mildly apologized, but really felt he must charge them half a dollar extra a suit for material. This agreed, Fergusson cautioned him to make his trousers plentifully long and capacious at the top.

"Yes, sir," said John; "how long now?"

"Oh, way up here," answered Fergusson, indicating a point safely above his ample stomach.

The trousers were delivered just before the transport sailed for Manila. John had taken his customer literally at his word, and had cut him trousers which, like carpenters' overalls, covered the whole body up to the armpits.

"Look at me," roared Fergusson, as he came out on deck after trying them on, in preparation for the coming hot season; "my heart beats in my pants."

Fergusson was an interpreter and secretary with the Bureau of American Republics when the Spanish war broke out. He spent much of his life, particularly his youth, in the City of Mexico, and has a splendid Spanish vocabulary. Since 1898, when he served as interpreter for the American Peace Commission to Paris, his reputation has rapidly spread. His work was so good there that the Spanish negotiators dispensed with their interpreter and asked that Fergusson do the work for both sides in the joint sessions on the treaty. Besides being a splendid interpreter, he is somewhat of a speechmaker himself, and Governor Taft is wont to say that, at a Filipino banquet, "one need only give Fergusson a few commonplace ideas and go through the motions in English, and he will turn out a polished and captivating oration in elegant Castilian."

He was indispensable to the commission on its provincial organizing tours. Probably an experience he will never forget happened to him in Bacolod, capital of Negros Island, then under a single government by itself. The commission's party was quartered about the town, and Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson fell to the lot of Señor Severino, then governor of Negros. A big ball was given at the governor's house the last night of the party's stay. Filipinos will dance till daylight if the music holds out. Knowing this, Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson sought their room in the early hours of the morning, thinking to sleep in spite of the music. But in their absence, the room had been turned into an auxiliary ladies' dressing-room, and the two beds were well covered with brown infants whose mothers did not propose to be left out of the social event of the year. Perhaps Fergusson did not think of mixing up these youngsters in revenge as do Lin McLean and "The Virginian" in Owen Wister's novel; perhaps he did not have the heart to disturb the brown Cupids. At any rate, he and Mrs. Fergusson returned to the ball-room and stuck it out until gray streaks of dawn dispersed the dancers.

Whenever Fergusson says anything about his associates' appetite, they remind him of what happened after this visit to Negros. Señor Severino was not appointed governor under the new régime, and, to recoup himself somehow, he sent in his bill to the old Negros government "for the entertainment of Fergusson and wife." Just one item was "for eggs . . . twenty-two dollars"—and Fergusson was there only two days and a half!

JAMES A. LE ROY.

There have been some marvelous stories of the transformation of Khartoum under British rule. One writer saw a vision of "a stately city, with beautiful lawns and gardens, wide streets, churches, a college, and magnificent government offices"; a "handsome palace built of red brick faced with stone"; a railway "running into the city," and "fast steamers plying on the Nile." All this where there had been five years earlier "a reeking huddle of mud huts." According to London *Truth*, an exile in the Soudan, who has been looking for this stately city, says Khartoum is still no more than a big village; the palace and government offices are nothing worth talking about; the churches are non-existent; the Gordon College, still quite incomplete, might pass for a red brick barn; there are no roads, except just around the palace; the railway is a narrow-gauge track, on which a miniature engine draws the material for the new government buildings; the traveler can only enter the stately city on his own legs or on the back of a native donkey; and the fast steamers plying on the Nile would not compete with the fleet of the late Thames Steamboat Company.

An ice jam at the head of Goat Island diverted the water of Niagara River from the American to the Canadian channel recently for several days, so that only a little water trickled over the American Falls. Practically all the river bed of the American channel was bare, and men, women, and children, unmindful of the fact that the river might break through the ice jam above them and carry them over the falls and to eternity, romped about the rocks and gathered ice with great glee. With crowbars men broke away pieces of the rocky river-bed to carry away as souvenirs, and slender bushes were broken off to furnish canes and mementos. This dryness of Niagara is a repetition of what occurred on March 29, 1848, when there was a jam of ice at the entrance of the river at Black Rock, but it held the water back for a day only.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is reported that Marshall Field has offered to erect a museum on the Lake Front Park, in Chicago, which will cost about ten millions of dollars.

Jack Costa, known in the Klondike as "Italian Jack," has made the richest strike in the new Tanana gold-fields. He has a claim on Pedro Creek which has twelve holes dug to bedrock, and two million dollars worth of gold in sight, according to Lieutenant Gibbs, of the United States Signal Service, who has prospected and computed the value of the claim for him.

Dr. von Holleben, the German ambassador, will return to Washington to present to President Roosevelt his letter of recall, probably not later than May. Minister von Sternberg, according to the government's intention, will succeed immediately to the ambassadorship. While it will be disagreeable to Von Holleben to revisit the United States for his formal withdrawal from the Washington post, it is essential in order to comply with diplomatic courtesy, since his health permits him to make the journey without suffering.

W. D. Crum, the colored official, took charge of the custom-house at Charleston, S. C., as collector of the port, on Tuesday, and immediately there was a tender of resignation by the chief inspector of customs, a white man. There has been some talk in Charleston of an application to the courts for a restraining order against Crum exercising the duties of the office, on the ground that the President may not fill vacancies except with the advice and consent of the Senate, where the Senate has had an opportunity to pass upon the nominations.

A daughter of the famous Sioux chief, American Horse, has applied for an appointment as teacher in one of the Indian schools, and has passed an excellent examination. Her name has been placed upon the list of eligibles, and she will be appointed to fill one of the earliest vacancies. She is a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, where she made an excellent record, both in her books and in domestic economy. American Horse, her father, one of the hereditary chiefs of the Sioux nation, was a great warrior and orator, and a fine type of his race. He is now living at the Pine Ridge Agency.

Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter, Lady Sibyl Primrose, was married in London last week to Lieutenant C. J. C. Grant, who has recently seen service in South Africa. The London society papers intimate that Lord Rosebery gave his approval to the match reluctantly, as he had planned a far more brilliant marriage for his daughter, who, a few years ago, was engaged to the Earl of Beauchamp. Her brother, Lord Dalmeny, who recently reached his majority, is considered one of the biggest catches in the London smart set. He was known as one of the strongest men at Eton and is a tremendously hard hitter at cricket. However, he is not very prepossessing as far as looks are concerned, resembling very strongly his mother, who was Miss Hannah Rothschild, before she married Lord Rosebery and put him financially on his feet some twenty years ago.

A fortnight ago, William J. Bryan finished a week of jury service and received a certificate entitling him to \$10.30 for his labors. Mr. Bryan served on three cases, was elected foreman of each jury, and altogether had such a good time that he told the court he guessed he would write a book about it. He said he served, although entitled to exemption as a lawyer, because he thought his example might induce other citizens to sacrifice personal interest for duty's sake. The last case was one involving the ownership of \$12 worth of hay, upon which two days were spent, and Bryan's verdict for the plaintiff was supplemented by what local lawyers call a remarkable series of recommendations, altogether irregular and in fact an attempt at the impossibility of an equitable accounting in a straight law case. It read that while the verdict was unconditional, the jury thought the plaintiff ought to take \$6, pay half of the costs, and stop further litigation.

Major-General Sir Hector Archibald Macdonald, who committed suicide in Paris rather than face a court-martial at Ceylon, where he was to answer grave charges of immorality, was one of the foremost officers in the British army. He was one of the heroes of the Boer war, and was affectionately known as "Fighting Mac." General Macdonald prided himself upon the fact that he rose from the ranks, having served for nine years as a private in the Gordon Highlanders. A characteristic story of his bravery is told in connection with the operations near Suakim and Gemaizah, Egypt, in 1888. During this campaign his regiment had long marches to make, and Macdonald found that the men were becoming mutinous. "Wait till the next fight," he heard one of the dusky Sudanese say, "and I will kill this slave-driver of a colonel." Macdonald, who had learned Arabic so well that it almost gave an accent to his English, called the men out of the ranks. Facing them, he cried: "Now you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!" The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence. "Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel. "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," was the reply, and from that moment Macdonald had his men with him. He had won them body and soul, and they followed him implicitly and devotedly.

DR. CUYLER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Extracts from the Noted Clergyman's Interesting Record of a Long Life—Pen-Pictures of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Gladstone, Whittier, Webster, Greeley, and Lincoln.

The chapters in Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's entertaining "Recollections of a Long Life," which will most appeal to the average reader, are those in which he tells of the many celebrities of the United States and Europe with whom he has come in contact during the past sixty years. The veteran Presbyterian minister began his travels early—the year after he was graduated from Princeton when he was only twenty. He went to England on a sailing vessel, and almost upon landing started for Windermere, to see the venerable poet, Wordsworth. His first glimpse of him was of an old man in a blue cloak and Glengarry cap, with a bunch of heather stuck jauntily in the top, driving by the inn. The next morning he called upon him. He writes:

Instead of a grave recluse in scholastic black whom I expected to see, I found an affable and lovable old man, dressed in the roughest coat of blue, with metal buttons, and checked trousers, more like a New York farmer than an English poet. His nose was very large; his forehead a lofty dome of thought, and his long white locks hung over his stooping shoulders; his eyes presented a singular, half-closed appearance.

Of his meeting with Thomas Carlyle, who was then hale and athletic, although he lived a very secluded life in Chelsea, Dr. Cuyler says:

His greeting was very hearty, hut, with a comical look of surprise, he said in broad Scotch: "You are a verra young mon." I told him of the appetite we college boys had for his books, and he assured me at once that, while he had met some of our eminent literary men, he had never happened to meet a college boy before. "Your Mr. Longfellow," said he, "called to see me yesterday. He is a man skilled in the tongues. Your own name I see is Dootch. The word 'Cuyler' means a delver, or one who digs underground. You must be a Dutchman." I told him that my ancestors had come over from Holland a couple of centuries ago, and I was proud of my lineage; for my grandfather, Glen Cuyler, was a descendant of Hendrick Cuyler, one of the early Dutch settlers of Albany, who came there in 1667. "Ah," said he, "the Dootch are the bravest people of modern times. The world has been rinnin' after a red rag of a Frenchman; but he was nothing to William the Silent. When Philip of Spain sent his Duke of Alva to squelch those Dutchmen they joost squelched him like a rotten egg—aye, they did."

Thirty years afterward, in June, 1782, Dr. Cuyler again visited Carlyle, but he found him sadly changed:

After we had waited some time, a feeble, stooping figure, attired in a long blue flannel gown, moved slowly into the room. His gray hair was unkempt, his blue eyes were still keen and piercing, and a bright hectic spot of red appeared on each of his hollow cheeks. His hands were tremulous, and his voice deep and husky. After a few personal inquiries the old man launched out into a most extraordinary and characteristic harangue on the wretched degeneracy of these evil days. The prophet, Jeremiah, was cheerfulness itself in comparison with him. Many of the raciest things he regaled us with were entirely too personal for publication. He amused us with a description of half a night's debate with John Bright on political economy, while he said: "Bright theed and thoud with me for hours, while his Quaker wife sat up hearin' us haith. I tell ye, John Bright got as gude as he gie that night"; and I have no doubt that he did.

Most of his extraordinary harangue was like an eruption of Vesuvius, but the laugh he occasionally gave showed that he was talking about as much for his own amusement as for ours.

Carlyle was terribly severe on Parliament, which he described as "endless babblement and windy talk—the same hurdy-gurdies grinding out lies and inanities." Dr. Cuyler adds:

The only man he had ever heard in Parliament that at all satisfied him was the Old Iron Duke. "He gat up and stammered away for fifteen minutes; but I tell ye, he was the only mon in Parliament who gie us any credible portraiture of the facts." He looked up at the portrait of Oliver Cromwell behind him, and exclaimed with great vehemence: "I ha' gone doon to the verra bottom of Oliver's speeches, and naething in Demosthenes or in any other mon will compare wi' Cromwell in penetrating into the veritable core of the fact. Noo, Parliament, as they ca' it, is joost everlasting babblement and lies." We led him to discuss the labor question and the condition of the working classes. He said that the turmoil about labor is only "a lazy trick of master and man to do just as little honest work and to get just as much for it as they possibly can—that is the labor question." It did my soul good, as a teetotaler, to hear his scathing denunciation of the liquor traffic. He was fierce in his wrath against "the horrible and detestable damnation of whuskie and every kind of strong drink." In this strain the thin and weird-looking old iconoclast went on for an hour, until he wound up with declaring, "England has joost gane clear doon into an ahome-able cesspool of lies, shoddies, and shams—down to a bottomless damnation." Ye may gie whatever meaning to that word that ye like." He could not refrain from laughing heartily himself at the conclusion of this eulogy on his countrymen. If we had not known that Mr. Carlyle had a habit of exercising himself in this kind of talk, we should have felt a sort of consternation. As it was, we enjoyed it as a postscript to "Sartor Resartus" or the "Latter Day" pamphlets, and listened and laughed accordingly.

It was during the summer of 1872 that Dr. Cuyler first met Gladstone at the time of the great excitement over the Alabama difficulty. Says the author:

What impressed me most in Gladstone's free, earnest talk, was its solemn and thoroughly Christian tone—he was longing for peace on principle. On my telling him playfully that the time which belonged to the British Empire was too precious for further talk, he said: "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and we will finish our conversation." The next morning Dr. Hall and myself presented ourselves at ten o'clock in Mr. Gladstone's parlor. We had a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Gladstone (a tall, slender lady, whose only claim to beauty was her benevolent countenance), about the schemes of charity in which she was deeply interested. At the breakfast table opposite to us were the venerable Dean Ramsey, of Edinburgh, and Professor Talbot, of Oxford University. The premier indulged in some jocose remarks which encouraged me to tell him stories about our Southern negroes, in whom he seemed to be much interested. He laughed over the story of the eloquent colored brother who, when asked how he came to preach so well, said: "Well, boss, I takes d' text fust; I splains it; den I spounds it, and den I puts in d' reasonments." Gladstone was quite delighted with this, also said it was about the best description of real parliamentary eloquence. He told us that one secret of his marvelous health

was his talent for sound, unbroken sleep. "I lock all my public cars outside my chamber door," said he, "and nothing ever disturbs my slumbers."

Dr. Cuyler met John G. Whittier in Brooklyn during the summer of 1870 through his friend, Colonel Julian Allen. He writes:

On coming home one day, my servant said to me, "There was a tall Quaker gentleman called here, and left his name on this piece of paper." I was quite dumfounded to read the name of "John G. Whittier," and I lost no time in making my way up to the house where he was staying. When I inquired how he had come to do me the honor of a call, he said: "Well, yesterday, when I arrived and my friend Allen drove me up here, we passed a meeting-house with a tall steeple, and when I heard it was thine, I determined to run down to thy house and see thee." As I was to have the "Chi Alpha," the oldest and the most celebrated clerical association of New York, at my house the next afternoon, I invited him to come and sup with them. He cordially consented, and it may be supposed that the "Chi Alpha" was very glad to put aside for that evening all other matters, and listen to the fresh, racy, and humorous talk of the great poet. Underneath his grave and shy sobriety, flowed a most gentle humor. He could tell a good story, and when he was describing the usages of the Quakers in regard to "Speaking in Meetings," he told us that sometimes the voluntary remarks were not quite to the edification of the meeting. It once happened that a certain George C— grew rather wearisome in his exhortations, and his prudent brethren, after solemn consultation, passed the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C— be advised to remain silent, until such time as the Lord shall speak through him more to our satisfaction and profit."

While he was pursuing his studies in the New York University Grammar School, in preparation for Princeton College, Dr. Cuyler first saw Daniel Webster:

I was strolling one day on the Battery, and met a friend, who said to me: "Yonder goes Daniel Webster; he has just landed from that man-of-war; go and get a good look at him." I hastened my steps, and, as I came near him, I was as much awestricken as if I had been gazing on Bunker Hill Monument. He was unquestionably the most majestic specimen of manhood that ever trod this continent. Carlyle called him "The Great Norseman," and said that his eyes were like "great anthracite furnaces that needed blowing up." Coal heavers in London stopped to stare at him as he stalked by, and it is well authenticated that Sydney Smith said of him, "That man is a fraud; for it is impossible for any one to be as great as he looks." Mr. Webster, as I saw him that day, was in the vigor of his splendid prime. When he spoke in the Senate chamber it was his custom to wear the Whig uniform, a blue coat with metal buttons and a buff waistcoat; but that day he was dressed in a claret-colored coat and black trousers. His complexion was a swarthy brown. He used to say that while his handsome brother, Ezekiel, was very fair, he "had all the soot of the family in his face." Such a mountain of a hrow I have never seen before or since.

There has been much controversy about Mr. Webster's habits in regard to intoxicants. Says Dr. Cuyler:

The simple truth is that during his visit to England in 1840 he was so lionized and feté at public dinners that he brought home some convivial habits which rather grew upon him in advancing years. On several public occasions he gave evidence that he was somewhat under the influence of deep potations. I once saw him when his imperial brain was raked with the chain-shot of alcohol. The sight moved me to tears, and made me hate more than ever the accursed drink that, like death, is no "respector of persons."

Here is a characteristic anecdote of Horace Greeley:

Mr. Greeley prided himself upon his accuracy as an editor, but one day, when writing an editorial, in which he denounced some political misdemeanor in the County of Chataqua, by a slip of his pen he wrote the name of the adjoining county, Cattaraugus. The next morning when he saw it in the paper he went up into the composing-room in a perfect rage, and called out, "Who put that Cattaraugus?" The printers all gathered around him, amused at his anger, until one of them, pulling down from the hook the original editorial, showed him the word "Cattaraugus." "Uncle Horace," when he saw the word, with a most inexpressible meekness, drawled out: "Will some one please to kick me down those stairs?"

Dr. Cuyler visited Washington, D. C., during the dark days of the Civil War, and once took his mother, who was extremely desirous to see President Lincoln, to the White House:

In those war times, when Washington was a camp, the White House looked more like an army barracks than the Presidential mansion. In the entrance hall that day were piles of express boxes, among which was a little lad playing and tumbling them about. "Will you go and find somebody to take our cards?" said my mother to the child. He ran off and brought the Irishman, whose duty it was to receive callers at the door. That was the same Irishman who, when the poor soldier's wife was going in to plead for her husband's pardon of a capital offense he had committed, said to her: "Be sure to take your hahy in with you." When she came out, smiling and happy, Patrick said to her: "Ah, ma'am, 'twas the baby that did it." The shockingly careless appearance of the White House proved that whatever may have been Mrs. Lincoln's other good qualities, she hadn't earned the compliment which the Yankee farmer paid to his wife when he said: "Ef my wife haint got an ear fer music, she's got an eye for dirt." We entered the room in which the Cabinet usually met—and there, before the fire, stood the tall, gaunt form, attired in a seedy frock-coat, with his long hair unkempt, and his thin face the very picture of distress. "How is Mrs. Lincoln?" inquired my mother. "Oh," said the President, "I have not seen her since seven o'clock this morning; Tad, how is your mother?" "She is pretty well," replied the little fellow, who was coiled up then in an arm-chair, the same lad we had seen playing down in the entrance hall. We spent but a few moments with Mr. Lincoln, and when we came out my mother exclaimed: "Oh, what a cruelty to keep that man here! Did you ever see such a sad face in your life?"

Commenting on the strain under which Lincoln labored during this trying period, Dr. Cuyler says:

Dr. Bellows, the president of the sanitary commission, once said to him: "Mr. President, I am here at almost every hour of the day or night, and I never saw you at the table; do you ever eat?" "I try to," replied the President; "I manage to browse about pretty much as I can get it." After the long, weary, nerve-taxing days were over, in which he was glad to relieve himself occasionally with a good story or a merry laugh, came the nights of anxiety when sleep was often banished from his pillow. He frequently wrapped himself in his Scotch shawl, and at midnight stole across to the War Office, and listened to the click of the telegraph instruments, which brought sometimes good news, and sometimes terrible tales of defeat. On the day after he heard of the awful slaughter at Fredericksburg, he remarked at the War Office: "If any of the lost in hell suffered worse than I did last night, I pity them." Nothing but iron nerves and a dependence on the divine arm bore him through. He once said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that

of all around me seemed insufficient for the day." We call him "Our Martyr President," but the martyrdom lasted for four whole years!

Dr. Cuyler also devotes a chapter to "famous American preachers" whom he has met. They include the Alexanders, Dr. Tyng, Dr. Cox, Dr. Adams, Dr. Storrs, and Mr. Beecher. Other interesting chapters are entitled "Hymn-Writers I Have Known," "Experiences in Revivals," and "Some Famous Preachers in Britain."

Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A PARODY ON KIPLING'S LATEST POEM.

Settling "The Settler."

I leave South Africa more convinced than ever that the forces which are drawing the people together are more potent than the evil influences I have done so much to foster with my Opportunist lyre. . . . Clearly it is time that I began to "hedge" a bit.—Mr. R'd'y'rd K's'pl'ng, February 24th.

"In that very self-same *Times*, whose columns I painted red, And in which, in jerky, jolting lines, I Jingo hatred spread— There, where my verbal hullets snarled and my spiteful shrapnel hurt

I have blessed, with never a blush, the things that I hitherto have cursed,

"There, where, at one pound one per line, I screamed for my neighbor's life, I have slobbered in ink (at a similar rate) at the thought of such murderous strife; There have I owned my past mistakes and have sung extremely small,

"For the set folly, and the red breach, and the black waste of it all."

"There (for I must be Kiplingesque) I have written, in fine old form,

Of a marvelous 'rustling cloud that blows the locusts mile deep swarm;*

And of 'frost and murrain,' which God knows how, 'shall launch us side by side

In the holy wars that have no truce 'twixt seed and harvest tide."

"There (in leaded hourgeois) I've told of 'the pools where we lay in wait,

Till the corn cover our evil dreams, and the young corn our hate."*

(N. B.—The reader who, daring much, should try these lines to repeat,

Will notice the fact that those 'corns' combined impede my poetic 'feet'!)

"And when the past fights are brought to mind, I hope that my kith and kin

Will forget the blood that is on my head, and will not remember my sin;

Nor even suggest that the Bard who whooped for War in so wild a way

Should be called to act on his own advice, and to Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

"For a Poet, see ye! has many moods, and ye should not deem it strange

If, e'en as his metres vary, so are his views inclined to change;

At all events, so long as the *Times* is ready to still engage To print his screeds at a shilling a word on a prominent inner page!

"For I am the sort of a hard in whom no 'healing stillness lies;*

Whom no 'vast, benignant sky restrains;*' and whom no 'long days make wise;*

One as careless of that which he next may say as of that which he last has said,

One that's reckless of the wrong he's 'done to the living and the dead!'"*

*Copyright in England and America, 1903.

—London Truth.

The Rock of Gibraltar.

The British military journals, in discussing the expediency of exchanging Gibraltar for the Island of Minorca, lay stress on the vulnerability to attack by Spanish land guns of the Gibraltar docks, on the west side of the rock, but this is by no means the sole reason for holding that the famous fortress has seen its best days as the key to the Mediterranean. Says the *New York Sun*:

French naval experts say that the passage of a war fleet can no longer be prevented. In the days, only fifteen years ago, when the highest speed of a fleet did not exceed ten knots an hour, to run the straits would have been a dangerous hazard; but a squadron steaming eighteen knots is exposed to much less risk, and in the darkness, with lights covered, runs scarcely any from land batteries. By hugging the Morocco coast the hostile fleet would have nothing to fear from British land guns, the straits nowhere being less than fifteen miles in width. On thick nights—and fogs are frequent at Gibraltar—the most powerful searchlight would not reveal the enemy at a distance of more than three miles. Unless England acquires Ceuta, on the African side, she must depend upon her ships to stop a fleet that wants to get into the Mediterranean. It is not generally known that the Rock of Gibraltar is dangerous to its defenders. So much has it been honey-combed with galleries that the discharge of guns of heavy calibre threatens to bring the thin walls crashing down on the heads of the artillerymen. Repeated discharges from the same side of the Rock have been prohibited by the engineers. This at least is the story told in government circles in Paris, and it seems to be confirmed by the construction of batteries during the last two years at the foot of the Rock. But the guns of these batteries can not be worked effectively when the sea is heavy, their position being only slightly above water level.

Professor Marchand, of Marburg, has accumulated the largest number of brain weights ever published. He gives a thorough analysis of 1,169 cases. He says he finds the average weight of the brain at birth of a male child is 360 grammes, and of a female child 353 grammes. In a growing child, until it reaches a stature of 70 centimetres, the brain weight increases proportionately with the body length, irrespective of age or sex. After that the male brain begins to outstrip the female. The maximum brain weight is usually attained about the twentieth year, when the male's average is about 1,400 grammes. The female maximum is usually reached about the seventeenth year, when the average is 1,275 grammes.

MOTOR-CARS IN ENGLAND.

How King Edward Made Them Popular—Some Well-Known London Chauffeurs—Actresses Who Own Autos.

It is difficult to realize the advance which motoring has made in England during the past year among people with well-lined purses. Only a few years ago a motor-car was an object of astonished interest to everybody when they saw one on the street. But now—well, few turn to look at one. Of course, the steady progress into favor and general use of the motor must be ascribed to its own convincing merits. But the fact that to possess one has become the fashion should be credited to King Edward more than anybody else. What he does now is just as it was when he was Prince of Wales. Everybody (who can) wants to do exactly the same. As in the case of clothes, wines, and dozens of other things, so with motors.

His first motor was a six-horse power Daimler. This was about three years ago, when he was Prince of Wales. He soon tired of this, sold it to Lord Hastings, and had a twelve-horse power Lonsdale phaeton built for him. This car had a hood, one of the first seen upon a motor-car. This gave place in time to one of a wagonette type, to open and shut, and this is the car he has used all last year, together with one of twenty-two horse power. His latest car has but lately been finished, and is a Daimler of twenty-four horse power. It is of the wagonette type, with removable canopy. The Prince of Wales has also just had a new motor. It is a Daimler, like his father's, but smaller, and of the char-à-banc model. It also has a canopy, which is sure to become the fashion, and is of twenty-two horse power. In his motoring the king is ably seconded by Queen Alexandra, who has a car of her own, and drives it, too. Curiously enough, the king has a "Master of Motors," which is a court appointment, like the Master of the Horse, an office held by the Duke of Portland.

Perhaps one of the most devoted motorists is Lady de Grey, who is also one of the most striking figures in the uppermost portion of the smart set. She goes to and from the theatre and opera in a motor-car, and seldom goes by train anywhere that is within the reach of her favorite vehicle. She frequently comes up to town from her country house in her motor, and returns in the same way. Lady de Grey is the wife of Earl de Grey, heir to the Marquise of Ripon. She was the great beauty of her day, near a quarter of a century ago. She was then Lady Gladys Herbert, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke. Tall, commanding, and dark—almost swarthy—with the perfect and haughty features of an Egyptian queen, she was known everywhere as "The Gypsy." All the eligible young peers and lordlings of the day were wild over her; but the man who got her was the then Earl of Lonsdale, the elder brother of the present man. This Lord Lonsdale was a scapegrace, a spendthrift, and a drunkard. But in high life such trifles do not signify, when a man is a helmed earl, the possessor of vast estates, coal mines which run under the sea, and the recipient of some hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. But Lord Lonsdale did not enjoy the conjugal companionship of his stately beauty for long. In a year or two, dissipation and its consequences killed him, and a young brother, who was then known as Hugh Lowther, and in circumstances of considerable financial difficulty, succeeded to the title and all its vast belongings, and became a pal of the Kaiser.

The dead earl left one child, a daughter. She it is who is known in the smartest of the smart set as Lady Juliet Lowther. Like her mother, who still retains much of the grand beauty which made her famous in her day, Lady Juliet is a handsome girl—almost the counterpart of her mother at the same age. She has been out about a year only, and, after playing the same sort of havoc among the hearts of the present generation of noble Johnnies—such as are found in the Guards and the crack cavalry regiments of the Household and Line—has just been won by Mr. Duff, an officer in the Second Life Guards. With all the titles she had to pick and choose from, her selection of a plain, "handless" mister, who is still only a subaltern and not yet beyond the reach of "ragging," is what most people can not make out. But he belongs to the Duke of Fife's family, and is therefore connected with royalty.

But to return to our motors and their patrons, Lady de Grey's latest car is much like an ordinary victoria without horses or coach box. At least, that is what it looks like, and I saw it only yesterday in the park with

mother and daughter sitting side by side. Instead of the box seat there is a rumble or "dicky" behind, where the two men servants sit dressed in the livery of coachman and footman, the former, despite his top-hoots and cockade, being in reality the chauffeur. I can not tell you how odd it looked, for there was not a vestige of the ordinary motor about its appearance.

Among other swells who have gone in for motoring, and follow it with genuine and unaffected keenness, are the Duchess of Sutherland; the Earl and Countess of Dudley, who, as Viceroy and Vicereine of Ireland, lately took a lengthy motor tour in the Green Isle; Lady Ilchester; Lord and Lady Wimborne; Lady Wolverton, who drives an electric landau; Lord Windsor, whose car is a twelve-horse power Daimler; Lady Harrington, who goes to meet her husband's hounds in her car; Sir Francis Jeune, the divorce court judge; Sir John and Lady Poynder-Dickson; and Lady Craven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin.

A number of prominent actresses are seen on the streets in motors of their own. Kitty Loftus has a voiturette. Dan Len took his own car to the Isle of Wight during his recent illness, and Madge Lessing owns a ten-horse power Decanville. George Grossmith and Maud Jeffries are also devotees.

Alfred Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mail*, is one of the best-known London motorists. His latest acquisition is a Lohner-Porsche car, which he bought in Paris. Sir Thomas Lipton is another persistent motorist. But his recent demolition of a young laborer, who happened to be in the way of his car, when rushing along a country road, has rather cooled his ardor.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 10, 1903.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Life of the Great Expounder.

"Daniel Webster," by John Bach McMaster, is one of the latest important biographies, and is a remarkably vivid portrayal of the character and career of the great expounder of the Constitution. Considering the author's fame as a historical writer, it was to be expected that, with a subject of so much interest, he could scarcely fail to produce a satisfactory volume. A feature of the book is that Webster himself seems to have written the major part of that portion which deals with his public life. Mr. McMaster has so skillfully used extended quotations from the speeches, letters, and conversations of Webster, that he has practically made him tell his own political history. Another feature of the work is that there is no attempt at argument or deduction, no effort to enthrone his hero. The facts are displayed in logical sequence, and the deductions are easy for the reader. Webster was a profound lawyer and an eminent statesman. He was not a shrewd politician. He inspired awe and admiration, but neither affection nor loyalty. The deepest interest centres in his public life between 1813 and 1841. The former date marks his election to Congress, and the latter his entrance as Secretary of State into the Cabinet of President Harrison. During that period he made a lasting name. It covers his participation in the debates on the embargo measures, his encounters with Hayne and Calhoun, and his struggle with the slavery leaders. From the latter date to his death ten years later Webster lost ground. A longing for the Presidency possessed him, but he lacked the political adroitness to obtain it. To this was added his apparent inability to see the trend of the agitation which led to Civil War and the extinction of slavery, and he took the wrong side for his own good. Had he been less of a statesman and orator his name would not still be a household word. Had he been more of a politician it might have been in the list of Presidents. There are many illustrations and portraits in the book.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

The Philippine Islands.

An historico-literary enterprise of some pith and moment that has lately been undertaken is the publication, in fifty-five volumes, of historical documents relating to the Philippines from the earliest times to 1803. The work is called simply "The Philippine Islands," and its editors are Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. An historical introduction has been contributed by Edward Gaylord Bourne, of Yale University. The first volume, extending from 1493 to 1529, is just from the press. The scope of the whole work as described on the title-page, is as follows:

Explorations by early navigators, descrip-

tions of the islands and their peoples, their history, and records of the Catholic missions as related in contemporaneous books and manuscripts, showing the political, economic, commercial, and religious conditions of those islands from their earliest relations with European nations to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The first document in the first volume is the Papal Bull of 1493, dividing the world like an orange between Spain and Portugal. Then follow letters, treaties, Bulls, etc., all based upon, or relating to, the Bull of 1493, but prior in date to the actual discovery of the Philippines. Lastly, is given the most interesting paper in the book, "De Moluccis Insulis," being the letter of Maximilianus Transylvanus, dated 1523, addressed to the Cardinal of Salzburg, and describing simply and graphically Magellan's discovery of the archipelago, and the voyage of his fleet for the first time around the world. It is indeed a most interesting paper.

The historical introduction, of nearly a hundred pages, by Professor Bourne, is notable. Speaking without prejudice, it is, however, strongly pro-Catholic. Indeed, it reads more like a defense of the friars than like a sober narration of fact.

The work, if carried through as at present proposed, will be of inestimable value to American publicists. It will present in English, and in chronological order, material (up to 1803) from which may be derived a fairly comprehensive knowledge of Philippine history. At present this material is not only a foreign language, but much of it contained in rare and almost inaccessible manuscripts.

Several illustrations of historical importance, together with maps, plans, etc., will appear in each volume. The first is a well-printed and fairly well-bound octavo, with gilt tops and deckle edges. Subscriptions are understood to be entered only for the complete work, which will be limited to one thousand sets, numbered and signed as issued.

Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O., price, per volume, \$4.00 net.

New Publications.

"Much-Married Saints and Some Sinners," by Grace Talbot, are stories of but little literary merit, dealing with life among the Mormons. Published by the Grafton Press, New York.

"Reflections of Bridget McNulty," by Frank C. Voorhies, is a series of heart to heart talks à la Mr. Dooley. They are not very clever. Published by the Dickerman Publishing Company, New York.

In the Bell Miniature Series of Painters "Frederic, Lord Leighton," by George C. Williamson, Litt. D., has passed into a second edition. This little book, like others of the series, contains seven or eight well-chosen, finely produced illustrations, and brief chapters on the artist and his work. Among the striking pictures is the unforgettable portrait of Sir Richard Burton. "Greuze," by Harold Armitage, and "Holman Hunt," by George C. Williamson, Litt. D., are also among Bell's Painters, recently from the press. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, leather, \$1.00; cloth, 50 cents each.

No word but beautiful adequately describes the two brochures which appear from local presses in anticipation of Easter. One of them is simply "An Easter Song" (75 cents net), by Grace Hihard, printed with gold initials, on fine paper, and bordered by an exquisite design of purple iris in several colors, from the hand of Gordon Ross. The other is entitled "Happiness" (paper, 50 cents, leather, \$1.25 net), and contains selected quotations from poets and philosophers. A picture of the Stevenson fountain forms the frontispiece, and a cut of the galleon surmounting it is cleverly used throughout the several pages. Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

The stout volume, called "La Grande Mademoiselle," written some years ago by the distinguished Frenchman, Arvéde Barine, has been translated into English by Helen E. Meyer. "La Grande Mademoiselle"—so called because of her unusual height—was Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, Duchess of Montpensier. She was the daughter of Gaston of France, younger brother of King Louis the Thirteenth. She was born May 29, 1627. Her career was picturesque, striking, and remarkable. She once commanded a military expedition which captured the city of Orleans. She later trained the guns of the Bastille on the troops of the king. Late in life she wrote her memoirs, the manuscript of which is preserved in Paris. This is the basis of M. Barine's book, for which he claims attention, not so much because of the greatness of La Grande Mademoiselle, but for the reason that her "agi-

tated existence was a marvelous commentary on the profound transformation accomplished in the mind of France toward the close of the seventeenth century." The book is a handsome one, and is illustrated with many old prints. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00.

"The Psychological Elements of Religious Faith," edited by Professor Edward Hale, of Harvard, might well be called the "Supposed Lectures of Charles Carroll Everett, D. D., LL. D." The material of the book is gleaned from student notes of lectures delivered by Everett at Harvard University during several years, but from the uncertainties that always attend the student in taking notes, we fear that the work in places shows forth more of Professor Edward Hale than of Charles Carroll Everett. However, the volume forms a continuous discussion of the relation of religion to the human soul. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

Bernhardt's Latest Male Role.

Sarah Bernhardt has added another to her male rôles—that of Werther, the hero of Goethe's classical romance. The novel has been turned into a French play by Pierre Decourcelle, a clever dramatist, whose reputation was earned by startling melodramas for the Ambigu Theatre, and of which "The Two Vagabonds" is a striking example. However, from all accounts, Bernhardt's success in the male rôle was by no means as marked as in "Hamlet," "Lorenzaccio," or "L'Aiglon." Says the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* of the performance: "Will Werther add anything to Mme. Bernhardt's reputation? It seems highly improbable. The whole tone and treatment of the play is quite undistinguished, and though the great actress herself can do nothing without distinction, there is no side of her art to which her new part does justice. This Werther is not really a dramatic protagonist, but a brooding melancholy, a sickly smile, a prolonged wail. Unrelieved, hopeless woe is not drama, and suicide is mere melodrama, and where there is no drama but merely melodrama, the genius even of a Sarah Bernhardt is little else than genius *bombinans in vacuo*."

The Chicago Telephone Company is distributing a book on etiquette among the girl operators which it might be well for the San Francisco service to adopt. If there be a delay and the patron yells in the usual Chicago way: "What the deuce is the matter with that number?" this lady-like response will be handed back, with the Boston chill upon it: "I shall endeavor to ascertain what is the trouble." If there be still further delay and the man at the other end should grow excited and send a few blue flashes of language over the wire, the new hello girl will reply, sweetly: "I am endeavoring to ascertain why you do not procure your connection. After I have ascertained I shall call you. Please, hang up your receiver." There are many phrases like "Beg your pardon," "Please have patience," and "I am making every endeavor to obtain the number."

When Lord Beaconsfield was at the height of his fame, one of his most ardent supporters in the House of Commons asked as a signal favor that he might bring his son to Downing Street, and that "the greatest man of the age" would give the boy some wise maxim or word of counsel which might in after years be the treasure and guide of his life. Lord Beaconsfield, old and gouty, groaned, but consented. The proud papa duly produced young hopeful, whom the veteran statesman thus addressed: "My dear young friend, whatever you do in after life, mind that you never ask who wrote the 'Letters of Junius,' or on which side of Whitehall Charles the First was beheaded. For if you do either of those things you will be considered a hore, and that is something too dreadful for you at your tender age to conceive."

Hugues Le Roux, who perhaps is chiefly remembered in America for having claimed the authorship of Daudet's "La Belle Nivernaise," is about to publish an interesting contribution to sociology, entitled "Business and Love." During his tour in this country he discovered a new type of woman which he designates as "la femme d'affaires," or the "business woman," and he sets forth from a strictly Gallic point of view the main differences between the French and the American estimate of love and business.

A chaplain in the Delaware legislature once prayed: "O Lord, thy servants are in a deadlock. Give them the key."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Story of a Trust.

There is that in "A Tale of a Town" which arrests attention. Crude and exaggerated as is in general this story by Lionel Josaphare, there are now and then phrases that are flashes of genius; throughout there are paragraphs that are achievements in description. As a picture, intended to be true, of life in a factory town of these United States, the tale is impossible—merely grotesque. As a work of the imagination, vaguely shadowing reality, it is quite remarkable. The author's conception is of a place dependent absolutely on a glass-works, owned by a millionaire—a stale deranged veteran of few bodily powers, yet many physical necessities, a gray, milewed millionaire, a bundle of wretchedness ready for the body snatcher." This millionaire's wife Josephare describes as "a clothes rack and jewelry counter"; his elder son as "the sickly overflow of their married life." The younger son is "juvenile and gay." "With reeking automobiles, feverish poker games, sultry chorus-girls, he made the winter months balmy." The wretched laborers in the works dwelt in "funny little shanties, the most pusillanimous examples of architecture to which ever a colony of human beings crept for sleep." There "matrimony was an alliance for mutual protection." "Infants oft came to the union of exhausted loins and like parasites hung to the dug-drawn mothers of Munnville, but generally died soon, coming up, thou knowest, like a morning-glory in November and back to the sod without blossoming." Of a workman it is said: "The muscles and organic functions of Daniel Fizmorris lasted in fair working order until Ellen attained her majority; then he dribbled out of life." Of the militia who guarded the works during a strike it is written that they stood by the millionaire and became the "hands to the stomach of his greed." In the description of the gigantic Ivan Bardley, glass-blower, this sentence occurs: "Behold the man! His body is a masterpiece of strength, his heart the chattel of an absent girl." And on the last page we find this summing up of the workmen's hard case: "Disaster behind and despair before, their deep-worn souls unfit for the future, their bodies engraved with the hieroglyphics of toil, their strength smitten, their occupations few; encouragement, nowhere; result, sin; recourse, crime. The Trust had 'em."

These are a few of the striking phrases. The story is No. 3 of the Flame Series, issued periodically.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"London in the Eighteenth Century."

It is easy to believe that Sir Walter Besant spent "half a lifetime" in study of the city of London and "over five years" in gathering materials for his monumental work. For surely in no less time could the personal knowledge he gained and the historic documents assembled that make up his volume on "London in the Eighteenth Century," recently issued. The work is not a consecutive political history. Rather it is a survey of conditions. Sir Walter tells us of the extent and appearance of London in the eighteenth century; of her streets, paving, lighting, water supply, means of inter-communication, postal arrangements, improvements, etc.; of manners and customs; of society and amusements; and of crime, police, punishments, and prisons. There are chapters on weddings, funerals, cost of living, daily life, the theatres, cock-fighting, fairs, gambling and the lottery, food, diseases, coarseness in conversation. In short, the book is a veritable thesaurus of information on life in London two centuries ago. There are many illustrations, most of them reproductions of old prints and engravings.

The format of the volume does not commend itself so emphatically as do the illustrations and text. Indeed, the book is in size rather overwhelming, measuring twelve inches in height, nine in breadth, containing seven hundred pages, and weighing four or five pounds. Had the work been presented in two or three octavo volumes it would certainly have been more easily read, though the size of the illustrations would have had to be reduced. The binding is of leather.

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$7.50.

A Goody-Goody Boy.

"The New Boy at Dale" is evidently intended by its author, Charles Edward Rich, for a boy's book, for it tells the story of a boy who is kidnapped when scarcely more than an infant, and is mistreated and made to slave by his Italian captor until he finally

escapes and joins a circus. While connected with the circus he discovers his parents, who are people of wealth, and have been searching ever since his capture for their lost son. He is taken from the sawdust ring and sent to Dale Hall, a school for boys. From the moment of his entrance into the school-grounds the new boy makes his presence felt by his championing of the smaller boys, his quick wit and sturdy honor with the older fellows, till he becomes the recognized leader of all the sports and enterprises of Dale. This, briefly, is the outline. But from the viewpoint of the realist, the story is not convincing. If the good boys were not so preternaturally good, if the kind people were not so uncommonly kind, if the right thing did not so invariably happen at just the right moment, if the bad boys did not always come to grief at last, the story would be less exaggerated and more human. The every-day boy does not, unfortunately, grow up to be a good and noble fellow from the sheer love of doing right, and for that reason the every-day boy will find little delight in reading about such a fellow. In the present-day boy's experience, hampers of choice edibles, ready packed, do not grow on every pantry bush, and seasoned thugs are not caught in pairs by half-grown boys, for by the same token the days of miracles are conceded to be past.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is announced that Rudyard Kipling's new volume of verse will be published next autumn. Besides a number of new poems, the volume will contain all the author's important work since the publication of "The Seven Seas," including "The Recessional" and "The Rovers." "The Five Nations" was to have been the title, but Mr. Kipling's publishers understand that this is not his final choice, so at present the volume is nameless.

Frances Charles's new novel, "The Siege of Youth," with the scenes laid in San Francisco, is to be published this month. It is said to contain three women characters finely drawn and contrasted.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce for early publication a novel by A. T. Quiller-Couch called "The Adventures of Harry Revel." It is a story of the revealing of a crime by the innocence of a young boy who gets involved in the complications.

The collected poems of Charles Dickens, with bibliographical notes by the compiler and editor, Frederic George Kitton, R. A., will soon be published in England and the United States. This work will represent the first scholarly attempt to bring together Dickens's verses, and includes the poems from his novels; lyrics and prologues from plays of his own and from plays by Wilkie Collins and Westland Marston; songs, choruses, and concerted pieces from "The Village Coquettes," a comic opera, 1836; other verses from the *Examiner* of 1841; from the *Keep-sake* of 1844, and from the *Daily News* of 1846; and sundry other sources, private and otherwise.

A. M. Robertson will soon issue a novel by Charles Warren Stoddard, author of "In the Footprints of the Padres," "South Sea Idyls," etc. The title of the book will be "For the Sake of His Company: A Tale of the Misty City." Mr. Robertson will also publish a volume of poems of Herman Scheuffauer.

Thomas Nelson Page will issue through Charles Scribner's Sons in May the first novel he has written since "Red Rock" appeared. It will be called "Gordon Keith." The heroine is a New York society girl, while the hero is a Southerner of the new type which arose from the old aristocracy after the war.

"The History of Woman Suffrage," begun by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, and continued by Miss Anthony and Ida Husted Harper, is now ready. The first three volumes, upon which Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony collaborated, brought the record of the movement down to 1883, and the fourth volume brings the history to date.

Israel Zangwill's book of poems, to be published this month, will bear the title "Blind Children."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published what is said to be a very unusual novel, dealing with the business career of a young literary woman, which is called "A Girl of Ideas." The author is Annie Flint. The same house has also brought out a Julia Marlowe edition of Cable's "The Cavalier," Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of

Oxford," with illustrations by Herbert Railton, and "The House on the Hudson," by Frances Howell, which is thought to be a remarkable first novel by a new writer.

"The Pagan at the Shrine" is the title of a new work of fiction by Paul Gwynne that is announced for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company. It is a novel dealing with Spanish life, its scene being laid in an Andalusian town.

Lady Mary Milbanke, Byron's great-granddaughter, is about to publish a book of verses which she calls "Fair Children." Lady Mary is in her early thirties, and is the only child of the Earl of Lovelace. Only in her and in her father does Byron's blood survive.

"The Canterbury Pilgrims," a play in four acts, by Percy Wallace Mackaye, which is to be produced by E. H. Sothern, is now nearly ready in book-form by the Macmillan Company. The play is a comedy in verse, founded on Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

The Trent edition of Balzac, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., has been enlarged by the addition of two volumes containing his "Analytical Studies" and "Dramas" and the "Repertory of the Comédie Humaine," a species of biographical dictionary mentioning every character in his stories.

Mary E. Wilkins's book of stories of the supernatural, called "The Wind in the Rosebush," will be published in a few weeks. Another of her volumes to be issued this spring is made up of short stories, and is entitled "Six Trees."

INTAGLIOS.

Our Little Need.

A little love, a little life,
A little woman for a wife,
A little brood to come and go—
A little mound where grasses grow.

A little fire to warm the heart,
A little cheer before we part,
A little hope, a little trust,
Before the ashes and the dust.

—Albert Bigelow Paine in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Life.

Give me the strength and height
Of glorious life—
The dazzling light,
The straining and the strife,
Love, passion, hope,
In their divinest scope.

High winds on mighty seas,
Not sheltered bay;
The storm that fies
Wild torrents, great and gay
With sudden power,
Not the soft spring-time shower.

And if the storm should kill,
The torrent drown—
So be it still.
Still let me snatch the crown
Life has to give,
And cry, but once, I live!

—Hildegard Hawthorne in *Harper's Magazine*.

Worth While.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth

Is the smile that comes through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But its only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The centennial of Emerson's birth, on May 25th, will be commemorated in New York by the Society of American Authors. A dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria will be followed by public speeches. Colonel Henry Watterson and President Schurman, of Cornell, have consented to speak, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will be present.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is to be married this month to Alfred Laurence Felkin.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Arthur Cosslett Smith and His Book.

It was rashly said in these columns some time since that the author of "Caleb West: Master Diver" was "our only literarily famous Smith." The statement was not only rash, but untrue. We might, of course, split hairs and say that Arthur Cosslett Smith is not yet exactly famous, but "The Turquoise Cup" is so certainly bound to give him soon at least a little of what passes for literary fame, that it is idle to endeavor in such a manner to justify our inaccuracy. "The Turquoise Cup," we believe, was first printed in *Scribner's* a year or so ago, and the fact that the interval since has not sufficed to erase recollection of it from our mind is, to us, strong evidence that the tale is a good one. That impression is confirmed by a re-reading of it.

"The Turquoise Cup," as well as the other story in the book, called "The Desert," are tales that only a man of intellectual brilliancy and wide experience in the world could write. An Olive Schreiner—a raw country girl—may evolve from her imagination a book that touches the hearts of thousands, but when it comes to writing a novel of manners—to creating sophisticated characters—men and women of the world—that requires the knowledge of a cosmopolitan rather than resources of imagination. And Mr. Smith has not only knowledge and sufficing imagination, but also a literary style which, for brilliancy, is seldom surpassed.

The turquoise cup, in the first story, is that in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice. A beautiful woman has made its possession the price of her hand. The impecunious English earl who loves her steals it from the treasury. An archbishop cardinal is privy to the theft. This is the bare skeleton of a complex plot that Mr. Smith handles with rare skill. "The Desert," an even more unusual tale, concerns the Arah master of a camel caravan, a desert beauty bred to lead the life of a dancing-girl, the French commandant at Biskra on the edge of the Sahara, and Mirza the "mother" of the dancers.

The publishers have given the book an extremely artistic binding, and there are, besides, two or three good pictures—one in colors.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Love-Making Among Millionaires.

Edward W. Townsend's novelette, "A Summer in New York," is a book of slams. He slams the American aristocracy of wealth. He slams the fortune-hunting nice young men. He slams the "society weeklies" which print servants' gossip. He slams the gaping public that read it—all we admit in a very clever, well-hred way, and with infectious humor. "A Summer in New York" is just the sort of a novel to take a summering with you out of New York, or out of anywhere. It is light, bright, comic, and clean.

The book's heroine is Alice Wonderley, the daughter of an Ironville millionaire who has just engaged in a spectacular contest with the trust, and come off victor. He is, therefore, the man of the hour. His daughter also lives and moves within the glare of sudden publicity. She is nineteen, and beautiful. She comes to the metropolis to be trained by "Aunt Sue," the "best-dressed woman in New York." She is there besieged by scores of suitors who are not entirely uninterested in the fact that old man Wonderley has many millions of money, and only daughters twain. One of these suitors is a poor artist a former playmate of the beautiful Alice, and, needless to say, is viewed with extreme disfavor by Aunt Sue. A beautiful girl, many lovers, a brilliant but sternly material aunt, a wealthy widower parent who has an affair on his own account—here surely is plot enough for anybody.

The novel is cast in the form of letters written by Alice to her sister in Ironville, but this rather adds to, than detracts from, the story's interest. All the characters are excellently drawn, the horsey and laconic Geney being an especial achievement.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Stoicism.

Charles A. Stanley Davis, M. A., Ph. D., a noted Egyptologist and Orientalist, is the author of a brief treatise on "Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of Its Disciples." "Stoicism," he says, "was the noblest system of morals developed within the pale of Greek philosophy." About a third of the work the author devotes to an examination of Greek stoicism, and the other two-thirds to Roman stoicism and to selections from some of the

great disciples of that school. The work is clear, direct, and informing. A notable feature of it is the development of the idea that stoicism prepared the way for Christianity.

The simple and severely beautiful binding and typography of this volume have given us great delight. It is a work of art. Without being an expensive book, it still stands utterly apart from the ordinary output of American presses. We are pleased to say that it was printed by Carl H. Heintzemann, Boston, who proves himself a master craftsman. A most careful scrutiny of every page, from title-page to *Finis*, discloses only a single error, which—that this surpassing printer may not be too much puffed up—let us note: the "piece" accent marks belonging to the word "Société" on the title-page are too heavy.

Published by Herbert B. Turner, Boston; price, \$1.90.

New Publications.

No. 153 of the Riverside Literature Series is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, paper, 15 cents.

"En Son Nom," a French version of Edward Everett Hale's work, edited with notes by Mary Prince Saver, is published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, paper, 60 cents.

"The Stumbling Block," a novel by Edwin Pugh, is a strenuous, stormy love-story, with plenty of "action" and spirit. There is a great deal of conversation and not very much description. We think, therefore, that the book will be rather widely read. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Abeniki Caldwell," a burlesque historical novel by Carolyn Wells, has almost the cleverness that Bret Harte's condensed novels used to have. A series of preposterous wood-cuts illustrate the book. It is a work that should prove antidotic to acute literary indigestion. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Our Benevolent Feudalism," by W. J. Ghent, is improbable but interesting. The author believes that we are on the eve of a new feudalistic condition of society, in which at the top will stand the industrial barons, at the bottom the tramp, and between all grades of society in a more or less complete state of vassalage. Mr. Ghent is ingenious, and the book is provocative of thought. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price \$1.25.

"Her Majesty the King: A Romance of the Harem," is a light-hearted, and, in spots, clever prose burlesque. Its author is James Jeffrey Roche, and its illustrator, Oliver Herford. Some of the profound sayings of Soothsayer Shacabac are: "It is unlucky to sleep thirteen in a bed," "The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle," "Pay as you go, but not if you intend going for good." Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

Ethel Colquhoun, wife of the well-known war correspondent, traveler, and writer on international topics, presents her side of the story in a volume called "Two on Their Travels." The author is a sprightly, vivacious person, with a knack of seeing the humorous side of things, while adhering closely to the feminine view. She has, moreover, some skill in sketching, and enlivens her pages with many faulty but interesting drawings, some of which are in colors. The book should prove interesting to women. The trip described was through the Philippines, Straits Settlements, Java, Borneo, Japan, Korea, and Siberia. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

There has been so much written about the Papal monarchy that a reader, desiring to venture among the dusty tomes of its literature, is wise if he secures beforehand a bird's-eye view of the subject by reading a brief but comprehensive book. Such a work is "The Papal Monarchy, from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface the Eighth" (590-1303), by William Barry, D. D., belonging to the Story of the Nation Series. Although the author says that the purpose of the book is but to serve as a sketch-map or a general introduction to more extended works, yet the treatment is sufficiently ample to set forth the main facts in an entertaining way. The volume is well-bound, contains over four hundred pages, and is illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.35 net.

E. C. and T. L. Stedman's "Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe" is too good a vade

meum to appear in such mediæval style of typography as does the 1903 edition. Evidently corrections have been made for many years by re-setting single pages, spacing out where something has been deleted, crowding the type where there was an addition. Thus some pages are "leaded" and some "solid." On some pages there is a good bottom margin, on others the last lines are running crazily crooked off the page. In many places the type is so badly broken as to make reading difficult. Elsewhere it is black and very dirty. We hope we shall be able to say of the 1904 edition of this valuable pocket-guide that it has a new face of type. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, \$1.25.

Unfortunately for California amateur flower-growers, Mrs. Helena Rutherford Ely's charming book, "A Woman's Hardy Garden," applies more particularly to climatic conditions in the East—a fact emphasized by a phrase upon which our eye falls—"when the frost is well out of the ground." However, the book contains many hints of which Californian gardeners may well avail themselves. It is copiously illustrated with half-tones of flowery nooks and floral triumphs of Mrs. Ely's, and is quite as interesting from its literary qualities as for its practical ones. According to the author, the purpose of the book is only "to tell briefly of a few shrubs, hardy perennials, biennials, and annuals of simple culture," which information may help some readers, Mrs. Ely hopes, "to plant and make their gardens grow." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

It is announced that George Harvey, president of Harper & Brothers, has acquired the publishing and syndicate business of R. H. Russell, and that Mr. Russell is to become associated with the house of Harper & Brothers. In a statement Mr. Russell said his publishing business was to go to Harper & Brothers and his syndicate business to a syndicate company which Mr. Harvey is about to form. By this deal also Harper & Brothers get the exclusive use of the literary work of F. Peter Dunne, of "Dooley" fame, and of George Ade, and the publication of the hooks of Charles Dana Gibson.

The April number of *Camera Craft* is an industrial number, and contains a complete illustrated description of all the new cameras and appliances to be introduced during the coming season, a series of portraits of prominent manufacturers, a history of color photography, and a valuable article on the use of ortho-chromatic plates.

A delegation of Ojibway Indians paid a visit to Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, at the Longfellow home in Cambridge recently, and left as a remembrance a belt of wampum. The delegation was headed by Chief Wabunosa. Miss Longfellow was invited to visit the tribe at Garden River Reservation, Ont., next summer.

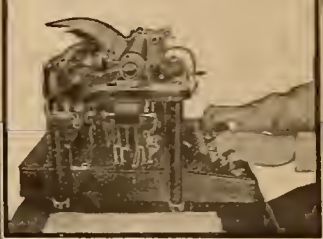
The two-volume autograph edition of Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter," limited to three hundred and fifty sets, lasted just two days after publication.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 66 Fifth Avenue, New York



That is a very neat, all-round performance of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" that they are giving at the Alcazar this week—one of the very best comedy performances, in point of general merit, that I remember to have seen at that house.

It is not a piece that is particularly difficult to act, for it contains no really dramatic moments, except for a passing touch of melodramatic earnestness when Lord Huntworth raises his hand against his wife, and the slight touch of exaggeration in the different characters assists the players instead of adding to their difficulties. Furthermore, the lively histrionic pace that they keep up at the Alcazar the year round, with their weekly changes of hills, is of great aid in cultivating in the general company the necessary flexibility and ease in taking up new rôles. And besides, the piece of this week is particularly well cast. Ernest Hastings, in a make-up that made him absolutely unrecognizable, and with a modified stutter and change of tone that further assisted in concealing his identity, gave an excellent impersonation of Captain Dorvaston, whom he presented under the familiar, but always effective, guise of a tall, eye-glassed, good-natured, blonde haw-haw English giant, whose brains are not constructed on a very profound intellectual plan, but whose heart is in the right place. I remember that the attractive English actor who played the part in the New York company that we saw in the piece some two years back, put, through temperament, perhaps, a little more dignity, a greater element of earnestness in Captain Dorvaston's mental make-up, but I am not sure, after all, but that Mr. Hastings's personation does not follow more closely the lines marked out by the author.

Mr. Bryant, whose skillful delineation of Lord Huntworth is one of the hits of the performance, has evidently modeled his portraiture of the gambler, roué, broken-down sport, dipsomaniac, and all-round rascal generally, on the extremely clever presentation of the same character given by James Lee Finney in the New York company already referred to. It is rather an *outré* conception, but certainly effective, and excessively amusing. Although Mr. Bryant's interpretation is not original, it is extremely well done. There is not a touch lacking in voice, manner, expression, tone, or make-up from what we remember of Mr. Finney's work, and even the personal resemblance is carried out to such an extent that one could easily believe the two players to be identical.

I have known people who are slightly squeamish about seeing even the milder phases of that ever-humorous ailment, the James Jams, represented on the stage. These people jump when the noble lord makes spiders of his hands, and recoil in involuntary dismay when he makes futile passes at the black court-plaster decorating the razor gash on the vicar's respectable chin. They regard Lord Huntworth as too unconventionally startling an object to be introduced into a gentleman's drawing-room, forgetting that he was carried in there all dusty as he was from the vicar's "dry ditch," and was all but ejected at the toe of Captain Dorvaston's hoot. And indeed, the character is conceived and executed in the same spirit as nearly all the others are in this demurely amusing comedy.

Mr. Carton's idea, apparently, was to create a group of personages with just enough, but not too much, humorous exaggeration of characteristics to enable him to place them in a setting of sober realism. He has done it to a charm. The simple opening, the family breakfast, the domestic details, all throw out in piquant contrast the characteristic absurdities of each member of the household. The balanced periods of the tut-tutting vicar, the series of decorous shocks sustained by his maiden sister, the alcoholic insectivora that fit across the perturbed vision of Mr. Brayll, and the general preponderance of matrimonial attention toward the vicar's cook, are all emphasized to their fullest comedy effect by the quiet air of well-bred routine that pervades the vicar's establishment. That is a particularly well-planned and well-executed sortie on the dramatist's part, when "cook" is sum-

moned to receive orders and reproof in nicely balanced proportions. The same fateful stillness settled upon the audience as broods over a family gathering when the mistress of the household dares to summon the Presence from the kitchen in order to raise a voice of protest against some piece of despotism that issues from that chamber of domestic tyranny. The temerity of a mistress who, even in stageland, ventured to reprove a servant, seemed to cause a sensation in the house akin to awe.

Not the least interesting element in this play, by the way, is the glimpse it affords into the ways of English households. How luxurious they are, these English! I was recently reading a novel of English life by a Mrs. Wilfred Ward (who, by the way, hears some resemblance—in the matter and manner of her hooks—to her distinguished namesake, Mrs. Humphry Ward), in which purely incidental references are made to the staff of domestics in the household of a lady who is considered by her relatives to be dragging out a life of obscure poverty through an injudicious love-match. It transpires, however, that the poverty-stricken lady limps painfully through the duties of her daily life with the ineffective aid of a cook, a parlor-maid, a house-maid, and a nurse-maid, not to mention the morning attendance of a hook-boy and a knife-boy?

The vicarage in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" maintains a cook, a butler, and a house-maid in the establishment, and as the second act is devoted to showing up the kitchen side of the serving of a family dinner by these three retainers, ladies who always find the servant topic a congenial and profoundly interesting one, will be able to indulge in their tastes unashamed and unimproved, while witnessing "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

More and more it is beginning to be tacitly acknowledged in fiction that people must think and speak of what constitutes the routine of daily life. Servants are among the unpleasant necessities of existence, and they have entities which hristle with alarming or humorous possibilities, as you take them. The cleverest thing in Barry Pain's fantastic and amusing little tale, "The One Before," is the instinctive art with which he projects himself into the nature of the two house-maids; and equally true to life is the deliciously funny argot which pours in a fluent stream from their cockney lips. Mr. Carton, too, has shown his knowledge of servant nature in the types exhibited in the persons of Gandy, the butler, and Keziah, the house-maid. Keziah, the red-armed nymph of the kitchen, sniffs at Mr. Gandy and derides his airs of social superiority, but she hends instinctively and willingly before the calm authority of "cook."

The two parts were exceedingly well done, Miss Crosby evincing her usual thoroughgoing appreciation of the humorous possibilities in a slavey make-up. Her complexion was the scarlet horn of the cooking-stove, her hair stringy, her features skillfully manipulated into a reckless and abandoned ugliness that was positively heroic.

George Oshourne, too, correct and deliberate, as the respectable Mr. Gandy, who saw calmly and unerringly through his betters, exhibiting no emotion of any kind until his heart was touched by the mental, moral, physical, and culinary perfections of "cook"—George Oshourne, as usual, was versatile, admirable, and indispensable.

Oza Waldrop had the part that suits her—that of a pretty, roguish girl, not so far gone in love but that her head keeps admirable control over the affairs of her heart. Even the small part of the curate was in good hands. Albert Morrison is young, but promising. He is not of the lazy, perfunctory type of players, but works up the details of his parts with zeal and intelligence. That little matter of his dignified exit, in the first act, was a case in point. I am inclined to think that, for an English girl, Lucy was rather too knowing for it to be quite credible that she would so easily relinquish the gorgeous and financially equipped captain, and content herself with a mere curate. But then it would not be Carton to give us merely a romantic, bread-and-butter miss. With him, even a girl who will elope with a curate must have a little salt and savor to redeem her from insipidity.

Lucy, with her prettily sophisticated airs, her demure roguishness, was an excellent foil for the starchy Miss Pillinger and the innocent old vicar. Miss Marie Howe played her part with frosty dignity, and Frank Bacon, with a ministerial swing to his voice, extracted all the humor out of the polysyllabic circumlocution of the Rev. Audrey's flowing periods.

The dominating rôle, that of Lady Huntworth, was played by the new leading lady, Miss Bertha Creighton. It is rather a wild and extravagant idea, that of an English woman of rank and fashion supporting herself by taking up a menial position. But

Carton was not looking for probabilities when he wrote the play. As I have said, he made his effects by placing all but fantastic improbabilities in an atmosphere of sober possibility, and Miss Creighton falls to a charm into the atmosphere. On this first hearing, she reveals herself to be an actress with many good points. She has a low, carrying voice, an untheatrical but telling delivery, and her speech and accent are irreproachable. Then she has the crowning virtue of repose—a quality very much needed in the rôle of "cook," who quietly dominates everybody in the house, including its rebellious but helpless mistress. How ably Miss Creighton will handle a dramatic rôle has yet to be proved, but her quietly competent air promises well. Merely to act with the moderation and the restrained humor the part of Lady Huntworth's demands is reassuring.

As to appearance, Miss Creighton, though not a beauty, is young and good-looking. She makes her eyes up for a larger theatre, and in this rôle, at least, neglects the possibilities of her figure. "Cook"—with her all-conquering charm—has laid the entire male population of the household at her feet. Men are always susceptible to the attractions of plumpness, shape, and style, even if a pretty face is lacking, and Miss Creighton's neat, but loosely fitting kitchen dress, should be less reticent, but rather emphatically suggest, in style and fit, the alluring presence of "a fine woman."

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W. H. Crane, who has been appearing with such success in a dramatization of "David Harum," will appear in San Francisco next month.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

First Appearance of Mrs. Campbell.

There will be a crowded house at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night to greet the famous English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, on her first appearance in San Francisco in Sudermann's latest play, "Es Lehe das Lehen," which has been translated into English by Edith Wharton, and entitled "The Joy of Living." Mrs. Campbell is considered one of England's greatest actresses, and she has created a furor in the East, for her personality and plays are decidedly out of the ordinary. In "The Joy of Living" she has the rôle of the Countess Beata, which should give her an admirable opportunity. The play deals with life among the nobility and high official circles of Germany, and the plot revolves about the Countess Beata, who, though happily married to an affectionate, but unromantic, husband, falls in love with a certain haron, her husband's most intimate friend. She not only becomes his mistress, but uses her influence with her husband to secure his political advancement. In the end she induces her husband to resign his seat in the Reichstag in favor of her paramour. Unfortunately for her, some of her love-letters have fallen into the hands of a former secretary, now a socialist agitator, who uses the knowledge thus acquired as a weapon of political attack, and creates a great scandal. The last man to suspect the truth is the injured husband, but finally his eyes are opened, and in a very strong scene between the three principals the guilty wife is driven to confession. But she defends her course by declaring that she has "done the best that was in her," that she had a right to live her own life—to free love, that is—and that if she deserved blame for deceiving her husband, she ought at least to receive credit for keeping him in happy ignorance. Naturally the outraged husband demands reparation. At the same time, he is anxious to avoid public disgrace and scandal, and so, instead of a divorce suit or a duel, it is agreed that the guilty baron shall commit suicide, which he is perfectly willing to do. But Beata, in a final interview with the baron, obtains his promise to attend a luncheon, which she and her husband are to give on the following day for the sake of appearances, and pledges herself that the life which is now so precious to him shall be preserved. At the luncheon she assumes a forced gaiety, re-asserts her faith in her Epicurean creed—the right to enjoy life—swallows poison, and dies, having previously written a letter to her husband, in which she points out that the baron must continue to live if the good name of the family is to be preserved. To this both men agree, and the curtain falls. The play will be elaborately staged, and Mrs. Campbell will be supported by her London company. She will give matinees on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, but the theatre will remain closed on Good Friday night and Sunday night.

De Lussan in "The Bohemian Girl."

"Carmen," with Zelfe de Lussan in the title rôle, has been such a success at the Tivoli Opera House that the management will produce "The Bohemian Girl" next week with the charming diva in the rôle of Arline, in which she has scored a great success in the East and Europe. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Count Arnheim, Caro Roma as the gypsy queen, Arthur Hahn as Devilshoof, Edward Webb as Florestine, and George Tennery as Thaddeus. "The Bohemian Girl" will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and on the alternate nights "The Mikado" will be repeated. The Tivoli company are actively rehearsing Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment," a novelty here, which will be given during Easter week.

"Richard the Third" at the Grand.

The younger generation of theatre-goers ought to be especially grateful to the management of the Grand Opera House for the number of admirable Shakespearean productions which they have presented during the past year. Next week R. D. MacLean and Odette Tyler will appear in "Richard the Third," which has not been seen here for several years. Mr. MacLean will appear in the title rôle, and as he is an experienced actor of great personal magnetism, and is known as one of the most handsome men on the stage, his interpretation is sure to prove interesting. His wife, Odette Tyler, for many years played the leading sourette rôles in the Frohman productions, and will be remembered as a dainty bit of blonde femininity. She will appear as Prince Arthur, and, although the rôle is only a minor one, she is said to give a touching portrayal of the ill-fated victim of King Richard's quenchless ambition. Several picturesque stage settings are being painted, and the costumes will be especially elaborate.

Fischer's New Burlesque.

"Helter-Skelter," a dramatic conundrum, in three guesses, with the dialogue by Harry B. Smith, and the music by John Stromberg, will be the new Weber & Fields offerings at Fischer's Theatre next week. The original locale Tuxedo has been changed to Burlington, where all sorts of laughable events take place, including the stranding of Funnus T. Barnum's great show. A circus parade of the comedians, a burlesque automobile race, a mysterious beer carriage, and a dainty Spanish ballet are among the features which are expected to score special hits. The cast will include Winfield Blake as Polington Sheiland, a club-man; Harry Hermen as Funnus T. Barnum, owner of "The World's Greatest Show"; C. W. Kolb and N. M. Dill as grafters; Barney Bernard as Isadore Mosenstein, an old clothes man; George de Long as Penfield Paperweight, a society reporter; George

Best as Bill, the baggageman; Maude Amber as Mlle. Celestine Maoni, equestrienne marvel of "The World's Greatest Show"; and Olive Vail as Dolly Vanity, a society bud.

Comedy at the Alcazar.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's amusing comedy, "An American Citizen," will be presented at the Alcazar Theatre next week with Ernest Hastings and Bertha Crichton in the rôles made familiar by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. Mrs. Ryley's play abounds in amusing situations, and hinges on the experiences of a breezy young American banker, who renounces his nationality, changes his name, marries an English beauty to save her from disinheritor, and finally falls desperately in love with his wife. The action opens at the offices of a New York law firm brought to the verge of ruin by a partner's defalcation, changes to Nice during the flower festival season, then to the drawing-room of a grand Continental hotel, and finally ends in a suite of humble London lodgings. The pretty costume play, "Her Majesty," depicting the stirring adventures of the girl queen of the mythical kingdom of Nordenmark, will be the next production.

New Specialties at the Orpheum.

The Colby family, including father, mother, and two children, will be the leading attraction at the Orpheum next week. They have a unique skit, in which little Byrle, the seven-year-old daughter, plays on any number of musical instruments, while her brother Frank gives some clever imitations of notable conductors. Another novelty will be "Hooked by Crook," dramatized from Gelett Burgess's story by that name, and presented by the Mason-Keeler Company. The other new-comers are McCue and Cahill, high class vocalists; and Joseph LaFleur, who appears in a remarkable single acrobatic act. Those retained from this week's bill are the Beaux and Belles Octet, Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent in "An Idyl of the Links," Kronau's White Tscherkess trio, Milly Capell and her trained horse and hunting dogs, and the biograph. The magnificent Delhi Durhar pageant pictures are to be continued another week.

The Coming Dog Show.

Great preparations are being made for the coming bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club, which is to be held at Mechanics' Pavilion from April 22d to the 25th, inclusive. George Raper, the famous English judge, has been engaged to select the winners in all classes except cocker spaniels, which will be looked after by Dr. Clarence Selfridge, of Oakland. The premium list is already from the hands of the printer, and the cups and prizes are the finest ever offered for a similar competition in California. For the sake of convenience, an office has been opened at 630 Market Street for the receipt of entries up to April 11th, and intending exhibitors may address all inquiries there, or call in person for particulars.

The big event at the Oakland Track to-day is the Gebhard handicap for two-year-olds over a sevenfurlong course. The value of the purse is seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, and, as there are some seventy-six entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

James K. Hackett's profits on the dramatization of Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis," this season, which is being produced by himself and Isabel Irving, will be, it is said, about one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars.

Elbert Hubbard, the editor of the *Philistine* and head of the Roycrofters, of East Aurora, N. Y., will deliver a lecture here on Tuesday evening, April 28th, under the direction of Will Greenbaum.

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VANITY FAIR.

The story of Sir William Gordon Macgregor's rescue from the Westham workhouse has brought to light a remarkable matrimonial agency in London. As soon as one of the up-to-date agents who made it their business to bring loving hearts together for a consideration, found that a real, live haronet was immured in a workhouse she communicated with him, arranged an interview, and told Sir William of an American client who would pay \$125,000 for the privilege of marrying a titled Englishman. After some correspondence, a legal agreement was drawn up, in which the agent undertook to provide the haronet with "a good-looking, mild-tempered bride, of loving disposition, aged thirty-five years." The first installment of the dowry was to be \$25,000, and on the wedding day Sir William agreed to pay the agent \$15,000, of which \$10,000 was allotted to the titled society woman who was to introduce the American heiress. The bargain, however, was not ratified, because the American lady refused to part with her money for anything less than a duke. Nevertheless, Sir William was not left without a bride. According to the *Daily Express*, numerous women in Great Britain have written offering their hands and fortunes to him, and he will shortly marry the daughter of a naval officer, who, said the haronet in an interview, "took pity on my misfortune and wrote to me on the subject of marriage before I met the agents." Sir William, who is fifty-seven years old, denies that he has locomotor ataxia. He says he suffers from St. Vitus's dance. The *Express* adds that the two women who run the matrimonial agency are well known in society. One finds eligible men, and the other seeks gullible women with more money than brains. They live in large houses in London, where they entertain their country clients while negotiations are pending. They keep an automobile for country jaunts, and arrange theatre and supper parties for the purpose of bringing about suitable matches.

M. Camhon, recently the French ambassador, was, according to William E. Curtis, the victim of the most serious *contretemps* that was ever caused by President Roosevelt's unexpected invitations to dinners at the White House. M. Camhon had invited about twenty friends to dine with him at the embassy one night, and on the morning of the same day received an invitation to the White House. The members of the diplomatic corps are naturally very punctilious in observing their obligations toward the President, and M. Camhon was compelled to send notice to all of his guests that his dinner must be postponed. Not long ago two members of the Cabinet were expected at a dinner given in honor of the Russian ambassador, when the President summoned them to dine with him. One of them frankly told him his predicament, and was excused. The other withdrew his acceptance to the first invitation. A certain senator had promised to take dinner one Sunday afternoon with some old friends who had invited half a dozen people to meet him. Exactly three hours before dinner time he received an invitation from the President over the telephone, and was obliged to write an explanation to his friends and ask them to excuse him. The story is also told of a new member of Congress who was requested to select the guests and fix the date for a dinner given in his honor. He did both, but the dinner was given without him. He was invited to the White House, and had to go there instead.

A patriot who believes he has the moral right to kiss his wife on Sunday braved the law in Philadelphia last week, and appeared before Magistrate Gorman as the prosecutor in a test case that may shatter the famous act of 1794, that compels every average citizen to become a criminal when he walks in his garden in the good old summer time. This patriot is one Charles J. Field. The blue laws of 1794 have become exceedingly obnoxious, and Senator Berkebeck arose in his place in the senate a few weeks ago and introduced a repealer. Then there was a howl. Berkebeck heat a hasty retreat, and the law stands. Under this law no man is safe in Pennsylvania during the twenty-four hours beginning at sunset on Saturday. Here are some of the provisions of the old act of 1794: "There shall be no manner of work performed on the Sabbath day, and there shall be no hargaining, trading, or other indulgence in worldly pursuits during the period designated as the Sabbath day. The Sabbath day shall begin at sundown Saturday. No heast of hurden, man servant, or maid servant shall be called upon to do

any manner of labor on the Sabbath day. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or on any day of fasting. No person shall undertake a journey, travel, cook victuals, shave, or otherwise defile the Sabbath day by other untoward conduct. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from his or her place of worship. It shall be unlawful for any person to disturb the peace of the Sabbath day by indulging in unworthy and worldly conversation on the public roads on that day." From the foregoing propositions of the old law (points out the *Chicago Record-Herald*), it will be readily understood why Patriot Field and his associates insist that the law shall be strictly enforced or repealed. The arrest of the hired organists and choir leaders in the ultra high churches of the city on Easter Sunday is the next move threatened. All of the newspaper publishers, transportation companies, news dealers, and harkers are to be "arrested," and if necessary to popularize the law, the policemen and firemen will be "arrested," along with the mayor, and the guards at the United States mint, all of whom have been detected in gross violations of the act of 1794.

The publicity recently given to the increasing popularity of corsets among men seems to have provided the London daily newspapers with an interesting subject for discussion. The *Globe* comments on the fashion as follows: "The modern man lives so strenuously, we are told, that he needs external support. This he finds in corsets. So far as we can gather, the evil begins with the belt, against which no one can level the arrows of scorn, and after awhile, seduced by a feeling of comfort, the belt gradually increases in width until it becomes a veritable pair of stays. After that all the veils of tight lacing begin, and the world is irritated by the sight of pinch-waisted men walking unshamed in our streets, rather proud than otherwise of their monstrous appearance. The belt is very probably as healthy an article of wardrobe as the tropical sombrero or the English umbrella, but it would be straining even the faddism of modern hygiene to prove the utility of stays." The *Tailor and Cutter* says: "A walk round the West End to-day will convince the most sceptical of the satirists who hurled their shafts of ridicule at this fashion a few months ago that they have wasted their energies, and they will do well to learn that fashion's follies never have been, nor ever will be, cured by these investives. To-day the most popular overcoat is the D. B. Frock; the newest lounge is close fitting at the waist, and if the large number of inquiries we have had during the past week or two for the names and addresses of men's corset manufacturers is any guide to the taste of the smart-dressed young men of to-day, then the wearing of these effeminate articles of attire is on the increase."

The women suffragists can not be downed. Nothing seems to be able to dampen their spirits. Just as the delegates from all parts of the country recently started to New Orleans for their annual convention, the Mississippi River took occasion to overflow its banks. But a little thing like that could not sweep the suffragists off their feet. They had survived greater obstacles many times before. Says Ida Husted Harper: "In January, 1895, the national association for the first time took its convention outside of Washington, and went to Atlanta, the home of sunshine and flowers. That very week, however, the coldest wave ever experienced in that section of the country swept down upon them, killed all the oranges, and froze the marrow in people's bones, but the company played to packed houses every session. In January, 1897, they went out to Des Moines, carrying their convention for the first time west of the Mississippi River, and the mercury fell to twenty degrees below zero, the coldest weather on record in that locality, but the papers reported 'standing room only.' In February, 1898, they came to Washington to celebrate their fortieth anniversary. Extensive preparations had been made, and the meetings opened with great éclat, but a day or two later the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, and for the rest of the week, as far as the Washingtonians were concerned, McCready, Forrest, and Booth combined could not have drawn an audience, but the delegates never missed a number on the programme. All of this goes to show that the suffragists can't be frozen out or drowned out or stampeded by any sort of panic. They have gone through fire and flood, literally and figuratively, and they

have not hauled down their flag or omitted a convention for half a century. If the Mississippi should inundate New Orleans they would hunt a high and dry spot outside the city, call the meeting to order, read the minutes, and proceed with the speeches."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 1, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 120 1/2-120 3/4	118 3/4
Market St. Ry. Con.				
5%.....	3,000	@ 118 1/2	118	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 123 1/2	121	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 103-103 1/2	103 1/2	
Oakland Transit 5%.....	30,000	@ 114 1/2	115
Oakland Transit Con				
5%.....	12,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	11,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	111
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry				
5%.....	10,000	@ 106	105	106 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 124 1/2	122	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	7,000	@ 111	110 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	13,000	@ 111 1/2-112	112	112 1/2
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905				
Series B.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2	104	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1910	1,000	@ 110	106	107 1/2
S. P. Branch 6%.....	2,000	@ 141 1/2	138	
S. V. Water 4% 2d....	6,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.....	10	@ 62 1/2-62 3/4	63
Spring Valley.....	175	@ 84 1/2-84 3/4	84 1/2	84 3/4
	BANKS.			
Anglo Cal.....	180	@ 99	98 1/2	100
Mutual Savings....	50	@ 90	90	
	POWERS.			
Giant Con.....	310	@ 65-66	65 1/2	
	STREET R. R.			
Presidio.....	5	@ 45	45
	SUGARS.			
Hana P. Co.....	20	@ 4 1/2	4	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S....	90	@ 46-47 1/2	45 1/2	46
Honokaa S. Co.....	100	@ 14 1/2	14	14 1/2
Hutchinson.....	345	@ 15-16	15	16
Kilauea S. Co.....	25	@ 7 1/2	7	7 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	25	@ 26 1/2-27	25	27
Onomea S. Co.....	100	@ 22 1/2	22 1/2	
Paahau S. Co.....	630	@ 17 1/2-18	18	18 1/2
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
Central L. & P.....	160	@ 4-4 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2
Equitable Gas.....	75	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 3/4
Mutual Electric....	660	@ 9-10	6 1/2	8
Pacific Gas.....	295	@ 40-42 1/2	39	40
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,805	@ 58-61	58 1/2	59
	TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	170	@ 58-60 1/2	56	57
	MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers....	90	@ 152 1/2-155	154 1/2	155
Cal. Fruit C. Assn....	50	@ 92 1/2	92	92 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn....	75	@ 104-105	104	105
Oceanic S. Co.....	175	@ 14 1/2-15	14	16

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the light and power stocks, about 3,200 shares changing hands. On selling orders San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off three points to 58; Pacific Gas Improvement, two and three-quarters points to 40; Mutual Electric, one point to 9. The water stocks have kept steady with no change in prices. The sugars were weaker, about 1,200 shares of all kinds changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling off one and one half points to 46; Hutchinson, one point to 15. Giant Powder shaded off two and one-half points to 65 on sales of 310 shares, closing at 65 1/2 bid.

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LIBRARIES.

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LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

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LEAVE — FROM FEBRUARY 26, 1903. — ARRIVE	
7:00 A. Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:00 A. Vacaville, Windsor, Romney, etc.	7:25 P.
7:30 A. Marin, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	8:25 P.
7:30 A. Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7:25 P.
8:00 A. Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	7:55 P.
8:00 A. Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 A.
8:00 A. Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	11:45 P.
8:00 A. Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield, etc.	5:25 P.
8:30 A. Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fresno, Red Bluff, Portland, etc.	7:55 P.
8:30 A. Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4:25 P.
8:30 A. Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Benara, Tolueme and Angels, etc.	4:25 P.
9:00 A. Vallejo, Martinez and Way Stations	8:55 P.
10:00 A. Vallejo, etc.	1:25 P.
10:00 A. Crescent City Express, Eastbound—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans. (Westbound arrives via Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line.)	11:35 A.
10:00 A. The Overland Limited—Denver, Omaha, Chicago, etc.	5:25 P.
12:00 M. Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25 P.
11:00 P. Sacramento River Steamer, etc.	11:00 P.
3:30 P. Benicia, Windsor, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	10:55 A.
3:30 P. Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
4:00 P. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	8:25 P.
4:00 P. Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Niles, Livermore, Stockton, etc.	10:25 A.
4:30 P. Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11:55 A.
5:00 P. The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Concord, Sausalito for Santa Barbara. (Golden State Limited Sleeper carried on Owl Train for Chicago)	8:55 A.
5:00 P. Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos, etc.	1:25 P.
5:30 P. Niles, Local, etc.	7:25 A.
6:00 P. Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7:55 A.
6:00 P. Vallejo, etc.	11:25 A.
8:00 P. Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, etc.	4:25 P.
7:00 P. Sunset Limited (leave via Coast Line Eastbound)—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Mendota, Martinez. (Arrives via San Joaquin Valley Westbound)	8:25 A.
7:00 P. San Pablo, Port Costa, Stockton, etc.	11:25 A.
7:00 P. Vallejo, etc.	7:55 P.
8:05 P. Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Angel Island and East	8:55 A.
9:10 P. Hayward, Niles (Sunday only), etc.	11:55 A.
11:25 P. Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, etc.	1:25 P.
Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	5:25 P.
COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)	
8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fulton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	5:50 P.
12:15 P. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Alameda, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations, etc.	11:50 A.
4:15 P. Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, etc.	18:50 A.
6:30 P. Hunter's Train—San Jose and Way Stations (Saturday only), etc.	17:20 P.
OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.	
From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Ship 8)	
—7:15 A.M. 11:00 A.M. 5:15 P.M.	
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—16:00 18:00	
16:05 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.	
COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)	
5:10 A. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:30 P.
7:00 A. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	5:30 P.
7:00 A. New Almaden, etc.	4:10 P.
8:00 A. Coast Line Limited—San Jose, Hollister, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Principal Intermediate Stations, etc.	10:45 P.
10:00 A. Pacific Coast Express (leaves via San Joaquin Valley Eastbound as Crescent City Express)—New Orleans, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Pacific Grove, Del Monte. (Arrives via Coast Line Westbound)	11:35 A.
9:00 A. San Jose, Fresno, Hanford, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations, etc.	4:10 P.
10:30 A. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	1:30 P.
11:30 A. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	5:30 P.
11:30 P. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:00 P.
2:00 P. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	10:00 A.
13:00 P. Del Monte Express—Santa Cruz, San Jose, Hollister, Salinas, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations, etc.	12:15 P.
3:30 P. Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose, etc.	8:38 A.
14:30 P. San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations, etc.	10:45 A.
16:00 P. San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations, etc.	19:00 A.
15:30 P. San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18:00 A.
16:15 P. San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	18:45 A.
8:30 P. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	5:35 A.
7:00 P. Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York. (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	8:25 A.
11:45 P. Palo Alto and Way Stations, etc.	19:45 P.
11:45 P. San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	19:45 P.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An American tourist who called on Robert Burns's widow, Jean Armour, a few years after his death, had the audacity to ask her: "Can you show me any relics of the poet?" "Sir," answered the old lady, with majestic dignity: "I am the only relic of Robert Burns."

On a recent day's outing in Westchester County, N. Y., Ernest Haskell, the artist, was painting a bit of the green hillside when a farmer came along, looked at the half-finished water-color, then gazed, much puzzled, at three flat pans containing water which the artist had put on the ground close at hand. Turning away with a look of disgust, he remarked half-aloud: "Homeopath, h'gosh!"

Joseph Grismer's wife, Phebe Davis, of the "Way Down East" Company, was approached on the train the other day by a boy, who, without preliminary introduction, remarked: "How do you do, Miss Davis. Don't you remember me? I was a member of your company last season." "Is that so?" answered Miss Davis; "I don't recall you. What part did you play?" "Oh," was the reply, "I swept up the stage after the harnyard scene."

The other night Second Warden E. A. McPherson climbed the penitentiary wall at Salem, Ore., to test the vigilance of guards. McPherson's feat was performed at the risk of his life, for had he been discovered, he would probably have been instantly shot. He placed a ladder against the exterior of the wall, climbed up, lowered his ladder into the jail yard, and descended. He went through the prison shops, and as a final touch carried away the coat and hat of one of the guards. It was from this jail that the famous Tracy escaped last summer, and it is supposed that the rifle with which he fought his way out was taken into the prison over the yard fence.

Francis E. Leupp says that probably the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress was made by "Ben" Butler, of Massachusetts. An Ohio member had fallen afoul of him one day, and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an unconsciously ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence; this tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high above his head as possible, and then wring his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assailant finished, and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began: "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and expectancy reached nearly the bursting point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent. "That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally, and sat down; "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

According to Charles H.E. Brookfield, in his "Random Reminiscences," the "leading juveniles" of the London stage of twenty years ago were a wonderful study. The Haymarket Company once rejoiced in the possession of two at the same time. One was a veteran in his line, a Mr. Lancelot. The other, a Mr. Beaumains, had only recently left one of the learned professions to adorn the stage, and, accordingly, watched every action of Mr. Lancelot's in order to learn how to comport himself as a leading romantic West End actor should. If Mr. Lancelot chanced to exhibit a peeress's card among the invitations which, from the frame of his dressing glass, exhibited his social popularity, Mr. Beaumains would follow suit to the best of his ability by displaying in the margin of his mirror a request for his company from, say, the Lady of a City Knight. We are told that once, when all the company were assembled in the greenroom, Lancelot burst in with an anxious brow. "Has any one seen an envelope," he inquired, "addressed to me in a lady's handwriting? There's nothing in it, only there's a d—n great coronet on it that somebody might recognize. It's not the sort of thing that one wants to leave lying about." Strange to say, the envelope was never found; but a short time afterward Beaumains made a similar entrance. "Has any one seen an envelope lying about addressed to me in a feminine hand?" he asked, eagerly; "it's nothing of

importance, only there's an infernal great coat-of-arms outside, and one doesn't want to set people gossiping." A minor member of the company wasted the whole of the next afternoon in manufacturing an enormous sort of pantomime envelope about thirty inches by eighteen, which he emblazoned with the royal arms in heraldic colors. He chose a moment when both "leading juveniles" were in the greenroom to drop this work of art on the carpet and then appealed to the company: "Has any one seen an envelope addressed to me with a devilish big sort of a 'scutcheon on it? I wouldn't have it create a false impression for the world." Most of the onlookers were amused, but neither Lancelot nor Beaumains took the poor man's jest in good part, we are informed.

The Rev. W. W. Waddell declares that in Brazil the elections are a farce. The ballots are hardly ever counted, for the government nominates its ticket, and then, after an election, announces all its candidates elected. "A year or so ago," he says, "an American, who had settled in Bahia, the second largest city in Brazil, was made an election clerk, and was told to bring the returns from an interior town into Bahia. After the election had closed, the clerk took the returns and hastened away, guarding them with the greatest care. He rode his horse hard, for he felt that the suspense would be great at Bahia until the returns he was carrying were received. What was his chagrin, therefore, to hand his package over to the chief election clerk, only to see it thrown into the wastebasket. "'Here, what are you doing?' he shouted. "'Throwing them away,' was the answer, 'we don't need them now.' "'Don't need them,' stammered the American, who had been brought up to regard a violation of the election laws as treasonable. "'The government has elected its men already,' was the answer; 'we don't need any more votes.' Here the inspector opened the package and showed the astonished American a quantity of blanks, each of which was signed, with a space to be filled in with any number necessary to elect the government candidates."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Emblems.

A high-ball tempted him to stray;
A masque ball made him yet more gay.
And then the little ball at play
On red and black took all his pay.
He saw all three in gilt display,
Above the door he sought next day.
—Town Topics.

Inside.

There are only 400 real iron pots
That float in the stream of style,
And some of these pots,
They are pretty tough pots,
Though they float with a satisfied smile.
And woe to the pot that is made out of clay
Who dares to join in with the throng,
If the book that is blue
Doesn't recognize you,
You will float—I don't think—very long.
In fact, I don't think the old saints, if they could,
Would care to mix up with these pots,
Brass, China, and Delf,
On the old kitchen shelf,
Have a happier time of it—lots.
And the 400 pots in the social swim,
Many thanks to paint, powder, and pride,
May look like a dream,
As they float down the stream,
But they're horribly battered, inside.—Life.

Whose Fan?

The ball was at its height of light and glory,
And beauty, joy, and music filled the place;
Behind the palms, in the conservatory,
Brown saw a couple stand in close embrace,
And heard a kiss. He knew 'twas gay Ned Story,
But had no chance to see the woman's face.
When they had gone he passed the threshold o'er
And found a dainty fan upon the floor.
Whose was the fan? He vowed that he would know it;
He sought the ball-room, and, in passing through,
He waved the silken wing that he might show it,
Asking each fair, "Does this belong to you?"
He'd told his friends the joke, could not forego it,
And they watched too to see him get his clew.
Sudden—Brown's pretty wife called from her chair:
"Why, Dick, that's mine! I've sought it every-where."
—George Birdseye in Lippincott's Magazine.

All Seamen

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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows: For Keelikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change in company's steamers at Seattle. For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry. For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): Pomona, 1:30 P. M., April 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, May 4. Corona, 1:30 P. M., April 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, May 1. For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara. Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M. State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M. For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneeme. Coos Bay, 9 A. M., April 3, 11, 19, 27, May 5. For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Itata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 M., 7th of each month. For further information obtain folder. Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel). Freight Office, 10 Market St. C. D. DONNAN, General Passenger Agent, 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

The Kiersted-McBean Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Edith McBean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, and Dr. Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1935 Pacific Avenue last Saturday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances Moore, and Miss Cora Smedberg were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Athole McBean acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, those at the bride's table, besides the bridal party, being Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. William Page, and Mr. George A. Newhall. Dr. and Mrs. Kiersted departed for Monterey on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Fort Miley, where Dr. Kiersted is stationed. Mrs. Kiersted will be "at home" on the third and fourth Tuesdays in April.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Ada Russell, daughter of Mrs. John Adam Russell, and Mr. George Andrew Webster.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Josephine Harlan, daughter of Mrs. Hester Harlan, to Mr. Philip Read Bradley.

The wedding of Miss Florence Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, to Mr. Henry McD. Spencer, will take place on Saturday, April 11th, at the home of the bride's parents on Van Ness Avenue. Rev. W. K. Guthrie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will perform the ceremony at noon. Miss Frances Moore will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mr. Dixwell Hewitt will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Julia Tompkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, to Mr. John Carey will take place at one o'clock on Saturday, April 25th, at the home of the bride's parents at San Anselmo. Miss Ethel Tompkins will be her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Carleton Frost will act as best man.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Helen Kline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, and Dr. Thomas Augustus Jaggar, which will take place on Wednesday afternoon, April 15th, at half after four o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, north-west corner Fillmore Street and Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Katherine White, daughter of Captain White, Field Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant George Ingraham Feeter, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at the Presidio Chapel on Wednesday morning, April 15th, at half after eight o'clock.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Hager, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Captain Faison, U. S. A.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury gave a tea last Saturday afternoon in the Palm Garden at the Palace Hotel. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Miss Josselyn.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, who departed on Wednesday for the East en route to Europe. Others at table were Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Lucie King, Miss Lottie Russell, Miss Helen Wagner, Mr. Richard McCreery, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Clement Tobin, Dr. Johnston, and Mr. Enrique Grau.

Golf Notes.

Final plans for the holding of the annual tournament for the amateur golf championship of Northern California have been determined upon by the officials of the Northern California Golf Association. The event this year will be held on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Saturday, April 25th. Competition will commence on that day at 10 A. M., and will be over 36 holes for medal play. Four prizes are offered the players, three for the best scores, and one to the player making the best score over 18 consecutive holes during the competition.

The first half of the second home-and-home

contests of the present season between the men of the Oakland and San Francisco Golf Clubs will be played on the links of the Oakland Golf Club to-day (Saturday.) The second half of the contest will be played on the links at the Presidio on April 11th. The teams will each be composed of twelve men.

In the final round of the Council's Cup tournament, which was started a month ago, H. C. Golcher defeated John Lawson by a score of 1 up for the 18 holes. By winning this event Mr. Golcher is now in the lead for the permanent possession of the trophy, with two wins to his credit. Among the other players, whose names are engraved on the trophy, are S. L. Abbot, H. B. Goodwin, R. H. Gaylord, and John Lawson.

The second half of the home-and-home contest between the ladies of the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs was played on the Adams Point links on Thursday, and resulted in a score of 20 up in favor of the Oakland players. Inasmuch as the San Francisco team won by only 6 up in the first half of this competition, the Oakland team won the entire contest by a score of 14 up. The players in the latter team were Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mrs. W. P. Johnson, Miss Alice Knowles, Miss Jacqueline Moore, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, and Miss Whitney. The San Francisco players included Miss E. Chesebrough, Mrs. D. J. R. Clarke, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Alice Hoffman, Mrs. G. LeRoy Nickel, and Miss Alice Hager.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Heinrich Conreid's Opera Plans.

Nowhere outside of Bayreuth has Wagner's "Parsifal" been permitted, but New York is to have a complete performance of the work, fully equal to, if not better, in some respects, than the famous Bavarian presentation of the work. It is to be the great novelty of Heinrich Conreid's first season as *impresario* at the Metropolitan Opera House. Wagner himself positively again and again refused the most alluring offers from Berlin, London, and other cities to allow them to produce his music drama of the search for the Holy Grail. Since his death his widow has been as firm in her determination to make those who would hear the great work undertake a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. And when it was threatened to produce it elsewhere, with or without permission, Frau Cosima Wagner declared that she would leave no legal means unused to prevent it under the copyright law. Mr. Conreid has determined to signalize his taking of the Metropolitan by a full presentation of "Parsifal," and to fight the matter out with Frau Wagner if need be. He has had legal advice on the matter (says the New York Herald), and believes that the copyright restrictions with which Frau Wagner has heretofore terrorized opera directors do not hold in this country, and he proposes to let New York hear the score, and then he will be ready to take the matter into court if Frau Wagner desires to test his decision.

Among the notable artists whom Mr. Conreid has engaged for next season is Chevalier Enrico Caruso, who only recently received his title as a mark of appreciation from the King of Italy. He is one of the foremost Italian tenors of the day, and sang last season at Covent Garden, London, making a pronounced success with the opera-loving citizens of the British metropolis. Mr. Grau tried very hard to bring him to America this season, but his terms were too high. Mr. Conreid, however, has been more fortunate. Chevalier Caruso has an extensive repertoire, including all the favorite operas of the Italian schools.

Promenade Concert at the Art Institute.

The soloists at the promenade concert at the Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening were Mrs. Harry Arnold, contralto; Miss Bessie S. Rosenbaum, soprano; and Gerard Barton, organist. The programme, given under the direction of Henry Heyman, was as follows:

Organ prelude, "Faust," Gounod, Gerard Barton; songs, "May Morning," Denza, "Widmung," Schumann, Miss Bessie S. Rosenbaum; violin, "Album Leaf," Gerard Barton (manuscript, first time), Henry Heyman; song, "The Land of Yesterday," Mascheroni, Mrs. Harry Arnold; organ, "Dreams," Wagner, Gerard Barton; songs, "Irish Folk Song," Arthur Foote, "Wiegeli," Hildach, Miss Bessie S. Rosenbaum; violin, "Romanze," op. 87, Jadassohn, Henry Heyman; songs, "In Wunderschönen Monat Mai," "Die Lotus Blume," Schumann, "Die Ehre Gottes," Beethoven, Mrs. Harry Arnold; and organ, melody in C, Gerard Barton, Gerard Barton.

On Thursday evening next another concert will be given in connection with the spring art exhibition.

Mrs. Mason's Song Recital.

Mrs. Caroline McLaine Mason will give a song recital at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, April 13th, when she will be assisted by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Nathan Landsberger, violinist. The patronesses include Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. H. C. Watson, Mrs. Emmi G. Rudolph, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. George E. Bates, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, and Mrs. Charles Cadwell Moore. Mrs. Mason is a Californian, a daughter of the late Laughlin McLaine, and a niece of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, but since her marriage, seven years ago, has resided in Pittsburg, Pa. She has a dramatic soprano voice of excellent range and quality, and has studied with the best masters in New York. She has been most successful in concert and oratorio, having sung in many of the large Eastern cities.

The programme for Monday evening will consist of selections from Grieg, Liszt, Wagner, MacDowell, Chadwick, and other American composers.

The leading feature of the monthly concert of the Twentieth Century Musical Club, which takes place this (Saturday) afternoon at Steinway Hall, will be Kopta, the pianist, who will render a number of interesting solos. Schubert's music is to form the club's part of the entertainment.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

A clever farce, "Are You a Mason?" is to follow Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Columbia Theatre. Among the principal players in the cast will be Edward Abeles, John C. Rice, and Thomas Wise.

Among the plays to be presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell during the second week of her engagement are E. F. Benson's comedy of English social life, "Aunt Jeannie," and Sudermann's "Magda."

It is intimated that the Empire Stock Company will soon be a thing of the past in New York. Charles Richman is to be a star next year under the management of Weber & Fields, and it is understood that Charles Frohman is to send Margaret Anglin to London to play in some of his companies there, and then to bring her back to America as a star the season following.

The passion play, "Nazareth," which was presented at Santa Clara at the golden jubilee of the Santa Clara College two years ago, will again be presented this year about the middle of May. Martin V. Merle, a well-known Eastern actor, who has been one of the leading juvenile men with Charles Frohman, has arrived at the college, and he is busily engaged in preparing for the revival of the sacred play which attracted so much attention at its original production.

A. W. Pinero, in discussing the failure of Robert Louis Stevenson as a dramatist, recently said in Edinburgh: "Stevenson with all his genius failed to realize that the art of the drama is not stationary, but progressive, and that every dramatist whose ambition it was to produce live plays was bound to study carefully the conditions which held good for his own day and generation. This Stevenson, though he had in him the ingredients of the dramatist, did not, and would not, do. In all his plays he was deliberately imitating outworn models, the transpontine plays of the early nineteenth century, and doing it, too, in a sportive, half-disdainful spirit, as who should say 'the stage is a realm of absurdities—come let us be cleverly absurd.' One of the great rules—perhaps the only universal rule—of the drama was that they could not pour new wine into old skins."

Hubert Henry Davies, who was formerly a dramatic critic in San Francisco, has received warm praise for his new play, "Cynthia," in which Elsie de Wolfe is appearing at the Madison Square Theatre. Says the New York Times: "Cynthia is a creature of pure fancy. She is a young wife who lives with a rich and fashionable young husband in Mayfair, who teases with a bachelor friend in wicked Bond Street tea-shops and lunches with him at the giddy Carleton; yet in spite of all this worldly winking and giddling, she is tender and true, and her ignorance of debt and credit, of borrowing and tending is that of the babe unborn. She has the fantasy and the sprightly grace of Captain Marshall at his most fortunate, and the tender sentiment of Barrie. People who object that there really is no seacoast in Bohemia, and that there never were any lions in the forest of Arden, will find her humanly impossible. All others will find her one of the most charming and sprightly creatures of fancy in the modern drama."

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of move-
ments to and from this city and Coast, and of
the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura Mc-
Kinstry sailed from New York for Europe on
Saturday, March 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker arrived from
the East last Sunday in their private car, the
"Emmalita." They were accompanied by Mrs.
Crocker's mother, Mrs. Hanchett, Miss Ruth-
erford, and Miss Furniss, of New York. Dur-
ing their stay here they will occupy the
Crocker residence on California Street.

A number of Californians have been travel-
ing in the Orient during the past month.
Among those registered recently at Con-
stantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo were the
following: Mr. S. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs.
J. B. Schroeder, of Redwood City, and Miss
Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Cluff and the Misses
Cluff, Dr. and Mrs. P. G. Cotter, of San
José, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs.
Graham, Mrs. Wilshire and Mr. N. F. Wil-
shire, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. F.
Bigelow, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Boole and
Miss Boole, of Oakland.

Mr. William Herrin, Miss Katherine Her-
rin, and Miss Alice Herrin, who have been
sojourning at Byron Hot Springs, have re-
turned.

Miss Virginia Loffie has been visiting Mr.
and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., at their coun-
try-place at Rocklin.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned from a
short visit to Santa Barbara and Los An-
geles.

Miss Pearl Landers is the guest of her
cousin, Mrs. John Johnston, in Los Angeles.
Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, accompanied by
the Misses McCook, departed for New
York last Saturday. Mrs. Alexander will
spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester is at Santa Bar-
bara, and later will visit Coronado.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena
Robinson are at Highland Springs for a few
weeks' stay.

Mr. Charles Baldwin arrived from Colorado
Springs last Sunday, and is at the Palace Hotel
for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss
Helen de Young are sojourning in Southern
California.

Mrs. Thornburg Cropper departed on Mon-
day for the East en route to Paris.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow is spending a
few weeks in Seattle.

Mrs. A. M. Wilson, accompanied by Miss
Bernice Wilson and Miss Bessie Wilson,
sailed from New York for Europe last week.
They will not return until late in autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent will spend the
summer months at Burlingame, where they
have rented a cottage.

Mr. Knox Maddox has been visiting South-
ern California during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.,
sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday
last.

Mrs. Andrew Welch has returned from her
visit to Southern California.

The Baroness Von Schroeder has returned to
San Rafael after a short visit to Paso
Robles.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani sailed for Honolulu
on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Wednes-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman were in
Paris a fortnight ago.

Judge Henry C. Ide, who arrived from Ma-
nila last week, will leave soon for the East
accompanied by his two daughters, who have
spent the winter months in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell have gone to
Belvedere, where they will spend the summer
months.

Mr. George A. Knight was in Paris when
last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. William Macdonald left for
New York this week en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marcy Klink are
residing at 1930 Larkin Street, where Mrs.
Klink will be "at home" on Tuesdays.

Mr. William B. Collier, Jr., and Mr. Sydney
Salisbury were guests at the Hotel Rafael
during the week.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will be "at home" on
Fridays in April and May.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. R. C.
Greer and Miss Annie Freeman, of St. Louis,
Miss Elise Nash, Miss Minnie Nash, and Mrs.
C. R. Nutt, of Maryland, Mr. Robert P.
Greer, of Sydney, and Mr. A. B. Costigan
visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last Satur-
day, and remained over night.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who arrived
from the East via Southern California, has
been visiting San Francisco during the week.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyerfeld, Mrs. S. B.
Schloss, and Mr. C. E. Booth were in Paris
when last heard from.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel
Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Howe, Mr.
Frank D. Stringham, Mr. Frank S. Mitchell,
Mr. L. M. Hancock, Mr. George W. Heintz,
and Mr. A. Legery.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern
of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. M. D.
Wilkins, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. George
Mason, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. George
M. Stevens, of Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. L.
Saint and Miss McCullough, of Clinton, Ia.,
Mrs. M. K. Cookson and Mrs. E. D. Starr,
of Detroit, Mrs. George H. Nicolai, Mrs.
John S. Murray and Miss Murray, of New
York, Mrs. L. Bostwick, of New Haven,
Conn., Mrs. Charles T. Blake, of Berkeley,
Mr. and Mrs. Anson T. Blake, of Berkeley,
Mr. Horace Smith, of Portland, and Mr. and
Mrs. H. W. White.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are known in San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A.,
assumed command of the Department of Cali-
fornia on Wednesday, succeeding Major-

General Robert P. Hughes, U. S. A., who
retires from the army on April 11th. Major-
General Hughes expects to spend some time
in Southern California after retiring from
office, and later will visit relatives in New
England. Then he will go to Europe. Two
of General Hughes's aids leave Cali-
fornia. Captain Ralph H. Van Deman, U.
S. A., will join his regiment, the Twenty-
First Infantry, at Shelling, Minn., after a
two months' leave of absence. On Wednes-
day Lieutenant Arthur L. Conger, U. S. A.,
departed for the Philippines with the
Eighteenth Infantry, and Lieutenant Edward
Croft has rejoined his regiment, the Nine-
teenth Infantry, which is stationed at the
Presidio.

Major Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., who or-
ganized the transport service here, and con-
ducted its affairs through the trying days
of the Philippine war, has been promoted to
take charge of the entire army transport
service, with headquarters at Washington, D.
C. He succeeds Lieutenant-Colonel W. S.
Patten, who has been in general charge of
that branch of the quartermaster-general's
office since the retirement of Colonel Bird.

General George M. Randall U. S. A., sailed
on Wednesday for Manila on the transport
Sheridan.

Major William Black, Thirteenth Infantry,
U. S. A., has been assigned to command the
Benicia barracks and arsenal.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., has
named Captain Francis J. Kernan, Second
Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain Parker W.
West, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., as his aids.
Captain West went to the Philippines as in-
spector-general of the volunteers, and on his
return, he was made an aid to General
MacArthur, who was then in charge of the
Department of the Lakes.

Major Henry L. Morrow, U. S. A., the new
judge-advocate of the Department of Cali-
fornia, arrived from the East last week.

Brigadier-General William H. Bisbee, U.
S. A., has been visiting San Francisco during
the week.

Colonel Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A.,
now on his way home from the Philippines,
is to be the new quartermaster-general of the
army, succeeding General Marshall J. Luding-
ton, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A.,
accompanied by Mrs. Garlington, returned
by the steamer *Korea* from his tour of in-
spection in the Hawaiian Islands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Kilbourne, U.
S. A., is the new chief surgeon on General
Arthur MacArthur's staff. He has been suc-
ceeding in command of the Post Hospital at
the Presidio by Major William Stephenson,
U. S. A. Major Stephenson will in turn be
succeeded at Monterey as surgeon by Major
Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., who has for the past
two years been stationed at Columbus Bar-
racks, Ohio.

Major George E. Bushnell, U. S. A., and
Mrs. Bushnell visited the Tavern of Tamal-
pais during the week.

Colonel David J. Craigie, U. S. A., who
has just been transferred from the Eleventh
Infantry to the Seventeenth Infantry, leaves
this week for his new post of duty, Vancouver
Barracks. Mrs. Craigie will not accompany
her husband, but will join him in a short
time.

The inventory and appraisement of the
estate of the late Caroline D. Fair, wife of
Charles Fair, has been filed in the county
clerk's office. The estate in this State is ap-
praised at \$271,372.50, and consists of 106
first-mortgage bonds of the Southern Pacific
Company of Arizona, valued at \$116,600;
108 first-mortgage bonds of the Northern
Railway Company of California, worth
\$116,640; jewelry worth \$17,500; wearing ap-
parel of the value of \$2,000; and silverware
appraised at \$750. There is cash in the estate
to the amount of \$382.50, and property
at the corner of Devisadero and Sutter
Streets worth \$17,500.

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Medical discoveries, as reported in the newspapers, have of late been so many and so amazing that the public, we think, has come to view them with considerable distrust. To be told all at once that the blind are to be made to see, the deaf to hear, that leprosy is curable, that the "secret of life" is about to be revealed, and that garden lettuce is a sure cure for smallpox, conduces rather to skepticism than to a childlike faith in these medical Magellans. However, one discovery reported is so well vouched for, so important if true, and withal

so novel and scientifically picturesque an adventure in the realm of experiment, that it is worthy of note.

It is a new anti-toxin for typhoid, and therefore along a line wherein great successes have been achieved in the past. No scientific man now doubts the efficacy of diphtheria anti-toxin any more than the value of smallpox vaccine. The former is prepared by properly cultivating the germs of diphtheria, extracting their poisons, injecting this into the veins of horses, and thereby producing changes in the serum which make it a preventive and cure for diphtheria. By the use of this serum the death-rate from this disease has been greatly reduced—in Berlin, from 10.2 per ten thousand to 3.7; in Paris, from 6.5 to 1.3; in New York, from 14.5 to 6.3. A like anti-toxin for typhoid fever would be of incalculable value to mankind.

The discoverer of the anti-toxin, as reported in the London Times, is Dr. Allan Macfadyen, of the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, London. The account of his success was communicated to the Royal Academy by Lord Lister, who thus became responsible for the substantial accuracy of his colleague's conclusions—and there is no more honored name among English physicians than that of Lord Lister.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the matter was the method used by Dr. Macfadyen. The typhoid bacilli were first placed in liquid air, whose temperature is some 312° F. below zero. This did not kill the bacilli—when they were thawed out they were as festively homicidal as before. What it did do was to render them susceptible of being triturated—that is, crushed, broken up—releasing the toxic intercellular juices, which, when injected, like diphtheria toxin, into the veins of animals, produced a serum believed to be an antidote to, and cure for, typhoid fever.

Of course only extended experiments can demonstrate surely whether this serum is really a specific, but success seems likely. Meanwhile it is curious to note to what unexpected uses the new discoveries in science are put. When air was first liquified and solidified several years ago, it was predicted that it would soon be generally used to cool houses, cauterize wounds, and for generating power. These predictions, none of them, have come true, but what nobody thought of predicting has come to pass. Even Professor Tripler could hardly have guessed that liquid air would first be of large use to mankind by making brittle the "shells" of microscopic bacilli, so that they might be crushed, and the juice squeezed out of their little gizzards to be later used to poison their perniciously active brethren "in our midst."

In a two-column-and-a-half editorial under the caption, "Who is Concerned in the Attempt to Undermine Governor Taft," the New York Sun on Friday last precipitated a decided sensation, which it braced on Saturday by another two-column article. The New York Evening Post is editorially backing the Sun in its campaign in defense of Taft from his alleged defamer. The exhibits in the case so far certainly make "mighty interesting reading."

Briefly stated, the essential facts brought out by the two strangely allied papers are as follows: There has been a vague rumor current that General Leonard Wood would supersede Governor William H. Taft in the Philippines if the latter should retire. This, on the eve of Wood's departure, was denied at the War Department; also by Wood. The Sun thinks they do "protest too much"; that there is something in it. Coincident with this perhaps insignificant happening, there appears a book by Edgar G. Bellairs, "correspondent of the Associated Press, Cuba, 1898-1900; China, 1900-1901;

Philippines, 1901-1902," called "As It Is in the Philippines." The book puts in highly unfavorable light the administration of General Taft in the Philippines. It lauds that of General Wood in Cuba. It compares the two much to the disadvantage of the former. It says that Taft is "a politician and 'trimmer,'" while Wood is "a diplomat and a statesman." The sole purpose of the volume, the Sun thinks, is to discredit Taft and boom Wood. Who, it asks, is Bellairs?

Edgar G. Bellairs, the Evening Post promptly replies, is an alias for Charles Ballentine, alias Ernest Allaire Cheriton, alias E. Elaine, alias E. A. Cameron, whose portrait appears on page 220 of Inspector Byrne's encyclopædic "Professional Criminals of America." He is stated therein to be a "clever English swindler and forger," the son of a clergyman, and to have begun his criminal career as a school-boy; to have "visited every country on the face of the globe"; to have been so successful that the "number of his victims runs into the thousands"; to play well the part of "society confidence man," and to have taken in "the best families of England, France, Australia, and Canada"; and finally to have served a sentence of seven years in the Florida penitentiary for forgery.

This is the man who, according to the Post, has been "avowedly his [Wood's] press-agent." Bellairs, through his connection with the Associated Press in Cuba, was also able to help "boost into undeserved prominence, and into a brigadier-generalcy in the army, one Leonard Wood." Having been found out by the Associated Press and discharged, he returns from the Philippines to the United States to continue his campaign against Taft in Wood's behalf.

This is indeed an extremely interesting exposé, one, however, from which it were rash to draw any sweeping conclusions as to the character of General Leonard Wood. The other side of the case is yet to be heard from. There is nothing, however, in the Sun or the Post articles that tends to show that Wood knew what an admirable villain was Bellairs. He may well have been as badly deceived as was the Associated Press, or as were the forty officers of highest rank (including General Chaffee) who gave Bellairs a glorious farewell dinner on his departure from Manila.

In "swinging round the circle," President Roosevelt in the very start is giving evidence of the practical bent of his mind by making his speeches occasions to expound profound matters of public interest with which his administration is closely engaged. At Chicago his theme was the Monroe Doctrine, as a settled policy of the government, its improved vitality during the last two years, and the wisdom of creating a sea-power capable of enforcing it if the need should arise. President Roosevelt points out that the progress made toward the construction of an Isthmian canal since the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty two years ago exceeds that of the eighty years previous. Presuming that Colombia will ratify the treaty, we shall be placed in control of the great waterway, unhampered by foreign complications. It being a feature of the Monroe Doctrine that this country objects to the acquirement of a control by a European power "which would in its effect be equal to territorial aggrandizement," the doctrine has gained in strength by the results of the Venezuela trouble. The President went quite fully into the diplomatic phases of that incident. He showed that the United States had no purpose to use its continental policy to protect any South American republic in wrongdoing or in efforts to avoid just debts. While England and Germany were explicitly so told they were also informed that this country would not permit the redressment of wrongs to "take the form of the as-

quisition of territory by any non-American power." The definite acceptance of this position by both foreign powers, and the fact that they adhered to it honorably in every detail, has added to the prestige of our Monroe Doctrine abroad. The incident has also been made the vehicle by which our position as an arbiter of the affairs on this western continent is recognized. Through the Department of State it has been brought about that acts of war have ceased, and all unsettled matters between the foreign powers and Venezuela have been sent to the tribunal of The Hague for arbitration.

The address makes clear that the doctrine, not being a part of international law, depends for its enforcement on our ability to make it respected by our power upon the sea. "No recent war has lasted as long as it takes to build a battle-ship." Consequently preparedness should be our watchword. The last Congress acted on that view when it added nine formidable fighting ships to the navy, and provided for necessary officers and men to man them. The President condemns brag and bluster, but believes the Monroe Doctrine is safe if we "speak softly and carry a big stick."

The visit of the President at Milwaukee was made notable by his exposition of the attitude of the administration on the trust question. An outline of what he said may be presented as follows:

The administration is not "anti-trust" nor "anti-corporation," popularly speaking. Neither does it assume that if a corporation is large enough, it can do no wrong.

Our economic evolution has developed giant industrial organizations engaged in commerce between the States. They have brought much good and some evil. We rejoice in the former, and endeavor to curb the latter.

Where an evil is to be remedied, the State, and if need be, the nation must have the right to supervise and control the great corporations which are its creatures. When their acts touch the subject of interstate commerce the nation must be the regulator.

Such control and regulation must be reasonable—not in the interest of the rich as such, nor in the interest of the poor as such, but for the general benefit of the whole people, composed of law-abiding men, both rich and poor.

Acting on these lines, the last Congress has created a Department of Congress and Labor, and charged it with the duty of supervising and investigating the conduct of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. It is a significant contribution to the solution of the trust problem.

The same Congress passed laws intending to re-vitalize and strengthen the existing statutes under which unjust discriminations and combinations to raise prices which tend toward monopoly may be prevented, and funds have been appropriated to carry the laws into effect.

It is the duty of the President to execute these laws, and the work has begun. Fourteen railroads of the Middle West have been restrained by injunctions from violating the provisions of these statutes. The Northern Securities Company has been prevented by legal action from consummating a merger of two great transcontinental roads detrimental to the interests of the people of the North-West.

The great packing house companies have been enjoined from combining illegally to raise the prices of meats. The cotton growers, buyers, and shippers have been protected against injury from the methods of Southern railroads, and the Federal Salt Company has been defeated in its purpose to advance the price of salt four hundred per cent.

The President is opposed to drastic measures calculated to "destroy the disease by killing the patient." That is his answer to the proposition to revise the tariff to destroy the trusts.

Extra-collegiate criticism of the logical lapses of professors is often severe, but seldom does pedagogue publicly poke pedagogue so vigorously as does Professor William James in a recent number of the *Harvard Monthly*. His theme is "The Ph. D. Octopus." "The degree fetich," he says, "is a kind of mandarin disease, hostile to our democratic idea that it is the man and the man's ability that count." He relates stories of heads of small colleges who had declared to him that they wouldn't have a man on their faculties who was not a "doctor," no matter how good a teacher he might be. In other words, these chancellors proposed to have a brilliant array of capital letters in the faculty-list of their calendars, depending on this to draw students rather than upon teaching ability—just as circus managers sometimes depend on the chromatic attractions of their posters rather than upon the agility of their acrobats.

Every one who knows anything of universities knows at least several post-graduate students who want a degree solely because it will help them to get places as instructors. To have a specialist's knowledge along the single line of research required for a thesis does not always or usually make a man a better instructor. Indeed, his time is often wasted. The same number of years actually spent in teaching would often be worth infinitely more.

That the "Ph. D. Octopus" has become so well entrenched is in a degree the fault of parents and guardians. These persons look over college calendars, and (as Professor James puts it) say to themselves, "This must be a terribly distinguished crowd; their titles shine like stars in the firmament; D's, S. D's, and Litt. D's hespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it with a pepper castor," and so they

forthwith dispatch their sons and wards to the collegiate constellation in which shine these professorial stars. Professor James's article will undoubtedly do much to dissipate the narrow and erroneous ideas that prevail regarding the value of masters' and doctors' degrees as criterions of teaching ability.

The address of Secretary Root, at Boston, before the Home Market Club, hears the ear-marks of being a pronouncement of the administration against the Iowa idea of a general or partial revision of the tariff in order to reach the evils of the trusts. The points he makes are that, though the tariff is not a sacred fetich, the law is working well as a whole, and "common sense requires that we endure some faults" rather than destroy the general good effect by constant tinkering; that revision of the tariff is a great and difficult task, not to be undertaken without grave and serious reasons; that you can not get rid of trusts by revising the tariff unless you are ready to reduce the duties in all classes of manufactures in which the trusts are engaged—that is to say, "to such an extent as to put an end to all American manufacture." Further, that tariff revision is a business matter to be approached in a business way for business reasons and purposes, and should be free from the distractions and temptations incident to an active political campaign; that the tariff, if revised, should be revised by its friends. If the people wish to have changes embodied in the law, the task should be committed to the men who believe in the tariff principle:

"If the American people are ready to abandon the principle of protection and face the crash and downfall of our present prosperity which would immediately result, then they should hand the revision over to the Democratic party, and that is the meaning of the men who are crying, 'Revise the tariff in order to destroy the trusts.'"

It seems clear from Mr. Root's remarks that tariff-revision will not be adopted as a trust remedy with the consent of the present administration.

William R. Hearst is said to resent the suggestion that the Democratic party has neither an issue nor a man for the next campaign. It appears too much like giving him the overlook. "What's the matter with me," he says. He will accept the candidacy rather than to have the office fall uncontested into the hands of the unspeakable Republicans, permitting them to spread more such ruin and desolation over the country as they have done during the many years since the Hearsts, father and son, have been doing politics and amassing millions. As for an issue, the issue is issue enough. Is this base personal ambition or self-seeking? Perish the thought! His numerous addresses, if he could only compose and deliver them, would disclose that this noble young man's soul grows fairly green when he contrasts the hated rich with the virtuous but oppressed poor. He is permitting the office to seek him, and for fear that it might not find him without some assistance, he has started a bureau of political education from which issue columns and pages of correspondence and printed editorials or "boiler-plate," commending his patriotism, his usefulness, and services to the party, which Democratic journals may print for love of the cause, or for regular advertising rates. This is a new wrinkle in Presidential politics, the credit of which is due to, and the idea worthy of, the apostle of yellow journalism.

There are people of taste who still remain as strongly anti-pathetic to deckle edges in fine bound books as they do to deckle edges in tall collars. They are continually putting the question to book-sellers, "Why don't publishers finish books while they are about it, and not leave them all ragged?" And the book-sellers are continually saying in weary voices—or perhaps condescendingly—"it's the style." These anti-deckle edge people have, however, at least one able champion. The *New York Times* says roundly that rough edges in bound books are a nuisance, and it defends its characterization with some cogency. Originally the edges of books were left rough, so that if re-bound the leaves might be trimmed without making the page margin too narrow. In France, practically all books are issued in paper covers and rough edges, and the purchaser is supposed to have them bound according to his individual taste. In such a case the rough edges and wide margins are necessary and proper. But are they so where, as in this country, books are issued in permanent binding and are very rarely re-bound? A rough edge is certainly a dust-catcher, as everybody knows who handles such books. To cut the pages requires a certain amount of labor, which, in large libraries, can ill be spared. If the rough edge is to make the reader think the paper is hand-made, then it is in most cases a deliberate misrepresentation. However, the publishers probably know their business, and are convinced that the generality of people want their fine books with rough edges. And until the majority of book-buyers cease to clamor for deckle edges, deckle edges we shall probably have.

The merchants of this city have undertaken a crusade against picturesque and filthy Chinatown, apparently with a determination to carry it through. The board of health had already moved in the matter, and had entered upon the third attempt to cleanse the quarter. Twice before rubbish had been burned, filth cleared away, and the premises disinfected, but it was necessary that the work should be done again. This time the work consisted of removing encroachments upon public streets and alleys, tearing down obstructions to the free access of fresh air, and removing such structures as might endanger health or cause conflagrations. This work was stopped in places by injunctions sued out by property-owners who scented danger to their pockets. Now the merchants have taken the matter up. The Mercantile Joint Committee—composed of representatives of the Merchants' Association, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' Exchange, Manufacturers'

and Producers' Association, State Board of Trade, and Promotion Committee—has petitioned the board of supervisors to condemn the property now covered by Chinatown, and convert it into a park. There can be no question that this plague spot should be removed. There has been little communication of disease from that section to other parts of the city, but the sanitary conditions are such as to make it a standing menace, and the danger from fire is extreme. Moreover, the presence of Chinatown not only prevents progress in that section, but retards the progress of all parts of the city that can be reached only by passing through Chinatown.

The University of California is steadily increasing its influence throughout the State, and extending its benefits to a larger and larger percentage of the population. Each year the attendance increases, and each year a larger number of graduates is sent out to become leaders and workers in developing the industries of the State. The work of the agricultural department has been of great value to the farmers. The summer session reaches yet another class—the teaching force of the State, and those graduates who, having entered upon their life work, desire to pursue advanced work without giving up their business positions. The summer sessions have been conducted for a few years only, and the session of each year has shown marked improvement, not merely in the number who avail themselves of the privileges—the number approached one thousand last year, and will exceed that mark this year—but in the variety and value of the courses offered. The faculties of the leading educational institutions of the country are drawn upon for the professors and instructors, and the results of the most advanced thought in each branch are presented. This year the faculties of Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Western Reserve University, and Chicago have been drawn upon, including some of the foremost names in the country in their several branches. Forty different courses are offered, presenting a selection from which any one can choose what is most to his taste. And besides all this, it is not so hot in this section of the State that summer study is impossible—a point wherein the U. of C. surpasses every summer school in the country.

Some of the elections in the East this spring are of unusual interest. The reelection of Tom Johnson as mayor of Cleveland doubtless presages his entrance into the field of State politics this fall as a formidable candidate for governor. Should he gain the governorship—which is, however, unlikely—he would possess considerable strength as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination: In Chicago, the reelection of Carter Harrison to a fourth term as mayor is construed by him as "a victory for municipal ownership—a victory which should lead to the development of public national as well as municipal utilities." He also is emphatically in the race for the Presidential nomination, and is said by the papers to be receiving telegrams from "all over the country" promising support in a campaign on national ownership. It is interesting to note that though Carter Harrison's campaign was mainly made on a socialistic issue, which would seem to have drawn a great many Socialist votes, still 11,212 votes were cast for the regular Socialist candidate—6,000 more than in the last mayoralty election. Another matter of general interest is that the city of Detroit refused to vote bonds to maintain a Carnegie library. It begins to look as though the canny Scot would have to find some other and speedier way of getting rid of his money than building libraries, if he expects to avoid the "disgrace" of dying rich.

The month of March was an unusually rainy one this year. The record of rainfall in this State extends back fifty-four years, and only six times in that period has a March record exceeded that of this year. Not only that, but the rainfall has been distributed throughout the State—no section has suffered. The north end of the State has received about seven inches, the middle about six inches, and the south about six and one-half inches. In addition to this there have been no thaws upon the higher elevations, no floods, and consequently very little of the water that has fallen has gone to waste. The water has either soaked into the ground or has been stored for future use in the form of snow upon the mountains. The seasonal rainfall has been little above the average, and it also has been well distributed, both in time and geographically. What frosts there have been came too early to do any particular harm, and there is now small danger of any killing frosts this year. All of this means that the farmers and fruit-growers should prepare for abundant crops. One of the most satisfactory features of the season's rainfall is the fact that the southern part of the State has received an abundance. There has been a shortage there for several years, and the wiseacres have talked of climatic changes; but, as Forecaster McAdie points out, in spite of temporary variations, the climate of California has remained unchanged during the half-century that the record has been kept.

The political forecaster and prophet is always with us, and already he is mapping out the plans for the next congressional election which is nineteen months in the future. He announces that the Republicans will elect congressmen in both the fourth and fifth districts this year, and his reasons are as follows: Livernash now holds the election for the fourth district. Kahn will contest his seat, and may win the contest. If he fail, Livernash will be without influence in the House. He will follow the lead of his employer, and so be classed with the minority Democrats. This may enable him to make a few speeches, but Senator Perkins will have to get anything for San Francisco that is secured. The fifth district is held by Wynn, who is classed as a Union Labor man. In the House he will be a man without a party, and can not

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MUST GO.

CONGRESSIONAL
ELECTIONS OF
NEXT YEAR.

even he heard there under the customs of the House. If he affiliates with the Democrats he will lose caste in his own party. On top of this comes the President's visit, which is certain to arouse great enthusiasm among the Republicans, and carry the waverers by storm. In a Presidential year the head of the ticket usually carries the congressional candidates with him. In the fourth district, Kahn is willing to be so carried, and in the fifth are Speaker Fisk, of the last legislature, Senator Wolfe, and Senator Charles M. Shortridge.

INTO ANDALUSIA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

When we were leaving Madrid for the South—quitting cold Castile for sunny Andalusia—we drove from our hotel on the great central square to take the night train. The "grand cafés" on the Puerta del Sol were all crowded. From the street without, in the clear frosty air, the interior of a Spanish café, seen through the windows, looks like a pea-soup fog. But it does not smell like one. This I know from experience. The sight alone of a Spanish smoke-filled café is remarkable, as showing what human beings can breathe, but the air inside is altogether too thick for me.

Although one often hears that the tobacco habit prevails universally in Spain, it is impossible to know how general that habit is until one visits there. People smoke incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, and in all places—excepting in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tramcars; they smoke in all the minor theatres; they smoke in all the restaurants, in the hotel dining-rooms, and, of course, in the cafés. In business offices, the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops, the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face. You see conductors and drivers of tramcars smoking. All the hackney cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. I have seen priests smoking as they crossed the cathedral-yard to begin service, and I have seen altar-boys standing in their surplices at the cathedral door, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office, the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers all smoke cigarettes all the time. I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if so, I suppose they do it at home. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke freely on the streets.

There are many young women in the United States who protest that they "perfectly dote on tobacco-smoke"; who tell their men friends that they "just love the smell of a good cigar"; and who themselves occasionally smoke cigarettes in a gingerly, lady-like way because they think it "sporty." For years I have been a steady smoker, and have smoked strong Havana cigars, nut-horn meerschaum pipes, jet-black clay pipes, short-stemmed briar-wood pipes, and long-stemmed "German student" pipes. I have smoked nearly every kind of pipe except a Turkish Narghileh, or water-pipe, and I draw the line at that—I will swap pipe-stems with no man. But although a seasoned smoker, I freely admit that I can not stand the air in a Spanish café.

Some of the giddy girly-girls who "just dote on tobacco-smoke" ought to come to Spain. They would get all the tobacco-smoke they want for the rest of their natural lives.

If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain, so are its sequelae.

On every hand you hear the deep, hacking, pulmonary cigarette cough. Tuberculosis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say [but what will not the doctors say?] that excessive tobacco, *quá* tobacco, has nothing to do with tuberculosis, they admit that "excessive tobacco brings about a condition or diathesis constituting a favorable *nidus* for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis." But doctors or no doctors, *nidus* or no *nidus*, nobody doubts that there are many more tuberculous persons among confirmed cigarette-smokers than among non-smokers.

Query—Can there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in Spain? There is no Occidental country where tobacco is so abused as in Spain, unless we say Cuba, and Cuba is not a country—it is merely an expression. The Cubans, although only hatched yesterday, are even more degenerate than the Spaniards. As for Spanish America generally, tobacco is not abused there so much as in old Spain. But it is used too much in all of new Spain—so much that the development of Spanish America has been and is retarded. Compare the development of new Spain with that of New England. Compare the development of Spain's old colony, Alta California, under Spanish government, with that of California under Anglo-Saxon government. To those who may attribute Spain's degeneracy to the race itself rather than to tobacco, the answer is that the race is primarily a vigorous one, and is most vigorous where the tobacco habit is least practiced—as in the Vizcayan provinces. To those who may ascribe Spain's degeneracy to thequisition, or to the expulsion of the Jews and Moors, or to the influence of a bigoted priesthood, the answer is that thequisition ended many decades ago; that other countries have expelled useful citizens like the Jews without more than temporary loss; and that other southern European countries are largely dominated by bigoted priests, and yet are not so degenerate as is Spain. To those who may sneer at the theory that excessive tobacco brings about degeneracy, and to those who may point to the fact that the habit is so wide-spread throughout the world, the answer is that it is the abuse and not the use of tobacco which causes mental and physical degeneracy, although it is probable that even moderate use does obdoly any good. While Anglo-Saxon nations use tobacco

freely, they none of them use it to such an excess as the Spaniards. Probably ninety-five per cent. of the Spaniards smoke. I have no statistics at hand—perhaps none exist—but it is not probable that more than thirty per cent. of Anglo-Saxons (including women) use tobacco.

Tobacco advocates may point to the Orientals as examples of a people using tobacco freely and without ill effect. The illustration is unfortunate. The Orientals not only use tobacco to excess, but they seem to me to be advanced degenerates. The Ottoman Turks have been a fine race, physically and mentally; for five hundred years they have held in subjection Servians, Herzegovinians, Albanians, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Roumelians, Greeks, and other Christians; they still hold under their suzerainty as vassals many of those Christians whom they formerly held as subjects; it was only by a combination of practically all the European powers that these vassal Christians succeeded in even partially lifting the Turkish yoke in over five hundred years. This long control shows how dominating and virile a race is that of the Ottoman Turks. Yet they also are abusers of tobacco, and they also have become and are becoming mental and physical degenerates, as are the Spaniards of to-day. So with the other Mohammedan nations which are excessive users of tobacco. It would seem as if the zenith of their power was coeval with the time when the tobacco vice was first introduced among them.

So was it too with Spain. In "good Queen Bess's glorious days," Spain's Armadas swept the seas, Spain's treasure-galleons brought tribute to her from every quarter of the world. England's buccanniers—by royal patent—such as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake—were the first to humble the haughty Spanish sailor, to lower the arrogant Spanish flag. Yet it may be questioned whether any of England's hold sea rovers ever wrought as much harm with cutlass or culverin as did Sir Walter Raleigh when he brought back the Nicotian weed from the American Indies, and set Spain's dons a-dreaming until Spain drained her sea-power all away.

To those who might consider these theories fine-spun and fantastic, I will advance another—one more practical and material. In these modern days, time is the most precious of all things with which men work. It is more precious than any raw material. It must not be wasted—lost time can not be regained. In great factories and shops the most rigid rules are laid down for the daily conduct or the operatives—even as to their physical functions. In some of the New England mills the factory-girls are not allowed to wear laced shoes. It was found that stopping to tie their shoes involved a loss to the mills of hundreds of hours per year. Let us, therefore, take merely that phase of the cigarette habit. Spain has a population of about seventeen millions. Say that, of these, one-fourth are workers—a moderate estimate. Of these four millions probably ninety-five per cent. smoke cigarettes; thus three million eight hundred thousand workers are cigarette-users. It is not exaggeration to say that a cigarette-smoking Spaniard will consume at least twenty cigarettes per day—probably many more. It takes at least a minute to roll and prepare a cigarette. This also is an underestimate. Thus we have an average of twenty minutes a day per worker consumed in what is not only a painful but a harmful practice. Waiving the mental and physical harm to the individual, the aggregate loss of time to the commonwealth is something like this: Twenty minutes per day per worker; three million eight hundred thousand workers; number of working days per year, deducting Sundays and the numerous Spanish holidays, about two hundred and sixty; three million eight hundred thousand persons would thus perform about seven billion seven hundred million days' labor per year. By losing twenty minutes a day per worker, Spain loses about forty million days' labor every year.

What country could stand such a drain as this? Even our own great Republic, with its rich resources, its mines of gold and silver, copper and quicksilver, iron and coal, its boundless fields of wheat and corn, its orchards, its vineyards, its cattle-ranges, its thousands of mills and factories and shops, where the hum of industry is ceaseless—even this great country would go backward, were it to lose twenty minutes per day per worker for a few score of years.

I have spoken of the excellence of the fish in Spain. That the fish should be so good at Madrid is all the more surprising, as no fresh-water fish is found in its vicinity. True, they have a "river" there, the Manzanares, but this "river" has been a constant jest to all tourists from Dumas down. If any fish ever came to Madrid via the Manzanares, they must have come on roller skates.

In all the large cities we found not only the fish but the game very good. In steamships and dining-cars one frequently encounters what is called "high" game. I have no quarrel with people who like it that way, but I personally do not believe in feeding on the flesh of the lower animals after mortification has set in. Therefore, when traveling, I always inspect suspicious viands by means of that organ with which God mercifully endowed us for the purpose of detecting bad smells and bad food—to wit, the nose.

While in a restaurant car between Madrid and Cordova, my vis-à-vis at table was a courteous Castilian; he noticed my caution, and assured me that it was unnecessary.

"In Spain," said he, "we do not keep game hung long, as in some countries, but we eat it fresh"; he laughingly added, "We have a proverb that we 'eat it while it walks.'"

I thanked him for his assurance, but was struck by the ominous sound of the phrase—eating things that can walk. In return for his Spanish proverb I yearned to relate unto him a merry jest—to wit, that this would be but a dubious assurance in our country, where remarks on cheese and game that can "walk off the table" were time-honored and side-splitting joemillerisms. But I reflected on the many obstacles to making a successful joke even in one's own language, let alone the enormous difficulty, not to say danger, of making

a joke in a foreign one. So I thanked the Spanish gentleman briefly, and relapsed into silence.

But what an excellent joke that would have been if I only could have told it to him.

The guide-hooks are unanimous in at least one thing, and that is not to stop over night in Toledo. Hence we carefully avoided doing so. They all of them urge the tourist to go from Madrid to Toledo in the morning and return in the evening of the same day. The extreme badness of the Toledo hotels seems to be generally admitted everywhere. Still the tourist must go there, for Toledo is one of the sights of Europe.

The old Toledo once had nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants; now it has only twenty thousand. It is more like a Moorish city than any other in Spain. Its streets are narrower and more crooked than those of Cordova and Seville. Toledo is a gloomy and depressing place with its iron-grilled gateways and iron-studded doors. But it has many sights of interest for the tourist, among them the famous cathedral and the Alcazar. The cathedral has been often described, so I will content myself with saying that it was begun seven hundred years ago and is a fine type of pure Gothic architecture. It is famous for its beautiful stained-glass windows. Next to the cathedral in point of interest are the Alcazar and the old Moorish bridge—the latter dates back to the thirteenth century. The Alcazar, like other Moorish buildings in Spain, has been destroyed and restored, hurned down and blown up, so often that it would seem as if very little of the original Moorish work were left. This particular Alcazar has been hurned down three times and blown up twice. The last time it was hurned down was fifteen years ago, and they are still working on the "restoration."

No one can deny the interest Toledo has for tourists, but they all come into it on the rush and leave it on the run. In short, they take Toledo as they take a pill.

Cordova well repays a visit—much better, to my thinking, than Toledo, although its attractions may be disposed of in a couple of days—or even one, if you are pressed for time. It does not take long to see the sights of a small European city—that is, as the average tourist wishes to see them; unlike the artist and the archaeologist, he does not desire to study them. Cordova has a magnificent cathedral, once a mosque; an uninteresting Episcopal palace; an Alcazar, and some notable old Moorish buildings and Roman remains; and a handsome bridge across the Guadalquivir, which the natives call Moorish, but which is unmistakably Roman—in fact the antiquarians attribute it to Octavius Augustus. In the foregoing list may be summed up the principal attractions of Cordova.

But the cathedral alone would well repay one for visiting the city. It was begun by Khalif Ahderahman in the eighth century, when Cordova was the capital of Moorish Spain, and then a great city; now it has only some fifty thousand inhabitants. The building was—and is—the second largest of all the Mohammedan mosques in the world. It is famous for its forest of columns—it is sometimes called "the cathedral of a thousand columns"—to be exact, I believe there are still standing about eight hundred and fifty. The columns are of various materials including colored marbles, jasper, and porphyry. Many styles of architecture are shown in the capitals, including all the classic orders, some Gothic, some Visigothic, and many irregular Moorish and Byzantine types. The cathedral has a courtyard with colonnades on three sides planted with orange-trees and containing fountains which the Cordovans look upon as very beautiful. Of the Alcazar it may be said that the Moorish part is nearly all in ruins; what still stands is principally of Spanish construction.

Unlike Toledo, Cordova has at least one good hotel, the "Fonda Suiza," kept by Swiss. It has an excellent table, and fresh sea-fish is served daily, brought from Malaga by the express train.

When we arrived at Cordova it was seven o'clock in the morning, and the sun had not yet warmed up the scene. It was our first introduction to sunny Andalusia, and it seemed a trifle Arctic. At the station were gathered natives wrapped in cloaks, standing around dolefully, like chickens on a winter's day. Their costume and pose irresistibly reminded me of the "greasers" one sees standing around Mexican stations wrapped in *ponchos*. As we drove from the station through the city, we continued to see evidences on every hand that it was cold in sunny Andalusia. Every man we met was wrapped in a cloak. I even saw workmen dressing stone and laying mortar, and they too wore heavy cloaks as they worked.

Never in my life have I seen such wrapping and muffling as I have seen in Spain. The men here wear very heavy cloaks—heavier than any outer garment we have in America except fur coats. These cloaks are usually lined with colored plush; the insides of the front flaps are often lined with red or green or yellow plush, and often with two colors. Sometimes the men have pointed hoods to their cloaks, but even when the cloaks are not hooded the wearers wrap the capes around their throats and mouths and even around their heads. I have often seen a Spaniard going along wrapped in a cloak, and with a muffler bound around his head, so that only one ear, one eye, and one nostril were exposed.

Well, they know their climate and its treacheries better than I do. But this I know—I would not exchange the climate of California for that of sunny Andalusia.

None the less, California's climate, like all mild climates, including those of southern Europe, requires humoring. I have sometimes felt as if it were weakly and effeminate to turn up one's coat collar in California when we have some of

cold winds. But since I have seen the Spaniards muffle themselves up, all over sunny Spain, and even in sunny Andalusia, I have concluded that one may admit the occasional necessity of an overcoat even in California.

* *

I loathe beggary. I dislike gambling. It is said that there are only three ways of getting money—earning it, begging it, or stealing it. I refuse to say under which head I put gambling. The reader may do that himself, according to taste and fancy. But I loathe begging and beggars. They are the curse of Spain. I do not mean merely that it annoys the stranger—that is a trifle. But beggary saps at the vigor of the nation. It is so easy to live by beggary that hundreds of thousands do not try to live by labor. If you doubt how easy it is to live by beggary, follow a heggar in these southern countries and note his gains. I have dogged the steps of a hulking loafer and have seen him accost all manner of people along the road for a mile or two; he begged from all, even from poor priests and people poorer than priests—the poor, by the way, give freely to beggars. I have seen such sturdy rascals pick up as much in an hour or two as a hard-working laborer here would get for his day's wage. Under these circumstances, it is surprising that any men labor at all.

In Spain, beggary is not considered dishonorable. There are families here who for generations have been beggars. They look down on laborers. They consider a beggar who has gone to work as one who has dishonored his family and his profession. Beggars here often approach you and ask alms, cigarette in mouth. In rural districts the "beggars on horseback" is by no means a myth—the mounted heggar in Spain does not hesitate, I am told, to ask alms of the man on foot. If you say you have no "small money," they will even offer to make change.

But I loathe beggars. Poor people who work ought to be helped, but poor people who won't work—no. To the old woman who is an honest vender, you may give more than the price of her wares. I do not mean the fake beggars pretending to be peddlers—I mean the genuine venders. In Spain and Italy you find many old women selling to the poor—fried potatoes, chestnuts, cakes, bread, even water. Old women stand at the public fountains, cup in hand, and hand water to passing cashmen at a fifth of a cent per cup. When a thirsty cabby has been driving me and has stopped for a drink, I always ask the old woman for a cup of water and give her some coppers, even though I do not want the water, and I never do; water out of public cups in Southern Europe is not to my liking.

With these views, it is unnecessary to say that the heggars of Spain have an unpleasant effect upon me. But it is only an ephemeral effect, for they get no money from me. I pay no attention to them unless they are physically obtrusive, which they often are; the children persistently walk between your legs trying to check your way, while the old women walk against and in front of you so closely as to give you insectiferous apprehensions.

Under these circumstances one might be pardoned for getting angry, but it is useless. One is told that the time-honored formula, "*Perdon, hermano, por el amor de Dios*"—"Pardon me, brother, for the love of God"] always drives the beggar away. Quite frequently it does, but sometimes it does not. My favorite expedient is to give money to somebody else. If a whining old woman importunes me, I let her walk along by my side until I come to a working old woman, when I stop; taking out some money, I let her get all ready to receive it, and then tell the whining woman that I will give her nothing, and hand it to the working woman. This object-lesson has often brought me volleys of curses from the whining women, but beggars' curses come home to roost.

One day at Cordova we were crossing the picturesque pseudo-Moorish bridge, when a beggar boy of fourteen or fifteen ran along by the side of the carriage importuning us in a nasal whine to give him alms for the love of God. I stood it half way over, when we met a brisk youth of about the beggar's age; this lad was mounted on an ass laden with panniers of vegetables. I bade him stop, which the astonished youth did; then saying to him and to the beggar boy in my best Spanish, "Nothing to him who begs, a present for him who works," I handed the industrious youth a small gratuity, which he received with surprise but joy. It might be said he had not earned it. But he had—he had given me an opportunity to furnish an object-lesson to the beggar, which I much desired to do.

To the beggar with his whine—*Una limosna por el amor de Dios*—I indulged myself with the luxury of saying: "*Anda al diablo por el amor de Dios*," which greatly amused the coachman and sent the beggar to the right about.

* *

One sees all sorts of odd sights in the streets of Spanish cities—odd, that is, to American eyes. One of these is the spectacle of herds of goats being driven through the streets and milked at the consumer's door. Not that this sight is peculiar to Spain—one sees it in Italy and other parts of Europe. For that matter, the milking of cows in the presence of the consumer is also common in Southern Europe. It is not half a bad idea. In American cities I fear that it is an exception to get pure milk. Even when it is not adulterated with "preservative" and other patent poisonous agents, based on salicylic or horic acids, milk is frequently "stretched" with water, and not clean water at that. Probably a large percentage of the many cases of typhoid fever comes from the filthy water which milkmen mix with milk. In Southern Europe, such methods of carrying disease by water-borne sewage may be rendered impracticable—at least in the matter of milk.

In Spanish cities one does not see so many cows being led around for milking as in Italy; the masses of the Spanish people rely on goat's milk. In the larger cities, like Madrid,

Barcelona, and Seville, there are establishments where cow's milk is sold, their signs always read to that effect—"Leche de *Vaca*"—"Cow's milk." So with butter—there are several kinds of butter in Spain—"Manteca de *Vaca*," or "Cow butter," as also the "bull butter" which comes in tins mostly from America; then there is simple *manteca*, or plain butter, which looks like lard. It is a dreadful composition of pork fat and suet, used principally for cookery.

Goat's milk is not only used for consumption in its liquid state, but is made into cheese; quite a variety of goat-milk cheeses are made in Spain, but they do not appeal to the foreign palate. The favorite brand of goat seems to be the Maltese, as the dealers in milk advertise that their milk is "from the finest breed of Maltese goats." They advertise that they will deliver milk at the consumer's domicile, either "on the hoof," or by the litre raw at fourteen centavos a litre and "cooked" at sixteen centavos a litre.

Another odd sight to be seen in Spanish cities is the manner of moving household effects. In cities like Toledo and Cordova, the streets are mostly very narrow and the houses tall—sometimes six or seven stories. The streets are often so narrow that horse vehicles are not permitted in them. When the people move from place to place, their household goods and chattels are transported in hand-carts; then, instead of being painfully lugged up the narrow staircases (for there are no elevators), they are hoisted in large baskets by means of block and tackle to the particular floor to which they are destined; when there, they are passed in through large door-like windows. In most of these cities one sees ornamental iron hooks projecting from the topmost cornice of the façade, to which the tackle is adjusted; it works on precisely the same plan as that followed in American stable lofts for hoisting hay. In the United States about the only articles hoisted into buildings in this way are heavy iron safes. But after seeing the workmen handle all kinds of furniture in Spain in this manner, it seems not a bad way of getting goods into the upper stories of tall buildings.

There are many curious juxtapositions in the old cities of Spain; for example, you see electric wires for power companies, telephones, telegraphs, and tramways affixed to buildings centuries old. One day we noticed an old house in Toledo on the front of which was a shrine containing a figure of the Virgin and child, hattered, crumbling, and timeworn; beneath it was the date "1656," while on the stone shelf supporting the shrine there was affixed an iron bracket on which hung a modern incandescent electric light.

Another thing that strikes an American oddly is the appearance of houses in process of construction—a new house going up looks like an old one coming down. One reason is that old scaffolding is invariably employed; in our country, the planks used for scaffolding are usually new. In Spain they evidently use their scaffolding over and over again, as the planks are gray and weather-worn and look as if they were many years old. The appearance of the walls carries out this look of age—they are generally of rough masonry, to be afterward stucco-covered. But one of the oddest things is that they should be erecting any new buildings at all in ancient towns like Toledo. Still, in every city in Spain that we visited there were new buildings going up. Perhaps it was due to the destruction of old buildings by fire. But this in itself is not the least of the oddities we noted, for how these buildings of stone, with little or no wood in them, can burn at all, is almost incomprehensible.

* *

One morning in Cordova as our carriage turned sharply out of a seven-foot street into a magnificent eleven-foot boulevard, I noticed in a hasty glance the sign on the corner, "*Calle Pedrosa*"—"Stony Street." I looked up this highway; it was indeed a stony street—it looked like the bed of one of our California boulder-strewn dry creeks. I congratulated myself that we were not going up Calle Pedrosa but going down some other street.

But I speedily found that the street we were on, if not the Street called Stony, or the Street called Straight, was as stony as the other one. It nearly rattled our teeth out.

Ere long I became convinced that any or all of the streets in Cordova might be called "Stony Street." As a matter of fact all the streets there seem to be paved in the same way—the pavement is of round, water-worn pebbles like our old cobble pavements in San Francisco. Instead of the street having a crown, it slopes toward the centre like a V-shaped flume, and the centre of the street acts as a gutter. Fancy what a delightful driveway such a pavement makes. If the Cordova carriages ever had springs they were broken long ago.

Talking of pavements, Spain's capital city, Madrid, is not any too well paved. The pavement there usually consists of oblong basalt blocks, rather roughly laid; dust and filth therefore accumulate in the interstices. All over Madrid there are, in addition, vast spaces of ground which are not paved at all. Many of the plazas, *paseos*, and boulevards consist of a narrow strip of Belgian blocks in the middle of the roadway, a narrow strip of asphalt in the middle of the footway, and wide strips of bare, dusty ground on either side of both footway and highway. These unpaved portions, if sown to grass, would be beautiful; as it is, they are unbeautiful and unclean. The winds, which at Madrid are strong, blow the dust to and fro in these vast spaces, and I have come to the conclusion that those who say that San Francisco is the dustiest of cities have much maligned her. As for the Belgian block pavement, it is so rough that people prefer to drive on the bare ground. Coming in from the afternoon drive, the Madrid tour hundred, in their elegant carriages, and the lower ten thousand, who contemplate them from the sidewalk, are enveloped in clouds of dust. Strangers driving over these rough pavements, with their teeth rattling in their heads, breathe a sigh of relief as occasionally the wheels roll on the smoother surface. The remark will be made, "It seems to be smoother now," and the reply comes, "Yes, there's no pavement here." This reminds me of the old story of the railways in the South when they were rougher than they are now. The train had been roaring,

rocking, and bumping along for some hours, when suddenly there was a crash, and for several minutes the wheels revolved with the utmost smoothness. A passenger checked the conductor, who was hurrying through the car, saying: "Anything the matter, conductor? She seems to be running very smooth." To which the conductor briefly replied: "Yes, we're off the track."

* *

To-day we saw some French prunes for sale in a Cordova shop.

FRENCH AND
CALIFORNIA
PRUNES.

They looked so plump and appetizing that we tasted them and found them delicious. They were put up in tins holding five kilograms, the price of which was twenty pesetas; this would be about twenty-eight cents per pound. They were carefully packed, and the dealer showed us that those at the bottom of the tin were of just as good quality as those at the top.

Twenty-eight cents per pound! This made me reflective. During the last couple of years the prune-growers in California have had difficulty in marketing their product for more than three cents per pound. Probably most of them have not averaged more than a cent and a half. But here are French prunes selling in Spain for twenty-eight cents per pound.

Yet they are handicapped with a duty, and Spain produces a fair quality of prunes of her own. Why can French prunes cross the Spanish frontier, and sell at a higher price than the native product? The answer is easy—because they are carefully cultivated, gathered, dried, selected, packed, and shipped—all carefully. If equal care were exercised in handling California's product, she would have little difficulty in marketing her prunes at high prices. All over the world there are plenty of people who will pay good prices for good things. But good things they will have.

What conditions exist concerning the handling of California prunes? As a matter of fact, it is difficult to buy, continuously, choice California prunes in California. For years a leading San Francisco club purchased a certain brand of Italian prunes; they are high priced, but they are always good and always the same. The club steward found it impossible to secure uniformity in the California prunes; hence he was forced by the members' complaints to resort to the foreign article.

Even in the Santa Clara Valley, in the heart of the prune district, it is impossible to purchase first-class California prunes at the largest grocery store in the valley. You may sometimes buy "twenty-thirties" in San Francisco groceries—never in San José. When Alfred Holman took charge of the San José *Mercury* he complained that he could not find prunes on the bills of fare of any of the San José hotels. He remarked with much pith that if the prune-growers believed in the excellence of their product they ought to make it possible for visitors to eat them at the hotels and restaurants. He was right.

When California offers in the world's markets certain grades of prunes, of invariable excellence, carefully selected, and carefully packed, so that purchasers may order by brand or name with the certainty of not being deceived, California will command as high prices for her prunes in the world's markets as France does, for the California prunes are just as good as the French, and I think better.

* *

When we were leaving Cordova, our faithful guide, Diego, had secured a compartment and had hired a porter to keep the door closed. But when we had secured our tickets, had our "big baggages" registered, and reached the train with our "little haggages," Diego's countenance fell. There was a man in our compartment. Diego addressed the delinquent porter with much severity, but the porter protested that he had done all he could. It seems the new-comer was too important a personage to stand off: Diego confided to us in a garlicky whisper the rumor that the stranger was no other than the Alcalde of Toledo. Somewhat mollified, we mounted into the carriage, bade farewell to Diego, and gave him our blessing and a small guerdon.

The conductor shouted "*Señores al tren*," the nonsensical way in which the Spanish say "All aboard." The station-master rang his little dinner bell, which is the foolish fashion they have in Andalusia for starting a train, and we glided out of the station.

I looked curiously at the Alcalde. There was really nothing very remarkable about him, for he was a small, undersized, sallow man, with a scanty black beard and a shiny frock coat; he looked like a rural pedagogue. But what a title! "The Alcalde of Toledo!" It reminded me of "The Student of Salamanca," and I wished that with my striking title I could construct such a striking legend as did Washington Irving with his magic pen. But then I did not have the time, and we were not going back to Toledo, and I lacked the pen and a few other things, so I let my legend go.

The Alcalde seemed to regard the country with much curiosity for a regular resident; I noticed that he was assiduously checking it up with a red-bound book. At the first opportunity I glanced at the back and saw that it was a "Guide Joanne pour L'Espagne et Portugal." This rather surprised me. Why was our Alcalde reading a guide-book? Why read a guide-book at all if an Alcalde? Or, if not an Alcalde, and yet Spanish, why read a French guide-book? These mysteries puzzled me mightily as the train sped through the fertile fields, the vineyards, and the olive orchards of fair Andalusia.

Midday came. I ceased looking at the Alcalde and began looking at our lunch. But like lightning I ceased looking at our lunch and began looking at the Alcalde. For there is a Spanish custom to violate which is considered boorish—to wit, to offer to your neighbors in railway carriages or elsewhere a share of whatever you may have to eat, drink, or smoke. I looked dubiously at the Alcalde of Toledo. He no longer seemed to me—like the Spanish soldier in "The Student of Salamanca"—a fit subject for a legend. On the contrary, he looked like a very flesh-and-blood person with no sign of a

lunch-basket about his kit, and as if he might be hungry. I began to hope that if I invited him he would decline. We had with us but one small chicken and two large appetites.

"If I invited him," do I say?—I decided that I *must* invite him. You must always follow the customs of the country. So I tried to frame a Spanish phrase or two befitting an invitation to the Alcalde of so ancient a city as Toledo.

I can generally manage to dig up some Spanish if given time. If hurried, I sometimes get rattled, as was the case the other night when a brigand with a brass-hound cap suddenly climbed into the carriage from the foothold outside, and demanded something of me—I didn't know what. I offered him my train tickets, but he refused them. He spoke a rich Valencian Spanish, for we were whirling over the Sierra Morena range, altitude 6,000 feet, and his dialect was too high for me. After he had vainly attempted to convey his ideas to my dull intellect, he disappeared as he had come; thereupon a fellow-passenger who spoke the same weird dialect, succeeded, after a vast amount of labor, in telling me that the brigand was a transfer agent, as we call them in our country. I didn't know they had them over here.

To return to Toledo's chief. I collected my thoughts, and after much reflection turned to the Alcalde of Toledo. "Señor," said I, with a graceful wave of the hand toward our lunch-basket, "puede usted darnos el honor de tomar un poquito de merienda?" and as the Alcalde seemed somewhat staggered, I added, explanatorily, "Alguna cosa para comer." My Castilian grammar may be a little shaky, but to the meanest intelligence it was apparent that I was requesting him to do us the honor to take a slight snack with us.

The Alcalde hesitated, and seemed to be thinking as deeply over his reply as I had over my invitation. At last he spoke.

"I no spik Spaneesh. I Fransh Canadien. I hear you spik English, sare. I no spik English, but I understand him a leetle. Wat was you say, sare?"

What a dreadful mistake! Our Alcalde of Toledo turned out to be not from Toledo, and no Alcalde at all! But if he had not understood my Spanish he had understood my gesture, and he fixed an intent eye upon our chicken.

I always rise to great emergencies. With much presence of mind I refrained from repeating the invitation in English. An impulsive man might have blurted it out and ruined the whole situation. I controlled myself and inwardly determined that my invitation had a string to it. The Spanish custom, said I, is not supposed to prevail, even in Spain, except with Spaniards—certainly not with French Canadians. I determined that my invitation should be considered as null and void. So, with much suavity, I said I merely wanted to know whether he objected to my opening the window. The Alcalde of Toledo cast a regretful glance at the chicken and assured me that he did not. So we fell to, and devoured our chicken.

At the next station the Alcalde descended and purchased two aged Spanish sandwiches, which he ate without enthusiasm. Evidently I was right. He had no lunch-basket in his traveling kit.

Among the unsolved mysteries of this affair, these points rise before my mind: Did the porter deceive Diego? Was Diego really deceived? Or did Diego deceive us? Did Diego, at the last moment, determine to hoodwink us about the stranger, in order that we might go away in a mollified and interested frame of mind? Did Diego fear that otherwise our farewell might be cold, our gratuity meagre? In short, did Diego conjure up a phantasmal Alcalde of Toledo, fearing otherwise grave danger to Diego's guerdon?

It seems to me that all these doubts are up to Diego.

A CARABAO DRIVER'S RUSE.

How He Played on the Sympathies of the Foolish Americans.

"Sierte y media," gasped Enrique in triumph. Antonio seized the pack of cards and flung it from him with a burst of most potent Tagalo curses. Like a true Filipino he had staked his entire wealth, a carabao and cart, in a game of *sierte y media* (seven and a half), and lost in three deals.

"I will come for the carabao to-morrow," said Enrique. He picked up the little nut-oil lamp and sought his *nipa* hut a few yards distant, where he might exult undisturbed over the increase of his fortunes. Antonio sat on the ground cursing mechanically. His reflections were to this effect: *imprimis*, that he was a fool, most emphatically a fool, and, second, that he had gambled away Carlota with the carabao and cart, for that sharp-tongued mother of hers would never permit her daughter to marry a pauper. He rose slowly, and entering his own *nipa* hut, turned to a half-filled bottle of *anisado* for solace. It nerved him to take the only course open to him, to tell Carlota and to leave Malate.

He found her puffing a good-night *cigarillo* in the doorway of her mother's home. "Enrique has won my carabao and cart," blurted out Antonio.

Carlota dropped the cigarette with an ejaculation that would not sound well translated, and burst into tears. "You would gamble me away, if I belonged to you," she sobbed; "you have done it already, for how can you support a wife without even a carabao?"

But the *anisado* had instilled a false hope into the brain of Antonio. "Listen," he said, soothingly; "I am going to Manila to-morrow and get work in one of the casinos of some of the American soldiers. Then I will be richer than any of the carabao drivers, for the Americans are all fools and pay ten times the value for everything."

But Carlota only wailed loudly, which brought her mother to the door. The portly Tagalo woman demanded in a shrill voice to know the cause of the disturbance. Before she had been told half of the tale she caught her daughter by the long black hair and thrust her inside the house. Then she told Antonio

what she thought of him, and everything connected with him, using most of the uncomplimentary adjectives in the native dialect, and occasionally borrowing from the Spanish. Antonio was sleeping in his own hut long before the tirade was concluded, but the entire neighborhood was possessed of the old lady's opinion of him.

When Antonio awoke, the sun was high, and for an instant he was alarmed. He should have been out with the carabao cart. Then he remembered, and quietly lit a cigarette. His means of earning a livelihood were gone, he moved toward the door, and lifting it peeped out to where he was accustomed to picket the carabao—yes, his carabao and cart were gone, and his only chance for quick restoration to moderate prosperity lay in obtaining employment from the foolish Americano. Therefore, Antonio rose and tucked his shirt within his trousers in the American style, and walked unostentatiously through the streets of Malate to the Calle Real.

By the side of the Calle Real, almost directly opposite the Lunetta, is a slough which is an ideal carabao wallow. Whenever he made a trip to Manila, Antonio would always unyoke his carabao at this point and permit him to lie for awhile in that muddy coolness. If a carabao is not permitted to drench himself at intervals during the middle of the day, the sun will heat his massive horns till they burn like hot iron bars. The beast will be driven crazy and do as much damage in proportion to its size as a "rogue" elephant.

Antonio had been over-considerate with his animal, and spoiled him, so to speak. For several years that particular carabao had been accustomed to wallow in that slough whenever he came that way. Antonio wondered if Enrique had given him the mud-bath that morning. If he had not—Antonio grinned, and proceeded toward the city with greatly accelerated speed.

Enrique had started from Malate that morning a half-hour late, and when his newly acquired carabao attempted to turn from the road to the wallowing hole, he nearly tore the ring from the animal's nose in a vigorous hint that time was precious. The carabao moved forward with resentful sluggishness, and Enrique, exasperated, began to belabor his flank with a bamboo switch. He played this incessantly when they started on the return trip. On the Bridge of Spain the carabao stopped in his tracks. Enrique brought down the switch with both hands.

"Inchik babui!" he shouted.

Perhaps because of the insult—to be called "Chinese pig" is a very great insult in the Philippines—but more probably because the sun had heated his horns till they tortured him, the carabao decided that he would make for the wallowing place with all speed and sink his pain-racked body in the refreshing muck. He started forward with a sudden jerk that hurled Enrique to the ground. Just as he had got up speed he collided with one of the ramshackle tramcars, derailling it with a splintering of wood, and, leaving the cart in the débris, hurried on. He overturned two *caramittas* and a cart, and wrecked a little fruit-stand that happened to be in his path. A company of American regulars opened ranks without command that he might proceed upon his business. Their captain, whose eyes were "straight to the front," was hurled to the dust. He rose boiling with indignation, and started after that mouse-colored mass whirling down the road with the speed of an express train.

"A Filipayno otermerbile on a tear," observed an irrepressible brogue, and even the captain smiled.

Antonio saw him coming. "Chico!" he shouted, but the brute had forgotten his old master and his name for the time being—and everything else. A few hundred yards brought him to the wallowing hole, and he flung himself into it with a mighty splash, and settled his huge bulk into the mud with a grunt of fierce content.

Antonio arrived at the place a few moments later, and squatted on the bank to await developments. Chico, the carabao, remained in the mud with only the tip of his nose protruding. The outraged captain came up with his company, and halted, and immediately after Enrique staggered on the scene, dirty, breathless, and perspiring.

"Whose carabao is that?" inquired the officer in Spanish.

"It is mine, señor," replied Antonio, glibly; "but that ladrone"—indicating Enrique—"stole him this morning and abused him. Therefore the carabao became loco."

Enrique struggled to recover his breath. "It is false, señor, I won him fairly," he panted.

The captain thirsted to punish some one for the outrage committed upon his person, but was momentarily nonplussed.

"By all the saints, this man is a liar and a thief, señor," said Antonio, raising his hand piously; "he drove my poor beast mad."

The captain looked from one to the other. Enrique was grimy, and wore his shirt outside of the trousers like all Filipinos. Antonio was clad in clean cotton, and his shirt was tucked inside. Obviously, a Tagalo who wore his shirt in that fashion was vastly superior to all others of his benighted race. The carabao raised his head.

"Señor," said Antonio, quickly, "if that man is not a thief, let him call the carabao from the water."

"Call out your animal if it is yours," the officer demanded of Enrique.

"Ven aqui, Inchik babui," bellowed Enrique. The carabao did not stir.

"Mira!" cried Antonio; "ven aqui, Chico," he called. The huge slimy mass surged slowly upward, and, ascending the bank, moved ponderously toward Antonio, and stood beside him, dripping. The officer was convinced that the Filipino of civilized taste regarding shirts was a much injured person.

"Private Casey, fall out," he ordered; "take the dirty one to the guard-house." With joyful alacrity a soldier stepped forth, and seizing the tearful Enrique by the overhanging shirt, hustled him away.

Antonio mounted his carabao, and thanking the señor captain fervently, rode down the Calle Real toward Malate.

"Poor Enrique," he mused; "but a man must possess at least a carabao if he would marry. *Viva los Americanos*, and, thank God, they are all fools."

W. O. MCGEEHAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1903.

FADS AND FREAKS OF ROYALTY.

Some Amusing Anecdotes.

A gossip volume about monarchs of all countries is "Royalty in All Ages," which T. F. Thiselton-Dyer has compiled from a variety of sources. He has divided his work into chapters on royal revelry, masquerades, fads, fashions, superstitions, pets, and jokes, on royal ecures, gamsters, authors, and musicians, and on kings, queens, and nobles at play, in disguise, and on the turf; and each is a happy combination of striking historical fact and more or less authentic anecdote. It is true that many of the stories are old friends, but they are just as amusing and entertaining as ever in their new arrangement and association. Those, however, who expect to find mention of King Edward, Emperor William, Czar Nicholas, or any other of our present-day monarchs, will be disappointed, for the author evidently has a huge amount of respect for royalty, and believes that "to write of the private and domestic acts of monarchs still alive savors of scandal and bad taste."

Appos of the Emperor Frederick William's fads and eccentricities, we learn that sometimes he would signify his rejection of what he considered an absurd petition by drawing on the margin an ass's head and ears. One day a baron of ancient patent, having complained of another baron taking precedence of him, the king wrote on the petition: "Mere folly; whether a man sits above me or below me, my birth remains the same." Oftentimes he would ask people in the streets who they were, a peculiarity which made nervous people evade the royal presence. One day when a Jew saw the king approaching he took to his heels and ran; but Frederick William pursued him in hot haste, and when he overtook him, asked, "Why did you run away from me?" "From fear," answered the Jew, whereupon his majesty gave him a heavy thwack with his cane, and said that he "wished himself to be loved, and not to be feared."

Mr. Thiselton-Dyer also quotes the amusing story of the carter who came to Windsor three times to move a portion of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe, only to be told each time that her majesty had changed her mind. When this information was imparted to him the third time, after a long wait in the court-yard, the poor man clapped his hands in wrath and despair, and cried out: "Now I know that the queen is a woman as well as my wife!" Elizabeth, at her window, happened to overhear this significant observation, and it hit her Tudor sense of humor. "What villain is this?" says she, and straightway sent him out a substantial soother of gold angels.

Among all strange freaks of kings, strangest surely was that of Charles the Second of Spain, when he went down into the royal mausoleum and had one coffin after another opened for him, that he might gaze upon the pitiful remnants of the great ones of his race. The fad of Ferdinand the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, we are told, was to worry grotesquely over his health. One author quotes the Abbé Arnauld: "I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his chamber between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always five or six in his hand, according to the degree of heat or cold registered by the instruments." A peculiarity of Peter the Great was his aversion to being looked at in public. Curious to see the festivities at the Princess Anne's birthday ball, he accepted King William's invitation to be present, but he hid himself in a little room, where he could not be seen, and whence he could peep out at the assemblage.

A dramatic anecdote is told of another French king, Louis the Fifteenth was at the card-table one evening with a group of courtiers, of whom M. de Chauvelin was one. Seized with an apoplectic fit, the latter suddenly expired, and, seeing him fall, another player exclaimed, "M. de Chauvelin is ill!" "Ill?" said the king, coldly, turning round and looking at him; "he is dead. Take him away; spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

The volume is supplemented with an index and illustrated with six etched portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Edward the First, Edward the Third, Charles the Second, Charles the Ninth, King of France, and Louis the Fourteenth.

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00 net.

KEEPING THE SOCIAL LAWS.

Evolution of Society in New York—The Ladies' Formal Call Almost a Dead Letter—No More "First Fridays"—The Social Duties of Men.

One of the most irritating things of life in New York is that one is constantly meeting the most delightful people, conversing with them for an hour or two at a dinner or a musicale, then losing sight of them, and not meeting them again for three or four months. In smaller cities, or cities where social life is not such a complicated, heated rush, there is leisure and opportunity for making new acquaintances, for opening one's circle to take in new friends. But in New York everybody's life is so full, every one is so hurried on by the feverish whirl of their duties or their pleasures, that to step aside into the quiet little backwaters where life goes slowly and time is unnoted, is a thing unknown.

One of the customs that is falling quickly into desuetude is that of "calling." In the one sense of the word no one calls. I remember, not so long ago, when a blight of calling struck the West, and women went forth in battle array at two o'clock in the afternoon and called furiously till six. Some of them boasted that they could pay ten calls (the ten ladies being at home) in that time. The call, when properly administered, lasted some five minutes, the caller sitting primly on the edge of a chair, her card-case in her white-gloved hand, while the callee sat opposite her on the divan, and the talk was of the weather.

This form of social diversion is quite dead here. In the first place, one can't with decency call much before four or half-past, and five, when tea comes in, is the usual hour. Before that the hostess and the guest are both supposed to be otherwise occupied. The former won't finish her lunch much before half-past two or three. Then she may "lie down," if she is a lady who is wishful of being beautiful when she is fifty, or she may want to write letters, or change her dress, or play with her children till near tea-time.

The latter, on the other hand, is feverishly accomplishing various outside duties. She will visit a new exhibition of paintings (there are always new exhibitions of paintings, and ladies of fashion ought to see them and have ideas about them), drop into a Fifth Avenue milliner's or dressmaker's and talk over the new spring things, do a little elegant shopping, and generally fritter away the first half of the afternoon with those busy nothings which occupy women of her kind. By five o'clock she is hungry and tired, and drops in for a cheerful cup and a half-hour's chat with a friend, a casually informal performance, as far removed from the stiff conventionality of the regulation "call" as the breakfast *en peignoir* is from the breakfast in the restaurant of a fashionable hotel.

Among conservative hostesses the day "at home" still exists, and, as far as I can tell, this hospitable custom shows no signs of dying out. In many of the best houses in the city there is still an afternoon where some—generally all—of the ladies of the family may be found from three until half-past six. The calls paid in such houses smack little of a constrained formality. The callers meet acquaintances and subside in friendly groups on sofas and divans, chatting together for half-hours. At half-past four the servants bring in tea in the English fashion, set out the paraphernalia before the hostess, her daughter, or sister, who makes it, while some of the men who appear toward five o'clock hand it round. In houses where the hostess is attractive and her circle interesting, such an afternoon has a special charm, being more like a cheerfully informal reception than a crowded "day at home." Undoubtedly, one of the attractions of such an entertainment is the presence of men, who break the monotony of the persistent feminine note, and bring in a suggestion of the big outside world and its complex interests.

Sometimes days like this stop during Lent, when the fashionable women in New York are very particular about the observances of their religion, many of them going to Lenten services every afternoon. Others continue on till May, when every householder begins to move countryward. That horror, the odd day in the month, or the two odd days which nobody ever remembered, has gone into the limbo of the past. There are no first Fridays, or second and fifth Tuesdays, or last Saturdays. Sunday afternoon is a great receiving day, especially among the people of Bohemian and artistic affiliations. The nearest approach to salons in New York are some of the Sunday afternoon gatherings in high-class Bohemia.

More numerous, however, than the women with the "days at home" are the women who have no days and are never at home. Their manner of seeing their friends is to bid the intimates in to lunch, and to bid the acquaintances in "at tea-time." One generally finds them at lunch, which is a vague sort of meal, fluctuating in time from one to two, and usually showing a varied collection of friends and relatives who have "dropped in." I need hardly say that these ladies are persons of means, who have many servants above and below stairs, and whose orders are to have an elastic lunch which will stand a good deal of stretching. When it comes to the tea question, they are generally conspicuous by their absence. I asked a friend of mine why she repeated this hospitable fable of being home at tea-time, and she said she only did it to the bores that she had to be polite to and did not want to see.

The gatherings at lunch are the means she has invented of seeing the friends she really cares for.

When she has something to talk about with an *intime*, or wishes to bring together some congenial souls, she calls them up on the telephone, or sends them notes inviting them to tea on a certain afternoon. These little gatherings of never more than six or eight people are very popular, and sometimes, the guests being of the right sort, bright and amusing. The butler has orders to say "not at home" to any caller outside the invited group, and so the party is insured against the intrusion of some undesired outsider.

The aim of such a hostess is to weed out from her overfull existence the casual acquaintance, the new person trying to crowd in. Her attitude toward this sort of person—unless he attract her by personal charm or intellectual distinction—is inhospitable and indifferent. In her excuse, let it be said, that her life is always over-crowded with the claims of friendship, the pleasures of society, and the duties of her position. She has no time to spend on people in whom she is not strongly interested. If she is under social obligations to them she invites them to long dinners, when she feeds them expensively and expects them to go after the black coffee has gone round. When after this they call, she is invariably not at home, and they do not expect to see her. They leave cards which she finds on the hall table when she comes in, glances over, and throws down. Both parties have discharged their duties with all the politeness that society requires.

When you come to the question of men's calls, you find that here, too, a great change has taken place. Time was, not so very long ago, when the man called only in the evening. If he was very smart he put on his dress suit to do it; but if he was just an ordinary business man, he came in his ordinary clothes. He appeared between half-past eight and nine, and he stayed till half-past ten or eleven. That was the call he paid alike on the damsel of his heart, and the lady who had invited him to dinner the week before. Very often he neglected to call on the latter, and the omission was matter for openly expressed wrath. To pay a visit in the afternoon was, certainly in the West, an almost unknown divagation from accepted standards. I remember once in San Francisco telling a woman of my acquaintance that a man I knew always came to call at five in the afternoon. She seemed to regard this as something quite extraordinary, and asked me what his business was that he could absent himself from it at that hour.

The New York man now always calls in the afternoon, generally between five and six. The evening visit is a thing reserved for old friends, or for the woman toward whom he has begun to cherish those warm sentiments that lead to an engagement. Experienced females tell me that when a man calls constantly in the evening on a spinster or widow of any age after sixteen, the said widow or spinster may prepare for the expected. This, in the current phrase, means business.

The visit in the afternoon, unless it takes place on a day at home, is hardly more than the formal leaving of a card. In nine cases out of ten the lady called on will be out, and this the gentleman calling knows. He really regards his visit as a momentary pause at the door, and the depositing only of a card on the presented tray. Then he will fare on his way, making, perhaps, one or two similar pauses en route to his club or his rooms. Such formal card-dropping is reserved for most of his feminine acquaintances. It is the invariable mode of visit after hospitalities, whether accepted or refused. The New York man of any breeding is very particular to proffer this exceedingly simple act of courtesy to the hostess who has bidden him to break bread under her roof. Should he fail to do so, he would find that he stood ill with many people who had heard of his lapse in politeness and "sized him up" accordingly.

It may be objected to in this cutting off of the man from general visiting, that he has few opportunities of following up an acquaintance that appears to him exceedingly attractive. This is perfectly true. He may meet a girl at a dinner or a tea, like her exceedingly, long to see more of her, and find it almost impossible unless he is clever enough to discover at what houses she is a constant guest and frequent them himself if he have the entrée. But he is not supposed to call on her after a first meeting, and she is not supposed to ask him to do so. They must wait till they know each other better, and in the whirl of New York life they may not encounter one another again for a space of months. When he does come to know her better, his acquaintance does not develop so much into the form of calls or walks together as it does into games of golf on suburban links, or into rides through the park. Athletics have even invaded courtship.

I was told once by a woman in California that clubs were taking the place of visiting in the life of the feminine part of the community. Women now met at their clubs instead of at one another's houses. This may be true of the West, but I don't think it is the case here. The club plays absolutely no part in the life of such dames of fashion as those of whom I have been writing. That there are well-patronized and prosperous women's clubs in New York everybody knows, but the ladies of crowded social life never go to them, and their sisters, who are engaged in artistic or literary pursuits, never seem to either. The latter class is particularly shy of the clubs. They are hard workers, and when their recreation comes they spend it in more amusing and relaxing ways than going to an afternoon séance and listening to a "sister woman" read a paper on a subject she has dug up out of the encyclopædia.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1903. GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Norman Hapgood, whose short lives of Washington and Lincoln were something new in biographical writing, is to assume editorial control over *Collier's Weekly*.

A compromise has been agreed to by both sides of the litigation to break the will of the late W. S. Stratton, of Cripple Creek, Colo. By its terms, I. Harry Stratton, who has been contesting his father's will, receives \$350,000. It is estimated that the amount of cash Stratton will receive after paying the court fees and his attorneys will be about \$172,000.

Mrs. Edith E. Bigelow has obtained a divorce from Poultney Bigelow, the author, on statutory grounds. Under the wording of the decree, Mrs. Bigelow will be at liberty to re-marry, "as though Mr. Bigelow were dead," while he is prohibited from re-marrying "until she is actually dead," a provision which prevents him from marrying in New York, but not elsewhere. Mrs. Bigelow, by the way, recently won a thousand-dollar prize for a short story on marital troubles.

Apocryph of the sale of the Humbert mansion in Paris to a building contractor for \$66,400, interesting facts have just come out as to how much the celebrated case has already cost the French Government. The sum of \$22,109 has been expended in the search for the fugitives and bringing them back, and \$22,200 has been dispensed since. This does not include the cost of housing and feeding the notorious prisoners, who have had their somewhat delicate tastes indulged to the utmost.

According to William E. Curtis, Senator Chauncey Depew is a director in more companies than any other man in the country. He serves on sixty-seven boards of directors, including railways, banks, trust companies, manufactories, and other institutions. William K. Vanderbilt comes second, being a member of fifty-three, and James Stillman, president of the City Bank of New York, stands third, with a seat on forty-four different companies, and J. Pierpont Morgan in thirty-three. John D. Rockefeller's name appears on the boards of only four companies, all of them being allied with the Standard Oil interests.

Emperor William has provided work for another band of sculptors in the decoration of the Thiergarten in Berlin. As its name indicates, the Central Park of the Prussian capital was originally a place for deer and other game. The emperor proposes a scheme suggested by the name. According to the *Lokal Anzeiger*, the central part of the park, through which the broad avenue runs that connects Unter den Linden with the flourishing suburb of Charlottenburg, is to have in its centre a colossal fountain celebrating St. Hubert, patron of the chase, and his remarkable adventures. Semicircular benches will be provided round about, and on the edges of the square will be marble monuments depicting various methods of hunting in various climes and at different epochs. It will be a zoological collection in marble, interspersed with figures of famous huntsmen of all times. The scheme is a comprehensive one, and offers a wide range of subjects.

Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds, who recently entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra at her residence in Cadogan Place, London, is one of the leading members of the American colony in the British metropolis, and a patron to every struggling deserving musician who is brought to her attention. Her music-room contains the legacies in manuscript and instrument which Sir Arthur Sullivan left to her. Mrs. Ronalds and the composer were the most sympathetic of companions, and among the treasures he bequeathed to her was the original manuscript of "The Lost Chord," as well as several of Sir Arthur's opera scores. Great artists from the Royal Opera House, who charge other folk large sums to appear at private entertainments, sing for friendship at Mrs. Ronalds's. Therefore, struggling geniuses, who need only a social lift to make a name for themselves, feel that they have as good as arrived when they can get Mrs. Ronalds to let them sing for her guests.

Mrs. Ashton, of New Albany, Ind. (according to the *Chicago Record-Herald*), has been the wife of four veterans of the Civil War, and has been granted pensions as the widow of three of them. Commissioner Ware has been investigating her case, and finds that it is without parallel. Her first husband served four years as a private in an Indiana regiment, and contracted rheumatism, from which he died in 1876. Two years later she applied for a pension, which was granted, and she continued to draw it until 1882, when she married another veteran, and her pension stopped. Husband number two lived for five years. Upon his death she made her second application, and was granted a pension as his widow, which she continued to receive until she married for the third time, when the Pension Bureau was promptly notified of her third matrimonial venture, and her name was again dropped from the rolls. In 1889 for the third time she applied for a pension, representing that husband number three, who was a captain, had died from wounds received in the service. Her name was again added to the list without delay, because experience had taught her how to prepare her application and the evidence to sustain it; but in 1896 along came Major Ashton, also a Union veteran, who invited her to share his fortunes, and again she reported her new matrimonial alliance to the pension office. Husband number four is still living.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Youth."

According to "Who's Who," in 1895 Joseph Conrad published his first novel. Eight years have passed, in which have appeared from his pen six books. Reviewing the three best of them in memory—"The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Typhoon," and the just published book of short stories, "Youth"—a distinct advance is apparent. We recall that we characterized "Typhoon" as a "piece of vigorous, direct, and graphic description," and noted that its failure to become popular was due to lack of "love interest." The same praise and the same stricture apply to "Youth," but there is in the latter story something far finer, more personal, more human and sympathetic, than in "Typhoon." Indeed, it is a tale of the sea that has few superiors in the English tongue. Take, for instance, this bit of description of a ship harning at sea by night—of the ancient bark *Judea*, pursued by ill luck—storms, leaks, mutiny, collision—at last set afire by her coal cargo down in the Indian Ocean, only a little way from port:

Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disk of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disk of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously, mournful and imposing, like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night patient and watchful, the vast night lying silent upon the sea.

But even finer than the "story" is the development of an idea—let us not call it a "purpose." "O youth!" cries the gray-haired, world-weary teller of the tale. "The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! To me, young, that bark was not an old rattletrap carting about the world a lot of coal for freight—to me she was the endeavor, the test, the trial of life." This sentence is the key to the story.

The other two tales of the book are by no means ordinary, but they do not reach the level of "Youth." We have not space to speak of them at length here. The first, called "Heart of Darkness," is a story of Africa; the second, called "The End of the Tether," is of a wreck—both of a ship and a man's life—on the Malay coast.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

All About Jewels.

It is fitting that a book treating of diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other gems of price should be beautifully printed and bound, and that is indeed the case with W. R. Cattelle's treatise on "Precious Stones," which appears in a cover of green leather and in a make-up otherwise attractive.

What might he called the literature of jewels is amazingly scanty, and Mr. Cattelle's book was badly needed. Though he subtitles it "A Book of Reference for Jewelers," all persons with a taste for gems and the money wherewith to gratify it, should be able, after reading this book, to choose stones with more intelligence, talk about them with greater assurance, and, incidentally, to reduce somewhat the chance of being "done" by foxy dealers.

The first chapter gives a general description of gems, the second treats of the celebrated jewels over which in the dim past nations have gone to war, and by which the love of queens has been won, the third relates superstitions about precious stones—some very curious ones; for instance, it was formerly believed that the emerald had such an influence upon the passions as to keep its wearer chaste, or, failing, that it would break. The chrysolite was reputed to fade when brought near poison. The amethyst, worn upon the stomach, by drawing the vapors to itself, was believed to prevent eructation. A further chapter treats of desirable qualities in stones, of cutting, of artificial coloring, of weights, of trade terms, etc.

Inasmuch as Mr. Cattelle says that many beautiful diamonds have been smashed to splinters by being somewhat injudiciously hit with hammers to test their hardness, it may be of use to somebody to chronicle here the fact that though the diamond is the hardest of stones, according to the author it is brittle and may readily be broken.

Another item of interest—one which is calculated to gratify American pride—is Mr. Cattelle's statement that an American diamond

cutter, Henry S. Morse, of Boston, was the first man to "make the daring sacrifice of weight to proportion necessary to attain the perfection of the modern brilliant," an innovation to which European cutters were gradually obliged to conform. They are, however, bad imitators, and, according to Mr. Cattelle, the "finest and most exact cutting is still done in the United States." To those of us accustomed to regard Amsterdam as the centre of this industry, this fact is quite surprising.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

In the Reign of William and Mary.

During the recent deluge of the historical novel, the intelligent reader has found to his surprise that he has a widening acquaintance with the history of the world. From the days of *Rameses the First* to the recent coal strike, there are certain characters and epochs that stand out in bold relief in the reader's mind because some author has chosen that particular setting for his story. The reign in England of William and Mary, after the flight of James the Second, for example, will always have a clearer meaning to the reader of Arthur Paterson's "The King's Agent" because of the white light turned upon it by the author's forceful pen.

The doughty Jack Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, is the pivot upon which the plot turns, although he is safely married to the beautiful Lady Sarah and settled down to the life of soldier and political leader. But the romance of the story centres in the niece of Lady Sarah, and young Montgomery, a very Galahad in valor and virtue. A man of wealth, birth, and charm, he goes through the mire of the court life "carving the casques of men" like his prototype with almost the same "strength of ten," from much the same cause; but it is the lovely Isahel who represents the Grail to him, a girl who, the author tells us, tramps 'cross country in a "gray felt farmer's hat, a rough cape flung over her shoulder, a skirt that reached barely to her ankles," and, most curious of all, "jack-boots to the knee." We wonder whether Mr. Paterson had the golfing girl of to-day in his mind when he drew that picture. However, Isahel Fretchville is as independent and charming a young woman as one ever meets in print or out of it, and even if she is a few centuries too modern in her sentiments and manners for the time of Queen Mary and Lady Sarah, we are none the less glad to know her, for it is largely due to her that "The King's Agent" is so entertaining and readable.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

To the Series of Pocket American and English Classics has been added "Epoch-Making Papers in United States History," edited by Marshall Stewart Brown. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

The Julia Marlowe edition of "The Cavalier," which has just appeared, is illustrated from thirteen photographs of the characters and scenes of the play. It is handsomely bound, and should appeal to readers whose interest in the play is as great as, or greater than, in the novel. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The appointment of William Miller Collier to a post in connection with the new Department of Commerce arouses more or less interest in his book, published two years ago, called "The Trusts: What Can We Do With Them? What Can They Do For Us?" The publishers have some of them still on hand. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; price, paper, 50 cents.

The thirteenth number of the *Handbook of Practical Gardening Series* is by S. W. Fitzherbert, and is entitled "The Book of the Wild Garden." The work is made up of brief notes on practically all common plants that require little or no attention from the gardener beyond the original sowing or planting. The illustrations, as usual, are good. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

The appearance of Number IV of the *Ancestor* marks the completion of the first year in the life of this quarterly review of family history and antiquities, and that without apparent diminution in quality. The present issue contains quite a number of full-page illustrations, and the leading articles present a pleasing variety, and number twenty-five or thirty. Among the contributors are J. Horace Round, H. J. T. Ward, Oswald Barron, etc. Not the least interesting thing

in the number is a brisk controversy between Novelist Conan Doyle and the editor over the correctness of Sir Conan's heraldry in "The White Company." Imported by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

The bead and front of the "ethical movement" is Dr. Felix Adler. For years he has voiced his views before earnest congregations in New York. There have now been collected "with his consent, but without his active cooperation," extracts from his lectures, in a little book entitled "Hope and Destiny." These should give to those unfamiliar with his principles a good idea of them, while to those already acquainted with his system of ethics, it will present much in little—a summing-up, in short. The book is published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

EASTER VERSE.

An Easter Canticle.

Once more is the woodland ringing
With buoyant mirth;
Once more are the green shoots springing
From under-earth;
Out of the gates of glooming—
The depths of dole—
Like a bud unto its blooming,
Rise thou, my soul!

Once more there are lyrics lifted
From all the rills;
Once more there is warm light sifted
On God's fair hills.
Out of the slough of sadness,
Again made whole,
Into the glow of gladness
Rise thou, my soul!

Once more the exultant spirit
Through nature runs;
Once more from heaven to hear it
Lean stars and suns.
Freed from thy wintry prison,
Seek thou the goal
Of Christ, the re-arsen,
My soul, my soul.

—Clinton Scollard in *April Bazar*.

The Watcher.

... And this is Easter dawn?
This mighty calm, this white suspense,
This palpitant irradiance?
A bird-song comes to me full-throated—and is gone.
Yonder the village lies in honest sleep,
Now here, now there, some startled cry
Of waking vibrates clear and high;
How wonderful and strange this vigil that I keep!

Ah, hush!

The lips of morning flush and part,
In rapture breaks the song of day:
"Make fair thy way,
O watching heart, O loving heart,
Here in the new-green land of Spring
Here in the solemn hour of dawn,
Put thou thy shining garment on,
And run with joy-winged feet to meet thy risen King!"

—Emery Pottle in *April McClure's Magazine*.

An Easter Song.

Arise, my heart, and sing thy Easter song!
To the great anthem of returning bird,
And sweetening bud, and green, ascending
blade,
Add thou thy word.
Long was the winter and the waiting loag;
Heart, there were hours, indeed, thou wert
afraid—
So long the Spring delayed.

Shut in the Winter's alabaster tomb,
So white and still the sleeping Summer lay
That dead she seemed;
And none might know how in her magic side
Slept the young Spring, and moved, and
smiled, and dreamed.

Behold, she wakes again, and, open-eyed,
Gazes, in wonder, 'round the leafy room,
At the young flowers. Upon this Easter Day
Awaken, too, my heart, open thine eyes,
And from thy seeming death thou, too, arise.

Arise, my heart; yea, go thou forth and sing!
Join thou thy voice to all this music sweet
Of crowding leaf and busy, building wing,
And falling showers;
The murmur soft of little lives new-born,
The armies of the grass, the million feet
Of marching flowers.

How sweetly blows the Resurrection horn
Across the meadows, over the far hills!
In the soul's garden a new sweetness stirs,
And the heart fills,

And in and out the mind flow the soft airs.
Arise, my heart, and sing, this Easter morn;
In the year's resurrection do thy part—
Arise, my heart!

—Richard Le Gallienne in *Success*.

Two Japanese authors are about to publish books in English. One of these is "For His People," a real story of Japanese life in feudal days, by the diplomatist, Viscount Hayashi. The other is a work by Mr. Okakura, the distinguished artist and archaeologist.

BOSTON'S FAREWELL TO GEN. WOOD.

The Tavern Club's Inovation.

One may never speak publicly of what happens at a private function, but when a new good idea is born into the world or anywhere else, it should be perpetuated, and the only way to perpetuate a thing is to give it a chance to live and have it duly registered in the natal reports. The Tavern Club, as I have written you appreciatively before, is like our Bohemian Club in its aims and character, and reminds one of the Bohemian Club in the early days, when George Bromley was young, and a lot of the present multi-millionaires were poor and interesting. The occasion was a dinner given to our General Leonard Wood on the eve of his departure to the Philippines. The parent of more epoch-making, good new ideas than any one else in America, Henry L. Higginson—the cause of fine symphonic music in this country, among the category of his goodness—is the president of the club. With this combination at the head of the table, how could there help but be born something new, unique, and good?

Now with all this introduction, the name of the child idea is Variety. At the right of the guest of honor a chair was left vacant. At first it seemed a little awkward to have so much emptiness around the chief of the occasion, but the object of it was soon apparent. At the proper time of the dinner the president nodded to one distinguished and interesting guest after another, and each, as signaled by the nod, left his place at table and came and sat on the general's right and quietly conversed with him. With another nod another suggestion of the president or choice of the general came around and replaced the last one, so that, in the course of the evening, the honored guest was less bored than is usual at the ordinary miscarriage attempts at entertainment, and many a wise and telling word was said, the influence of which all of us may some time feel the benefit.

That Boston should give General Wood a hearty good-speed on his departure for so responsible a task as the harmonizing, pacification, and civilization of the Philippines is especially fitting. They know him as man, boy, and *success*, and they have faith that he will accomplish the good among the islands of the Pacific that he did in the greatest of the islands of the Atlantic. Educated to be a doctor of medicine and graduating from the Harvard Medical School; serving in the city hospital a practical apprenticeship; Bostonians, many of them, know Dr. General Wood of old and the good he has done in civilization, and in justifying the doctrine of destiny in connection with the United States is appreciated by them, even though it deal a blow at their favorite pessimistic anti-imperialism.

This shows that Boston is honest even when cranky. They oppose imperialism because they honestly believe that we are not a missionary race like the English, and should expand only within our borders. If they thought the world needed us for its civilization they would be the first to respond. In the mission of General Wood they see a hope of our really being useful to the general cause of civilization, and they praise the mission and encourage the good missionary. It was from the benevolent city of Boston, and generously from the president of the Tavern Club, that money came to establish schools and hospitals in Cuba. And General Wood will find an equally generous response should he learn and intimate that Boston money will not be indigestible among the Malays of our Philippine possessions.

General Wood is leaving on his mission this morning in a few minutes on the *Commonwealth* of the Dominion Line, traveling east by the way of Italy with that aim and intent. Your migratory mononadic correspondent goes with him on the same ship, and if he does anything on board that he does not want to do, your correspondent will let you know. Your correspondent's face is turned homeward when he faces the bow of the *Commonwealth*, and he hopes to see the next full-moon light and the laying of the corner-stone of the new Campanile within the month.

Boston, March 28, 1903. VAN FLETCH.

The new national edition of Daniel Webster's works, which Little, Brown & Co. will commence to issue this month, will contain over twenty-four hundred octavo pages of hitherto uncollected speeches, arguments, papers, letters, etc., and will be illustrated by one hundred and three photographic plates, including portraits of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Buchanan, portraits of eminent American statesmen, and portraits of Webster and his family reproduced from original paintings.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Factory Girl's Lot.

No hook of the year has been quite so well advertised as "The Woman Who Toils," to one of the authors of which President Roosevelt wrote his famous "race suicide" letter after reading the third chapter as it appeared serially in a magazine. This letter is now printed at the beginning of the book.

The experiment undertaken by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst was an unusual, but not a unique, one. Flynt and Wyckoff have before given us accounts of the so-called lower strata of society, written after having been a part of them. The present hook is only original because it gives the experiences of women (rather than men) of wealth and position who left their homes to work side by side with factory girls. Mrs. Van Vorst worked in a pickle-factory at Pittsburgh, in a shirt-factory at Perry, N. Y., and in a printing-office, a theatrical costumer's, and a picture-frame factory in Chicago. Miss Van Vorst worked in shoe-factories at Lynn, and in the Southern cotton-mills. The conditions in all the places are minutely described.

Especially Mrs. Van Vorst's part of the book commends itself because of its absolute sincerity, and because of the wisdom and sympathy that illumine all her comments. The conclusion she reaches—that young women with homes, who do not have to work, but only go into the factories to increase their income so as to dress more showily, and to whom a living wage is not vital—that these girls are the cause of the low wages of women workers, was long ago voiced by Jane Addams, of Hull House, but Mrs. Van Vorst has evidently worked it out for herself, and certainly puts the case convincingly. Her remedy, that these girls be attracted away from the factory by schools of industrial art, seems a good one. Altogether, the book is one that nobody interested in social evolution can afford to pass unread, and it contains, moreover, many fine bits of characterization and description, apart from its larger interest.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 net.

A Notable Work on Engraving.

The intervals between the appearance of books from the hand of Lady Dilke are brief, denoting, certainly, remarkable industry. Last year we had from her "French Decoration and Furniture in the XVIIIth Century," the year before, "French Architects and Sculptors of the XVIIIth Century," and, in 1900, "French Painters of the XVIIIth Century." Now there appears another volume, bound uniformly, on "French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century," and it is not the least interesting one of the four. The work is anecdotal and biographical to quite a degree, containing even more about engravers than about their actual accomplishment. There are, besides, many quotations from letters of the time, and the reader therefore gets a very clear picture of the conditions under which the eighteenth-century engraver worked. Though many minor names are mentioned, most space is devoted to the Comte de Caylus and the great "amateurs," Mariette and Basan, Le Chevalier Cochin, the Drevet and Jeans-François Daullé, Wille and his pupils, Laurent Cars, Filippart, and Le Bas, the pupils of Le Bas and vignette engravers. Gravelot and Eisen, the Saint-Aubin, Moreau le Jeune, Boilly, Prieur, and the later engravers in color.

Though Lady Dilke complains that in reproduction of engravings reduced in size, "what should be a luminous expression of form" becomes, sometimes, "a meaningless pond of ink," the lay reader, we think, will find little reason to criticize adversely the illustrations of this work, which are all full-page, and which number fifty. The book is handsomely printed and bound.

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$10.00.

Another War-Time Love-Story.

One more is added to the long list of novels bearing on the Civil War that have appeared during the past few years. "The Southerners," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is a romantic love-story, but much of the book is filled with descriptions of battles on sea and land, in which soldiers, old and young, will feel moved to interest. There is a stirring and exciting description of the Battle of Chicamauga, and a detailed account of the capture of Mobile Bay by the great Captain of the Sea.

We have introduced in the earlier pages to the Southern homes of both hero and heroine, the latter the typical Southern beauty, bright, charming, and self-willed, whose character is

developed by the four terrible years of the war; the former, an ensign in the United States navy, whose struggle between his allegiance to the flag that he has sworn to defend and his love for his people, his home, and the woman of his choice, is the true story of many a young soldier of that time.

Mr. Brady does not dwell upon the phases of Southern life which so many of the war-time novelists have described with such loving-skill. The scenes are for the most part laid in Mobile, where we have a glimpse of the prosperous homes of Judge Annan and Colonel Peyton, and a birthday dinner where the cosmopolitan society of Mobile is represented. But there is no devoted slave following his young master to battle, no old "uncle" or "mammy" bound by affection to the old master and "missis." Indeed, although a tale of the South, there is scarcely a mention of a slave throughout the book. There are also no harrowing descriptions of homes laid waste by the insatiable war-god, but the heroine is bereft of father, brother, and the Confederate soldier who loves her. However, the surrender of Lee is anticipated by the fiery maiden, who has become subdued during the four years' tragedy, and the lovers so long estranged are united at last.

Mr. Brady's book will receive a hearty welcome from lovers of romance and war-time stories.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Geraldine Bonner, whose letters from New York during the winter have been an attractive feature of the *Argonaut*, has completed quite a long and romantic story of California life—the most ambitious piece of work she has yet attempted—which will be published early in September. It opens in the early days and then moves to the late 'seventies, the plot circling around a Bonanza fortune.

George Cram Cook's novel, "Roderick Taliaferro" (pronounced Tulliver), has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The hero is an unreconstructed Confederate gentleman who, after the Civil War, throws in his lot with the party of the Mexican empire, joins the army of Maximilian, and after the emperor's execution barely escapes with his life.

Owing to her illness, the appearance of Mary Johnston's new novel, "Sir Mortimer," which was to have followed "Lady Rose's Daughter" in *Harper's Magazine*, has been postponed. Miss Johnston is now convalescent.

Bismarck's correspondence with the Emperor William the First will soon be published. It seems that Bismarck left instructions that the most characteristic of the Emperor William's letters should be reproduced in facsimile, and the American edition of the correspondence will contain one of these and one showing the great chancellor's own striking handwriting.

Mme. Edward Adam (Juliette Lamher) has supplemented her "Romance of My Childhood and Youth" with a new volume, "My Literary Life," which will soon be published.

The late Frank Norris's publishers announce for early publication a volume of his essays, under the title "Responsibilities of the Novelist, and Other Literary Essays." A new portrait of Mr. Norris will be reproduced.

A new edition is announced of "The Mummer's Wife," George Moore's first notable piece of fiction.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle is preparing an interesting work, to be published by the Macmillan Company, on "Costumes in America, 1620-1820."

Alfred Sonnichsen, whose "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos" was one of the best of the many volumes based on the early stages of the war in the Philippines, has written a book of adventures at sea, which he calls "Deep Sea Vagabonds." Mr. Sonnichsen is a Dane, though he was born in San Francisco, and went to sea at eighteen, sailing on a Nicaraguan bark, *Don Adolfo*, to Australia. He has been sailing in different seas more or less ever since. His new hook, which will be ready this month, constitutes a log of his journeys since 1897.

One of the most notable of this season's works will be the new life of "Christopher Columbus," by John Boyd Thacher, author of "The Continent of America," "The Cabotian Discovery," etc. Of the contents, the publishers say: "The figure of Columbus is clearly drawn, the scenes of his life are carefully filled in, the nature of his achievements and their results are told with new

interest, every question relating to him is taken up in turn, valuable and rare documents are here for the first time reproduced in facsimile, with accurate translations, and the whole book, while filled with sound information for the scholar and student, will be found no less attractive to the popular reader."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just imported "Sidelights on Lamb," edited by Bertram Dobell, a book that contains much new matter relating to Lamb, his work, and his friends.

Alfred Henry Lewis of "Wolfville" fame has completed another volume of stories to be called "The Black Lion Inn."

"The Adventures of Harry Revel" is to be the title of A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, announced for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons. The story is said to be one of intrigue and mystery, and the scene is laid on the coast of England of many years ago.

Arrangements have been completed for the production of "Lady Rose's Daughter" in New York next September. George Fleming (Miss Constance Fletcher), who dramatized "The Light That Failed" for Forbes Robertson, is making the play.

E. W. Hornung has written a new novel, which he calls "Denis Dent." It is to be published as a serial before being brought out in book-form.

The two new volumes of "Letters of Charles Darwin" have just been published in an edition uniform with "The Life and Letters of Huxley." They contain a mass of correspondence omitted for one reason or another from "The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin."

The second volume of the First Folio Shakespeare, to be published this month, is "Loves Labour's Lost." It will be distinguished by the same unusual features which mark the "Midsummer Nights Dreame," reviewed in last week's issue—an absolute reprinting of the first folio text, abundant notes, variorum readings, glossary, criticism, and every aid which the reader or scholar may require.

A. C. Wheeler's Strange Reincarnation.

It is not as "Nym Crinkle" that the late A. C. Wheeler will be best remembered, but as "J. P. Mowbray," the pen name he adopted in the later years of his life. Says the *Critic*:

Mr. Wheeler was sixty-eight years old at the time of his death, but mentally he was never more active in his life. Physically, he was handicapped. His health was not particularly good, and he had almost lost the sight of one eye. The story of Mr. Wheeler's life is really the story of a reincarnation. As A. C. Wheeler he had written nothing of moment for fifteen years. He had been one of the most active journalists in New York in his early manhood, but some years ago retired to the little country town of Monsey, on the Harlem Railroad, and there his first wife died about sixteen years ago. A few years later he married a young woman of the neighborhood. She was more than twenty years his junior, and it was after his marriage to her that he seems to have been reincarnated. It was then that he wrote over the name of "J. P. Mowbray," taking part of her maiden name, Jennie P. Mowbray, as his pen name. The first article to attract attention over the initials "J. P. M." were the "Journey to Nature" papers, published in the *Evening Post*, and later in book-form. Since the publication of that book, about two years ago, he has published, still as "J. P. Mowbray," "The Making of a Country Home," "Tangled Up in Beulah Land," and a new novel from his pen called "The Conquering of Kate," will be published this month.

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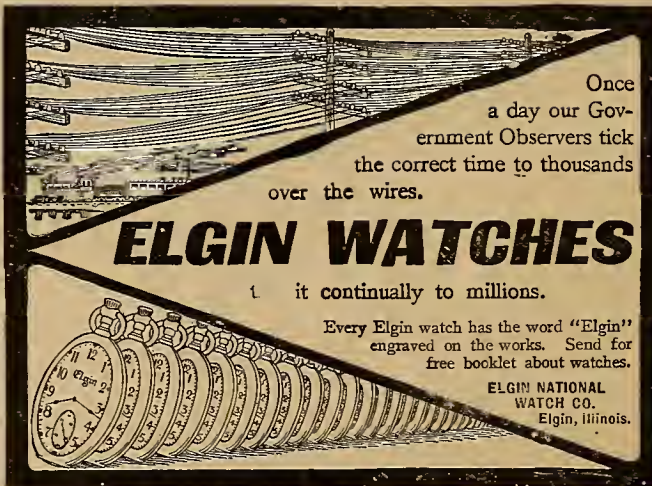
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LITERARY NOTES.

The Country of Splendor and Squalor.

The magnificence of India's temples and tombs, the discomforts of her primitive railways, the gorgeousness of her religious treasures of jewels, the dismal squalor of the hotels, the amazing diversity of native races, the Arctic frigidity of the winter climate—these are some of the things that remain dominantly in mind after reading Miss E. R. Scidmore's "Winter India."

The author of the book is an American woman of remarkable energy and independence. Her previous books treat of travel in such diverse places as Alaska, China, Japan, Java, and Borneo. She has an eager style that carries the reader swiftly along, and has learned that most difficult of all lessons—what to leave out. Consequently, "Winter India" is a most interesting popular book of travel.

Starting from Colombo, Ceylon, the route was first to Trichinopoly, then, via Tanjore and Chidambaram, to Madras, and thence to Calcutta by steamer. Leaving Calcutta, the author made a flying trip to Darjiling to view Mt. Everest, then back to the sacred country of Buddha, and from that point in order visited Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Peshawar, and went up the Khyber Pass under armed escort as far as the English Government permitted.

For the supercilious don't-dare-to-speak-to-me English of India, Miss Scidmore came to have an utter contempt and loses no chance to show up their littleness of soul. Starting with Kipling's India in mind, she found that nowhere had she to revise her impression—rather her admiration for his master art had increased. The theosophists get several smart digs from Miss Scidmore's pen. Her description of the sacred place of Buddha, of the Taj Mahal, of the bathers at Benares, and of the Afghans at Peshawar, are all striking. Altogether the book is a successful one. It is rather odd that Miss Scidmore should start her book with an error. On the first page, second sentence, she says that "we coursed slowly along the south shore of Ceylon from Colombo westward," while, as a matter of fact, the map shows that the steamer route is along the west shore and more northerly than westerly. Evidently Miss Scidmore was, for once, "turned around."

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Circle."

The histrionic genius of a little obscure Russian Jewess, and the new and richly colored life of variety and experience which the development of her powers opens before her, is the theme of "The Circle," a recently published and already widely read novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. The favor with which the book has been received is due not alone to the nature of the story, which is somewhat out of the beaten track, but to a gift for style which the author possesses. As yet, her literary talent is not rounded out to its fullest capacity, for there are a few extravagances and improbabilities in her plot, but she possesses to a noticeable degree the ability to cast her ideas in compact, yet lucid and graphic, form. Added to this, she has a sane and healthy outlook on life, which has imparted to the love-story in "The Circle" a pleasant and wholesome charm.

The two leading characters, and, in fact, the only female characters in the book, those of Mrs. Maxstead and Anna Solny, form a telling contrast, each to the other, with their extremes of calm, thoughtful calculation and quick, heartfelt impulse, while that of Maurice Strode is more the stereotyped woman's hero—gentle, yet manly, chivalric, devoted, and high-idealized. It should be added that, while the discovery and exploitation of Mlle. Solny's genius forms the main pivot on which the plot revolves, yet her artistic career is scarcely more than glanced at, the story turning principally on the influence that career has had on her mind and character, and on the subsequent life of the affections.

The volume is prettily illustrated with half a dozen full-page drawings by Reginald Birch. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Oxford Through American Eyes.

The indefatigable Laurence Hutton, author of "Literary Landmarks" of a dozen or so places, has added another book to his long list—"Literary Landmarks of Oxford." The work is timely just now in view of the current interest in the old university. Especially edifying is it to read items like this:

The cream of Oxford's academic society has been described as intellectual but not intelligent. The higher university walks are,

undoubtedly, trod by certain men who not infrequently know all about the dative case and about the Birds of Aristophanes, but who often know nothing, and scorn to know anything, about the Dreyfus case, or about the sparrows who (*sic*) flit and flutter in their own back yards; men who are absolutely familiar with all the details of the Second Punic War, and who are utterly unfamiliar with the Transvaal difficulties and with the American-Philippino imbroglio of to-day.

Fancy American young men preferring these mediaeval fossils as preparers for life to such twentieth-century men as Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Mr. Hutton's book is bright, gossipy. The drawings by Herbert Railton are superior to the ordinary run of book pictures.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

New Publications.

"A History of American Political Theories," by C. Edward Merriam, A. M., Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, gives a clear account of the underlying principles which have impelled great parties at various epochs of our national existence. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Sane in thought, clear and often eloquent in expression, are the eight sermons—perhaps we should say essays—that make up a beautifully printed book by Dr. Lyman Abbott called "The Other Room." Dr. Abbott is undeniably among the foremost of our men of religion as distinguished from men of theology. All he writes is an inspiration to all who read. Published by the Outlook Company, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

What appears to be an accurate and well-written account of the Philippines is published in the World and its People Series of Geographical Readers under the title, "The Story of the Philippines." The author, Adeline Knapp, has aimed to produce a volume suitable either for supplementary use in grammar-schools or as a text-book. The book is profusely illustrated with half-tones. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

If you buy the Hon. William Henry Carson's so-called novel, "Tito," you will find facing the first page a notice which says: "If you will return this page with your name and address in full we will send you, free of expense, a beautiful poster of 'Tito' printed in four colors, size 14 x 28." This beautifully brilliant advertising scheme, worthy of a dealer in patent bust forms, is on a level with the literary value of the book. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A short story but a good one is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "A Comedy of Conscience," originally published in the *Century*. The plot is unique. A New England girl, with a conscience of delicate adjustment, has her purse stolen, but at the same time the thief leaves an eight-hundred-dollar ring in her pocket. The ring is worth more than the pocket-book was. What shall she do with it? This is the problem of the comedy, the humor of which is irresistible. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Some sixteen editions of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's history of "The Great Boer War" have been published in England. Undoubtedly the service that he performed in presenting the British side of the case in this book was the chief reason for his inclusion among the men upon whom knighthood was conferred on the occasion of the coronation. The edition of the work which now appears is both revised and enlarged. It has been brought down to the close of the war, and is final and complete. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.50 net.

Unaffected letters written by brilliant men of a past time are always interesting, since they throw a search-light on the manners and habits of thought of their epoch. This is the source of the fascination that attaches to "Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College, 1766-1773," edited by W. Jay Mills. The book consists of letters written from Princeton by William Patterson, afterward governor of New Jersey, to his friends, and have much to say about "the girls" and "sweet kisses." Besides the letters there are a few other miscellaneous papers and some college songs. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00 net.

"The following essay," says Brooks Adams in the introduction to "The New Empire," "is an attempt to deal, by inductive methods, with the consolidation and dissolution of those administrative masses which we call empires." In other words, he endeavors to

trace the causes which have led to the decline and fall of nations. Almost chief among them he puts variations in trade-routes, under the influence of invention and the varying demands of mankind. The work has especial relation to the rise of the United States as a world power. It should have a particular interest, also, to those who regard the Pacific as the scene of most intense activity during the next century. Mr. Adams writes clearly and convincingly. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

A new edition of "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," by the Right Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, has appeared. In his death, not long ago, the Indians lost a trusted friend—they called him "Straight Tongue"—and a loyal advocate. The story of his life is a picturesque and striking one, and the reading of it gives not only a vivid picture of Bishop Whipple the man, but a good knowledge of "the Indian question." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50 net.

"Augustus Cæsar and the Organization" of the Empire of Rome," is the full title of a contribution to the Heroes of the Nations Series, by John B. Firth, B. A. One of the most interesting and critical periods in history is that of the construction of the Roman empire from the remnants of the decayed republic, and events and characters of this time are treated in the work in a scholarly and entertaining manner. As there is no other biography of Augustus in English, the book is entirely necessary, and does not materially trespass upon ground covered by other writers. The reading matter is supplemented by maps and by about fifty illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

The preservation of the bird fauna of this country is a matter of great economic as well as æsthetic importance. Good work along this line is carried on by the American Ornithologists Union, which has recently published a pamphlet on the "Protection of North American Birds," and which has in course of publication numerous "educational leaflets" for free distribution. The secretary of the organization requests that all persons interested in birds put themselves in communication with him, and apply for publications relating to bird-protection. Address, William Dutcher, chairman, Protection Committee, North American Birds, 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City.

Professor Simon N. Patten has set at the beginning of his book, "Heredity and Social Progress," five questions, which he answers, according to his lights, in the work itself. These questions, therefore, will give the prospective reader a first-rate idea of the nature of the volume. They are: "How is the social surplus of an epoch transformed into permanent conditions and mental traits?" "Does progress start from a deficit or from a surplus?" "Does genius come by additions or by differentiation?" "Does education improve natural or acquired characters?" "Does reform come by strengthening the strong or by helping the weak?" The work is published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

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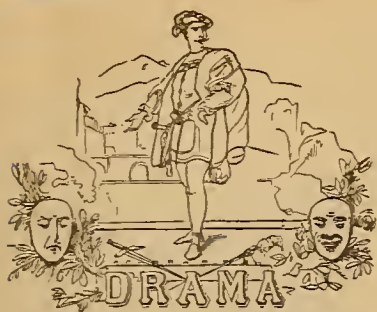
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One of the curious phases of the ultra-modern attitude toward ultra-modern drama is the tendency to imagine indecency and glaring immorality in the problem play, while complacently accepting, without protest and even with enthusiasm, plays of the "Zaza" and "Lord Quex" species. "Zaza" is a deliberate exaltation of the courtesan, at the expense of the virtuous wife. As to "Lord Quex," the fact that it is brilliant comedy rather than serious drama, and the total absence of emotional remorse on the Duchess of Strood's part for her infringement of the seventh commandment seem to have caused a general oblivion of the significant element in that lady's past, as well as of the fact that the majority of the characters are absolutely destitute of moral fibre. If the Duchess of Strood had broken out into remorse and a fit of emotionalism in the great act, people would have said to themselves, "Bethink me! This is a problem play—let us be shocked," and a universal fit of righteousness would have ensued, including many pointed allusions to sewers, salaciousness, degeneracy, and the "drama of dirt."

The inconsistency of all this would be puzzling, but for the explanation that the whole attitude is merely a general reflex on the part of those who allow the press to make their opinions for them. In England, Clement Scott, in New York, William Winter—the faithful adherents to the old school of drama—are the apostles of morals to a large number of readers as well as to a following of the small fry among the critics. Both of these writers stand for the rights of the Young Person, in spite of the fact that the latter element is represented in droves at all "Zaza" and "Sapho" performances.

William Archer, in London, and Norman Hapgood, James Huneker, and John Corbin, in New York, are among the men who look at a subject broadly, and treat it from the intellectual standpoint. And so taking them as a guide, one could feel perfectly sure in advance that there was absolutely nothing in "The Joy of Living" to bring a blush to any one's cheek save to that of the modest and fastidious newspaper man, who blushes to order at so many cents a line, and supplies a large contingent of the roseate article to his readers.

And so it proved to be on seeing the play. "The Joy of Living" is a tragedy of temperament. Beata, Countess Kellinghausen, married to a worthy, but commonplace, nobleman, has sinned against her marriage vows. The commission of her fault dates back twelve years previous to the action of the play, and has been followed by a close, intellectual comradeship between herself and her former lover, without suspicion on any one's part of the guilty love that preceded it. The point in the play that arouses the horror of the righteous, who forget that without sin there would be no drama, seems to be that during those twelve years—while fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother—Beata has continued loving Baron Richard, the sharer in her hidden sin. The situation, or one akin to it, has been duplicated many times in fiction without giving the moral shock that some protestants feel it incumbent upon them to sustain after seeing "The Joy of Living." Tolstoy has handled it in "Anna Karenina." It is the ugly Nemesis that rises to confront Mrs. Transome in George Eliot's novel, "Felix Holt, the Radical." Out of a similar situation Guy de Maupassant creates a homely bourgeois tragedy in "Pierre et Jean." Indeed, in one respect, the condition of things in the latter book is very similar to that in "The Joy of Living," and the meek, gentle transgressor, her secret discovered in her old age, after the ashes of her youthful sin were buried in the dust of years, utters the same bitterly exultant cry as Beata—a rebellious assertion of her individual right to happiness.

That cry of the soul, however, does not do away with the punishment. Indeed, none of those sinners in fiction and the drama, who commit an infraction of the marriage vow, are allowed to escape. The dramatist of the problem play is more sternly righteous in his verdict than life itself. It is not difficult to

evoke, after a moment's reflection, the image of some handsome, prosperous matron, securely entrenched in soft domestic ease, loved by her husband, enthroned in the hearts of her children, and valued and deferred to by her friends, who tacitly agree to overlook a doubtful spot in the lady's past because she has never been *Found Out*!

It would scarcely answer, however, for the dramatist, who crystallizes in his works the gayer and graver experiences of life, to be as inconsistent as the every-day humans around him. Drama that ignores the ethical perceptions falls back on an appeal to the sensations, and becomes purely ephemeral.

There is no such lack in "The Joy of Living." The question is treated by Sudermann as much from an intellectual as from an emotional standpoint, and Beata, who, in the first act, asserts her right to follow the impulses of her soul and attain individual happiness, in the fourth faces steadily the inevitability of punishment after transgression, and proceeds to the further expiation of a self-inflicted death, even while her soul is still animated with "the joy of living."

The play, which is five acts long, contains much conversation without the accompanying theatrical action to which the English drama has accustomed us. In spite of this, and in spite, too, of the absence of a sensational emotional climax to each act, the audience listens with absorbed attention. It is doubtful, however, if "The Joy of Living" will attain to the same widespread favor as "Magda." Edith Wharton, the translator, a most able and sympathetic one, and fully in touch with German dramatic ideals, has, except for a necessary shortening of some over-lengthy dialogue, rendered the piece with as close an adherence to the original as is possible. But there is a German tendency to metaphysical discussion, and the topics of socialism, the dueling code, German politics, the Continental sense of honor, the relations and mutual duties of the classes and the masses, form a very appreciable proportion of the conversation, although all bearing directly on the main issue. This complete German spirit is, in its novelty, most absorbing and interesting, but it is doubtful if the interest experienced will prove to be popular and widespread.

As to whether the play is an agreeable one, that must be left to individual tastes. The stage representation of disease and death, formerly so prevalent in the drama of woe, is neither wholesome nor pleasant. At present, the popular knowledge concerning disease germs is so general as to rob illness and physical suffering of its former romantic efficacy in dramatic representation. Health has become beautiful and picturesque in proportion as disease has receded from its popular place in the drama. But if there is one woman who can, through her grace and charm, minimize the repellent elements in the delineation of physical suffering, that woman is Mrs. Campbell. She has, to a remarkable degree, the picturesque style element in her beauty. She might be a Burne-Jones woman modernized. Her long, lithe, slender, flexible shape can not assume the simplest pose but it becomes instantly one of striking grace and beauty that dwells in the memory a lingering delight. Her beauty will not pass unquestioned by all, but beauty it is of a fine and rare distinction, and of a type that is absolutely unique. She is a wonderful and exquisitely delicate study in black and white—the clear, luminous white of the flesh, the rich, living black of brows and glorious hair.

In figure she is of the "fausse maigre" type; of a reed-like slenderness, yet with no unlovely projections of bone to mar the delicate contours of her graceful and willowy shape. And this lovely, slim body is enveloped and draped in garments so exquisitely graceful and suitable, and fashioned with so unerring a recognition of the aesthetic possibilities in her beauty, that the feminine perceptions at least fairly swim in a delicious haze of satisfied ideals.

And with this dowry of grace and beauty, Mrs. Campbell possesses the further spell of a most dominating and engrossing personality. She is a woman that can never be overlooked. Wherever she goes the eyes and the mind follow her. She has, to a preëminent degree, the ease and practiced graces of a woman of the world, and among the nobles of Beata's political party, who revolved around her as the centre of their orbit, her natural elegance and charm were so much a part of her as to make the illusion of the scene absolute.

The methods of acting, like all else about her, are unique. She disdains the shriek, the faint, the exaggerated gesture, the purely physical appeal, and all those open and obvious bids for appreciation, all that artillery of

technique which aims at sentiment through sensation. And disdaining them, she gains her effect through the exercise of a rare and sympathetic intelligence, through an elocution that is soft, yet distinct, through the variety of tonal coloring that she imparts to her beautiful voice, through gestures that, though subdued, are poignantly expressive. She reaches the sympathies, not by a series of thrills or with hursts of power, but rather through a simple and wooing humanness. The vital strength of her appeal to the sympathies was most potent in the farewell to Baron Richard in the fourth act—a scene in which was expressed all the tenderness of which her voice was capable, all the beauty and individuality of gesture which characterize her. Her caresses were exquisite in their mingling of tenderness and restraint; the play of feature was at once lovely and pathetic. Indeed, I have wondered since if the spectator's sense of perpetually feasting on a poetical beauty of expression at all dims the vital poignancy of Mrs. Campbell's appeal. For, whether through some element of unreality in play or player, there is at times faintly perceptible an absence of that last and over-mastering grip on the emotions, through the agency of which the imagination transforms the puppets of a play into actual participants in the unfolding of a human destiny.

Mrs. Campbell's support, while not altogether identical with that of her New York company, is competent, and well versed in the spirit of the play. Mr. Glaser, who played the part of Richard to the satisfaction of the New York public, has been replaced by a Mr. Kramer, who, though a conscientious actor, is too impassive and unmagnetic. Mr. Gilmore, too, has melted away, but he has an excellent substitute in Emmet C. King, who played the part of Michael, the husband, with directness, force, and sincerity. Norbert, the son, is represented with unaffected simplicity and earnestness by Charles Bryant, and Miss Amy Lamhorn invested the rôle of the daughter with an ingenuous girlish sweetness that was very pleasing. For the purpose of theatrical expediency, the character of Leonie, the unloved wife of Richard, is made malicious and antipathetic to the sympathies. Miss Rose Dupre, a woman of fine figure and appearance, gave to it the necessary element of sharpness and hardness, and carried off her little scene well. The remaining four or five male rôles were ably handled, and the stage business fitted in with a careful deliberation that assisted greatly in the general effect of the presentation.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, April 13th. Rare Eastern Novelties! W. C. Fields; Bruno and Russell; Lizzie Wilson; Arthur Ammann; The Mason-Keeler Company; McCue and Cahill; the Great LaFleur; the Biograph; and last week of the Colby Family.

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SAN FRANCISCO

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Campbell in Three Notable Roles.

During her second and last week at the Columbia Theatre, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will present "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinee; "Magda" on Wednesday and Saturday nights and Thursday matinee; "Aunt Jeannie" on Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, and "The Joy of Living" on Friday evening. It will be interesting to compare Mrs. Campbell's Paula Tanqueray with the creations of Mrs. Kendal and Rose Coghlan, and her Magda with the impersonations of Nance O'Neil and Mme. Modjeska.

"Aunt Jeannie," which will have its first production here on Thursday evening, is the first dramatic venture of E. K. Benson, the author of two or three keenly observed and leisurely written novels of smart society in England, and of a warmly colored romance of modern Greece. The story of the play, briefly, is this: Lady Nottingham's ward, Daisy, fancies that she loves Lord Linfield. It is her first affair, and she takes it with due seriousness. The peer, a man of many conquests, thinks it his best, and an engagement is presumably near. To them Mrs. Halton, Daisy's Aunt Jeannie, returns from Paris, where she has soothed the obscure last years of Daisy's elder sister, whose life and marriage Linfield has wrecked. Aunt Jeannie's one thought is to break off the peer's affair with Daisy, show her the manner of man he really is, and yet keep from her, as it has always been kept, knowledge of her sister's fate and his part in it. Accordingly, Mrs. Halton plies Linfield with all the fascinations and arts of a practiced woman of the world in full and charming maturity. By the end of Ascot week her conquest is complete. The girl suffers in youthful pride. Mrs. Halton's own betrothed tries to be generous and is only puzzled. The girl breaks, asks an explanation, catches a hint from dates on a photograph, learns from her aunt her sister's story, catches a hint of Linfield's place in it, flashes for a moment into resentment at the deceit on all sides, and goes "to cry by herself." The peer, reading Mrs. Halton's engagement in the papers, comes, in turn, for an explanation. A hint from Aunt Jeannie as to the sister sends him away silent and sobered. And so she wins her game.

At the Tivoli.

Zelie de Lussan in "The Bohemian Girl" has been drawing good houses at the Tivoli Opera House during the week. Her Arline is not such a brilliant creation as her Carmen, but her glorious voice is, nevertheless, heard in its happiest phases in the two or three vocal gems that constitute the charm of Balfe's popular opera. Aside from the rare quality of her tones and the flexibility of her voice, it is not often that we hear a singer who is blessed with such dramatic power and so striking a personality. In fact, from the first notes of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," the spectator finds himself devoutly praising the gods for having showered their gifts so lavishly on Mlle. de Lussan, and the management of the Tivoli for giving him an opportunity to hear the charming diva at prices within the reach of every one's purse.

On Tuesday and Thursday nights, Mlle. de Lussan will repeat her fine performance of "Carmen," and on the other nights, a practical novelty, Donizetti's "La Fille du Regiment" ("The Daughter of the Regiment"), will be given. Caro Roma will appear as the Countess, Bertha Davis as Marie, Arthur Cunningham as the old sergeant, Arthur Hahn as the corporal, Edward Webb as Tonio, Arthur Lee as the notary, and Aimee Leicester as Babette.

"Her Majesty" at the Alcazar.

J. I. C. Clarke's dainty little comedy, "Her Majesty," will be presented by the Alcazar company next week. The plot concerns the cloister-bred girl queen of mythical Nordenmark, who baffles court intrigue by going about incognito among her people to study exact social conditions, is mobbed and thrown into prison, escapes to find her palace swarmed with revolutionists, and finally wins the hearts of her subjects, even though she loses her own to the mysterious young nobleman whose sword is drawn in her defense. Honoria, the girl queen, will be played by Bertha Creighton. Ernest Hastings will appear as the crazy degenerate Prince Cassimer, and George Osbourne as the fiery revolutionist, Papa Schmidt. On April 20th, Henry Arthur Jones's "The Dancing Girl" will be the bill.

Notable Production of "King John."

R. D. McLean and Odette Tyler are to follow their elaborate revival of "Richard Third" with a strong production of Shakespeare's "King John," which has not been seen here in many years. Mr. McLean has scored a great success in the title-role, and the part of Prince Arthur ought to afford Miss Tyler another admirable opportunity to display her dainty personality to advantage. Several beautiful stage pictures are promised, and some gorgeous costumes will be worn.

The New Fischer Burlesque.

"Helter-Skelter" promises to be another record-breaker for Fischer's Theatre, as it has all the earmarks of lasting popularity. The three comedians, Kolb, Dill, and Bernard, have never been provided with more amusing stage business, their violin act, automobile ride, and minstrel travesty being very laughable. Maude Amber, Olive Evans, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermesen, and George de Long are excellently cast, and all contribute their best to make the evening's entertainment

enjoyable. Among the musical gems are Maude Amber's song, "Billy"; Winfield Blake's coon song, "Delia"; Olive Evans's dainty ballad, "Zamona"; and the finale of the second act, "Down Where the Wertzburger Flows." The chorus is seen to advantage in several dainty dances and a wealth of striking costumes.

The Orpheum's New Specialties.

Among the newcomers at the Orpheum next week will be W. C. Fields, the eccentric juggler; Chris Bruno and Mabel Russell, up-to-date singers and dancers, who will appear in a clever skit called "Tricks of the Trade"; Lizzie Wilson, a piquant and pleasing German comedienne and vocalist; and Frank Aumann, a remarkable bag puncher, who uses five or six bags at once during the progress of his act, and also walks on a slack wire while punching the spheres. Those retained from this week's bill are the Colby family; the Mason-Keeler company in "Hooked by Crook"; McCue and Cahill, the pleasing tenor and baritone, in new selections; and LaFleur in his daring acrobatic exhibitions.

The Coming Dog Show.

Entries for the dog show of the San Francisco Kennel Club, to be held on April 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, will close at the office of the club, 630 Market Street, to-day (Saturday). From present appearances the show will be a large and representative one, as an unusual number of new exhibitors have already entered their dogs. Strings of dogs from Victoria, Portland, Seattle, and Los Angeles will be benched, in addition to those from Central California. The regular prizes this year consist of gold and silver medals, the committee on prizes having decided to award medals instead of cash prizes at the solicitation of many owners of dogs who signified their preference for medals, as they are lasting mementos of their dogs. Besides the regular prizes the committee has received a large number of handsome special prizes, which will be distributed equally throughout the various breeds. The selection of George Raper, of Gomersal, England, to judge all breeds has met with unstinted approval from all centres on the Coast.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Eugenie Mantelli, formerly a member of the Grau Opera Company, is soon to be heard here in concert.

It is reported that E. H. Sothern and Justin Huntly McCarthy are to collaborate on a sequel to "If I Were King," which is to be produced here during Mr. Sothern's engagement.

Frederick Warde and Louis James are planning a visit to the Hawaiian Islands this summer, when they will present "The Tempest," "Francesca da Rimini," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar" in Honolulu.

Dr. H. J. Stewart will lecture before the Adelphi Club of Alameda this (Saturday) evening, on the subject of "Modern Songs and Song Composers." The illustrations to the lecture will be sung by a number of Dr. Stewart's pupils, including Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, Miss Florence Darby, Mrs. J. E. Jolly, Miss Juliet Greninger, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, and Miss L. C. Stone.

William Gillette, instead of appearing in a new play from his own pen, is to follow his creation of "Sherlock Holmes," with James M. Barrie's latest success, "The Admirable Crichton," now playing to crowded houses in London at the Duke of York's Theatre. The plot turns on the adventures of a noble family who are shipwrecked on a desert island. With them is their butler, who happens to be a very handy man around under the circumstances, and not only keeps the whole family from starving, but assumes command of the little party. Altogether, this butler proves himself to be such an admirable Crichton that at least one of his noble master's daughters falls in love with him. The rôle is said to be especially suited to Gillette's personality and methods.

The actors in the musical farce, "McFadden's Row of Flats" were recently driven off the stage at the new Star Theatre in New

York by some two hundred Irishmen, who hurled several bushels of bad eggs and decayed vegetables at them. The storm of missiles was accompanied by yells of derision from the Irishmen, whose ire had been roused by the caricature of their race, which is the principal feature of the play. They say that the donkey and cart, which are introduced, represent the lowest grade of Irish life; that a pig which runs out of a house and is pursued by one of the characters is an insult to every decent Irishman, and that the scene in the Five Points with Irishwomen running in and out of a saloon is disgraceful.

In commenting on the initial production of E. K. Benson's "Aunt Jeannie" in New York, one facetious critic remarked: "In carrying on a desperate flirtation with a dissolute lord, whom she hated, the actress went over the brink, yielded to his embrace, surrendered herself to his arms, yielded her lips to him and was bussed in a fashion that quite eclipsed the osculatory renown of Emma Abbott and Olga Nethersole. Both the kisser and the kissees were in earnest, John Blair mad with passion, Mrs. Campbell resisting at first, but slowly melting into the ecstasy of ardor, and at last as furious in intensity as her lover. It was a long, warm tumultuous salute, and during its progress Mrs. Campbell's nervous fingers executed what might truly be termed a digital coochee-coochee on his back. That kiss saved the play."

Easter Services at St. Dominic's.

High Mass will be celebrated at St. Dominic's Church on Easter Sunday at eleven o'clock, when the following musical numbers will be rendered, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, the organist and director of the choir: Organ prelude, Paques Fleures, Maillly; Vidi Aquam, Dettner; Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei, from Hummel's Mass in E-flat; Veni Creator, Lejal Offertory, "Victimae paschali laudes," Stewart. The soloists will include Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mr. T. G. Elliott, Mr. Charles B. Stone, and Miss Helen De Young (harp).

Have you visited the Tavern of Tamalpais yet this spring? Mill Valley looks green and beautiful in its spring garb, and the verdant hills of Marin County are a delight to the eye. The trip is a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting one to those desirous of escaping the bustle and noise of city life.

The special event at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday) will be a handicap for three-year-olds and upward for a purse of \$600. The distance is one mile and a sixteenth.

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VANITY FAIR.

Until a few years ago men's clothes cut after English patterns were considered the best, and the tailors who were guided exclusively by the European fashion-makers were looked upon as the highest in their business, and they asked the highest prices for their product. To-day the styles in men's wear are thoroughly domestic. Great quantities of imported material are used, because the manufacture of many of the cloths has not yet been fully developed in this country, and many styles still come to us from abroad, but by the time the American tailor has finished with them, by the time he has modified the new features and made one little change here and another there, the English style has become American, and the garments would hardly be recognized by their creator. Americans know this, and the number of men who buy their year's supply while abroad on their summer vacation grows smaller every year. In forecasting the fashions for the spring and summer season, the *Sartorial Art Journal* says that there will be less "amplitude" than was fashionable last season in all garments. Men's shoulders will seem to have lessened in width and squareness, their hips will appear less effeminate, and their legs will more emphatically assert their side curves. Overcoats of the sack type will be somewhat shorter and less boxy, and all over-garments will be noticeably narrower and lower of shoulder and longer and lighter of roll. Coats will be more open in front than they were last season, and the roll will be narrower. Cutaway coats will be more sloped away below the waist, sacks will be shorter and less shaped to the figure, and the frock coat for day dress will be a trifle shorter. Waistcoats will also be cut lower, and both single and double-breasted styles will be worn. With business suits the single-breasted waistcoat cut well away from the lowest button, and with day dress double-breasted waistcoats with buttons set on V-shaped will be worn. Trousers will fit closer at the hip, and there will be more spring over the shoe. On the subject of trousers, the *Sartorial Art Journal* says: "The semi-pegtops are so emphatically things of the past that any legs around which they may be seen to flop in the incoming season will probably belong to a college student, who follows no fashion but that of his college, or to a—some one who ought to know better."

In furnishing goods, the styles are all moderate in tone. The high-colored and large figured shirts of a few seasons ago have disappeared entirely, and in their places, according to the *New York Tribune*, the leading haberdashers show neat patterns of black and white and some solid colors. The white summer shirt in stripes and plaids, with plain and pleated fronts, will be worn extensively, and will displace, to a great extent, the fancy shirt. This season's styles in bosiers are like the shirt, neat and subdued in tone. Black with small figures, and black with fancy clocks will be popular. Neckwear for spring and summer will be neat rather than loud, and the shapes will be like the materials. The two-inch four-in-hand in solid colors, fancy stripes, and small figures will be worn until warm weather displaces it. Then the wide end tie will have its day. The straight, old-fashioned string tie, which has not been worn for several years, will be seen again if some courageous manufacturers have their way. They made large sample lines of these goods in widths ranging from three-fourths of an inch to one and one-half inches in many colors, but it is safe to predict that no matter how hard they are pushed, the string ties will not displace the flare end and batwing articles.

Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the famous Austrian surgeon, recently gave a graphic account of his visit to the United States before the Medical Academy of Vienna. That he is a keen observer, and has a fine sense of humor is evident from the following extracts which are taken at random from his address: "There is one title in America which makes a powerful impression, though it is never used in connection with the names after the manner of ordinary titles. This title begins with an M, which signifies millionaire. One occasionally finds this word in newspapers, and it is also used collectively. Thus several costly palaces near Central Park in New York City are known as 'Millionaires' Row.' The title 'professor,' which is so difficult to obtain in Europe, carries no weight in America; indeed, it is regarded rather as a token of degradation than of honor. The reason is because any one who pleases may assume this title, and many persons who

fancy that they are endowed with brilliant qualities do assume it. On landing in America I discarded all my titles except the 'M. D.' and supposed that this was sufficient proof of my modesty. Very soon, however, I discovered that my 'M. D.' was of no account in America, since it was an imported title. In America only the native article is considered of any value. To my surprise and annoyance I was summoned before the board of health soon after my arrival in Chicago. My doctor's degree, I was informed, was a useless title so far as the State of Illinois was concerned, and I was not at liberty to practice medicine in it. Now at last I was thoroughly Americanized, for I had not a single title. I read in an evening paper, 'Lorenz is to be arrested,' and soon afterward, as I was returning to my hotel, I saw a very large and stout policeman come suddenly toward me. I was convinced that he intended to arrest me, and was reveling in the unusual sensation, for never before had I been made a prisoner. When he reached me I faced him, and said, 'Good-evening, sir,' he answered, 'Are you the famous doctor of Vienna?' 'Certainly,' I replied, whereupon he grasped my hand and squeezed it with all his might. I cried aloud with pain, and tried to free my hand. I was really mad, and began to abuse the man in German. Presently he stepped back, and said, as politely as possible, 'I only wanted to shake hands with you.' I was agreeably surprised at this turn of affairs, and willingly granted his request, though I had to use all my force to save my hand from being crushed. This policeman accompanied me to my hotel, and remained my friend. I took good care, however, not to give him another opportunity of shaking my hand."

Dr. Lorenz was particularly amused at his interview with President Roosevelt, and the lack of ceremony in vogue at the White House. "I did not look a proper person to be admitted to such an audience," he says. "My shoes were dirty, but that was not my fault, for I had been obliged to wade through snow and rain. Suddenly a door opened and there appeared a tall, well-built gentleman, who wore a long ordinary coat, and who seemed to me to bear a resemblance to my Chicago policeman. I knew, however, who the gentleman was. Mr. Roosevelt stepped up to me, and said: 'Are you the famous doctor of Vienna?' Let me shake hands with you. This very morning Mrs. Roosevelt spoke of you.' And the President shook my hand warmly. I could hardly prevent myself from laughing in his face. Not only did Mr. Roosevelt resemble my Chicago policeman, but he also greeted me in precisely the same manner. Our conversation was entirely unrestrained and informal. One of the gentlemen present, a prominent official, had one of his hands buried in a pocket of his trousers and another had placed his leg on a chair and was tilting it backward and forward. I thought that rather unusual. Mr. Roosevelt spoke to me in the easiest manner possible about one of his boys, about his dead brother, who also was a doctor, and about his ancestors. Finally he bade me farewell in most charming style, and went to bury himself again in his Venezuela problem."

"Women are coloring their hair to-day more than they ever did before, but they are not bleaching it," says a well-known hairdresser in the *New York Sun*. "Every brown coloring that is used has a tinge of auburn in it, and some women insist on having the auburn predominate, for the reason that this touch of red in the hair lights up the skin and eyes prettily if it is not overdone. Women who wish to have their hair turned to the actual red shade are many, but we do not encourage this idea, for the unnatural red hair is extremely trying to most faces, and, except upon the stage, under the calcium, it never can pass as a natural growth. The brown shades just touched with red are, on the contrary, very beautiful and impossible to detect. Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry, and others first made this shade of hair fashionable just at the time when the gold-bleached hair was losing its novelty. The trouble in producing the color of natural red is not in the hair itself, but in the fact that with such hair the skin is always transparent, the eyelashes and brows are an exact match, and even the coloring matter of the eyes is peculiar to this type."

London's smart set is very much exercised by Queen Alexandra's initiative in setting the fashion of wearing high-necked dresses at the theatre. It has been noticed for some time that she had abandoned décolleté gowns at the play, but only recently is she said

to have spoken to some of her friends on the subject. Any one who has frequented London theatres, comments the *New York Herald*, can understand what a transformation would be occasioned by the coming into vogue of high-necked dresses. The "dressiest-undressed audience" in the world, was the description of a Continental critic after attending a London theatre, but the brightest quip of all is in the melodrama, "A Queen of Society," now running at the London Adelphi. "When I go to the theatre," says the queen of society, "I am afraid to look at what is going on, for fear of what is coming off. We are underdressed and overdressed at luncheon, and overfed and underdressed at dinner."

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

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	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	2,000	@ 98-	99 1/2	98 1/2	101
Los An. Ry. 5%	4,000	@ 117		113	115
Market St. Ry. Co.					
5%	30,000	@ 118 1/2			119
N. Pac. C. R. 5%	20,000	@ 110 1/2			110 1/2
North Shore Ry. 5%	16,000	@ 103 1/2-103 3/4			103 1/2
Oakland Transit 5%	4,000	@ 114 1/2			115
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%	25,000	@ 109 1/2-110 1/4		110	111
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 106		105 1/2	106 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	45,000	@ 122 1/2-122 3/4			123
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	11,000	@ 111 1/2		111	111 1/2
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	10,000	@ 112		111 1/2	112 1/2
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 Series A	5,500	@ 103 1/2-105			104
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Spring Valley	165	@ 83 1/2-84 1/2		83 1/2	84 1/2
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.	25	@ 100		98 1/2	100
Street R. R.					
Presidio	15	@ 44			45
Powders.					
Giant Co.	205	@ 66-67 1/2		67	68
Vigorit	75	@ 36		34 1/2	4
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	100	@ 4 1/2		4	4 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S.	25	@ 44 1/2		44	46
Hooakaa S. Co.	210	@ 14		14	14 1/2
Hutchinson	500	@ 14 1/2-15 1/2		15	15 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.	40	@ 7 1/2		7	
Pauhan S. Co.	115	@ 18		17 1/2	18 1/2
Gas and Electric.					
Pacific Gas	345	@ 54 1/2-57		56 1/2	40
S. F. Gas & Electric	595	@ 55-60 1/2		59 1/2	60 1/2
Trustees Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	318	@ 54 1/2-57		56 1/2	57
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	50	@ 154-155		153	155
Cal. Wine Assn.	75	@ 105		104	106

The sugars have been quiet with narrow fluctuations.

Giant Powder was in good demand, selling up one and one-quarter points to 67 1/2, closing at 67 bid, 68 asked.

Spring Valley Water has been steady, with no change in price.

San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 505 shares sold off to 55, but reacted at the close to 60 1/2, closing at 59 1/2 bid, 60 1/2 asked.

The Stock and Bond Exchange will stand adjourned from Thursday, April 9th, until Monday, April 13th, at 10:30 a. m.

INVESTMENTS.

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[Mention this paper.]

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copy-logs at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Congressman "Uncle Joe" Cannon sometimes gets mixed in his metaphor when addressing the House. While arguing against a bill in favor of a railroad, he once began in preacher-like tones as follows: "The railroads have been before the Senate on their knees praying and praying and praying"; then, suddenly changing his tone, he concluded; "and, gentlemen, it is time to call their hand."

Terence V. Powderly, formerly commissioner-general of immigration, met Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, just outside the White House the other morning. "How's your gout getting along?" a bystander asked Mr. Powderly. "I'm troubled with an old injury to my knee, but I suppose you might as well call it gout as anything," he replied. "Up my way," remarked Senator Penrose, "they call it 'whisky on the hoof.'"

An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer, and walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who, in the name of fate, are you?" "Ah!" Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

When a shot was fired in the wings of the Tivoli Opera House during the third act of "Carmen" on Zelle de Lussan's opening night, a disappointed spectator, who considered Tennyson's Don José about "the limit" remarked, with a sigh of relief, "Thank God." Those about him, who shared his feelings, snickered sympathetically. But their smiles were turned to peals of laughter when Don José presently hobbled up serenely, and the talkative was exclaimed tragically, "Ye gods, her aim was bad. She missed him!"

In an Iowa law court the other day an attorney, in the midst of his argument, paused a moment, and said: "I see your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to re-affirm it, although your honor dissents." "I have not dissented," replied the judge, "how I should construe the evidence or what my decision will be in the case, and your remark is uncalled for." "You shook your head," "That may be true," the court replied; "there was a fly on my ear, and I reserved the right to remove it in any manner I saw fit. Proceed with your argument."

Nat Goodwin was examining a canvas at an art exhibit in Boston the other day, when the painter of the picture approached him and said: "You seem to like that picture?" "Like it," answered Goodwin; "a man who would perpetrate a thing like that ought to get six months." This was too much for the artist. "Why, what do you know about painting?" he exclaimed; "you're only an actor. How can you know a had picture. You never painted one." "No," drawled Goodwin, "that's true enough. But I know a had egg when I run across it, and would you believe it, I never laid one, either."

It is related that one morning Guy de Maupassant lay in bed reading a comic paper in his modest atelier in the Latin Quarter. After a little time, De Maupassant, to his horror, heard familiar and ponderous footsteps at the bottom of the wooden stairs—he was four flights up. It was a severe creditor, who had threatened him with all sorts of punishments if he did not settle his debt. In an instant, De Maupassant was out of bed and seized a sheet of paper, on which he wrote: "M. de Maupassant, having died on the sixteenth, all having claimants against him must apply to M. M. Blanc," at some false address. He expected money that day and intended to put matters straight in the afternoon. He stuck his notice outside the door, locked himself in again, and was back between the blankets. Fortunately the old gentleman ascended slowly, like a hippopotamus. When he reached the landing, there was a sound of muttering. Then down he went again. De Maupassant breathed freely. In a little while up tripped Marie, a pretty maid, who was in the habit of flirting with the writer. After a few words, she departed. Soon De Maupassant recognized her steps again, and presently there was another rap on the door. When he opened it,

there stood his old creditor, panting like a steam engine. He had come up in his stocking feet. The old man had kept his eyes open.

On the day of ex-President Cleveland's first inauguration in Washington, D. C., the late Thomas P. Ochiltree took a cab to go to the Capitol. The driver was drunk, and the horse ran away. "Tom" was thrown out and so severely injured that he was on crutches for more than a year. He sued the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which owned the cab, for twenty thousand dollars damages. His friends jocularly insisted that he would cling to those crutches until the suit was decided. Meanwhile he went to a Clover Club dinner in Philadelphia, and, being called on to speak, arose to respond, with no crutches in sight. As soon as he uttered the words, "Mr. President," Mr. Postlethwaite, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the brightest fellows in the club, sang out: "Colonel Ochiltree, where are your crutches." It was enough to floor most men, but "Tom" was equal to the emergency. Quick as a flash came this answer: "Under the table, sir, where you will be in a few minutes." Mr. Postlethwaite joined as heartily as anybody in the laugh following this knock-down blow.

Amusing Morocco's Eccentric Sultan.

William Thorp, who was a guest of the Sultan of Morocco at Marakesh a few years ago, found Mulay Abdul Aziz a hard ruler to amuse. His ministers were constantly racking their brains to devise new means of entertainment. "He took me to see his private zoo in the palace grounds," says Mr. Thorp, "and I was rash enough to admire a fine herd of wild harts. 'We'll have them out and chase them about the grounds,' he exclaimed delightedly, overjoyed to have found a new amusement to divert the English stranger. I hardly saw the beauty of the sport. The harts had magnificent white tusks and wicked little eyes. I thought they looked much better behind the bars, but the Sultan, having got the idea, was determined to carry it out. He sent for ponies and spears. Half a dozen of us mounted, and the harts were let loose. As they stood stock still in the courtyard the Sultan rode up and gave one a gentle prick on the shoulder. Instantly it rushed at him, but he swerved his horse aside neatly and gave the beast another prick. We did the same to the rest of the herd, and soon the place was like half a dozen Spanish bull-fights rolled into one. Fortunately, I had played polo, and so knew how to dodge on horseback. My friend was a had rider, and the harts would have rolled him over and over again if the Sultan had not gone to his rescue. His majesty was in the thick of the scrimmage all the time, darting over the grounds like a streak of lightning, and showing fine pluck. Luckily, nobody was hurt during the afternoon of pig-sticking, but there were some narrow escapes."

A few evenings later we had a fireworks display. The Sultan had not seen any before, and they tickled him like a child. But Sir Kaid MacLean, a Scottish soldier of fortune, who commands his army, had another scheme to propose. 'Let us have the harts out again,' he said, 'and chase them with lighted squibs.' The Sultan was overjoyed, and the ponies were ordered out, the harts let loose, and we mounted and lighted our squibs. It was the wildest, queerest, and most indescribable scene I ever witnessed. Imagine us, yelling like maniacs, riding at a breakneck gallop over the howlders and ruts, whirling our fireworks over our heads, and chasing those harts around and around the court-yard. It was a miracle we were not all killed. The only person hurt was the Sultan. He held a squib by the wrong end and lighted it in the middle. Naturally, he burned his fingers, and began to think that the game was not such a nice one after all."

"I am fixing up a surprise for John, but I am afraid that if he stays around the house he will discover me." "That's all right. You just tie a towel around your head and ask him if he can't stay at home to-day and help you take up the carpets."—*Baltimore News.*

Would-be artist—"Did you get anything for your last poem?" Ditto poet—"Yes, I got many happy returns."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Rollo—"Poor girl! Just as she met her ideal he—" Dorothy—"Died?" Rollo—"No—met his!"—*Puck.*

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

At Enster-Tide.

HIS THOUGHTS:

That lovely face
Shows inward grace.
I'm sure her thoughts are fitting
To Easter day.
Devout her way;
To heaven her soul is flitting.

HER THOUGHTS:

I can't half see
What Mamie D.
Has for her Easter bonnet.
Well, there! 'tis that
Old last year's hat
With just new ribbon on it.—*Judge.*

A Ballad of Baldness.

A man was filled with dark despair
On finding, one day, that his hair,
Which won all maids so charmingly,
Was sadly falling as a crop.
His harber said 'twas 'thin on top,'
And falling out alarmingly.

His friends, with jests predominant,
Declared his hair was quite as scant
As honor in an alderman;
While others viewed his shining pate,
And said of this unfortunate
They never saw a halder man.

He tried all nostrums, old and new,
The salves, and oils, and ointments, too,
And liniments with sediment.

"In strife to win my hair," said he,
"Financial outlay shall not be
A visible impediment."

It soon became his one idea
To try each patent panacea,
In hope that each experiment
Would win his hair again; but no,
His baldness grew apace, and so
Did his companions' merriment.

The more he rubbed with hopeful aim,
The less luxuriant became
His hirsute growth umbrageous,
Till now he sees with poignant twinge,
His hair is but a narrow fringe—
His baldness is outrageous.

This moral I would inculcate:
Oh, seek not to avoid your fate,
But bend in due submission to it.
When Nature makes a certain plan
'Tis all in vain for puny man
To offer opposition to it.—*Ex.*

An Inventory—with Comments.

Item: some hair—soft, golden brown.
She wears it as it were a crown.

Item: two eyes. They look at me,
Although there's little 'there' to see.

Item: two lips. To sing, speak, kiss,
In none of these are they amiss.

Item: a smile. It flits away
Ere I its beauties can portray.

Item: two hands—so fair and fine.
Too fair, I fear, to mate with mine.

Item: two feet. To kick, in play,
The follies of the world away.

Item: her dress. Alas! we men
Can not describe beyond our ken.

Item: a voice. Its music stirs
The heart-strings of her worshippers.

Each note those flower-like lips set free
A rosebud's perfume seems to me.

Item: four words. My heart's consoled—
"I love you, too"—and all is told.—*Puck.*

The New Politician.

While others hedged, or silent lay,
He to the people spoke all day;
Aye, and he said precisely what
He thought; each time he touched the spot.
"In heaven's name, what does he mean!
Was ever such blind folly seen!"
The wag-headed politicians cried;
"Can no one stop the man?" they sighed.
"This 'talking frankly' may be fun,
But when have such mad tactics won?
He may be happy, but the cost
Is ours! The whole election's lost!"
And still the people at his feet
Followed and cheered from street to street . . .
And when the votes at last were read
One candidate ran clear ahead!
This be his glory and renown;
He told the truth—and took the town.
—*Ashland (Wis.) Statesman.*

"What ailes the porter?" "His young
daughter wines all the time, and he is going
home to liquor."—*Princeton Tiger.*

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Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York,
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Philadelphia, April 22 | New York, May 6

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Kronland, April 11 | Finland, April 25
Zeeland, April 18 | Vaderland, May 2
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and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic, Tuesday, April 14
Doric (Calling at Manila), Friday, May 8
Coptic, Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic, Saturday, June 27

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
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Hongkong Maru, Wednesday, April 22
Nippon Maru, Saturday, May 16
America Maru, Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila.)

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
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S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, April 11, 1903,
at 2 P. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 23, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 29, 1903, at 10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11.

Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1130 r. m., April 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, May 4.

Corona, 1130 r. m., April 6, 7, 13, 19, 25, May 1.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.

Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneme.

Coos Bay, 9 A. M., April 3, 11, 19, 27, May 5.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Gibbons Taylor, and Mr. Herman L. E. Meyer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eugenia Brown, niece of Mrs. John R. Hanify, and Dr. Joseph G. Brady, son of Mr. Owen Brady.

The wedding of Miss Kate Gunn and Mr. Charles Morrison Woods will take place at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday. Miss Georgia Lacey will be the maid of honor, and Mr. George Beardsley will act as best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Cherry Bender, Miss Gertrude Rither, of Victoria, B. C., Miss Kate Gunn, of Canada, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss Helen Woods, of New York, and Miss Jeanette Hooper. The ushers will be Mr. Edward Gunn, Mr. George Gunn, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, Mr. Charles Schoonmaker, Mr. Hugh Blackman, and Mr. Harvey Markey. The church ceremony will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Clay Street.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Lane, cousin of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, and Mr. William Bradford Leonard, of New York, will take place on Thursday, and will be solemnized at Mrs. Hearst's Berkeley residence. Only intimate friends and relatives will witness the ceremony. Mr. Leonard and his bride are to make their home in New York.

The wedding of Miss Edith Newlands, eldest daughter of Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, to Mr. Charles Haven Ladd Johnson, son of the late Dr. W. W. Johnson, will take place on Tuesday at "Woodleigh," the home of Senator Newlands, near Washington. Only the immediate family of the bride will witness the ceremony, at which Rev. Dr. Thayer, of St. Mark's School, New Hampshire, will officiate.

The wedding of Miss Katherine White, daughter of Captain White, Field Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant George Ingraham Feeter, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at the Presidio Chapel on next Wednesday morning. The ceremony will be performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Foute, of Grace Church.

The wedding of Miss Annabel Elise Wenzelburger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Wenzelburger, and Mr. Adolphus Ehrhardt Graupner will take place at Calvary Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, April 22d. Theirs will be the first marriage celebrated in the new church.

The wedding of Miss May Morton, daughter of Mr. Henry Morton, and Dr. Frederick Lawrence Foster took place at the residence of the bride's father, 2134 Pierce Street, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William K. Guthrie, of the First Presbyterian Church. Miss Mabel Adams Ayer was the bride's maid of honor. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Foster will reside in San Jose.

The wedding of Miss Helen Kline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, and Dr. Thomas Augustus Jaggar will take place on next Wednesday afternoon at half after four o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, north-west corner Fillmore Street and Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Mrs. Margaret Robinson, daughter of Mrs. V. D. Moody, of Berkeley, and Mr. Oscar Maurer took place at noon on Wednesday, the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, of the Unitarian Church, officiating. Upon their return from Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Maurer will spend the summer months in Berkeley.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday complimentary to Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., retired. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were General MacArthur, Senator George C. Perkins, Captain West, Captain Lyman, Captain Cloman, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Captain R. H. Fletcher, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. William T. Barton, Dr. Goodfellow, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. William Denman, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Fremont Older, Mr. L. Spear, Mr. Fairfax Wheelan, Mr. Newton Sharp, Mr. Gavin McNab, Mr. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. Rolla V. Watt, Mr. W. W. Foote, and Mr. Frank J. Sullivan.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington will give a luncheon party at the Palace Hotel, to be followed by a theatre-party, on Thursday, April 16th.

Mr. Raphael Weill will give a breakfast at the Bohemian Club on Sunday in celebration of Mr. George T. Bromley's eighty-sixth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Smith recently gave a dinner at "Arbor Villa" in honor of Sir Alexander Wilson and Mr. Richard

Baker, of London. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. White, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Studley, and Miss Ethel Studley, of Providence, R. I., Miss Marion Smith, Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Evelyn Ellis, Miss Grace Sperry, Mr. Harold Havens, and Mr. Frederick Hall.

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TOUR.

His California Itinerary.

After visiting Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux Falls, Fargo, and many intermediate towns of lesser importance, President Roosevelt has arrived at Yellowstone Park, where for sixteen days he is to enjoy a much-needed rest and study the beauties of our national park under the special guidance of John Burroughs, the poet-naturalist, and Major Pitcher, the park superintendent. On April 24th, the President and his party will pass through Montana, thence down through Nebraska to St. Louis, where he will help dedicate the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and shake the hand of the only living ex-President of the United States, Grover Cleveland. From St. Louis the train runs on the Santa Fé to Denver, to Albuquerque, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

On the morning of May 7th the President's train will enter California. Barstow will first be visited, and then the itinerary will include Redlands, Santa Barbara, and Riverside. On May 8th the President will stop at Claremont and Pasadena, reaching Los Angeles early in the afternoon, where he will remain until the next morning. On May 9th, he will visit Ventura, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo. Sunday, May 10th, will be spent at Monterey, Pajaro, and Santa Cruz, and San José will be visited on Monday, May 11th, that night being spent at the last-named city. On the morning of May 12th the President will stop at Palo Alto and Burlingame, and will arrive at San Francisco early in the afternoon. The remainder of that day and Wednesday and Thursday, May 13th and 14th, will be spent in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley. The party will then go to Raymond, where four days will be spent in the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree region. On the morning of Tuesday, May 19th, the President will enter Nevada, stopping at Reno and Carson. That evening he will return to California for a few hours' stop at Sacramento. On Wednesday, May 20th, he will be at Redding and Sisson, and cross the line into Ashland, Ore., en route to Salem and Portland.

The President's train is one of six cars. The first is a baggage car of ample size to hold the Yellowstone and Arizona clothing of the thirty or more persons who are accompanying the President on his tour. The next is the combination car "Atlantic," a luxurious mahogany-fitted and leather-upholstered car, in which are combined a buffet, barber-shop, bath-room, and electric lighting plant for the train and some additional baggage room. The sleeper "Senegal" carries the representatives of the two telegraph companies, the three press associations, and the photographers of the weekly press. The dining-car "Gilsey" is a regular Pullman diner of the latest type. In the compartment car "Texas" are most of the White House staff, including Surgeon-General Rixey. The President's private car is the "Elysian." Nearly thirty people make up the Presidential party. They include Secretary Loeb, Assistant-Secretary Barnes, four stenographers, two telegraph operators, four messengers, two servants, making fifteen persons in the President's immediate party. Each of the three press associations have a man aboard; there are four photographers, one for *Collier's Weekly*, one for *Harper's Weekly*, one for *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, and a fourth independent photographer, who is under contract to sell photographs at reasonable prices to all newspapers and magazines. In each State about half a dozen of the prominent local newspapers will be permitted to send a man on the train until it passes into the next State.

To most men, such a record-breaking trip would prove a severe physical and mental strain, but Walter Wellman says that the President loves travel, and is fond of meeting the people. Men who have traveled with him say he never wears physically or spiritually. The features of his Western tour from which the President expects to derive greatest pleasure are the sixteen-day jaunt in Yellowstone Park; the four days' tour in the Yosemite; one day's ride in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; and a fifty-mile ride on mustangs across country with Senator Warren, of Wyoming, from Laramie to Cheyenne. "But I don't expect to fire a shot while I am away," said the President to Mr. Wellman; "I know I am entitled to a little shooting. I used to think I could not live unless I had a bit of shooting once a month. But there will be no shooting on this trip. There isn't any fun hunting with a crowd and a lot of photographers, and with bulletins going out every five minutes about whether a fellow makes a hit or a miss."

During his ten weeks' record-breaking journey, the President will pass through the following States and Territories: Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Iowa—twenty-two States and two Territories. Mr. Wellman adds that if the President had accepted all the invitations pressed upon him, and consented to stop in all the towns where the people wanted him to make them a speech and to have a chance to shake his hand, he wouldn't be able to get back to Washington before next fall. As it is, he expects to see the dome of the Capitol precisely on schedule time at seven o'clock in the evening of June 5th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Promenade Concert at the Art Institute.

The soloists at the promenade concert at the Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening were Miss May Lippitt, soprano; Miss Alfreda Tibbetts, contralto; Lloyd R. Wertheimer, violoncello; Mrs. Gerard Barton, accompanist; Gerard Barton, organist. The programme, under the direction of Henry Heyman, was as follows: Organ, "Largo," Handel, Gerard Barton; duet, "Sweet Once Sang the Bird," Rubinstein, Misses Lippitt and Tibbetts; violoncello, "Kol Nidrei," Bruch, Lloyd R. Wertheimer; songs, "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas, "A May Morning," Denza, Miss May Lippitt; organ, "Love Song," Nevin, Gerard Barton; songs, "Calm as the Night," Bohm, "Until You Came," Metcalf, Miss Alfreda Tibbetts; violoncello, "Gavotte," Popper, Lloyd R. Wertheimer; duet from "Mephisto," Boito, Misses Lippitt and Tibbetts; organ march, "Athalie," Mendelssohn, Gerard Barton. The next and last concert during the spring art exhibition will take place on Thursday evening, April 16th.

The Zech Symphony Concert.

Frederick Zech, Jr., will give the last of his series of symphony concerts at Fischer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 16th, when the following excellent programme will be rendered: "Rustic Wedding," Goldmark; "The Ravin" (first time here), Zech; serenade for strings, Volkmann; suite (first time here), Von Der Mehden; and Slavonic dance, Dvorak. The sale of seats for subscribers will commence on Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store. The regular sale of single seats begins on Tuesday.

Mrs. Caroline McLaine Mason will give her first song recital in San Francisco at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, April 13th, when she will be assisted by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Nathan Landsberger.

Golf Notes.

The tournament committee of the San Francisco Golf Club has prepared the following schedule of events to be held on the Presidio links: On Saturday, April 18th, there will be a driving competition, the winner of which will receive a prize. On the same day there will be a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, for which first and second prizes are offered. On May 9th there will be a qualifying round, eight to qualify, for a handicap over eighteen holes, match play. Three prizes are offered in this event, one for the lowest gross score, and two others for the winner and runner-up in the finals. On Decoration Day there will be a handicap against bogey, for which first and second prizes are offered. In the opening round of the competition for the Council's Cup for women, at the Presidio links, on Tuesday, Mrs. J. R. Clark defeated Mrs. Munn, seven up and six to play; Miss Alice Hoffman defeated Mrs. R. D. Girvin, six up and five to play; Miss Edith Chesebrough defeated Miss Florence Ives, one up; Miss Helen Wagner defeated Mrs. G. Leroy Nickel, two up and one to play. In the second round on Wednesday, Mrs. J. R. Clark defeated Miss Alice Hoffman, three up, two to play, and Miss Edith Chesebrough defeated Miss Wagner, four up, three to play. In the final round, on Thursday, Mrs. Clark defeated Miss Chesebrough by the close score of 2 up, 1 to play, thereby winning the trophy for the second time this season.

To-day (Saturday) the gentlemen of the San Francisco Golf Club will journey to the links of the Oakland Club at Adams Point, where the second half of the home-and-home contest will be played. In the first half last Saturday on the Presidio links, the San Francisco players won by a score of 4 up.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart left for the East on Tuesday en route to Europe. Miss Mary Erye accompanied them.

Mrs. Irving Scott, Miss Brown, Miss Katherine Dillon, and Miss Patricia Cosgrave were in Naples when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, upon their return from Tahiti, will spend the summer months at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr. left on Thursday evening for Napa Soda Springs, where Mr. Spreckels goes to recuperate after his severe attack of appendicitis. Miss Grace Spreckels accompanied them.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sailed from New York for Europe last Saturday to be absent a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison were in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. E. A. Bruguère, accompanied by her sons, Mr. Emil Bruguère and Mr. Louis Bruguère, leave for the East this week. They will spend the summer at Newport, where they have taken a cottage.

Mrs. Worthington Ames has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, at San Mateo during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will open their country place, "Stag's Leap," next week for the summer months.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Mollie Craven, of New York, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, at her residence, 2415 Pierce Street.

Mr. Horace Fletcher recently sailed from Boston for Italy, en route to Venice, where he will join his family.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Catherwood have returned to their residence on West Seventy-Fifth Street, New York, from Colorado, where they remained over a year, while the doctor recovered from tuberculosis.

Mr. Truxton Beale was in New York last week.

Miss Lucie King is the guest of Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at Coronado.

Mrs. S. L. Bee, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Bee at Cupertino, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older departed for the East, en route to Europe, on Thursday. They expect to remain abroad until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Randolph Page (*née Hoffacker*) have returned from their wedding journey, and are residing at 2007 Pacific Avenue for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have departed for San Mateo for the summer months. Mr. Knox Meddow has returned from his visit to the southern part of the State.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins, who is at present traveling in Ireland with Mrs. Baird, is expected home in June.

Judge Ide, accompanied by his daughters, Miss Annie Ide and Miss Marjory Ide is at Santa Barbara, where they will spend a month at the Country Club prior to their departure for the East.

Mr. Clarence Follis was in New York during the week.

Mrs. E. Dole, accompanied by her sister, Miss Agnes Gallagher, sailed last Saturday for New York. They intend to spend the summer in the East with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were in Nice when last heard from.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick has returned from her visit to her brother, Mr. Henry P. Bowie, at San Mateo.

Mrs. John W. Mackay was in Paris during the week, to attend the wedding of her niece, Edna, daughter of her sister, the Countess Telfner, to Mr. De Martino. Mrs. Mackay will spend the month of May at her residence in London.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin are sojourning at their country place near Red Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot McAllister expect to leave town next week for their cottage at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve are at San Mateo, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. Ogden Mills arrived from New York last week, and has joined Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Millbrae. Miss Gladys Mills, who accompanied her father, is paying her first visit to California.

Mrs. Herman Shainwald has gone to Southern California to recuperate after her recent illness.

Miss Coralie Selby and Miss Florence Selby have been spending the past winter in Rome, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman left last Saturday for the southern part of the State, where they expect to remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells will soon arrive from the East on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hush, of Fruitvale. Miss Florence Hush, who has been spending the winter in the East, will return with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. James Amsden, who have been the guests of Dr. Harry Tevis, at his residence on Taylor Street, departed for the East last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre will spend the summer months at their country place near San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Schwabacher left last Tuesday for the East, en route to Europe.

Mrs. William F. Gunn, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Amye Gunn, Mr. Herbert Gunn, and Major Gunn visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Alfred S. Gump sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday.

Hon. Charles Page Bryan, minister to Portugal, who recently spent several weeks in this

city, sailed last week from New York for his new post.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Leon, Mr. and Mrs. I. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Shadburne, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Swansberg, Mrs. Paul Freidman, Mrs. W. J. Barnett, Mrs. J. J. Jacobs, Mr. R. Whitehead, Mr. George H. C. Meyer, and Mr. F. T. Brandenstein.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayden and Mr. and Mrs. David Tyler, of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Borton, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Benson, of Portland, Mr. S. D. Scudder, of New York, Mr. G. T. Kimball, of Chicago, Mr. Edmund Burke, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Miller.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Frank D. Baldwin, U. S. A., returned from the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* last Friday, en route to Denver, where he is to assume command of the Department of Colorado.

Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A., commander of the Presidio Post, will be retired to-day (Saturday) from the service, with the rank of brigadier-general.

Major Elijah W. Halford, U. S. A., who has just returned on the transport *Thomas* from Manila, where he was stationed two years as chief paymaster, has been appointed to the post paymastership at Washington. He will relieve Colonel George W. Baird, U. S. A., who will be advanced to the rank of brigadier-general and retired.

Brigadier-General Amos S. Kimball, U. S. A., retired, formerly chief quartermaster of the Department of California, accompanied by Mrs. Kimball, arrived from the East last Sunday for a brief visit. Their son, Captain Amos W. Kimball, U. S. A., will sail for Manila on April 15th.

Captain Richmond P. Hohson, U. S. N., retired, spent a portion of the week in San Francisco.

Captain William T. Johnston, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is acting temporarily as assistant to Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Department of California.

Colonel Edwin M. Supplee, of Maryland, has been visiting his son, Lieutenant H. Clay M. Supplee, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Brigadier-General Morris C. Foote, U. S. A., retired, who arrived from Manila last week, is with his family at the Hotel Richelieu.

Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has returned from Vancouver Barracks, where he went in charge of a detachment of soldiers.

Paymaster Leeds C. Kerr, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island during the week for a brief stay.

Mr. Eugene Tricou, U. S. N., who was recently made a paymaster in the navy, has departed for New York, where he has been ordered to report to the commander of the receiving ship *Columbia*.

It is announced that the directors of the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company will this year declare a dividend of nearly 100 per cent. At a meeting last week a resolution was passed dissolving the Grau company at the close of the season.

The regular monthly meeting of La Puente del Oro Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. Edwards, Belvedere, on Tuesday, April 14th, at half after two o'clock.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, gold and silversmith, is now in his new store, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual Savings Bank Building.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Bentley, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:00 A.	Carroll, Winters, Ramsey	7:25 P.
7:30 A.	Marquette, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25 P.
7:30 A.	Napa, Carleton, Santa Rosa	6:25 P.
7:30 A.	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, Knights Landing, Marysville, Gridley, Biggs and Chilo	7:55 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25 A.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Truckee, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25 P.
8:00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Napa, Truckee, Stockton, Sacramento, Junction, Bakersfield	5:25 P.
8:30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lathrop, Marysville, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sutter, Colusa, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Way Stations	6:55 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo	12:25 P.
10:00 A.	Crescent City Express, Eastbound	1:30 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25 P.
12:00 P.	Hayward, Stockton and Way Stations	3:25 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamer	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Bentley, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55 A.
3:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Colusa, Santa Rosa	9:25 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lathrop	4:25 P.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55 A.
5:00 P.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, connection, Sausalito for Santa Barbara, carries Golden State Limited Steeper Sundays and Wednesdays until April 30	8:55 A.
5:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	12:25 P.
5:30 P.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore	7:25 P.
6:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10:25 A.
6:00 P.	Ogden, Portland, Eugene, Salem, Astoria, Seaside, Tillamook, Clifton, Cannon Beach, Warrenton, Rainier, Portland, Eugene, Salem, Astoria, Seaside, Tillamook, Clifton, Cannon Beach, Warrenton, Rainier	4:25 P.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited (leave via Coast Line Eastbound)—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Berkeley, Raymond, Martinez (Arrives via San Joaquin Valley Westbound)	8:25 A.
7:00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo	7:55 P.
7:00 P.	Sacramento, Truckee, Reno and Intermediate Stations	7:55 A.
8:05 P.	Oroville, Colusa, Elverta, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55 A.
8:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11:55 A.
11:25 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Napa, Truckee, Stockton, Sacramento, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	5:25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:45 A.	Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only)	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos (on Saturdays and Sundays runs through to Santa Cruz, connects at Felton for Boulder Creek, Monday only from Santa Cruz)	8:50 A.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, foot of Market St. (Ship)
12:15 P.M. 1:00 A.M. 2:00 P.M. 3:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, foot of Broadway—(Ship)
12:15 P.M. 1:00 A.M. 2:00 P.M. 3:15 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 P.
7:00 A.	New Almaden	7:40 P.
7:15 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only)	8:30 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, Santa Clara, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, Lompoc, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, San Marcos, Los Angeles, Connection from Santa Cruz and Monterey	10:45 P.
10:00 A.	Pacific Coast Express—Ogden via San Joaquin Valley Eastbound or Crescent City Express—New Orleans, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Pacific Grove, Del Monte (Arrives via Coast Line Westbound)	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	1:20 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	5:30 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00 P.
2:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	10:00 A.
3:00 P.	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, Santa Clara, Pacific Grove, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15 P.
3:30 P.	Burlington Express—San Mateo, Redwood, Monte Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:30 A.
4:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	9:00 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	8:00 A.
6:15 P.	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, San Carlos, Redwood	6:40 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 A.
7:00 P.	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Berkeley, El Paso, New Orleans, New York (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	10:25 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations	9:45 P.
11:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	9:45 P.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.

x Saturday and Sunday only.

s Stops at all stations on Sunday.

t Sunday excepted.

u Saturday only.

v Connects at Gothen for trains for Hanford, Visalia, At Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.

w Via Coast Line.

x Thursday and Friday.

y Daily except Saturday.

z Via San Joaquin Valley.

aa Via Santa Clara south bound only. Connects, except, Sunday, for all points Narrow Gauge.

ab Union Transfer Company.

ac For and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tramp—"Is dis all yer kin gimme—er cupful uv cold water?" Kind lady—"Of course not. You can have as many cupful as you want."—Chicago Daily News.

A rainy day race: "So you lost again." "Of course." "Couldn't the horse you bet on run?" "Yes; he could run very well. But he couldn't swim."—Washington Star.

Edyth—"Yes, Jack is inclined to flirt a little, but his heart is in the right place!" Mayme—"Indeed! How long has it been in your possession?"—Chicago Daily News.

Fritilla—"Was your dinner a social success?" Clorinda—"Yes, indeed. You see, I was careful to invite only people who have the same kind of nervous prostration."—Brooklyn Life.

Ready for Easter: Deacon Cobbs—"William, if your father should have \$10 and some one should give him \$5, what would he have?" William—"Nothing. But ma would have a new bat."—Chicago News.

"Ob, let me like a soldier die!" exclaimed the leading man of the barn-stormers. "Ob, if I only had a gun!" exclaimed some one in the gallery, in a tone that savored of genuine sympathy.—Chicago Daily News.

Advantage of position: "Hold on!" exclaimed the boy who was under; "let's arbitrate this thing!" "There aint nothin' to arbitrate!" panted the boy on top, pummeling him vigorously.—Chicago Tribune.

She—"The milliner told me that she had been down to the dentist's to have a nerve killed." He—"Well, from the prices she asks for hats, I should say the dentist must have killed the wrong one."—Yonkers Statesman.

Automobile perils: "Yes, our 'Black Spook' was demolished by running into a barn." "Then I suppose you had to walk?" "No, we had to run. The farmer came after us with a pitchfork and a bulldog."—Philadelphia Record.

Overwhelming evidence: Judge—"You deny persistently that you committed the act, and yet the description fits you exactly—a beautiful face, youthful appearance, pretty little foot." Woman defendant—"Judge, I confess all."—Tit-Bits.

New phase of it: "Yander goes another specimen er de race problem!" exclaimed Brother Dickey. "Where?" "Right yander—that man behind der nigger is de sheriff, en de nigger is leadin' him by one hundred yards!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—"That will do! You'll leave on Saturday, and you needn't bother me about a recommendation." Bridget—"Shure, Oi hov no intintion of givin' ye a recommendation. Oi'll tell the truth about ye to ivery gurl that axes me."—Philadelphia Press.

Klumsay (in the mazy waltz)—"Perhaps you don't like my style of dancing." Miss Sharpe—"There is rather too much sameness about it." Klumsay—"How may I vary it?" Miss Sharpe—"Suppose you tread on my left foot once in a while."—Philadelphia Press.

Proved: Mother—"The whipping you had yesterday does not seem to have improved you. Your behavior has been even worse to-day." Willie—"That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was as bad as I possibly could be yesterday. I knew you were wrong."—Tit-Bits.

Physician—"The truth can no longer be bidden, madam. I am obliged to tell you that your little son is—er—weak minded; that is—well, it must be said—he is an idiot." Mrs. High—"How fortunate it is that we are rich! No one will ever notice it."—New York Weekly.

"Try this whisky, colonel," said the Ohio man; "I've had it in the house for more than fifteen years." "Excuse me," rejoined the gentleman from Kentucky, "but I'll have to pass it up. It must be something fierce if you couldn't get rid of it in that length of time!"—Chicago Daily News.

Dealer—"These are the most beautiful cut-glass tumblers we have; \$3 a dozen." Mrs. Housekeeper—"I'll take them, but I want you to label them 'Seconds. Imitation cut-glass, \$1.50 a dozen.'" Dealer—"That's rather a remarkable request." Mrs. Housekeeper—"Yes; it's merely to deceive the servant girl."—Philadelphia Press.

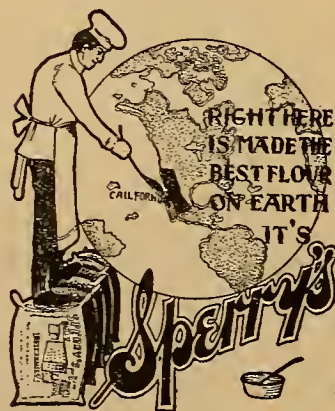
"Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family." "All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tenderest part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Professor," said the bad young man of the class, "the scientists tell us the antacid supply of the world will be completely exhausted in a little over sixty years. What are we to do for fuel then?" "My friend," replied the venerable man, "by that time, in all probability, you will have gone where the fuel supply is inexhaustible."—Chicago Tribune.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat, we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript, and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Evening Post.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 2:40, 3:00, 5:20 p.m.; Saturdays—Extra trips at 2:05 and 6:35 p.m. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a.m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p.m.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 4, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and 10:40 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Novato.
		6:05 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma
3:30 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	and 6:05 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Rosa.
		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.
		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	and Ukiah.
		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Guerneville.
		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Glen Ellen.
		6:05 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sebastopol.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs and White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers and Booneville; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lisley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Sherwood, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	8:15 A.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	12:50 P.
	11:30 A.	3:30 P.
	1:30 P.	5:50 P.
	2:35 P.	4:35 P.
		5:45 P.
		8:00 P.

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" Merced	1:20 p	1:40 p	1:28 a
" Fresno	3:20 p	3:00 p	3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	3:52 p	7:50 a
" Visalia	10:25 p	4:48 p	5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p	7:35 a
" Chicago	2:35 a	2:35 a	7:20 a
	2:15 p		8:47 p

a for morning, p for afternoon.

8:00 a.m. daily is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7:30 a.m. daily.

9:30 a.m. daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 p.m. daily.

4:00 p.m. is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 a.m. daily.

8:00 p.m. is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:00 p.m. daily.

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7:45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley. DEPART SUNDAYS—7:18, 11:45, 1:10, 11:30 A. M., 11:20, 1:10, 2:35, 3:50, 5:10, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15, 11:45 P. M.

Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (1) to Fairfax, except 5:15 P. M. Saturdays. Saturday 3:15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax.

7:45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations. 5:15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.

3:15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations. Sundays, 8 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations.

Sundays, 10 A. M.—Point Reyes, etc. Legal Holidays—Boats and trains run on Sunday time.

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THE Argonaut

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In his profound work on "National Life and Character," written some ten years ago, Professor Pearson, of Oxford, declared that there was but one way by which China could become a military power—namely, through the conversion of a large part of her teeming millions to the warlike creed of Islam. There is now, however, clearly evident another highway by which China may reach terrible formidableness in war—through the leadership of Japan. This is a suggestion by no means new, but it is one that gets added force at the present time by reason of the steadily growing

friendliness between these two Asiatic nations, and the fact that a formal Chino-Japanese alliance is now publicly recognized as a thing greatly to be desired by statesmen of the island kingdom, and likewise by Japanese journals of influence. The fortnightly review *Nippon-jin*, for example, recently contained an article denouncing the Anglo-Japanese alliance as mere opportunism and contrary to Japan's ultimate interests; and pointing out that Oriental should ally with Oriental—the yellow man with the yellow man—not East with West; that great world struggles had ever been fought out on racial lines; and that the qualities of China and Japan were such that they were the natural, and in the end inevitable, complements each of the other.

Not only the Japanese journals, but the English papers published in China, contain hints of coming changes. Some two months ago at the Chinese Imperial University of Peking, the spoken Japanese language was made compulsory for all students, which hastens the time when the instructors will be all Japanese—as most of them are now—and when the English professors will be given their passports. Commenting on this occurrence, the Peking correspondent of the *Celestial Empire* declares that "it seems the Chinese Government can reach no extreme in its intention to ignore and despise the foreigners who... have any connection with Christianity." Again, the Shanghai correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing recently, said that when the young Chinese now studying abroad have learned what the West has to teach, "the foreigners who are so detested by the Chinese will have to withdraw from the field." That a Japanese general is at the disposal of the Chinese Government in reorganizing the army; that many Chinese students are studying at the Imperial Military Academy of Japan; that military arsenals are to be established at Tien Tsin, Paoting, and Wuchang; that army manoeuvres are in future to be held twice yearly; that the present method of raising levies is to be replaced by universal conscription, are also more or less significant facts.

What would be the effect of an Anglo-Japanese alliance—of the union of Japanese brain with Chinese brawn—of such solidarity of the yellow races? So good an observer as Professor Peck said several years ago that for the Aryan races to permit the Mongol races to unite would be a "perilous mistake." "In the long run," he declared, "it will be the white race against the brown race and the yellow; and it behooves the white race to stop short of such a terrible error."

In India to-day a hundred thousand Englishmen hold sway over three hundred thousand Hindoos because the natives states, though they hate their conquerors, hate still more fiercely each other. Certainly England would check, if she could, any movement tending to the homogeneity of India and the weakening of her rule. China also is to-day like a huge lethargic Samson—she is inert, amorphous, unorganized. As with India, she could not, if she would, concentrate her energy to strike a blow at all commensurate with her vast strength. Will not the Aryan races endeavor to prevent an organization of China's millions by Japan into battalions that would menace Anglo-Saxon dominancy of the world?

Japan in fifty years has proved herself a marvel. In this half-century she has learned all the West had to teach. She has one of the best public school systems in the world. Her soldiers, Kipling says, are the best recruited east of Suez. She has a good navy. Her people are homogeneous as probably is no other nation on earth. Japan is a nation of patriots. And now, having mastered what the inventive genius of the West has created, Japan no longer invites immigration.

Her foreign population decreases yearly—crowded out. She has used us but she does not like us. East is East, and West is West—between the two there is fixed an impassable gulf. What if this young Japan with her marvelous talent for organization—this invincible Japan—now bends her energies to creating for China a vast army—equipped with Western weapons, trained to Western discipline, made brave by Oriental fatalism—what then?

We have seen comment on this matter in one American newspaper, the *Oregonian*, of Portland. It thinks that a Chino-Japanese alliance, with a consequent organization into efficiency of China's army, should be welcomed by the United States and England, since such an alliance would merely keep off Russia and Germany, and would preserve the open door. Possibly that might indeed be the immediate effect; but quite different and perhaps broader and farther-seeing is the view of Professor Peck. "Wise statesmen of Europe and America," he says, "will even at the present day keep steadily in mind that whatever else the future may bring forth, one conflict is inevitable. It is for them to do what in them lies to make the issue of that conflict confirm the white race in its splendid mastery of all mankind—supreme, triumphant, and invincible."

The prominence of Dr. Funk as author, editor, publisher, and clergyman, and the fact that he says he does not believe in spiritualism, make rather interesting his alleged communication with the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher. It seems that some years ago Dr. Funk borrowed from a close friend of Beecher's—Professor West—a "widow's mite," for use in illustrating the "Standard Dictionary," of which publication Dr. Funk was editor-in-chief. Dr. Funk supposed that the coin had long ago been returned to its original owner.

The other night, as a matter of curiosity, Dr. Funk attended a spiritualistic séance. There were the usual "spirit communications," extending over a couple of hours, and the doctor, as he testifies, was getting a "trifle bored," when the "spirit in control" asked if anybody present had failed to return something once borrowed from Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Funk at once spoke up, saying that he knew Mr. Beecher well, that he might have borrowed something from him, but that he never had borrowed anything and failed to return it; he asked if Beecher's spirit were present. The "spirit in control" said no; that "John Rakestraw" was speaking, but that Beecher's spirit was near and in communication with that of "John Rakestraw." Then followed an interval during which the spiritual wires seemed to be crossed or busy, or perhaps the spiritual central napping. Finally, however, a clear statement was elicited from the "spirit in control" as follows: That Dr. Funk had once borrowed, to illustrate a book, a valuable coin from a friend of Beecher's (now deceased), and had never returned it; that the spirit numismatist was worried about the loss, as it "broke up his collection"; and, moreover, that the coin was then in the safe at Funk's office. During the colloquy, it occurred to the doctor that possibly the "widow's mite" borrowed from Professor West was the coin to which the "spirit" referred.

Next day Dr. Funk spoke of the matter to his brother, who said the "widow's mite" had been returned. Raymond, the cashier, was also positive of that fact. Then, as a matter of interest, Dr. Funk told the story to E. J. Wheeler, editor of the *Literary Digest*, who suggested that they should give the spirits a fair show at any rate, and search the safe for the coin. The cashier was sent to do so, and soon returned with

the "mite," which, to the extreme astonishment of everybody, he had found under a pile of papers in a small drawer.

And now Dr. Funk avers that he knows no more about the meaning of the facts than any one. "There you are," he says, "there are the facts. Explain them if you can. I can't." The Psychical Research Society is now endeavoring to run down the mystery.

Waiving altogether the quite possible solution that the venerable Dr. Funk and the supposedly astute editor of the *Literary Digest* have had a job put up on them by a clever gang of spiritualists, with a confederate in Funk's office, there still remain several quasi-explanations. The telepathist, for instance, would probably say that Dr. Funk sub-consciously knew all the time all that the "spirits" told him; that he had apparently forgotten it, but really had not [the mind forgets nothing]; and that the telepathic "medium" simply restated that of which he was really aware. In short, that the phenomenon was a purely natural one, but in a domain whose laws are yet vague and misty.

This explanation would seem to contain elements of reasonableness. But the spiritualists will not have it that way. They are vociferously jubilant, though one would think they would at least feel sorrowful over the terrible change that has taken place in Beecher. For consider. Henry Ward Beecher on earth was a man of great eloquence; his sympathies were broad and noble; he was untiring in his labor for his fellowmen; he was a savior of souls, a minister on earth of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He died. After many years the conditions are right to communicate with his friend and fellow-clergyman, Dr. Funk. And the message is what? Some inspiring cry to doubting humanity? Some brave light on the mystery of death? Some balm to sorrowing hearts? Nothing of the sort. "Why don't you return that coin that West lent you; his collection is spoiled!" How petty! How childish! How utterly idiotic! We believe it was Emerson who said of such fool "spirit communications," "They make us wish for a more effectual suicide."

As the nation grows in size and importance, the Presidency seems to require a younger man, in the heyday of health and vigor, to stand the immense strain of the office. If any one scan the list of Presidents and note the age at which each assumed the office, the fact becomes singularly apparent. Washington was 57; John Adams, 62; Jefferson, 58; Madison, 58; Monroe, 59; J. Q. Adams, 58; Jackson, 62; Van Buren, 55; Harrison, 68; Tyler, 51; Polk, 50; Taylor, 65; Fillmore, 50; Pierce, 49; Buchanan, 66; Lincoln, 52; Johnson, 57; Grant, 47; Hayes, 54; Garfield, 49; Arthur, 51; Cleveland, 48; Harrison, 55; McKinley, 53; and Roosevelt, 43.

The average age of the first five, from 1789 to 1817, is 58 years, 9½ months.

Of the second five, from 1817 to 1845, is 58 years, 9½ months.

Of the third five, from 1845 to 1857, it is 56 years.

Of the fourth five, from 1861 to 1881, the average is 51 years, 9½ months.

Of the last five, from 1881 to 1901, the average is exactly 50 years.

The present incumbent is the youngest of all, and the table seems to indicate that a candidate much above 55 would stand a poor chance of being elected.

To such tremendous higness have corporations of late years grown, so inevitable has seemed the onward march of combination, that until yesterday the people of the United States had almost come to believe that the law of the land was powerless to correct the many evils consequent upon the destruction of competition in industry. For almost thirteen years the Sherman law (which declares that "every contract, combination in the form of trust, or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations, is hereby declared illegal"), has stood upon our statute books. Its language seems plain, but for all this period it has been practically a dead letter. To-day the situation has completely changed. The unanimous decision of four judges of the United States Circuit Court that the merger of Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways is illegal as in restraint of trade, and the enjoining of the Northern Securities Company from voting shares of these railways or exercising any other powers in connection with them, have definitely shown that the law and not the trust is supreme. True, the case must yet be passed upon by the United States Supreme Court, but there appears nowhere any tangible fear that this unanimous decision will be reversed. If the decision is indeed sustained, it bids fair to be far-reaching—so far-reaching, in fact, that the limits of its application can not now be mapped. Not only railway

mergers hut any and all combinations in restraint of trade may be declared illegal. There are probably scores if not hundreds of corporations that would be subject to prosecutions. Even the great and only Steel Trust may be the subject of the government lawyers' attentions. Not even the Democratic press has the nerve to belittle the importance of the merger case. All admit that the decision is a great triumph for Theodore Roosevelt, who instigated the action against the Northern Securities Company, and for Attorney-General Knox, who so vigorously pressed the case to its happy termination.

During the first ten days of April the number of immigrants arriving at the port of New York was larger than that for a similar period of any year in the history of the country. From the first to the tenth of April 38,076 immigrants arrived at Ellis Island and were passed on to other parts of the country. During the same period of last year the number was 26,789. On one day 10,375 immigrants arrived. This is not a sudden increase. The record for March exceeded all previous records for that month, and the tide of immigration has been steadily rising during the last five years. The quality is unfortunately not improving with the increase in numbers. During the last week of March twenty-one steamships arrived, and ten of these were from Italy, with an average of slightly more than one thousand each, and nearly all of these are from impoverished Southern Italy. There was hut one ship from Scotland, three from England, four from Germany, and two from Belgium. During the year 1902 Italy sent 77,275 immigrants, and Austria 73,275. The high-water mark so far reached was in 1882 when 778,992 immigrants came, and it seems likely that that record will be surpassed this year.

The comments of a hundred newspapers on the case of that amazingly adroit and adventurous villain, Bellairs, have brought to light a few more facts than we printed last week. It is stated as fact by the New York *Sun* that Bellairs, as Associated Press correspondent in Cuba, "was one of the agents of the attack on Major-General John R. Brooke which resulted in his removal"; by the *Evening Post* that Bellairs "set out to make Wood," and that all his dispatches were censored by Wood; by the *World* that "slowly but surely detrimental reports were heard in the United States regarding every army officer unpopular with General Wood"; by the *Herald* that Bellairs's "sweetest songs of praise were reserved for General Wood and those about him"; and by Melville Stone, of the Associated Press, that, having heard rumors about Bellairs, he proposed to dismiss him, but that "General Wood said he was all right and begged us to keep him." The question is now, What is the relation between Wood's real achievements, as administrator in Cuba, and his fame in the United States? How much of his reputation is based on actually efficient service, and how much is based on ingenious advertising. Did Wood advance from army doctor to major-general on his merits or on the praise or puffery of Bellairs? Probably the answer to these questions is somewhere between the two extremes of current opinion. Gradually, from many sources, the real truth about the relation between General Wood and Bellairs will come to light. At present the facts are much obscured by partisanship. Perhaps the most startling consideration in connection with the affair is that, with the exception of a few occasional letters, the sole medium through which the American people have received news regarding the water cure, ladronism, and the general conditions in the Philippines during the last two years has been this suave forger Bellairs, who, according to Inspector Byrne, has swindled thousands of people in all parts of the world. This is the sort of fellow who presumes to say in his hook, "As It Is in the Philippines," that William H. Taft, governor of the Philippines and prospective member of the United States Supreme Court, is not possessed of "real sincerity of character"!

Telegraphic communication between this city and Manila by the fourth of next July is what the Pacific Commercial Company now announces as its programme. The work of laying the three remaining sections of the cable will be commenced at the Manila end, the cable being carried from England to that point by way of the Suez Canal. Three ships will be employed in laying the cable from Manila to Honolulu, one for each section between the Philippines and Guam, between Guam and Midway, and between Midway and Honolulu. Sand Island, one of the two Midway Islands, has been transferred to the cable company for its use, and a staff is being recruited at Honolulu, including mechanics and artisans, for the erection of the necessary buildings and the installation of the necessary appliances. This will be a very lonely station, as there is absolutely nothing whatever there, and everything that is needed will have to be brought from other places. The cable operators who are to be installed at Manila will go there on the cable-ships, while those for Guam and Sand Islands will sail from this port. The work of laying the cable is to be commenced, according to the present programme, about June 1st, and if there are no unforeseen delays it should be completed within one month.

The overwhelming popularity of President Roosevelt in the North-West has yet not been great enough to stifle protests from representative Republican papers at his "stand pat" tariff policy. It is not like the President, these papers say, to declare in one breath that the tariff needs revision and in the next that it must not be touched. They suspect, also, that the President himself is for revision, but that he has been overborne by party leaders who have appealed to him in the interests of harmony to stave off any tariff action until after the election next year. They strongly suspect, further, that the manufacturing interests of the East

which profit most from present schedules have made it plain—very plain—that if the President stirred up tariff-revision sentiment on his tour the Republican party might expect no aid, pecuniary or otherwise, from them. And the North-West does not like this particular idea very well. The Portland *Oregonian*, a Republican paper, for instance, says:

The idea that to destroy monopoly is to destroy business is erroneous, and the arguments upon which it rests are specious. Business is promoted by honesty, and not by injustice. The idea that to jostle the fabric of tariff inequalities and monopolistic favors enjoyed by the trusts will topple our whole productive system over may be a frightful confession of industrial rottenness, but it affords no guide for wise statesmanship. The sooner blemishes are corrected, the better. The longer we prop up a false and precarious régime, the more disastrous will be the fall at last. It is admitted that the tariff needs revision; but it is said that to change the wrong schedules will upset business. Is the iron and steel business, then, so dependent upon its unjust tariff favors that it can not subsist without them? Is our whole industrial fabric built up on a foundation of unfairness and artificiality? The excuses are the merest pretense. Reform of the laws and of their enforcement does not menace the existence of our industrial system. Legitimate business does not have to be bolstered up with predatory tariffs, false weights, and swollen capitalization. Legitimate industry is not flattered, but slandered, by the declaration that equality before the law and honest policies will destroy it. The excuses are paltry and pitiful. The admission is for tariff reform, but the plea is "not now." Let us do right, but "at some more convenient season." And the prayer that the tariff should be revised by its friends comes perilously near the demand that the day of revision be put off until it is consented to by the very interests that are now enjoying unjust gains from monopoly in which the tariff protects them. It is perilously near the proposal to put off the pruning of the tree until the moth and aphid in joint convention invite us to their removal.

Less vigorous in expression, but no less opposed to the "stand pat" idea, is the opinion of another Republican paper, the St. Paul *Dispatch*. It says:

President Roosevelt talked on the tariff at Minneapolis Saturday evening. Whatever may be a Republican's attitude toward this question, whether he be a revisionist of any degree or a virulent "standpatter," the impression created in the minds of both by this speech will be about the same. Each will find that in it which suits and that which disgruntles him. The President, finding a serious division of opinion in his party, and mindful of prior disasters resulting from Presidential adhesion to one wing, seeks neutral ground between the two on which he can border without planting both feet on either. Speaking for the Republican revisionists, the *Dispatch* is free to say that the speech, as a whole, is disappointing. It is not that he insists upon adherence to the economic policy of protection, for all Republicans accept that, as it is in the deprecatory attitude virtually taken against changes in any schedule. The "standpatters" will derive more comfort than the revisionists from this latest expression of Presidential opinion. But we apprehend it will have no effect in reducing the volume of revision sentiment among North-Western Republicans.

The President has yet a long ways to travel before his tour ends. He has got to go through Iowa, the habitat of a savage beast known as *Iowa ideensis*, said still to be very much alive. Will the President preach the "stand pat" doctrine in Iowa? There are some doubts of it. The *Oregonian*, for instance, remarks that the President "will think differently before his Western tour is over." We shall see.

With the approach of the first of May the rumors of impending strikes throughout the country occupy more and more space in the daily press. Strikes actually in progress North, South, East and West, both in this State and the East, are so many that they can hut create alarm. It is therefore with interest that we note in a paper so influential among workmen as the *Coast Seamen's Journal* a timely warning to the unions on this Coast. No union man, we think, will apply to that paper the oft-used epithet, "traitor to the cause." The editorial to which we refer is a long and well-considered one, hut the gist of the warning is condensed in this paragraph:

The policy of the trade-unions at this time should be to "hold on all," rather than to insist upon asking for more. Unless we are very much mistaken, the industrial tide is now running against, rather than with, the trade-unions. That is to say, conditions have changed, though perhaps as yet imperceptibly in some trades, so that the natural tendency of wages is downward, not upward. Assuming that this judgment is correct, it follows that insistence by any trade-union upon further radical improvements in wages, hours, or other conditions is unwarranted either by the facts or by any reasonable prediction as to the outcome.

The latest announcement in political circles is that Samuel M. Shortridge, orator, politician, and lawyer, is ambitious to become mayor. His appearance in the field has caused some complications, and is likely to cause more. Mr. Shortridge is an active member of the United Republican League, an organization that unfortunately includes in its membership several who regard themselves as promising material for the mayoralty nomination, and therefore the organization is compelled to avoid all entangling alliances. Those who have brought Shortridge forward believe that Mayor Schmitz is no longer a factor in the situation, and that this is therefore a favorable moment to push their man into the position Schmitz is alleged to be vacating. They say that their candidate's silver tongue has wrested victory for the party on several occasions, and that it is now time for the party to reward him. Loyalty to Mr. Kahn prevents his entering the congressional race, and the mayoralty seems to be the only reward that is available for him.

There have, we think, been better advertisements of universities than the newspaper item from Stanford printed in the *Chronicle* a few days ago. It said that part of the roof of a new two-hundred-thousand-dollar building had settled in with a crash heard all over the campus. But this was not the really strange part of the dispatch—the strange part was the statement that it was the roof of the mechanic engineering building that had tumbled in. Fancy, the roof

THE LAW
GREATER THAN
THE TRUSTS.

THE NORTH-WEST
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PAT" IDEA.

THE ROOFS
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STANFORD.

that sheltered students engaged in making computations of stresses in roofs, the roof beneath which wise professors explained the elastic and ultimate resistances of construction materials, the roof whereunder the tensile strengths of all the metals was like an open book—this was the roof that was so ill braced that it fell in. We think a revised proverb is needed at Stanford—"First, cast out the bad beams from thine own roof, then shalt thou be able to repair the rafters of thy brother's roof." Really, if things went on like this at the university, we should be hearing that the professor of botany had been poisoned by mistaking toadstools for mushrooms; that the instructor in personal hygiene was off on sick leave; that the veterinarian had traded a sound roadster for a windgalled, spavined nag, near-legged before; that the professor of ethics had been in a fight, or that Dr. Jordan himself had mistaken a lamprey for a codfish. If roofs must fall, let them fall in the academic department. When a roof settle over experts on roofs it arouses thoughts.

The convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in session this week at New Orleans is of great interest. This association is said to be the largest and strongest trade body in the world. Though it has only two thousand members, each is at the head of large industrial interests, and many of them are the employers of thousands of laborers. The influence of the association at the last session of Congress was marked. It may justly be credited with the defeat of the so-called eight-hour bill and the anti-conspiracy bill. During the year the association's membership has increased one hundred per cent. Hence it is, that the earnest addresses on trades-unionism by President Parry, and the strong resolutions of like tenor unanimously passed, practically represent the opinions of the great body of large employers of labor throughout the country. That such an address and such resolutions should find favor with the National Manufacturers' Association is one of the significant signs of the times. President Parry, in the course of his address, said:

Organized labor knows but one law, and that is the law of physical force—the law of the Huns and Vandals—the law of the savage. All its purposes are accomplished either by actual force or by the threat of force. It does not place its reliance in reason and justice, but in strikes, boycotts, and coercion. It is, in all essential features, a mob power, knowing no master except its own will, and is continually condemning or defying the constituted authorities. The stronger it grows the greater menace it becomes to the continuance of free government, in which all the people have a voice. It is, in fact, a despotism, springing into being in the midst of a liberty-loving people. In setting itself up as a power, independent of the power of the State, it does not regard itself as bound to observe the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that no State shall attempt to abridge the privileges or right of life, liberty, and property of any citizen.

The resolutions unanimously passed do not oppose unions as such. They do oppose boycotts and blacklists, interference by unions in hiring and discharging of men, and the limitation of apprentices. Further, the resolutions "warn the nation that if these tendencies be allowed to go unchecked a grave industrial disturbance will surely result."

Each successive sale of books, either in the East or London, seems to show relative advances in the prices of rare and beautiful editions. Kelmscott books at the Pierce sale in Philadelphia recently brought fabulous sums. Morris's "Chaucer," for instance, brought \$975. A set of proofs of wood cuts designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for Morris, fetched \$500. Morris's "A King's Lesson," consisting of six folio pages, was sold for \$145. Even lists of Kelmscott books brought as high as \$25. These prices, however, are mere bagatelles to those which William Blake's works fetched at Lord Crewe's sale in London. Blake's "Inventions to the Book of Job," which was indeed his masterpiece, sold for twenty-eight thousand dollars, and another of his works brought nearly ten thousand. Yet Blake himself toiled unintermittingly for fifty years in poverty and discouragement. Never in his life did he have a thousand dollars at one time, much less ten or twenty-eight. A contemporary poet, whose name, strangely, we have forgotten, is said to have witnessed the sale of a single autograph copy of his first work recently, at a price exceeding his total return for the entire edition of which it was one. Such happenings parallel in a very real sense the occurrence celebrated in the lines of Leonidas:

"Seven Grecian cities vied for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

There is in this State a microscopic insect that annually causes more destruction to property than any hardened criminal would if given free rein. It does its work of destruction by boring into the roots of peach-trees and killing the tree, and thousands of trees are killed every year in this manner. The fruit-growers of the Santa Clara Valley have determined to rid themselves of the pest, and will pay one thousand dollars to any person who will find a remedy that will destroy the borer without injuring the trees. A parasite that will prey upon the borer, or a preparation that will kill it, will be equally acceptable. The remedy is to become the property of the committee of fruit-growers, and experiments must be conducted and results proved by the inventor or discoverer at his own expense.

Mayor Olney, of Oakland, is of the opinion that it is the manifest destiny of the several communities along the eastern shore of the bay to be united ultimately into one large city. In his opinion this consolidation will not come in response to the desires of the people of these communities, but through the action of natural forces. The only natural division line is that formed by the harbor between Oakland and Alameda, and that seems destined in the end to be a

uniting rather than a dividing force, since a large share of the activities of both cities will be drawn toward it. When Berkeley was first established it was separated from Oakland by several miles of farming country, and connected only by a country road, over which later a primitive horse-car line was operated. Oakland has since grown to the north, absorbing the settlement of Temescal, and Berkeley has grown southwards, until the two cities are practically contiguous. Emeryville and Lorin on one side, and Fruitvale and Melrose on the other, are now parts of Oakland in all save political organization. In time the artificial dividing lines that place different parts of streets under the control of different municipal governments will prove a stumbling-block to development, and the unnecessary multiplicity of public offices will prove a force drawing the different parts together. Such are the manifest destiny arguments, and Mayor Olney urges a policy that will prepare for the inevitable.

When a law was enacted at the last session of the legislature placing the free public market for this city under the control of the harbor commissioners, and directing them to make rules for its regulation, the fruit-growers of the State imagined that at last they were to receive some measure of relief. From present indications, however, the relief seems to be as far away as ever. The harbor commission announced, just after the law was passed, that the only available space for the market was the two blocks facing East Street between Pacific and Vallejo Streets, and that that property had been leased to the Southern Pacific Company. The commission expressed a hope that the railroad company would see its way clear to take hold of the market project, setting apart a sufficient portion of this leased land. The Southern Pacific did not see its way clear, and there the matter rested. Since then nothing has been done, though one of the commissioners has suggested that something might be done if the city will interest itself to the extent of cooperating. There is a triangular piece of property not far from that which the Southern Pacific has leased that is claimed both by the city and by the State. It is suggested that an agreement might be entered into by which the property could be used for the free market, but as yet nothing has been accomplished.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Labor in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT.—Dear Sirs: I received in my mail this morning a most extraordinary document, about which I trust you will permit me to say a few words in the columns of the *Argonaut*. This paper I refer to is headed "A Warning to Working People." It is signed by the president of the San Francisco Labor Council. It says, in brief, that the Employers' Association, in order to "crush" trades-unionism, is stimulating immigration to this State; that this immigration will "overload the labor market," and "menace the welfare of organized workers"; that it will "injure labor's cause in the West." What is this, overload the labor market in California! Overload the labor market in a naturally rich State with a population of only nine to the square mile, when Ohio has 101 to the square mile, New York 153, and Massachusetts 348! Overload the labor market in a State that has millions of unused horse-power locked up in mountain streams, which (with labor) could be made to turn the wheels in a thousand mills! Overload the labor market in a State in many parts of which intensive farming is something unknown! Why, the thing's absurd. Of course it is true that it takes time for a large number of men from the East to be absorbed. They can't expect to see men standing around the stations waiting for them to come in. But California needs labor; she needs men of all trades and professions. There is room in our valleys, and in the manufactories that cheap power and cheap fuel—petroleum—are going to make spring up, for thousands of men. The reasons of the unions are plain. Wages are higher than in the East. If they can prevent laborers from coming here it will keep them high, and they will profit at the expense of their "brother workers" in the East. But how petty! And it can not win. It's trying to sweep back the sea with a broom. The population of Ohio will not remain 101 to the square mile, and the population of California nine to the square mile forever. Population will distribute itself more equally, and no labor union is going to prevent it. I don't believe the sentiment of the better class of workmen in is in accord with this union "warning." We're all for grand old California, I hope—all of us.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CHARACTER OF FREMONT.

A singular chapter in the history of the war of the rebellion, and one not altogether pleasant to contemplate, was brought to light in course of debate during the last session of Congress. The *Argonaut* at the time commented briefly upon the matter, but the incident throws so strong a light on the character of General John C. Fremont that we give here a more extended account of the exposé.

The details regarding the war claim which was before the House are not important. The essential facts are that in 1861 Major-General Fremont was in command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis; that he refused to take orders from the War Department; that he was then removed; that a commission was appointed to investigate his affairs, which it did, but that its report was kept secret by the government from 1862 until the dust-covered manuscript was brought into the House during the debate in question—a period of forty years. The reason for the report's suppression was the fear that a full knowledge by the people of the North of the state of things at St. Louis would be disheartening. Representative Hedge, of Iowa, in giving the facts regarding the claim before the House, said:

These transactions have their beginning, so far as the record shows, on the fourteenth of September, 1861. This is a claim for supplies for the equipment of the Third Iowa Cavalry. As my colleague has told you, Cyrus C. Bussey was its colonel. Lieutenant Rankin, afterward Colonel Rankin, was its honest and efficient quartermaster. About the time that I have stated, Colonel Bussey telegraphed to General Fremont, who was then commander of the Department of Missouri, for authority to make a contract to equip this regiment. General Fremont gave him that authority, or attempted to give him that authority, by telegraph. The firm of B. F. Moody had been organized, composed of B. F. Moody, some one else unknown to me, and Oscar Kiser. These were the confessed members of the partnership. Oscar Kiser was the brother-in-

law of Cyrus C. Bussey. General Bussey, under this authority given him by General Fremont, proceeded to make a contract with his brother-in-law's firm without advertisement, without notice, without concurrence of the quartermaster of his own regiment, whose duty it was to make such contracts and to attend to such business. Thus, secretly he permitted Moody & Co. to take this contract, practically on terms prescribed by them.

There was no charge against General Fremont that he profited by the speculations going on all about him. Said Congressman Hedge:

The fuss and feathers, pomp and circumstance, the drums and kettledrums, betrayed the general's notion of the realities and essentials of war. Here is a conversation with Mr. Shepley in connection with him on this question:

He spoke pleasantly, but said: "The people of the United States were in the field; that he was at their head; that he meant to carry out such measures as they (the people) expected him to carry out, without regard to the red tape of the Washington people."

This man had been dazzled by his elevation. He regarded himself as something more than a man of destiny. I charge no corruption against him personally, but I do charge that through his carelessness and through his vanity he gave indulgences to brothers-in-law all over St. Louis to break the eighth commandment.

Speaking of some of the outrageous prices charged the government by the contractors, Congressman Hedge attached to his figures a story worth quoting:

An overcoat, jacket, and pair of pants cost the government \$29.00 apiece and was charged at \$29.00. If I had the time I would like to tell the story about a case where, in Des Moines County, Ia., a man was up, being charged with stealing a valise full of clothing. The punishment depended upon the value of the goods, and so it was important to ascertain their value. A witness for the State testified to the contents of the valise—that there were three shirts, worth \$2.00 apiece, a pair of pantaloons valued at \$4.00. What else was there in it? A Bible. What was that worth? About a dollar. That is all. The Des Moines County jury, on the suggestion of the attorney, perhaps, disregarded and rejected the testimony of that witness because he valued a pair of breeches above the Word of God. Now, I do not charge that against these patriots whose patriotism was limited and defined by their notion of their own self-interest, these patriots who, when the boys of this country, rising to the demands of the highest duty to serve their country, became recruits, these fellows, with the desire that the country should serve them, became contractors.

Following Representative Hedge, Hitt, of Iowa, took the floor, saying:

Mr. Chairman, since the debate arose my attention has been called for, I may say, the first time in forty years, to the work of the Holt-Davis commission in examining into Fremont's administration in 1861. I have looked a moment at this brief printed report which has been handed to me, and recall vividly the faithful, arduous work of those men. I took down all the evidence in their long investigation of irregularities and disheartening frauds at St. Louis, and the huge manuscript which the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Smith] has brought to the House and raised in his hand is, I suppose, in my writing, though I have not yet seen it, and is a part of that unprinted report. Since it has been called up, I now remember the claim for the equipment of this Third Iowa Cavalry Regiment by the colonel's brother-in-law, because it differed from the others in its irregularity. The extravagance and fraud in furnishing clothing was a great item in the investigations at St. Louis by that commission.

The amount that was taken off the Fremont administration claims ran up into many millions. Said Representative Hitt:

The circumstances, to which the gentleman from Iowa on my right [Mr. Hedge] referred, in the extraordinary conduct of General Fremont, are painfully true. General Fremont seemed to have lost all idea of subordination in the government; he paid little attention to the regulations; he constantly said he did not care for red tape, and he was superseded in command upon a visit by the then Secretary of War, who found his methods, whatever might be the motive, to be intolerable and extravagant. The expenditures were examined into, and these millions of deduction were the result.

One of the incidents of the Fremont régime, related by Representative Hitt, was this:

I remember at this moment of a farmer who came from Edgar County, Ill., near where, I believe, Mr. Cannon lives. He, with his neighbors, gathered together all the good horses round about, and he brought them down and offered them for sale at the lowest price possible in order that the boys might be mounted—their own sons, who were down in Missouri in arms. He testified before us that the horses were refused to be looked at, and he was kept waiting to beat down his price until all the money he had was used in paying for their keep; and then they were sold at a low price, I think at \$70.00 or \$71.00 apiece, and vouchers given him to sign for \$119.50 apiece; and thus nearly half of the price was retained by the cheats who were swindling the government.

In conclusion the venerable representative from Iowa said:

Now, is it wonderful that the commission scaled these claims down? Is it wonderful that David Davis wrote to Mr. Lincoln that nothing ought to be said to dishearten the people more in those sad days of 1862, for those good farmers out in Edgar County would not eagerly send more horses down. That is why that huge manuscript was never printed. I handed it to Mr. Stanton and Mr. Stanton said, sorrowfully, "We have no money to spare for anything but the war, none for the printing of documents, and I understand it is not well that this be printed, for it would have a discouraging effect." That is why that great bundle of faded manuscript lies there now on the gentleman's desk unprinted and tied with the red tape which I suppose was put around it in 1862.

It has often been charged that General Fremont was superseded on account of Lincoln's fear that he might become a formidable political opponent. The long-delayed bringing to light of this musty manuscript would seem to dispel the last vestige of this suspicion that Fremont was a wronged man. Are there any more of these unprinted reports, whose printing "would have discouraged the people," tucked away in the archives at Washington?

Commenting on the rumored resignation of Dr. Heber Newton from the pastorate at Stanford, the New York *Sun* says: "His position as taken at the Stanford conference is very similar to that of the whole school of theology, the new theology, to which Dr. Lyman Abbott belongs. It is a school which is influencing profoundly the teachings in the most orthodox theological seminaries, though practically it destroys the distinction of the religion of Christianity, and remove the incentive to the missionary enterprises for the propagation of the Christian faith in lands once regarded heathen."

SILAS'S O'ERLEAPING AMBITION.

A Story of Two Wills.

So old Captain Moffat left Mexico City and came to San Diego. But the strange part of this is that Silas Wire accompanied him; that Silas bought a hotel (which the tourists never patronized); and that Silas took care of the captain in it, and watched his declining days with sly, mild, yet glittering, eye.

A curious affair, that of the captain with Mme. Tala, of Mexico. She was fourth cousin of the Emperor Iturbide. Why, she was royal!—having inherited titles and estates. The captain fought for Maximilian, and loved Mme. Tala, which love she returned; but, of course, for imaginary, dead, and theoretical reasons of state, the captain could never marry the heiress to those defunct imperial names. So the love became a long, long platonic one; and now they were both old.

To the astonishment of the whole clerical party, she announced that she had willed her immense fortune to Captain Moffat, for she had no children. Yes, the captain, quite as absorbed in the Catholic Church as she, could be trusted to use that wealth when she was dead (for she was older even than he, and feeble) for the church's benefit and the clerical party. Who knew?—if others should follow her example, Diaz and his upstarts might yet be laid low.

So eager was she to leave incredible sums to her platonic lover, and thence, through him, to the priests, that she was even embroiling her last years with a terrible lawsuit to recover a portion of the estate once deeded away. For Mme. Tala's mother, in a fit of benevolence, had long ago parted with the convent garden on San Andres Street to certain relatives. American business now made that convent garden trebly valuable, and already it was cut up into business blocks. Plainly the deeding of it away was illegal; and Mme. Tala was fighting furiously in the courts, with her last breath, to get it back so that she might leave that, too, to Captain Moffat and the church.

Her lawyer, cold, white-faced Bernabé, that patrician, Spanish specimen with the pointed black beard, perceived that Captain Moffat was too shrewd to be allowed to remain on the ground. A woman you can work; incredible fees can be wormed out of a woman; and her passions were such that she was always ready to embroil herself further; which meant more fees. Bernabé saw long years of rich litigation stretching before him—if only he could remove the too shrewd councils of the captain, her protector.

This accounts for his coolly bribing the doctors, in the captain's last illness, to recommend San Diego, whose California climate is mild, marine. Ah—just what the captain must have, lest he die!

His illness so scared the captain that he fell into the net; and Silas Wire was instigated by Bernabé to take the old gentleman north. Silas had failed in his hotel in Mexico. Silas had proved himself, nevertheless, suave and capable; and his influence over Moffat (who had boarded with him) was enormous. So Silas happened to sell his hotel about that time, and remove to San Diego; and the captain chanced to jump at the opportunity to remove thither also, and live in the little new hostelry which Wire now opened on Coronado Beach.

Strange that the captain's funds after that always ran so low; and that the little doled out to him from Mme. Tala's embroiled estate was never enough to permit his return to Mexico!

"That climate would kill you," murmured Wire, rubbing his long hands together in the captain's room. "Wire! Wire!" cried the haggard old man, raising his trembling arm, "death has got me anyhow! Look at me—deserted—broken—sinking into the grave. I'll die before her yet. O that money! And me—me—Wire, look at this threadbare coat; and millions waiting for me yonder. Silas, you are my only friend."

Silas smiled that feline smile.

"While I live," he said, gazing blandly around on the bare room, "you shall never want for comfort."

The captain stared out of a window into the night. Yonder the fantastic Hotel del Coronado lifted its peaks; yonder beat the sea on the sand; and the music of an orchestra came floating faintly from that luxurious spot to the prospective millionaire's unlovely quarters. The feeble old man began to weep.

"Wire, somebody else will get that money. And they will not give it to the blessed church. I am dying—and Mme. Tala's wealth will be scattered to the winds!"

Now Wire fastened his glistening eyes on Moffat, and put his soft, cold hand on the captain's palsied one.

"Captain Moffat," said he, "I am unworthy of the trust. But somebody can be found. Make your will now, and leave the wealth to some trusted friend to do with it as you say."

The captain's eyes were completely conquered. He stared; he trembled, withered as he was with age. Never yet had he been able to stand Wire's gaze. Now he cried out: "I have contemplated that a long time. Ah me! I have longed for such a trusted friend. What can I do with that money? It drives me mad. Even if I die next week (Wire, they say she is very ill), I may live but a week longer, and have no chance to 'spoke of it. Silas," he clutched at Wire's coat and pressed Wire's face up close to his. "Silas, you are my only friend! Promise me—Oh, now let me trust it to

you. I don't know what else to do with it, Wire. I am a lonely old man—why, Wire, I don't know what else to do."

And the captain waved his hand all round with decrepit wildness, and then cried like a baby.

Now while the iron was hot, Wire struck. Suddenly before the captain there were pen, paper, and ink; and there, too, were Silas's insinuating smile, fawning suavity, long hands rubbing one another.

"Unworthy as I am, Captain Moffat, I can not withstand the request of a dying man. And I pledge the everlasting life of my soul to spend that money as you have directed."

"But wait," cried the captain, clutching at him again, "one thing more!"

"Whatever you say," wheedled Wire.

"If she wins this suit," cried Moffat, "it will make a half-million more. That you shall use," the captain's mind seemed wavering here, "to erect statues of Iturbide in every city of the land."

"Certainly," breathed Wire, "I promise."

Then the captain, as though in despair and yet weeping like a child, wrote his will and gave everything to Wire.

Silas's eyes watched each mark, then saw the captain totter to a trunk and put the will away; after which Silas leaned back with a long, comfortable sigh. This little scene was the culmination of three months of labor. Strange how Wire's mind had conquered at last. And now for the first time came to him the thought of poisoning Moffat, if Mme. Tala died, that he might not change his will.

The fourth day of Wire's silent exultation was broken by the unexpected arrival of Bernabé from Mexico. The white face, accustomed to sneer, with its carefully trimmed black beard, suddenly appeared in the dining-room, where there was no guest, nor any wanted, only Wire by himself. They went up together to see Captain Moffat and sat down in his room, whose windows gave view over some lawns with palm-trees, out to the beach and the big hotel on the one side, and down to the ostrich farm on the other. The sun came streaming in through the windows and showed the captain, exhausted, fallen into a chair.

"Mme. Tala is very ill," said Bernabé, coldly; "she will die. Her will made to you, Captain Moffat, she declares unalterable. But now she threatens to withdraw from the suit for the convent garden."

"And why!—death of my soul—a half a million!" cried Moffat, while Wire's still eyes rested on Bernabé.

Bernabé's face was contemptuous.

"Who knows?" he said, briefly; "some trick of conscience. I have exhausted my powers of persuasion. We can win—yet now, nearing her death, she gives up. Captain Moffat alone can influence her." He turned his gaze on Wire. "So to Captain Moffat I came, to beg of him to return to Mexico with me, to persuade her."

Bernabé's face, hiding its fears of incredible fees lost, was like a mask of some Medici. Up started Captain Moffat, staggering.

"But I have no money; I have no strength!" he cried in a broken mixture of joy and despair.

"I shall advance you the sum," said Bernabé, brief and to the point.

Now Wire, seeing the captain sliding through his hands, fearing that, under Bernabé's control, Moffat would divulge the secret of the will, came forward in soft struggle with the lawyer.

"The captain could never stand the journey," murmured Silas, with an anxious face.

"I will! I will!" cried Moffat, seeming to have lost his mind; and then, as though to prove once for all that Wire was right, he reeled across the room in an excess of eagerness, lost himself, ejaculated gutturally, and fell without warning prone on the floor.

Wire, exultant, sprang thither and put the captain on his bed, where he lay almost unconscious. Some faint suspicion darkened Bernabé's face; but Wire had won; Wire held the prey. They gazed at one another.

"I see," said Bernabé, faintly sneering, faintly bitter; "he could not stand the trip. The litigation will have to cease."

And Bernabé went back to Mexico.

The captain but partially recovered; for he was indeed nearing his death. At times he could grope about his room, and much did he mutter of his will. The days were anxious, unendurable, to Wire. For what if the captain changed his mind? Once Moffat had even cried out, in the night, at the very hour when Wire had stealthily entered his room to see if the will were still intact: "I will tear it up!"

This so terrified Wire that the long growing evil of his nature now crystallized into crime. Why—the captain would die in a few short weeks, anyhow; and Silas had learned that Mme. Tala was already on her death bed, though Moffat knew it not. What sin to hasten Moffat's dissolution? Death was inevitable; and a few days more or less of misery were naught to this wreck. No, it is no sin, Silas.

Quickly that brown powder dissolved in the captain's coffee every morning; and Wire, assiduous as ever, always brought the cup in his own hand. No, no; this was not poisoning the captain. This was only assisting death a little—relieving the captain of a few of his wretched days. Moffat very soon grew so weak that it would have been impossible for him to write a will; and there in the trunk, where Silas saw it every night, lay the one that would make him rich.

The paper said that Mme. Tala, last of that branch

of the family of Iturbide, could live but a day. Here they were, the old-time lovers, relics of the imperial past, dying so many hundreds of miles apart; one watched by the Spanish, one by the Anglo-Saxon bird of prey.

Then, Mme. Tala died. The paper spoke of her grand funeral, attended by all the great of Mexico, in the beautiful church of La Profesa. Great wealth was there—but here the captain, unable to read news any more, lay in poverty.

Her death seemed to cause some soul-disturbance in him. These last days he was restless, wild. He cried out, from his pillow, desperate things about his wealth, and the changing of his will. And Wire, terrified lest even yet the old man might arise and destroy the paper, and knowing that Bernabé would come treading in some day to pry with his cold eyes into everything—Wire grew desperate.

To-day the quantity of brown powder was doubled. All afternoon the captain lay moaning; and Wire, pale, stood and glared out of the window. Yonder rose Florence Heights; yonder stretched the sea; yonder across the bay rose Point Loma and, against the blue sky, the distant buildings of the Universal Brotherhood.

That night with a loud cry Captain Moffat suddenly came to the threshold of his death. Into his room ran Silas in a night-gown, hollow-eyed.

"Wire! Wire!" shrieked the dying warrior, then fell back, and mumbled, "Iturbide," and died.

He was buried soon, and quietly.

Now, the hotel being quite empty, and Silas engaged in packing a trunk, in walked Bernabé, tired from his three days' ride from Mexico.

"We will search for his will," said Bernabé.

They did, and found it.

"I have also," said Bernabé, with a curl of his fine lips, "a copy of Mme. Tala's. Let us read them both."

They sat down on opposite sides of the dining-table, where there was no cloth, nor any dishes; and Bernabé opened Captain Moffat's will.

"All my property, both personal and real, I leave to Silas Wire to be his forever," said that instrument in effect.

Slowly Bernabé's eyes were raised to Wire's. Wire answered them with the glittering gaze of his own; for Silas was full of the exultation of the conqueror. They were both white; and Bernabé's face still sneered, with the kind of sneer that burns. Then after some long minutes the lawyer smiled; his smile was strange.

"Let us read Mme. Tala's," said he; and this was the substance of her will:

"All my property, personal and real, I leave to Captain Franklin Moffat, on one condition. We have sinned in fighting through the courts my relatives. On my death bed I do bitterly repent. I have renounced the suit for the convent garden and have written with my own hand a full apology to my relatives and plea for forgiveness. And I do now make Captain Moffat my heir solely on this one condition, that he do likewise write with his own hand, and send to them, as atonement for the sin of our cupidity, a like apology, renunciation of the suit, and plea for forgiveness. In case he fail so to do, I bequeath to the church, through my old friend Father Ignacio Echegaray, all my property, save one hundred thousand dollars in cash, now in the Banco de Londres y Mejico, which I do then bestow upon Sr. Dn. Juan Bernabé, my trusted attorney."

Now the two men sat still, observing each other.

"Too bad, too bad," said Bernabé, oddly lifting his fingers to the tip of his pointed nose, "that Captain Moffat must die too soon to write his apology. Too bad that he could not live," here Bernabé smiled his cold, keen smile, "a few more days."

And Silas's face grew gray.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1903.

Exodus of British Immigrants to Canada.

Canada, rather than South Africa, is absorbing the surplus population of Great Britain. The restoration of prosperity has been slower even than the processes of reconciliation in South Africa, and the mining industry has not raised as strong an impulse as was expected at the close of hostilities. Reports sent home by the British army of two hundred and fifty thousand men during the war were unfavorable, and the emigration movement from England to South Africa has not set in. The resources of Canada in the meanwhile have been advertised systematically, and full use has been made of the American invasion, both as an incentive and a warning. American settlers have been credited with knowing a good thing when they found it, and British farmers and mechanics have been urged to follow their example and take effective measures against an undue growth of the American influence in the North-West Territory. The South African millionaires have neglected emigration work, and can hardly hope to succeed by belated energy in interrupting this remarkable British exodus across the Atlantic.

The warship *Reina Christina*, the flagship of Admiral Montojo, which was sunk in Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey, was floated and beached on April 12th. The skeletons of about eighty of her crew were found in her hulk. The main injection valve is missing, showing that the ship was scuttled when abandoned.

A LIFE OF MÁXIM GÓRKY.

Extracts from E. J. Dillon's Biography.

As an appreciation and critical review of the popular young Russian's writings, E. J. Dillon's "Máxim Górký: His Life and Writings," will be read with interest, for Mr. Dillon treats Górký with fairness, praising his strong points, and making no attempt to whitewash his weaknesses. Those, however, who expect to find any new light thrown on Górký's remarkable personality and checkered career will be disappointed, for Mr. Dillon's biographical chapters contain little that has not already been published in the magazines and in the biographical sketches which supplement his translated works.

As has been pointed out before, "Máxim Górký's" real name is Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff. He was born in Novgorod Nishny on March 26, 1869, and although his parents were fairly well off at the time of his birth, sorrows and sufferings were none the less his portion long before he had come to the age of reason. In 1873 his father died of cholera, contracted from "Górký," and two years later his mother died, throwing the boy on the world after only five months' schooling. He was apprenticed by his miserly grandfather to a shoemaker. But the vagrant instinct that was to color his life developed very early. He ran away, and moved from place to place, trying his hand at the humblest vocations. He was successively an errand boy in the shop of an image-maker, a scullion on a Volga steamer, a peddler, a stevedore, a porter, and a lighterman. At the age of twenty he returned to his native town to endure the required years of military service, but was rejected by the medical examining board. He resumed his nomadic career, and eventually became a tramp—or, in his own words, a member of the "Barefoot Brigade."

In October, 1892, his wanderings led him to the picturesque city of Tiflis, where he toiled in the railway workshops. Says Mr. Dillon:

In the intervals of repose, on Sundays and holidays, he jotted down on paper some of the incidents of his checkered life, and having finally woven a few into the fantastic story of "Makar Chudra," resolved to offer that as a passport into the world of letters. He took it to the editor of the *Kavkaz*, the principal Russian newspaper in Tiflis, who read it over while he waited and, favorably impressed by the tall, thin figure of the pale-faced artisan, who was clad in a plain workman's blouse, accepted it on the spot.

"You have not signed it, I see," he added, pointing to the blank space at the end.

"No, not yet," replied Peshkoff. "But you may affix the name yourself—Górký—Máxim Górký."

"Oh, that's your name, is it?"

"No, it is not, but it will do very well for a signature. I don't want my real name to appear."

Such was the first introduction into the world of literature of the vagrant, who was henceforth to be known as "Máxim Górký."

This was the beginning of his literary career. Today his yearly income is estimated at about fifteen thousand dollars. Excepting the period of his short imprisonment at Nishny Novgorod, in the summer of 1901, there has been little in the way of outward events worth recording since his first success, the stages of his life-work being marked mainly by new stories, new poems, new dramas, and ever more and more ambitious plans:

His popularity, which has overshadowed that of all Russian men of letters living and dead, received on March 6, 1902, the hall-mark of official recognition by his election to a fauteuil in the Imperial Academy of Sciences—the highest honor to which a Russian writer can aspire. A curious light is thrown upon the strong cross currents which clash and whirl beneath the smooth surface of Russian society by the circumstance that the supreme areopagus of judges of literary art should have raised to this eminence the ex-tramp who lives under the strictest supervision of the police and is a sharp thorn in the side of the government of the Czar. This election was, however, promptly quashed by the government on the ground that the members of the academy knew not what they did—were, in fact, unaware that Górký was at the time under police supervision.

During the student riots of 1901 and the subsequent confinement of Górký, it was rumored that the late tramp would be deported to Northern Russia, or even to East Siberia:

But the authorities, who have more than once shown their consideration for high literary gifts, were maligned by these premature reports. Peshkoff, whose health had been for some time declining—symptoms suggestive of incipient consumption are said to have been observed—was set free by the police, and his request was that he might be allowed to spend the winter in the enjoyment of the warm golden weather of the Crimea was conditionally complied with. In Nishny Novgorod, his native town, a banquet was offered to him on his release from prison, at which eloquent speeches were made, addresses read, toasts proposed, and other ceremonies observed, such as are usually reserved for the great dignitaries of the empire. Even the prison inmates were present in spirit, as was attested by their written greetings, and especially by a picture which they had sent to him of the cell in their prison which he himself had hallowed with his memories several months before. And when he and his family finally took their places in the train at Nishny Novgorod, which was to convey them to Moscow on their way to the south, thousands of well-wishers thronged the railway platform, and thunderous applause bore witness to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the people for the man.

Meanwhile in Moscow elaborate preparations were being made to arrange a series of brilliant ovations for the "successor of Tolstoy":

A public demonstration unparalleled in splendor was in speedy process of organization. Peshkoff was to enter the golden-domed city in triumph, his carriage drawn by the impulsive students who would hail him as the champion of free thought and untrammelled speech. But it was not for this that the authorities had allowed him to travel. They, too, had been busy maturing their plans. And at the little station, where the train halted for the last time before reaching the ancient capital, two gendarmes entered the compartment in which Górký sat with his family, and cried out the name, Peshkoff.

"Here," replied Górký.
"Are you Peshkoff?" they asked.
"I myself," answered the writer.
"Then you must get out here and travel direct to Podolsk."
"No, I mean to go on to Moscow. Here's my authorization. I have many reasons to visit Moscow. Among others to consult a specialist. I—"
"We know all that, but our orders are that you shall not enter Moscow. Will you step out?"
"No, I won't. You may use force."
"Very well then. You are arrested. Come! follow us!"
And thus a sponge was drawn over the ovation scheme, and Górký was conducted to Podolsk, whence he continued his journey to the south with permission to dwell until spring in any part of the Crimea excepting the City of Yalta.

His way through life since then, though it has led him several times into close proximity to the prison, has been comparatively smooth in its course, and poor in incident. Says Mr. Dillon:

The tranquilizing influences of friendship, love, and family life have been sensibly increasing upon him, although the restorative and hating beliefs which run parallel with those, and form, as it were, their necessary complement, have taken much longer to oust the old fanaticism and recover what they had lost in his allegiance. Górký's sympathies are still generously bestowed on the poor, the oppressed, the young, the feeble, for whose sake he has often risked what he prizes most. And as his gracious charities, which are never doled out by measure or regulated by prudence, frequently upset the equilibrium of the household budget, so, too, his impulsive advocacy of forlorn causes and movements doomed to disappear in Serhonian bogs, occasionally endangers his personal liberty while increasing his widespread popularity. It was thus that, having joined in the emphatic protest drawn up by literary men in 1901 against the brutal conduct of the police toward the malcontent students and workmen, Górký incurred the pain of expulsion from the northern capital; it was thus, too, that during the recent ferment among students and workmen which, in some parts of the empire, notably in St. Petersburg, assumed unwonted proportions and culminated in the shedding of blood, he, too, was overshadowed by a cloud of suspicion, arrested, and deprived of liberty for a time, and is now under the permanent surveillance of the police.

Among Mr. Dillon's other chapters may be mentioned "The Barefoot Brigade," "The Over-Tramp," "The Creatures Who Were Once Men," "Górký's Art," and "Impressionism." The volume is supplemented with an elaborate list of Górký's writings, Russian articles on Górký, and biographical sketches that have appeared in the magazines.

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THE EMIR'S GAME OF CHESS.

Mohammed, Emir of Granada, kept
His brother Yusuf captive in the hold
Of Salohrina. When Mohammed lay
Sick unto death, and knew that he must die,
He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll
With his own seal, and sent to Khaled, "Slay thy prisoner,
Yusuf."

At the chess-board sat,
Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend,
The captive and his gaoler, whom he loved.
Backward and forward swayed the mimic war;
Hither and thither glanced the knights across
The field—the Queen swept castles down, and passed
Trampling through the ranks, when in her path
A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank—
"Beware, my lord—or else I take the Queen!"
Swift, on his word, a knocking at the gate.
"Nay, but my castle holds the King in check!"—
And in the doorway stood a messenger:
"Behold!—a message from my lord the King!"
And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached
His hand to take the scroll, and howed his head
O'er the King's seal.

"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?"—
The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down
His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—
"I left Granada at the dawn—the King
Had need of haste."

And Khaled broke the seal
And read with livid lips, and spake no word.
But thrust the scroll into his breast. . . . Then turned
And had the man go rest, and eat, and drink.
But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend—and doth
My brother ask my head of thee?" Then he
Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the scroll
To Yusuf's hand, but spake not. Yusuf read
Unto the end, and laid the parchment down.
"Yet there is time—shall we not end the game?
Thy castle menaces my King—behold!
A knight has saved the King!"

But Khaled's knees
Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he fell
Back on his couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face
Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes
Smiled back at him, unconquered. "Brother, what
So troubles thee? What can Mohammed do,
Save send me forth to find—only, maybe,
A little sooner than I else had gone—
The truth of those things whereof thou and I
Have questioned oft? To-morrow at this time
I shall know all Afatoun knew, and thou
Shalt know one day. And, since we have this hour,
Play we the game to end."

Then Khaled moved
A pawn with trembling fingers. "See—thy Queen
Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had strayed—
I will not take her."

Khaled cast himself
Down on his face, and cried, like one in pain,
"Be thou or more or less—I am but man!
For me to see thee go unto thy death
Is not a morning's pastime."

"Nay—and yet
Were it not well to keep this thought of me
In this last hour together, as if our
Mohammed could not conquer?—I perchance
May yet look back. . . . But hark!—who comes?"

Aloud
The thundering hoofs upon the drawbridge rang
Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice
Cried "Hail! King Yusuf!"—drowned in answering shouts
And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate.
Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips,
Listening, as in a dream. And unto him
Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms. "Heart's friend!
Fear not, all's well. The King shall not forget
Who loved him, even to the brink of death!
Look up, beloved!"

See thou hast swept the men
From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two
Should never play that game unto the end!"

—The Speaker.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frau Krupp's income for the current year is estimated at only 14,000,000 marks, whereas her husband's, in the last years of his life, averaged 22,000,000 marks; his tax bill was a million (\$240,000). The decrease in the income is due in large part to the large sums left by Krupp in charitable bequests.

Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, probably will never regain his sight. Allan Sankey, the son, says that his father has slightly improved, but that he does not think there can be any permanent cure. He assures the public that his father is not in needy circumstances, and adds that the family has been embarrassed by the receipt of many checks.

When he sailed from New York for Italy a fortnight ago, Pietro Mascagni again expressed his admiration for California, and her hospitable people, and said: "I have signed an engagement, at the invitation of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, to conduct the symphony orchestra of San Francisco next winter. I shall be back in October, and go at once to the Pacific Coast, where the concerts I am to conduct will begin in November. I shall remain four months, during which time the orchestra will give a series of twelve concerts and a number of special performances."

Mark Twain, in a letter to David R. Francis, president of the St. Louis World's Fair, suggests that a series of old-fashioned Mississippi six-day steam-boat races be inaugurated as a feature of the exposition. "The fair would issue the great War Department map of the Mississippi," he says, "and every citizen would buy a copy and check off the progress of the race, hour by hour, and arrange his bets with such judacity as Providence had provided him withal. This map is a yard wide and thirty-six feet long. It might be well to reduce it a little. As a fair advertisement it would be difficult to beat the boat-race; as a spectacle, nothing could add to it except an old-time blow-up as the boats finished the homestretch. But this should not be arranged; it is better left to Providence and prayer."

Among the most interesting children in Princeton, N. J., are the three girls and boy of ex-President Grover Cleveland. "Baby Ruth," who ruled Washington society in her infancy, and who was probably the most popular child ever in the national capital, has grown to be a robust girl of twelve years. Esther, the second of the children, is now a flaxen-haired little creature of about ten years. She is the only child of a President to be born in the White House. The other daughter is Marion, who is now in her eighth year. After the family had been blessed with three daughters there was great rejoicing among the Cleverlands when a boy was born in 1897, at Princeton. No royal son and heir ever met with a more hearty welcome in this world than that vouchsafed to little "Dick" Cleveland on his birth. The Princeton students dubbed him "Grover, Jr." at once, and that he remains to this day, despite his baptismal name of Richard.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the noted English artist, fired this parting shot at American art critics before sailing for Europe last week: "Your yellow journals employ the driftwood of the literary profession. Art is not their forte. Their criticisms of my works were, in toto, simply a sarcastic play on words. I could excuse them, however, for their ignorance of a technical knowledge of art had, they omitted daubing their criticisms of my paintings with personalities. For example, my title was made the subject of criticism, owing to the awful fact that it had fallen on me by accident—I had not earned it, you know. My unfortunate relationship to my father and Kipling, the first being considered by my critics as a handicap to my future, and the second as the maker of my reputation, were also irrelevantly introduced in their criticisms of my works. I am afraid that as a result of all the vulgarisms that have been said about me in the yellow press, the public must now consider me a beastly bore."

General Sanguilly, who was the only member of the Cuban senate to vote against the reciprocity treaty, and is the consistent leader of the faction in Cuba that is most bitterly opposed to the United States, is the gentleman for whom Secretary Olney, Secretary Day, and Consul-General Lee took so much trouble previous to the Spanish war to secure his release from prison. After long negotiations the Spanish authorities consented to let him go back to the United States provided he would take an oath not to engage in filibustering operations or any other hostile movements against the Spanish Government. For a long time Sanguilly refused, but eventually took the oath in the presence of General Lee, who led him out of the prison, gave him money, put him on a steamer, and sent him to New York. He was next heard of in Jacksonville, where he was awaiting the organization of a filibustering expedition against Cuba. He was arrested, taken before the United States courts, and brought to Washington, where he made a long fight against our government to avoid punishment for violating the neutrality laws and his own oath not to interfere with the peace of Cuba. Through the influence of Dr. José I. Rodríguez, his counsel, he was finally released. He has never shown the slightest gratitude for the efforts of this government to save his life and secure his liberty, and has never even paid his attorney's fees.

NEW YORK'S TITLED VISITORS.

Comte Robert Montesquiou—Comte Boni de Castellane—The Duke of Manchester and His Bills—The Impecunious Earls of Yarmouth and Rosslyn.

New York has been very gay this spring with its titled visitors—entertainments have been given for them, and they have given entertainments back. Everything has been most pleasant and amicable, though Comte Robert Montesquiou de Fesencz was annoyed by the way the reporters made merry at his expense, and the Duke of Manchester kept having little brushes with gentlemen holding bills against him. They have all gone now, leaving the social waters once more to settle. Everybody is a little anxious about Comte Robert. He was badly treated by the press here—made the subject of unwarranted and silly insults, regarded by the scribes who wrote them as pleasantries—and as he is a gentleman who owns a large and choice vocabulary and a brilliant literary style, people are wondering whether he will vent his feelings in a book on America. This country appeals but little to the artistic Frenchman. He finds it—and with reason—disagreeably commercial. Helleu, the etcher of dry point, returned from New York, shaking the dust of the metropolis off his feet forever. He said it was "a machine-made city," and that on every side one heard but one topic of conversation, one eternal cry—dollars, dollars, dollars! And Helleu, to a certain extent, is right. The art atmosphere here is not stimulating. What the artist with a reputation lives in this country for is dollars, dollars, dollars.

The inartistic Frenchman, who has married the American dollars, does not seem to find New York so bad. Comte Boni de Castellane was here with his wife and two boys, and expressed himself as so pleased with his visit that he thought he would return every year. Comte Boni and the Duke of Manchester are rare instances of the foreign nobleman with an American wife who shows a disposition to visit his wife's native land. The majority of their companions in success, having secured their heiresses, take them to Europe, and that is the last this country sees of the pair. Latterly, however, there has been a slight movement on their part in the direction of the United States. Whether it is to raise more dollars, or whether it is a natural interest in an unknown land, has not been revealed. That they come is the point.

Such is our simplicity that this evidence of interest on the part of our titled sons-in-law has made us regard them with tolerant affection. We are still, in our resentment of criticism and our love of flattery, the most naïve people among the nations. New York in this respect is nearly as childish as San Francisco, where, if the stranger does not say that the climate is the finest in the world, the women the most beautiful on earth, the restaurants the best known to man, and the houses on Nob Hill a sight to fill the angels with envy, he is set down as an ignorant outsider, and no one wants to know him. That Boni de Castellane wants to come back, and that the Duke of Manchester came at all, has lifted those gentlemen to the top notch of popular esteem.

The Duke of Manchester seems to have had a very good time, despite the fact that tradesmen with bills would present themselves and mar bright moments. These little passages did not seem to bother the duke at all, nor diminish the joy of the Four Hundred in entertaining him and his wife. It is said that the duchess is a great success. She appears to be a typical, clever, tactful American woman, full of life and energy. The President would not look askance at her as failing to fulfill her destiny, as she has already had two children, the second one being the heir that the wife of an English peer must contribute toward the upholding of the family glory.

While the visiting aristocracy was disporting itself at Palm Beach, a resident member of it was making hay while the sun shines, in the same favored locality. The Earl of Yarmouth's engagement to Miss Thaw was announced while all the interested parties were sojourning in that balmy part of the world. The Earl of Yarmouth, who is heir to the marquise of Hertford, is quite an American figure, having been in this country several years. He is the poor representative of a great family, now rather down at heel. Like his *confère*, the Earl of Rosslyn, he tried the stage, as these unfortunate aristocrats, unless blessed with startling talents, are entirely unfitted by bringing-up and tradition for the struggle of money-making in the world's great marts. The earl was not, I believe, a success, though his title had its value on a play-bill. There appears to be no doubt that the young man tried honestly to make his living, and the effort must have had its painful side. The press, which can not see a titled head without wanting to hit it, jeered at his futile attempts, while society watched him uneasily, not quite sure whether the stage did not rule him out of the inner sanctuary.

His family, one of the great ones of England, have had many striking figures and episodes in its past. A Marquis of Hertford—either a grandfather or great-uncle of the present marquis—was the original of Lord Steyn in "Vanity Fair," a terrible old man, one of the most noted bloods and *viveurs* of his day. The modern head of the family was brought to poverty by the passing of the fortune into the hands of Sir Richard Wallace, the illegitimate son of a recent Marquis of Hertford. Sir Richard, who spent most

of his life in Paris, occupied himself and spent his fortune in collecting works of art. These are now shown in that magnificent residence—Hertford House, London—and are one of the finest exhibitions of pictures, curios, and armor in England. Any American who misses seeing the Wallace collection had better go back to London and correct the omission.

Of all the visiting notables Comte Robert Montesquiou de Fesencz seems to have made the deepest impression. In the first place, the comte is truly foreign. He had never been to this country before; he spoke no English; he was of unmixed French blood that boasted some of the bluest strains in France. Directs and collaterals of his distinguished clan inhabit those wonderful old *hôtels*, shut in stately seclusion behind great gates in the Faubourg St. Germain. The comte is an essayist and a poet, a lover of the beautiful, an artificer in words. His poems were on sale in a few shops—"Les Hortensias Bleus," "Les Chauve-Souris," "Les Perles Rouges"—in such wonderful bindings as were never seen before. Each volume cost twenty-five dollars, which will perhaps convey more clearly than mere description how rare and beautiful they were.

For some reason best known to themselves the reporters decided to take the comte as a new sort of joke. They described him as something so grotesque in garb and style that one wondered what would happen if he walked out alone on the streets. They depicted him as languishing, in a sort of æsthetic transport, among a collection of his own poems, strange articles of wearing apparel, and priceless *bibels* which he had brought with him, and without which he could not travel. As to his clothes, they were described with a lingering touch as something having the violent tints affected by negroes, varied by a weirdly eccentric taste in the matter of cravats and shoes. Altogether, one would not have been surprised to have read in the morning papers that the comte had been mobbed on Broadway as an unknown form of freak.

Giving the usual margin for exaggeration, one was forced to conclude that the gentleman must be of the most *outré* style and appearance. My surprise was, therefore, great in going to one of his *conférences* at Sherry's to find him a handsome, elegant-looking man of a thoroughly conventional type. The dominating note of his appearance is distinction. He looks what he is—the descendant of a race which has been high in rank, marked in culture, rich in worldly possessions for centuries. He did not look as if the dashing soldier blood of D'Artagnan, the captain of Louis the Fourteenth's Mousquetaires, who was one of his ancestors, was strong in him. He is not of the soldier type of man. In figure he was tall, spare, and straight; in face handsome, in a romantic, Spanish-Hidalgo manner, and having an expression of somewhat bored indifference. He has ink-black hair, brushed up in a pompadour, a black mustache, and dark, cavernous eyes.

The *conférence*, which was on "Le Mystère," was well attended. One of Sherry's Fifth Avenue reception rooms was crowded. As the tickets were five dollars apiece, it must have paid well. Numerous beautiful ladies in gorgeous clothes swept in, and on the way out the automobiles lined the sidewalks for some distance. It was evident that the comte was a great success with the Four Hundred. Before he left, fashionable hostesses were vying with one another in offering him entertainments. They seemed to have impressed him deeply, for in the various interviews he gave and articles he contributed to some of the evening papers, he spoke with enthusiasm of the charming and gracious ladies of New York. That his gorge should have risen at the press is not odd. The only thing that was surprising was that he was so moderate in his comments. That is why people are uneasily waiting to see what he will say when he gets back to Paris.

The *conférence* was a typical French talk of the hour-and-a-half, afternoon sort. We in this country have, for some reason or other, never taken kindly to this delightful form of entertainment. The French love it, and there are numerous men of learning in Paris who are famous for the brilliancy and charm of their *conférences*. It is not a lecture, and not a reading; more like a spoken essay than anything else, sometimes on a person, sometimes on an epoch, sometimes on an impersonal subject, such as the comte's "Le Mystère." *Mystère* and charm had somewhat the same significance to him. Both were essential to enduring work. Mystery was the keynote of Leonardo da Vinci's haunting power. In the almost awful ruggedness of Michael Angelo it lurked, at it did in the coquettish fascination of Watteau. We, in this country, have produced two great exponents of mystery. Who are they? Edgar Allen Poe and Whistler. It was a little difficult to recognize these familiar friends under the disguise of a strong French accent. I was some time locating Poe. I don't know what he sounded like. Whistler I had heard of in Paris as "Vislaire," so I had not as much trouble in penetrating his *olios*. The comte possesses a talent for forming beautiful phrases. Felicitous combinations of words evidently charm him. Some of his descriptive sentences had the glow and color of paintings. Taken as a whole, the discourse was thin and poetic, full of a sort of dilettante exquisiteness, fragile, fine as gossamer, delicate as a cobweb. It was a form of *conférence* absolutely unknown in this country, and its verbal elegancies, its studied preciseness, quite unlike the work of any American lecturer that I have ever heard.

GERALDINE BONNER.

New York, April 8, 1903.

OLD FAVORITES.

[A correspondent of the *Argonaut*, Mr. William P. Hapgood, has sent us some verses from a poem strongly resembling Sidney Lanier's "The Revenge of Hamish," printed in these columns a few weeks ago, and has asked (1) the name of the author of the poem he recalls, and (2) whether it is a case of plagiarism or parody on the part of any one. In reply to the first question we are printing the poem in full below, with the name of the author, Charles Mackay. To the second question we are unable to give an answer. The several volumes of poems by Charles Mackay, published along in the 'fifties, are none of them to be found in the Mercantile, Mechanics', or Public Library of San Francisco. Lanier's "The Revenge of Hamish," first appeared in *Appleton's Journal* for November, 1878, but there is prefixed to it in that place no note of explanation, nor do subsequent numbers of *Appleton's* contain any note on the subject in Lanier's collected works. We rather suspect that the story told in both poems is older than either, and that both poets drew their inspiration from a common source in some collection of ancient Scottish folk-lore or balladry. The poem here printed appeared in the *Argonaut* some fifteen years ago.—Ems.]

Mackaine's Child.

"Maclaine, you scoured me like a hound,
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part,
You should have stabbed me to the heart,

"You should have crushed me into death;
But here I swear with living breath
That for this wrong which you have done
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and, bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold,
A smiling infant three years old.

And, starting like a hunted stag,
He sealed the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The heeting seaward precipice.

And leaning o'er the topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge!
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain,
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine."

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother follows, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink she raised
Her supplicating hands and gazed.

"Oh, spare my child! my joy, my pride;
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried,
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man;
You've injured me before the clan,
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And, as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild;
But at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step and made reply:

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall fly, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son!"

The lady's cheeks grew pale with ire;
The chieftain's eye flashed sudden fire.
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim, then dropped it sore distressed.

"I might have slain my haire instead,
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran,
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged, I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine;
I will not fight you—think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word,
She could hut look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy—I yield," he cried.

A storm of passion shook his mind—
Anger, and shame, and love combined—
But love prevailed, and, hending low,
He heared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true,
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do,
For by yon heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall wreak."

But Evan's face heamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy,
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochy, shall he complete."

E'er hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock;
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms in the deep.

They found their hodies in the tide,
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niohe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on the gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

—Charles Mackay.

During the month of March the deserts in the navy numbered 366, or 1.29 per cent. of the whole enlisted force, 28,270. If this rate of desertion is continued for the rest of the year, the yearly average will be 1.5 per cent.

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN LONDON.

Why Englishmen Now Regard Us as Social Equals—First Notable International Marriages—Our Popular Embassy.

The changes that have taken place in English society during the past twenty years in its ways and customs, its manners and its forms are simply marvelous. And the people who have had more to do with this alteration than anybody else are Americans—I should say the American wives of the Englishmen of high station. It began in a humble sort of fashion years ago—longer than twenty—by the four ladies who formed the nucleus of the then obscure American colony—Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Viscountess Mandeville, and Lady Randolph Churchill. While it is true that they were supposed to be deep in the endeavor to adopt themselves to English ways, out of regard to a desire to conform to the wishes of their husbands (which, by the by, does not include Mrs. Ronalds), they unconsciously started the enlightenment of the hitherto benighted British mind on the subject of American women of culture and refinement, who had refined ways and customs of their own which would show themselves however much they were sought to be kept in check and subservient to English "form."

Imperceptibly at first, but gradually on the increase, these nice Americanisms became attractive. They were charming, chic. Ouida was all wrong when she drew Fuschia Leech, if she meant her for an American lady. There are, of course, scores of Fuschia Leeches coming to London every season, hundreds of Middle-West girls who say "popper" and "mommer," but English people now know just how and where to place them. And this, thanks to the four pioneer ladies aforementioned, who, as years have gone by, have been ably seconded by Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Lady Naylor-Leyland, the Duchess of Marlborough, and many others.

I'm afraid I can not include Lady Hesketh in the list. She has had little or nothing to do with London society at any time, certainly not as a social power like the others. And there have been several American ladies who have at different times taken up their residence in London, apparently without rhyme or reason, who have, if anything, had a counteracting effect upon the others. That is to say, they would have done so had they been people of prominence or influence, save in the columns of the easily subsidized society press. Happily they were not.

Other American ladies who have had much to do in educating English taste into a decided American tone in London society during the years which have followed King Edward's accession, are Mrs. Richardson Clover and Mrs. Ridgley Carter, the first, the wife of the United States naval attaché of the American embassy, the latter the wife of one of the secretaries. Perhaps no greater proof of the immense popularity of these two ladies could be found than in the sincere and widespread regret that has been shown throughout the length and breadth of the smart set at their departure with their husbands, whose time of service is up.

Another thing that has had much to do in cementing socially the ties which exist between real Americans and English at the present time is the sort of men who have been sent by the United States Government to represent the nation in the embassy. I do not refer to Mr. Choate especially, although there never was a more esteemed and popular ambassador sent to the Court of St. James, but to the secretaries and attachés. Mr. Henry White has labored long to show to English eyes a high type of an American gentleman of culture and refinement. I was going to say for years he labored alone. But he was too ably aided by his wife, who was a Miss Rutherford, of New York, to have that said. But I mean, as a man, until lately, he worked single-handed. Latterly, however, a better, more representative type of American good society man has come to his assistance at the embassy.

A new departure in the right direction was inaugurated by the appointment, some three years ago, of young Mr. Cutting, of New York, a veritable, genuine member of the Four Hundred. To show how quickly he was appreciated in English high life, it is only necessary to mention that he shortly distinguished himself within its sacred precincts by marrying an earl's daughter. He has been followed by Captain Clover and Mr. Carter, the latter having made himself famous in the West End drawing-rooms of the smart set during the last London season as a leader of the german. Last, but by no means least, has come Mr. Craig Wadsworth, one of the most representa-

tive of New York's swell set, and a german leader beside whom Mr. Carter's hitherto effectual fire will have to pale. That the United States embassy should have a man of his social calibre attached to it is, indeed, a feather in the national cap, and great things are expected of him in society during the coming season. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, April 3, 1903.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tale of the Nova Scotian Coast.

In his pretty and pleasing title, "The Garden of Charity," Basil King conveys a double meaning, one objective, and the other subjective. Charity is a woman who, by the help of her father, has wrested a blooming garden out of the rocky soil on the bleak heights of the Nova Scotian coast. And charity is the gentle virtue which, after long and faithful waiting for the return of her handsome young husband from a twelve-year desertion, she is called upon to exercise, when the absent is at last found. The writer has located his tale among the homely fisher-folk that perch their cottages on the granite stretch of coast near "the Banks," and who are nearly all descendants of the Huguenots that sailed from the borders of France and Germany on the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

Long and strenuous wrestling with hostile elements for a bare subsistence has robbed these people of the graces and vivacity that, under happier conditions, would have betrayed their Latin origin. Time and toil have developed them into a type more akin to that of the fishing population on the obscure stretches of the New England coast, and their dialect is very similar. But such differences as these are fully brought out by the author, who gives us the novelty of a new habitat for his characters, and a local atmosphere that is full of individuality. The homely talk of his fishermen and their women-kind is as pungent as the salty Atlantic breeze, and there are many bits of beautiful description that bring the purple headlands and the wide stretches of blue, foam-fringed sea before the inner vision like a vividly painted picture.

The story relates the unspoken conflict between the two deserted wives of the soldier who was "as false as fine weather" regarding their rights and privileges of widowhood—and there is a gentle and pleasing pathos in the self-abnegation of the rightful one, and the thoroughness of charity with which, when the struggle is over, she sets herself to atone for the sins of the Adonis whose death has betrayed his falseness.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Diary of a Soldier.

A narrative treating of events of the Napoleonic wars is "Adventures with the Connaught Rangers," by William Grattan, Esq., edited by Charles Oman, of the University of Oxford. Professor Oman in this volume has pruned down extensively the diary of William Grattan, an Irish soldier, and presents a concrete and consecutive account of the fortunes and exploits of the Connaught Rangers during the years 1809-1814. It is almost needless to say that humorous events and exciting episodes figure prominently in the book, and that the nature of a soldier's life in these times is well brought out. Among the hits of humor is the following: "At drill, our manoeuvres were chiefly confined to line marching, echelon movements, and formation of the square in every possible way; and in all these we excelled. Colonel Wallace was very unlike an old major who, having once got his battalion into square, totally forgot how to get it out of it. Having tried several ways, each time more effectually clubbing the sections, he thus addressed his officers and soldiers: 'Gentlemen! I can clearly discern that there is a something wanting, and I strongly recommend you, when you reach your barracks, to peruse Dundas! (a drill book). Men, you may go home,' and he thus dismissed them."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

A Girl of Ideas.

"A Girl of Ideas" is the story of a young woman whose book manuscript was rejected by every publisher in the country. She decides within herself that, notwithstanding the intellectual density of the editorial confraternity, she is a mine of original ideas and will sell them in the raw. Accordingly, she opens an office—an idea shop—sends circulars of her wares to popular authors, and promptly proceeds to do a thriving trade. Authors of successful books, struggling writers who

have not succeeded, ambitious beginners, crowd her office, while the Girl of Ideas doles from her tabulated lists of tragedy, comedy, poetry, even puns and jokes, whatever they may need. She reaches her office in the morning and disposes of her eager customers in business-like fashion. First, she handles the writers of sea-stories. Without a moment's hesitation the Girl of Ideas says to a writer in search for a title, "Call this collection 'A Dash of Salt.'" To another eager customer she deals out the title, "The Crest of the Wave." Then she remarks, blandly, "Writers of animal stories I'll take you in a bunch." Whereupon six stories are summarily christened. When the happy title, "The Soul and the Brute" is suggested, we are told a dozen authors spring forward as one man. "Ten Dollars!" calls out one eager author, then "Ten!" "Twenty!" "Thirty!" the bids go up till a hundred dollars is offered for the title, "The Soul and the Brute." This idea of the Girl of Ideas might prove a boon to disgruntled aspirants for literary honors. If you are a hopeless failure at writing yourself, open an Idea Stock Exchange and sell ideas and plots for a hundred dollars apiece. This book is written in a serious vein by Annie Flint, and is topped off by a romance between the girl and a successful author, whereupon we receive, with thankful hearts, the assurance that she retires from business.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Human Nature and the Social Order," by Charles Horton Cooley, instructor in sociology at the University of Michigan, is a study of the inter-relationship of Society and the Individual. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

The address delivered at Trinity Church, Boston, by William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts, in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the death of Phillips Brooks, is issued in a small book entitled "Phillips Brooks." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

The interest that children have in animals, wild and domestic, is appealed to by John Monteith, M. A., in "Some Useful Animals and What They Do for Us," an elementary reading-book for children during their second and third year's schooling. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Italian Renaissance in England" is the title of a work by Lewis Einstein on that interesting impulse, which was fraught with such moment to the intellectual advancement of the Christian world. The chapter-headings are as follows: "The Scholar," "The Courtier," "The Traveler," "The Italian Danger," "The Italians in England: Churchmen, Artists, and Travelers," "The Italian Merchant in England," "Italian Political and Historical Ideas in England," and "The Italian Influence in English Poetry." It is a book of some four hundred pages, containing a bibliography and an index; also several illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Mind Power and Privileges," by Albert B. Olston, is the title of a recent work treating on the subjective mind in relation to the physical body and its health. The author says: "Already many of the most intelligent physicians have come to doubt the efficacy of most of the drugs commonly used, and the question is much discussed whether in the main it is the drug, or the effect through the patient's belief in the drug, which produces the most salutary results." It is very apparent to all that at best drugs are but an aid to the system over which the mind exercises chief control, and that in critical stages of diseases sometimes the attitude of the patient's mind is of more importance than the doctor's skill. Hence this popular inquiry of Mr. Olston's is along interesting lines. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 net.

The volume, "China and the Powers," by H. C. Thomson, gives a clear account of the causes leading up to the Boxer uprising and of the uprising itself. It shows that the intense hatred of foreigners, which exists among the unchristianized Chinese, is but augmented by the presence of missionaries and the construction of railroads and other foreign improvements. When the trouble began, the mobs did many curious things that showed the peculiar manner of reasoning employed. The author says: "When the Boxers destroyed the station on the Pekin line, the first thing they did was to tear up the tickets;

for, said they, if there are no tickets, people will no longer be able to travel." The work graphically describes the military operations of the allied forces, and events subsequent to them, all of such recent absorbing popular interest. There are many good illustrations. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

Teachers and others concerned in the science of education will be interested in "The Theory of Education in Plato's 'Republic,'" by John E. Adamson, M. A. Professor Adamson says: "The chief value of the theory of education which is developed in the 'Republic' lies, I think, in the closeness with which it is bound up with social and philosophical problems. Education is therein never divorced from life." But for these very reasons the student finds the good points of the "Republic" hard to appreciate, and the purpose of Professor Adamson's work is to "help the thoughtful teacher to lay hold of the high educational ideals which Plato sets forth." Published by the Macmillan Co., New York; price, \$1.10 net.

There is a constant effort among rhetoricians to outdo each other in writing textbooks. The essentials of their works are the same, but each adds some pet idea that he thinks is of vital importance in the study of the science of language, and that he fondly hopes will place his product above all others. Yet few have any claim to superiority; and, of course, many have but little to commend them to the thoughtful teacher. "Beginnings of Rhetoric and Composition," by Adams Sherman Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, is undoubtedly a work of merit, but it has nothing to place it over several books in use that cover the same ground. However, it is simple, orderly, and up to date. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Prolific Clyde Fitch.

If Clyde Fitch continues to turn out dramas that are as successful as "Nathan Hale," "Barbara Frietchie," "Captain Jinks," "Beau Brummel," and "Lover's Lane"—to mention only a few which have been seen here—he will soon be a millionaire, for he is undoubtedly at the present time the busiest and best-paid dramatist in the United States. Before sailing for Europe last week, he mapped out the herculean task which he has set for himself this summer, as follows:

"I have to finish 'Her Own Way,' in which Miss Maxine Elliott is to star under Charles B. Dillingham's management, and also write a new play for Charles Frohman for production in New York about Christmas time. When I have completed this work and rested a bit, I shall go to Berlin to arrange for the production of 'The Girl and the Judge,' and 'The Girl With the Green Eyes,' both of which are to be seen in Germany. Herr Heinrich Stobitzer, author of 'Love on Crutches,' is to make the German versions. I expect to be in Paris and London by the end of June, and then I shall probably go to the Swiss Alps for six weeks or so before my return to America."

"I will be very busy this autumn. 'Her Own Way' will be produced at the Garrick Theatre the last week in September. Practically the entire company has been engaged and the scenery all selected. Charles Cherry will be Miss Elliott's leading man. My new musical comedy, 'The Infant Prodigy,' in which Fay Templeton will star, will be produced the second week in October, at the Casino. This is a quaint costume piece, on the style of 'Captain Jinks,' but of a different period. 'Major André,' the third of my historical plays, will have its first presentation at the Savoy Theatre, about the middle of November, with Arthur Byron, who made a hit as the Hungarian Count Kinsey in 'The Suburbans of Geraldine,' in the title-role. This entire production is ready, and the company engaged, including Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Mrs. Jones, and Arnold Daly for leading parts."

"Then I have for production next season 'The Last of the Dandies,' with Henry E. Dixey, which was played a year ago by Beer-bohm Tree in London. Miss Clara Bloodgood will appear again next season in 'The Girl with the Green Eyes,' and Miss Mannerling will again star in 'The Stubbornness of Geraldine.'"

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is now a great-grandmother, by the birth of a child to Mrs. Henry Marion Hall, of East Orange, N. J. Mr. Hall is son of Mrs. Howe's daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, of Plainfield, and he is instructor in Carteret Academy of Orange. Mrs. Howe is almost eighty-four years old, her birthday coming May 27th.

Brigham Young, president of the Council of Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church, died in Salt Lake last Saturday, after a lingering illness. He was born at Kirtland, O., in 1836, and was the eldest son of President Brigham Young.

It is announced that Marie Cordell's next book will be "simply a love-story."

LITERARY NOTES.

A Life of Lies.

So far superior is "The Chameleon" to "The Second Generation," that it seems impossible that both books were written by the same man within a year. The latter story appeared to have been hurriedly dashed off by a rather bright young journalist; the former is a subtle and complex study in human motives that is of absorbing interest. Indeed, "The Chameleon" is one of the best of recent books.

The character in the novel to whom the author evidently intends the name Chameleon should apply is a young man just entering upon his career as a lawyer. He is a person to whom praise is meat and drink. He always wonders what people are thinking about him. He always hopes they are praising him. His actions are not the result of real feeling, but rather are what he mentally decides would be the right thing to do under the circumstances. In any company he is always conscious of the attitude of every person toward himself. He often stretches the truth. He acts. He lacks intellectual integrity. He is, in short, insincere. And yet, at the same time, he is courteous, courageous, gentle, and clever.

Well, this young man, Bradford, loves, is beloved by, and marries a gray-eyed girl of nineteen. She is honest; she sees things clearly, but narrowly—and he lies to her. They are not what the world calls black lies, but they destroy the wife's faith in her husband, and we are witnesses of a slow marital tragedy depicted with unusual power.

Through the character of the Chameleon as it relates to his wife is the real theme of the book, the pair by no means occupy all the time the centre of the stage. Murdoch, the portly American pickle-maker, whose pictures adorn the hoarding all over the country, is admirably drawn; so, emphatically, is Father Clarges; so are Dr. Craven, the fine old-fashioned Greek scholar, president of Carfax College; the several healthy college fellows who form the "Residium"; Marion Craven, the old-maid daughter of the college president; Barrett, the lawyer—indeed, all the minor characters.

The book, besides being a first-rate story, is a keen commentary on our complex civilization. The author—James Weber Lenn—never expounds; but the sharpness of his contrasts is like a continual query. He states paradoxes for us to solve. From the hazy mazy things of life he selects antitheses, makes us approve both, and says "Why? why? the reason?" One has a desire, when the book is finished, to read it again—and that is saying a good deal for a novel of to-day.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Poetry of Browning.

Not so very long ago, Stopford A. Brooke wrote of "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life." He now puts forth another book, an equally serious and careful analysis of "The Poetry of Robert Browning." Of the relation of these poets to each other and to their time, he says:

Parnassus, Apollo's mount, has two peaks, and on these, for sixty years, from 1830 to 1890, two poets sat, till their right to these lofty peaks became unchallenged. Beneath them, during these years, on the lower knolls of the mount of song, many new poets sang, with diverse instruments, on various subjects, and in manifold ways. They had their listeners; the Muses were also their visitants; but none of them ventured seriously to dispute the royal summits where Browning and Tennyson sat, and smiled at one another across the vale between.

It is possible to belittle neither the one nor the other in comparison, because of their very unlikeness—"There could be scarcely two characters, two musics, two minds, two methods in art, two imaginations, more distinct and contrasted, than those which lodged in these men." And again, "Taking into consideration the whole of their work, Tennyson is the closest to human nature in its noble, common, and loving forms, as Browning is the closest to what is complex, subtle, and uncommon, in human nature." For sixty pages Mr. Brooke thus weighs and compares the two greatest of Victorian poets.

In the lover of Browning this book will awaken both his admiration and his ire; to the friendly reader of his verse its reading will be a pleasure, while to those skeptical of Browning's claims to greatness, it should be convincing. The four hundred carefully written pages cover such subjects as Browning and nature, Browning and the arts, Browning and manhood, the philosophy of Browning, his dramatic, lyrical, and imaginative verse.

The so-called obscurity of Browning's work was an intellectual affection and fad that has

had its day. The honest reader will find his greatest difficulty, not in disentangling obtruse sentences, but in adjusting his mind to the simple, unadorned line, which gives to Browning's poetry its dramatic, living force.

The book is uniformly bound with the one on Tennyson. There is a good index to the critical analysis of the poems.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first edition of "Roderick Taliaferro," by George Cram Cook, published by the Macmillan Company, was entirely exhausted on the first day of publication. As an unusually large sale of this story of the Maximilian Empire has been anticipated by its publishers, the first edition was by no means a small one, but much larger than is usually made of a new work of fiction.

Ernest Thompson Seton's first long story is soon to be published in book-form. It is entitled "Two Little Savages," and tells all about Indians and living in the woods—just the kind of a story that will appeal to Mr. Seton's innumerable young admirers.

A novel by Alfred Henry Lewis, shortly to be published, will be entitled "Peggy O'Neal." President Andrew Jackson is the hero, and the heroine is the tavern-keeper's daughter—Peg O'Neal—who married Major Eaton, afterward Jackson's Secretary of War.

William Dean Howells's forthcoming book will be entitled "Questionable Shapes."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just imported the "Autobiography and Letters of Sir A. Henry Layard, from his Childhood until his Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid." It is edited by the Hon. William Napier Bruce, and contains a chapter on his parliamentary career by the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. The work is in two large volumes, with portraits and illustrations.

George Ade's first book of short stories will be published this month under the title "In Babel." By "Babel" is meant Chicago, all of the stories dealing with some aspect of life in the city where Mr. Ade has won his success.

Among the names that appear as subjects of "Biographical Sketches," by Henry James, in a volume to be brought out this month by the Macmillan Company, are Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, J. R. Green, E. A. Freeman, T. A. Green, W. Robertson Smith, Lord Idlesleigh, Robert Lowe, C. S. Farnell, Lord Cairns, Sir George Jessel, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Fraser, Dean Stanley, Lord Acton, Henry Sidgwick, and Anthony Trollope.

H. G. Wells, whose glimpses into the future have been so entertaining, has ready for publication a volume entitled "Travels in Space," with an introduction by Sir Hiram Maxim.

For the Macmillan Company's English Men of Letters Series three new volumes are in preparation. "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" has been undertaken by Arthur C. Benson; "Maria Edgeworth" will be contributed by the Hon. Emily Lawless, while "Mrs. Gaskell" will be the work of Clement K. Shorter.

Under the title, "Life in a New England Town, 1787-1788," Little, Brown & Co. will publish this spring the diary that John Quincy Adams kept while he was a student in the law office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport. The volume will be edited by Charles Francis Adams.

The latest addition to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s list of Dante books is "Ruskin's Comments on Dante," to which Charles Eliot Norton will contribute an introduction.

After long silence Miss Braddon is about to bring out a new novel which she calls "The Conflict."

The Macmillan Company will publish in the autumn a new story by Cutcliffe Hyne, which takes its title, "McTodd," from a character already familiar to many readers of "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," and some of his other Scotch stories published in the magazines.

Maurice Hewlett has written a new novel which is to be published as a serial before coming out in book-form.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce that Mary King Waddington's "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," which will be published April 25th, will contain four times as much matter as was published serially in the magazine. Mme. Waddington is the daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia

College. M. Waddington, whom she married in 1874, was the ambassador extraordinary representing France at the coronation of the Czar, and the French ambassador to England from 1883 to 1893.

The Macmillan Company has in preparation a series of little novels by eminent novelists which will be known as Little Novel Series of Favorite Authors. "Man Overboard," by F. Marion Crawford; "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill; "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," by Gertrude Atherton; and "Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister, are four of the titles already announced.

SPRING VERSE.

Captive in London Town.

There comes a ghostly space
Twixt midnight and dawn,
When from the heart of London Town
The tides of life are drawn.

What time, when Spring is due,
The captives dungeon deep
Beneath the stones of London Town
Grow troubled in their sleep.

And wake—mint, mallow, dock,
Brambles in bondage sore,
And grasses shut in London Town
A thousand years and more.

Yet though beneath the stones
They starve, and overhead
The countless feet pace London Town
Of men who hold them dead,

Like Samson, blind and scorned,
In pain their time they bide
To seize the roots of London Town
And tumble down its pride.

Now well by proof and sign
By men, unheard, unseen,
They know that far from London Town
The woods once more are green.

But theirs is still to wait,
Deaf to the myriad hum,
Beneath the stones of London Town
A Spring that needs must come.

—W. G. Hole in "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic."

April Rain in the Wood.

When it comes, a passing guest,
Young leaves, like young birds in the nest,
Open wide their mouths to gain
As much as they can of April rain;
And weanling squirrels that learn to creep
In branches where they soon will leap,
Pause to taste the drop that cleaves
To the delicate faces of opening leaves;
Pale buds that shrink in hot sunshine
Unfold to drink this April wine.

As softly as it came, it goes—
So softly that a leaf scarce knows
Who has blessed it, whom to thank
For the cool, fresh cup it drank.

—Francis Sterne Palmer in the April Atlantic Monthly.

April.

Oh! met ye April on your way—
And was she grave or was she gay—
Saw ye a primrose chaplet fair—
Upon her tangled, wind-tossed hair?

And had she on a kirtle green,
The sweetest robe was ever seen?
Oh! met ye April on your way,
With eyes like dove's breast meek and gray?

Yes, I met April on my way,
Part morrow and part yesterday—
And she went laughing, she was sad—
Wayward and pensive, grave and glad.

The fluttering fabric of her gown—
Was emerald green, in shadow brown,
Soft gray as dove's breast were her eyes,
And bluest blue of summer skies!

Light fell her step upon the grass,
As though a fairy queen did pass;
Her hands were cold, yet full of flowers,
Her loose hair wet with pattering showers!
Strung daisies for a girdle white
Were wound about her bosom slight—
Yes! I met April on my way,
And swift she stole my heart to-day!

—Edith C. M. Dart in the Spectator.

Poppies.

A golden nugget felt the sun's warm rays,
Awoke to life, and longed to see his face;
It pushed its way up through the mellow mould,
And—merged in golden light—the jingling Gold,
Clasped in the arms of the adoring Sun,
Seemed melted—Gold and Sunlight into one;
Retaining yet the semblance of the two;
'Twas thus the glorious poppy came to view.
Transformed from gold, poured with a lavish hand

Forth, by the Maker, on this favored land,
Their golden petals by warm sunshine mellowed,
Their golden hearts by richest gold-dust yellowed,
Fit emblem of a land so rich and free;
Deep-hearted Poppies, by the Western Sea.

—Adelia Bee Adams in Out West.

Gilbert Parker, who is now at Monte Carlo, is busy collaborating on the dramatization of his popular novel, "The Right of Way."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Study of Woman.

In the prefatory note to his latest collection of short stories, Israel Zangwill says: "This volume embraces my newest and oldest work, and includes—for the sake of uniformity of editions—a couple of shilling novelettes that are out of print." Elsewhere he styles the collection "a study of woman," which, indeed, it is—woman in her variety of youth, maturity, and age, with the attendant graces and foibles of each stage. "The Grey Wig," which gives the hook its title, is the simple story of the coveted possession of a gray wig by two poor old souls whose faded faces have outgrown their lustrous brown eyes. After the youthful fires of passion are burned out, when one has loved and lost, but while life still endures, there still must be a reaching out for something, as in the case of these ancient *mesdames* to whom the all-needful hut unattainable is a gray wig.

The note of pathos is dominant throughout this collection, explained, perhaps, by its being "a study of woman," for Zangwill touches the vibrant chords of his women characters with a master hand, bringing out the unreasoning complexities, the sensitiveness, the infinite capacity for suffering and sacrifice that underlie the superficial frivolity. "The Eternal Feminine," as the title implies, is a love-story in a minor key—a woman, young and homely, who, by her goodness of heart and nobility of character, wins the love of a fine and worthy man. Here the story might have ended, but this refined, sensitive, almost heroic woman loves instead a "great, coarse, swaggering Don Juan-Baron Munchausen sort of chap, handsome enough in his raffish way," who, divining her adoration, makes capital of it to heat his hoard-hill in her little *penion*. Here, again, is a noble woman's unreasoning passion for sacrifice in her hopeless love for this unworthy brute, because—just because.

"Merely Mary Ann," "The Serio-Comic Governess," "The Big Bow Mystery," "The Silent Sisters," "The Woman Beater," make up the total of the book.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

In Slumber's Chain.

From primitive times mankind has been interested in the phenomena of sleep. The Greeks honored *Somnus* as the god of slumber, and the mythologies, fables, and folklore of other peoples have dealt with it in many ways; while to-day we have the pretty tale that the mother tells to the wide-eyed wonderer among his pillows, of how the sandman comes and puts sleep sand in the eyes of good children, which makes them sleep and have pleasant dreams.

The subject of sleep is treated by John Bigelow in "The Mystery of Sleep" (Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50 net), which now appears in a new and enlarged edition. Mr. Bigelow argues that sleep is not only a period of physical restoration, but of spiritual renewal as well, since during sleep influences continually flow from the "divine fountain." The work can not lay any claim to merit as a scientific demonstration, for its deductions are made from abstractions rather than from concrete evidences, yet it is not a shallow discussion of the subject, and will not fail to interest the general reader.

Another book is "The Witchery of Sleep," by Willard Moyer (Ostermoor & Co., New York; price, \$2.00). This work consists of some essays on subjects relating to sleep, with many handsome illustrations of heds used in ancient times by various peoples. It also contains a number of poems, drawn from many sources, relating to sleep.

A Dainty Story of Japan.

The revolutionary time in Japan prior to, and contemporaneous with, the opening of the ports to foreigners is something new in the way of background to a historical novel. Especially interesting is this period when portrayed by one possessing an intimate knowledge of the characteristics of the Japanese, and of the stirring events of that time. Of such sort is "The Wooing of Wistaria," by Onoto Watanna, whose first literary venture, "A Japanese Nightingale," was very favorably received. Her second effort should bring her increased popularity.

Miss Watanna's Japanese birth and her education in American schools have peculiarly fitted her for the task she has undertaken. The condition of Japan at the time of the coming of Perry and others is lucidly presented in the unfolding of the plot. Prince Kieki, the hero, high in power under the Shoguns, is deprived of all but his land by the revolution, in which he is an important fac-

tor. The love tale between the prince and Wistaria, on which the plot hinges, is tragic and intricate, reminding one of the stories of contentions between the old feudal lords in Europe.

It is the style of the book, however, that is particularly noteworthy. Gleaming in color and redolent of the flowers of the author's homeland, delicate in fancy and dainty in expression, it is a unique combination of the elaborate, and, to us, ambiguous Japanese, and the purest and simplest English. From the many passages of beauty we quote the following: "But the lotus with the dew in its cups smiled but to weep. She threw herself down by the water's edge, and swept with her hand the lotus back from the surface of the water. The flowers at her touch left one little oval spot, out of which her small face shone up at her with its startled eyes of tragedy. She fancied it a magic mirror wherein the face of the divine goddess of mercy was reflected."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Daughter of the Wheat Fields.

To the fiction of our times that attempts to paint country life as it is, belongs "The Story of Kate," a tale for girls, by Pauline Bradford Mackie. In this book, however, the cramped Eastern farm scene is not put before us, but, instead, the free flowing stretch of California wheat fields, among which figure everything from Chinese cooks to strolling painters. The story centres about Kate, the daughter of a struggling ranchman and a college-girl, whom the drouth—by financially crippling her father—prevents from returning to her studies, when she pluckily takes the district school instead. An English artist appears on the scene, and affords a contrast with the rough ranchers, and figures prominently in a love-affair as well. Kate finally decides to become an artist, and the scene of the story moves to San Francisco.

The novel is a pretty picture of a brave girl's ambition—and, by the way, a correct one, for at the University of California one sees many of her type and in her circumstances—and its wholesomeness and other absorbing qualities should appeal strongly to girl readers.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.20 net.

New Publications.

"Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay, is reprinted in attractive form by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Schilling's Spanish Grammar," translated from the twelfth German edition by Frederick Zogel, and edited by him, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Conklin's Peerless Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas" is a pocket volume, in which is collected a mass of miscellaneous information. It is, however, somewhat inaccurate. Published by George W. Ogilvie & Co., Chicago.

"A Boy on a Farm" consists of extracts from the writings of the once popular author of juvenile works, Jacob Ahlott. The stories are clean and wholesome tales of farm life, and should not fail to interest the young. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 45 cents.

To a little book by Rev. George Dana Boardman called "Ethics of the Body" is prefixed the motto, "Mens sana in corpore sano." This text—a sound mind in a sound body—will suggest the intent and purpose of the several essays. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Jugendliebe," by Adolf Wilbrandt, is the title of a German comedy in one act, which has been edited, annotated, and supplied with a German vocabulary by Theodore Henckels. The work is intended as an elementary textbook of the German language. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 30 cents.

"A Prairie Winter," by "An Illinois Girl," is an account, in diary-form, of a girl's life on a farm between September and May. The author has a breathless style; here and there are really fine hits of poetic prose; but most readers, we think, will find a few pages quite a sufficiency of the musings and meditations of this exclamatory young woman. Published by the Outlook Company, New York.

The study of radiant energy is at the present time the task of some of our most able physicists, who have at their disposal the best scientific appliances of the age. A popular discussion of the subject was carried on

in the *Examiner* by Edgar L. Larkin, director of Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, Cal., and his complete treatise is now issued in book-form under the title, "Radiant Energy and Its Analysis: Its Relation to Modern Astrophysics," forming a work that should be of value to those interested in this branch of physics. The book is illustrated. Published by the Baumgardt Publishing Company, Los Angeles.

"Lays for Little Chaps," by Alfred James Waterhouse, is a book of verses and pictures for children. Most of the verses are humorous. Here is one of them:

I don't care if Charlie Jones
Is better 'an I be;
An' I don't care if teacher says
He's smart 'long side er me;
An' I don't care, w'en visitors come,
If she on him does call:
He aint got no measles, like I have—
He don't have luck at all.

Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

"How to Make Money," edited by Katharine Newhold Birdsall, consists of a series of papers, the results of practical experience on ways and means whereby women can earn money. It may seem that the making of money depends on the foresight and energy of the individual, and undoubtedly it does in the main, but, nevertheless, to the large number of women who find themselves in straitened circumstances, and have not the experience or the necessary knowledge of the world to know how to proceed without special training, this book should come as a valuable and suggestive guide. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

William Earl Dodge Scott, curator of the Department of Ornithology in Princeton University, owner of a private aviary containing some five hundred birds, and for practically his whole lifetime a student of American and foreign birds, has written a book called "The Story of a Bird Lover." He gives therein, in popular style, an account of his boyhood interest in wild things, and of his later outdoor studies in Florida, Arizona, Virginia, England, and many other places. A lengthy publisher's preface, in which the book is "hoisted" by laudation of its author, strikes us as in bad taste. Published by the Outlook Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The book-title "Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales" may be of rather doubtful significance to a person having the slang phrase in mind. Investigation shows, however, that the "pipe dreams" are not those well known to denizens of Chinatown, but are the quite innocuous ones that imaginative people enjoy with their twilight pipe. The volume contains five groups of tales under the titles, "Told as the Shadows Lengthen," "A Tale for Children and a Bed-time Fable," "Sketches from Life—A Dialect Group," "Pipe Dreams Set to Rhyme—A Medley," and "Vignettes of Old Days." They are of very modest merit. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The amateur floriculturist will find "Home Floriculture," by Ehen E. Rexford, a useful book. To most persons who grow flowers as a pastime, an extended scientific work on the subject is beyond their purpose and patience, but to these Mr. Rexford's volume will come to be gladly accepted for its untechnical and practical instruction as to how to grow flowers. The author does not give mere theory, but sets forth the results of a long experience in successful flower growing. He says: "I have confidence enough in the book to believe that those who read it will find it easy to understand, and that those who follow out its instructions will be able to grow all the plants treated in it, and grow them well." Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

We have before had occasion to call attention to the faulty character of the information furnished the reader on the title-pages of uncopyrighted reprints published by the New Amsterdam Book Company. This house has just reissued W. Hepworth Dixon's fine work, "A History of William Penn," which was a thorough revision of "William Penn: an Historical Biography," published twenty-one years before, or in 1851. The present reissue is without date except that of present publication, 1903. The uninformed reader would naturally suppose that this was a new and revised edition of a book published first in 1852. That these reissues should be so faulty in this respect is all the more regrettable, since, at the price, they are typographically admirable. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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Mrs. Campbell's Paula Tanqueray, we have been told many times, in print and out of print, is the first real or rather ideal presentation of that much-discussed character; and true it is that, after seeing her in the part, it is impossible to imagine any other actress adjusting her methods to so sympathetic an expression of the complex and varying phases of Paula's warped and unstable nature.

The meekly attentive but willful public has long been lectured at for hestowing its froward and unregenerate patronage upon the writers of sex tragedies, and it has been sternly intimated many thousands of times that Ibsen, Pinero, George Bernard Shaw, and Henry Arthur Jones—when he dares to create a Mrs. Dane—are irrelevant iconoclasts and desecrators of the established drama. Even William Archer has called Paula Tanqueray "one of those flowers of disease and blight that fringe the charnel house of the serious drama."

There have been all kinds of warnings about "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—the wise and witty, the intellectual, the stereotyped, the complacent, the self-righteous—even the cynical have frowned at theatre-goers who persist in patronizing problem-plays, and in multiplied chorus have sought to shoo us away from their demoralizing neighborhood. Nevertheless, San Franciscans have turned out in shoals to see Mrs. Campbell in her most famous part, and I am conscious of much satisfaction at having my unregenerate and long-existing curiosity concerning this widely discussed and much-abused play finally gratified.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with Mrs. Campbell as Paula, and supported by a company that is singularly well adapted to interpret the full meaning and spirit of the play, is one of the most interesting performances in the modern drama that has occurred in recent years in this city. Here we have one of the most unique personalities among English-speaking players, exhibited to its fullest powers in a play that is by the acknowledged leading dramatist in the English-speaking world, impersonating a character that has caused more ink-shedding and acrid discussion than has been aroused by any other of Pinero's "flowers of disease and blight," and presenting it with so vital and comprehensive an understanding as to sweep all other competitors from the field. How strange it was to see this woman, so completely the *grande dame* in "The Joy of Living," thus changed, both in manner and in the expression of an inner trend of thought and feeling. For Paula Tanqueray, beautiful, graceful, gifted with a frail but lovely glaze of elegance and refinement, longing for safe sanctuary from the loathsome associations of a tainted life, yearning for the calm, gentle affection of a pure girl, grateful to the good fellow who rescued her from the inevitable despair and degradation that awaited her, was hopelessly defiled for life by the pitch with which she had so long lived in close contact. There was no regeneration possible. One recognized it at once in the second act, when the beautiful creature, luxuriously housed, beautifully clothed, safe, apparently, in the shelter of a good man's love, chafed and fumed, and goaded to a life-long restlessness by the reckless prodigality of past pleasures, was unable to adjust her reckless craving, ill-balanced desires to the calm and peace of her present life. It was a situation without parallel, for Pinero has disdained all sentimentality of treatment, and handled his theme in a totally untraditional manner.

A curious feature of Paula's character is her extravagant and jealous affection, if so it can be called, for Ellean; and equally without precedent is the matter and manner of her discourse. It is like her nature, animated by a spirit of recklessness, irresponsibility, almost child-like perversity. It is strongly characteristic in its consistent inconsistency, and it is curious—unlike that of any other feminine creation—whose soul the dramatist has turned inside out in order to demonstrate that the human study of mankind is woman. After

reading, or witnessing, a representation of "Lord Quex," "The Amazons," even "Trelawny of the Wells," it is, on the whole, rather disappointing to reflect that these plays represent the work of the greatest living English dramatist. But while the subject of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is open to objection, throwing, as it does, enlightenment upon a seamy side of the social phase which does not tend to joy of the sensibility or elevation of the soul, the logical and well-ordered art of the dramatist compels profound admiration. Not a scene, a situation, scarcely a syllable but has its fixed purpose and bears close relation to the main thread of the argument.

How like a haggard Bacchanal Paula looks when the shadows of the tragedy gather, and the splendid home threatens to become a tomb. Exhausted in body, sick unto death in spirit, she moves, wretched, restless, yet ever graceful, pouring forth a stream of bitter, acrid wit, which bites, corrodes, and moves to laughter at one and the same time. I wonder if there was not some ulterior suggestion to the imagination intended by Mrs. Campbell in the luxuriously negligent style of the blue gown, with its sweeping draperies and lavish revelations of beautiful flesh. At all events, it greatly enhanced the diversity in type of the woman and the girl, and gave the trim, daintily decorous dress of the latter a character that greatly gained in appropriateness by force of contrast. It seemed, too, at once to mock at and emphasize the haggard despair of the woman when she struck her cheek in loathing of the self-betrayal made by her own beauty.

Miss Amy Lamborn is a very accomplished young actress, and succeeds in enveloping herself in the cold purity of Ellean's character as in a garment. She is a very able second to Mrs. Campbell in those tense situations of the play which call for simple, moving expression, and never strikes a false note. Mr. King, as in the rôle of Michael, Beata's husband, in "The Joy of Living," was simple, forceful, and realistic. He succeeds thoroughly in depicting the character of Aubrey Tanqueray, a man who committed a social crime, an act of quixotic folly which made him logically incur some of the horrors heaped upon his head, but who, by virtue of native worth and good intentions, still attracted and held the respect and regard of those whose code he had outraged. As for Mr. Wright Kramer, he, who last week made of Count Richard von Volkalinck a sort of admirably working automaton, he has come into his own in the part of Cayley Drummie. The whole trouble last week was that this actor was miscast. The brain could conceive the proper presentation of the character, but the physical representation was not there. This week Mr. Kramer is a cheery, social butterfly, but a butterfly with a heart. He is nimble in gait and speech, ready in wit, full of social philosophy, the confidant and adviser of everybody. Mr. Kramer plays the part *con amore*, and his cheerful piece portraiture is one of the keen pleasures of the performance. Mr. Charles Bryant, too, made his bit of delineation stand out like a flashlight among the brooding catastrophes that gloom and gather in the third act.

Mr. Rowan and Miss Dupre presented neatly executed specimens of the sort of social fungus from which Paula had vainly sought escape, and Mrs. Waldron gave, as a contrast, Mrs. Cortelyou, the woman of the world, tactful, gracious, self-poised. It added greatly to the sense of reality thus to see these English characters represented by English players, and not by the venerated article with which custom has made us so familiar.

It was, in truth, an unusually well-acted play, and with its wonderful display of technique, its tragical purport, its interesting and widely diverse types, its brilliancy and nervous strength of dialogue, its originality and unconventionality of treatment, it rivets the attention to an almost painful fixity. Yet not wholly so—the spectator pities, but condemns. Paula is a social outcast among those whose ranks she has invaded. She is an estray, who has outgrown her kind, but she is not, like Jones's Mrs. Dane, a lady, and when the glaze of her refinement cracks, something hard, unlovely, unloving, shows underneath. Her affection is fitful, capacious, suspicious. Disorder, unrest, and lurking terrors dog her footsteps, and in the apparent security of her new destiny, she can not escape the blight of her past. Thus it is that, even in the pity of her doom, one approves her act, for her death is the only solution.

What a curious sensation it would be if one could, for a brief space of time, suddenly swing back into the years and find one's self facing that magic area beyond the curtain to

find it once more peopled with players that charmed us in the past and that have passed away from the present.

I fancy that if we could stand apart and contemplate, as a present-day spectator, the acting and the actor that once wrought a wondrous spell, we might sometimes feel a little disdainful of the instruments of past emotions that we regard through the haze of years with a reminiscent admiration. The fewer standards we have to compare the more tolerant our verdict, and to-day we might reject our past standards.

Save, perhaps in one respect, there were fewer mediocre players twelve or fifteen years ago who dared attempt the Shakespearean drama. In San Francisco the cheap theatre did not exist, and our tastes for the legitimate drama were nurtured in a congenial atmosphere of lofty standards, set by Edwin Booth. The young players in his support copied him humbly and openly as far as their abilities allowed, and many of them, under the ægis of his favor subsequently embarked on starring careers of their own. If Mr. R. D. MacLean, at the Grand Opera House, is as young as he looks, it is quite surprising to find him so thoroughly in the spirit of the old legitimate, made familiar to us in the past, but perceptibly fading away in the present. To witness his performance one experiences sensations akin to those referred to, for he is an able and virile actor, whose speech, delivery, manner, gait, and gesture are founded on the models many of us remember so well.

We have of late years heard Shakespeare's lines on many tongues, but principally given with a pure Michigan or Indiana accent, and very depressing they can be under those circumstances. We have heard them, too, from the lips of old players, whose technique is good, but whose spirit is dulled and faded by routine. Mr. MacLean shows ardor in his work, and has that valuable histrionic trait—an ability to sink himself into his part and lose his identity with a thoroughness that assists greatly in the illusion. He has presence and personality that are enhanced by a peculiar, powerful, low-pitched, heavy-grained voice which he does not overtax by ranting. In fine, he is an actor who can make more than a passing impression.

Miss Odette Tyler has toned down a slight didacticism of tone and manner that characterized her in the past, and in the slight rôles she is attempting is an attractive and sympathetic little actress. The Grand Opera company generally, barring some exceptions among the subordinate members, is giving efficient support, and all are striving earnestly to lend dignity to the Shakespearean presentations.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Farce Comedy at the Columbia.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her depressing problem-plays will give way at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night to a laughable farce comedy, "Are You a Mason?" which has duplicated the success of such mirth-provokers as "Charley's Aunt" and "The Man From Mexico." The company is an excellent one including not only the popular comedians, John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise, but Edward Ahelcs, George Richards, Charles J. Greene, Gertrude Whitty, Sally Cohen, Amy Muller, and Margaret Evans. The plot of "Are You a Mason?" which is an adaptation from the German by Leo Dietrichstein, briefly, is as follows: A young married man has promised his wife that he will become a member of the Freemasons, her desire in the matter being prompted by the fact that her father holds high office in a Masonic lodge, having been a member thereof for a score of years. While his wife is away from home the young husband has a gay time, seldom returning to his home prior to four or five o'clock in the morning. One night he is taken into custody on a charge of disorderly conduct. Upon the home-coming of the wife the maid servant promptly reports the transgressions to her. She takes her husband to task. He excuses his conduct by declaring that he had joined a Masonic organization, and his absence from home was made necessary by attendance upon the sessions of the lodge. Upon his lapse from the truth the complications begin. They are increased when the father-in-law of supposed high Masonic standing appears on the scene. It develops that the old gentleman is, in reality, not a Mason, but has been masquerading as one for twenty years in order to explain his periodical absences from his family circle. Both the young husband and the father-in-law are continually in hot water, each fearing the other will discover his ignorance over Masonry. But they finally have an understanding, and when the curtain falls, every one is happy. "Are You a Mason?" runs for hut a week, and then comes William H. Crane in "David Harum."

"The Dancing Girl" at the Alcazar.

Next week's offering at the Alcazar Theatre will be Henry Arthur Jones's strong drama, "The Dancing Girl." It was in this play that E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned scored their first great hits as the profligate Duke of Guisberry and the pleasure-loving Drusilla Ives, respectively. The cast of thirty-one speaking parts will tax the full resources of the Alcazar company, and several picturesque stage settings, showing the Island of St. Endellion, the boudoir at Richmond, and the scene of the feast at Guisberry's town home in St. James's Park, are promised. On April 27th, Willie Collier's amusing play, "The Man From Mexico" is to be given, and then "We 'Uns of Tennessee" and "Lover's Lane" will follow.

An Old Favorite at the Tivoli.

On Monday evening Von Suppe's tuneful opera, "Fatinitza," will be revived at the Tivoli Opera House under the stage management of Ferris Hartman. The cast will include Arthur Cunningham as the general; Edward Webb as the war correspondent, who introduces a few up-to-date innovations among the Russians; and Hartman as the Turkish governor. Caro Roma will have a star part as the young officer, Vladimir, otherwise, Fatinitza; and Bertha Davis will appear as the young princess, Arthur Lee as a lieutenant, Karl Formes, Jr., as the sergeant, and Fogarty as the leader of the band of Turkish irregulars.

Robert D. McLean as Othello.

For the third week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House, Robert D. McLean and Odette Tyler will present Shakespeare's great tragedy, "Othello." Mr. McLean has won much praise in the East for his impersonation of the jealous Moor, and as Desdemona, Miss Tyler will have her first real opportunity to display her capabilities as a serious actress, for she has naturally been restricted in the minor princely roles in "Richard III" and "King John." Her one important scene with Huhert in the latter play this week, however, gives one an excellent idea of what may be expected. Her simulation of childish terror when Prince Arthur learns that King John has ordered his eyes burned out, his frantic appeal to his friend and keeper, and hysterical gratitude when he realizes that he is to be spared—all these emotions were realistically depicted with the firm touch of a true artist by Miss Tyler, and won enthusiastic applause.

Another Fischer Success.

"Helter-Skelter," with its trio of amusing comedians, its heavy of pretty chorus-girls, its picturesque costumes and stage settings, its catchy music and dainty dances, is crowding Fischer's Theatre at very performance. The musical gems are Harry Hermen's "Signor Gazzama," Olive Vail's "Zamona," Winfield Blake's "I'm Making a Bid for Popularity," Maude Amber's "You," and her duet with Mr. Blake, "When Two Hearts Beat as One." The patrons of Fischer's Theatre, by the way, will welcome the announcement that after the run of "Helter-Skelter" the first and most successful Weber & Fields burlesque, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," is to be revived for another run.

Popular Burlesquers at the Orpheum.

The most important newcomers at the Orpheum next week will be Charles J. Ross and Mahel Fenton, who were for several years favorites at Weber & Fields in New York, and

were last seen here at the Baldwin Theatre some years ago with Hermann's Transatlantic Vaudeville Show. They will appear in a sketch entitled "After the Ball," introducing original travesties on "Fedora" and "Virginus." The other new specialties will be Snyder and Buckley, musical comedians; William Friend and company, with Miss Thais Magrane as leading lady, in "Miss Bruno's Burglar," by Richard Carle; and Arthur Deming, black-face monologist, known as "the emperor." Those retained from this week's bill are Chris Bruno and Mahel Russell, who will continue their "Tricks of the Trade"; the Colby family; W. C. Fields, the eccentric juggler; Frank Aumann, the novelty athlete; and the biograph.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Mme. Eugene Mantelli, the well-known soprano of the Grau Metropolitan Opera Company, who will give some concerts here soon, will sing several grand-opera selections in costume. Among her selections are "L'apre per te il mio cor" from Saint-Saens; "Samson and Delilah"; "Der Arsa," from Ruhinshen; and "Sans Toi," from D'Hardelot; and "April Rain," by Oley Speaks.

Charles Francis Bryant, who has been connected with the Alcazar for several years, is to depart for the East soon to act as stage director under David Belasco. Before Mr. Bryant leaves it is the intention of Belasco & Mayer to tender him a testimonial benefit on Wednesday evening, May 6th, when he will appear in his favorite character of Lige Monroe in "We 'Uns of Tennessee."

The London jury in the libel suit of Richard Ganthony against the *Daily Express* has returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and damages in the sum of \$1,000 were awarded. The libel consisted in a statement by the *Express* that George Hawtrey rewrote Mr. Ganthony's play, "A Message from Mars." Mr. Ganthony denied this. He said that the idea and construction of the play were entirely his own, and that George Hawtrey merely changed the scene from New York to London, and introduced a few sayings to make the play suitable for his brother Charles.

The benefit to Clara Morris at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on Tuesday afternoon was a notable theatrical event, and netted some \$6,000 for the actress. Among the interesting features was the re-appearance for a single performance of Mrs. Agnes Booth Schoeffel, Mrs. Minna Gale Haines, and the novel appearance of Mr. Edward Harrigan and Mrs. Annie Yeamans, in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Among the other stars who volunteered were Amelia Bingham, Henry Miller, Joseph Haworth, Creston Clarke, J. E. Dodson, Boyd Putnam, Annie Irish, Mr. and Mrs. William Collier, Lew Dockstader, and Peter F. Dailey.

Sarah Bernhardt is noted for her originality. However, she is not averse occasionally to appropriating other people's ideas if there is the proper incentive—money, in sight, for example. Only a few weeks ago Arthur Bourcier, the actor-manager, and Henry Arthur Jones secured a stupendous advertisement for their joint production, "Whitewashing Julia," by excluding from the first London performance the critic of the *Times*, A. B. Walkley. Shortly thereafter Sarah excluded M. Faguet, of the *Journal des Debats*. The precise nature of M. Faguet's offense and its exact extent are not yet known, but it is generally regarded as sufficient that he lately called Mme. Réjane the first actress of Europe.

Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro remains firm in her determination never to return to the stage, for she writes thus to an American manager, who offered her five thousand dollars a week to make an American tour in readings from Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Longfellow: COURT FARM, BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE, March 18, 1903.

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With every good wish and kindest remembrance, yours very truly,

MARY DE NAVARRO.

Attractions at the Bench Show.

The officers of the San Francisco Kennel Club are well pleased with the outlook for a prosperous exhibition of high-class dogs at the seventh annual show to be held at Mechanics' Pavilion on April 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th. There are some four hundred entries of high-class dogs, including the finest breeds the country owns. The collies, hull-terriers, cocker spaniels, and Gordon setters are especially strong, and a number of novelties are promised. Notable among these are a kennel of the hob-tail variety of English sheep dogs, owned by Miss Dela Beach, of San José. This will be the first time that bob-tails have been entered at a San Francisco bench show. Another unique attraction will be a German squirrel dog, weight two and one-half pounds, which carries a tail resembling that of a tree squirrel. Another little beauty is a six-months-old Yorkshire terrier, weight eight ounces, and owned by Mrs. Roi, of this city. A kennel of Japanese spaniels will be another feature worthy of notice. For the first time on this Coast there will also be placed on exhibition an Irish wolf hound, owned by J. F. Kenealy, and a Clumber spaniel named Beech Grove Dick, and owned by G. D. Boyd, of San Rafael.

The cat show, under the auspices of the Pacific Cat Club, will be an additional attraction. Mrs. A. H. Brod, the secretary, has received the entries of some of the most valuable tabbies on the Coast.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 4,292,163.58
April 1, 1903.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS Assistant Cashier
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Cash Assets 4,734,791
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LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

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Paid in 2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00

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Secretary and General Manager.

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VANITY FAIR.

Something of the strenuousness of her Presidential father marked Miss Alice Roosevelt's stay in Porto Rico, from which she recently returned to Washington, D. C. Indeed, Governor Hunt found it difficult to convince the people that she was not visiting them in an official capacity. Her stay in San Juan was a continual ovation, and her trip across the island was like a royal progress. She visited all sorts of interesting places, witnessed reviews of troops and displays of fireworks; she named a fire engine and received deputations; she was taken on driving and coaching parties, and was dined, teated, and breakfasted, while everywhere her train stopped on the trip across the island she was cheered by crowds of people. Her visit was a red-letter event for the island. Here are a few of the things said about "Señorita Alice" in the San Juan News, San Juan Sun, and Boletín Mercantil de Puerto Rico, the principal papers of Porto Rico: "It is a great honor to the island to have the first young lady of the land set her foot upon our soil." "A trim young lady in a dark dress." "Prettier than her pictures." "She wore a large, light-blue picture hat with tall plumes." "The word which expressed how she appeared is stunning." "Miss Roosevelt's handshake is identical with that of her father." "There is that same sincerity, that same friendliness that goes with the grasp of the President, and in her smile can be detected the smile of President Roosevelt, which is known from one end of this broad land to the other." "Miss Roosevelt will be able to report to her father that she was welcomed by the unanimous sentiment of the island of Porto Rico because the people of this new possession of the United States love and adore the great man of this age."

The spectacle of rival towns bidding against each other to secure the lion's share of runaway marriages is not new. The reverse of this proceeding is now to be seen in South Dakota, where a divorce war seems to have sprung up in earnest, and other cities are disputing the primacy of Sioux Falls as the most convenient place for people to become unmarried. The towns are going about the matter in a perfectly business-like way, uninfluenced by any feeling one way or the other regarding the character of the industry they are trying to secure. In fact, they are beginning the campaign in just the same way as towns which want soap factories or Methodist seminaries. The citizens of one place (points out the New York Evening Post) held a mass-meeting the other day, and decided to go into the divorce business. But they do not think the rag-tag and bobtail divorcees are desirable customers. They are asking only the cream of the State's patronage, the men and women of wealth and "social prominence." To get it they are offering advantages which Sioux Falls never possessed. They promise every comfort and luxury at lower prices than those of Sioux Falls, and most important of all, freedom from publicity. To secure this, the town's legislative body has passed an ordinance prohibiting newspaper correspondents from plying their nefarious trade within its borders. The public eye, say the rival town's boomers, is too often focussed on Sioux Falls. Full-page illustrated articles on "The Sioux Falls Divorce Colony" are part of the stock in trade of every sensational newspaper, and are due in print ever so often. There will be none of that sort of thing in the new industrial centre.

A sensation has been caused in official and social circles in Washington, D. C., by the withdrawal of the application of Major-General Henry C. Corbin, adjutant-general of the army, for admission to membership in the Metropolitan Club, the principal social organization of Washington, which numbers among its members President Roosevelt, Secretary Hay, and other members of the Cabinet, ambassadors and ministers, Admiral Dewey, and many distinguished men in civil and military life. The withdrawal of General Corbin's application was brought about by opposition to his admission, which the earnest efforts of many influential friends were not able to overcome. The matter is not merely interesting as a bit of social gossip (remarks the New York Sun), but it has an important official side. Membership in the Metropolitan Club is deemed essential by many prominent men in Washington, and it has been customary for the club to receive as members the principal officers of the government and the high officers of the army and navy. For that reason General Corbin's friends who belong to the Metropolitan Club were anxious to have

him become a member. They had also a particular purpose in view. They deemed it very desirable that General Corbin should be in a position to extend the courtesies of the club to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts on his forthcoming visit to Washington, when General Corbin will return the courtesies shown him by Lord Roberts in London last year. It is reported that as a result of the opposition in the club to General Corbin, a number of army officers and civilians who are members will resign. Some of them have been placed in a very embarrassing position through having desired General Corbin to consent to have his name placed on the list of applicants. The feeling over the affair is intense on both sides, and the effect is likely to last for a long time.

The causes which produced the embarrassing position in which General Corbin has been placed date back many years. Once before his name had been put up for membership at the Metropolitan Club, but he failed to get the necessary number of votes in the board of governors. This rejection of his application was produced mainly by the charge that he had been expelled from a club in Chicago. General Corbin's enemies industriously circulated this story, and it was revived in connection with his second application for membership. This charge was not pressed to any extent, however, in the recent opposition to General Corbin, the main objection to his election being that he was personally disliked by a number of members of the club. Brigadier-General Alfred E. Bates, the paymaster-general of the army, put up General Corbin's name, and Major-General S. B. M. Young, who will be the next lieutenant-general of the army, seconded the nomination. Many prominent men, including Secretary Hay, Secretary Hitchcock, and Lieutenant-General Schofield, indorsed the application. Before acting, however, General Bates followed the customary practice of canvassing the board of governors, and was assured, it is said, that General Corbin would be elected. But when his name was posted in the club on the list of those proposed for membership, opposition developed in unexpected quarters. Two men, one of whom had held office under the War Department, and the other of whom had failed to obtain a commission in the army, are credited with having led the opposition which made necessary the withdrawal of the application of Major-General Corbin.

Frank G. Carpenter says that the Germans are very proud of their emperor, and they follow his lead more than is generally supposed. They copy his manners and dress. Take, for instance, the ugly green felt hats with feathers in them which you often see on the streets of Berlin and other German cities. No American would wear them, but the German patriot is proud to do so because the emperor wears such a hat when out hunting. There is no doubt also that it is due to his example that the most of the Germans curl their mustaches so that they tickle their noses. The Kaiser schnurrbart, or mustache, has made the fortune of many a waxmaker here, and patent-mustache curlers are advertised in the papers. His majesty waxes his mustache so that its ends turn out like a bow, and every young German, official and commoner, does likewise. Some men carry combs in their pockets, and you can see them slyly arranging their mustaches in the street-cars, holding their hands over their faces as they do so. Every one gives his mustache a twist at odd moments, and all, from the hotel waiter to the highest military official, are proud if they can preserve the Kaiserly curl.

It is predicted that the American cakewalk, so much in vogue, will soon give way in Paris to a new dance which an accomplished French dancing-master has invented. It is called the "veil-dance," and is described as follows: "Each lady wears a wrap of mousseline de soie or other filmy tissue thrown round her waist, and waves the free ends as she dances, and the men attempt to look as 'Régence' as possible, and use their closed crush hats as dancers in the graceful old pavane used their three-cornered ones. The dancers form in line, barn-door dance fashion, and to a tune half waltz and half gavotte the room is filled with graceful floating forms, to which the black coats of the men make an effective background. The effect is a pleasing one, and the dance, when well done, is almost stately."

The custom of men of all stations in life seeking out a bootblack-stand to have their shoes polished strikes Dr. Adolf Lorenz as ridiculous in a land where "time is money."

In a recent address, he said: "I have often asked Americans why I must be present in person whenever this indispensable operation is to be performed. I have pointed out to them that a quarter of an hour is generally wasted in this way. They admit that I am right, but they explain that it is an old custom and that the regular hotel attendants have more important work to do than cleaning shoes. If you want to have your shoes polished in America you must either go to a negro or polish them yourself. For this reason I advise every one who intends to cross the Atlantic, and who values his independence more than his personal comfort, to provide himself with brushes and a supply of polish before he starts on the journey. The visitors of the 'Mensa Academica' will also be interested in learning that to have one's shoes polished even once in America costs as much as a dinner provided by the 'Mensa.' One can easily see that under such conditions the cost of the cleaning shoes very soon exceeds the original purchase price. Indeed, cleaning shoes is an excellent business in America, and those engaged in it make fine profits."

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Since recently improved.
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A ton—and please you.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 15, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 4% Old.	1,000	@ 110 3/4	111 1/4	112 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S 5%	1,000	@ 98 1/2	99	
Los An. Ry. 5%....	3,000	@ 110- 111	108 3/4	110 1/2
Los Angeles Elec.				
Co. 5%.....	10,000	@ 104- 105	104 1/2	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	4,000	@ 104	104 1/2
Los An. Lighting				
Gtd. 5%.....	10,000	@ 105 3/4		
Market St. Ry. Con.				
5%.....	1,000	@ 117 1/2		
N. R. of Cal. 5%....	2,000	@ 121 3/4	121 1/2	
N. Pac. C. R. 5%....	4,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2	
Northern California				
Power 5%.....	1,000	@ 103	103 3/4	
North Shore Ry. 5%.	29,000	@ 103 1/2	103 3/4	
Oceanic S. Co 5%....	2,000	@ 78 1/2	75	80
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	4,000	@ 111 1/2	111 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	4,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905				
Series A.....	5,000	@ 103 1/2-104		
S. P. of Cal. Spd.				
6%.....	5,000	@ 111	120 1/2	
S. V. Water 4 1/2 d.	1,000	@ 101	101	101 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	1,000	@ 100 1/2	100	100 1/2
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa.....	115	@ 57 1/2- 61	57 1/2	60
Spring Valley.....	305	@ 83 1/2- 84 1/2		
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	125	@ 65 1/2- 66 1/2	66	67
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S.....	295	@ 44 1/2- 45 1/2	45	46
Hutchinson.....	355	@ 15- 15 1/2		
Kilauea S. Co.....	55	@ 7	7 1/2
Pauahau S. Co.....	150	@ 18- 18 1/2	18 1/2	18 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	200	@ 4 1/2	4	4 1/2
Equitable Gas.....	100	@ 4 1/2- 4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4
Mutual Electric.....	10	@ 6	6 1/2	
Pacific Gas.....	390	@ 39 1/2- 40	39	
S. F. Gas & Electric	205	@ 56 1/2- 59 1/2	57	58 1/2
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	5	@ 56 1/2	56 1/2	58
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	55	@ 153 1/2	153 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	20	@ 14- 14 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2

The sugars have been active, and on sales of about 850 shares made gains of from three eighths of a point to one point, but closed off easy, with small losses in price.

Spring Valley Water was strong, and on small sales advanced to 84 1/2; Contra Costa on sales of 115 shares sold off three and one-half points to 57 1/2, closing at 57 1/2 bid, 60 asked.

The light and power stocks have been fairly active. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 205 shares sold off to 56 1/2, a loss of three and one-half points, closing at 57 1/2 bid, 58 asked.

Pacific Gas Improvement was in good demand, 390 shares changing hands at 39 1/2 and 40, closing at 40 1/2 bid, 41 asked.

Giant Consolidated Powder was weak, selling off one and one-half points to 65 1/2, closing at 66 bid, 67 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

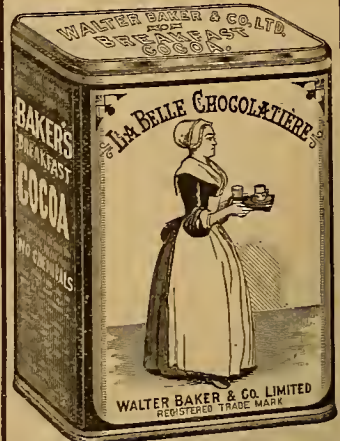
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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
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Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH

New
Discovery
by the
MISSISS BELLS
A Trial Treatment
FREE to Any One
Afflicted with Hair
on Face, Neck or
Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin. The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women. Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary St., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

P. T. Barnum was a great practical joker. On one occasion he notified the dealer from whom he bought a large amount of supplies that half the pepper he sent him was peas. The dealer indignantly denied the charge, and quite a warm correspondence followed, it being finally ended by Barnum, who inquired whether half the letters in the word "pepper" were not p's.

"Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?" Abraham Lincoln once remarked in surprise to a delegation that reported to him one of the many instances in which the Secretary of War refused to obey the President's orders. "He did, sir, and repeated it." After a moment's pause the President is said to have remarked, sadly: "Well, if Stanton said I was a damned fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally means what he says. I will step over and see him."

On April Fool's day, the audience at an amateur dramatic performance in the Naval Academy at Annapolis was startled when one of the instructors made his appearance before the curtain about the time the performance was to begin, and solemnly announced: "I wish to make an announcement—a very sad announcement. Under the circumstances it scarcely seems fitting that the entertainment should proceed. Word has just been received that one of the navy's vessels has gone down with all on board!" A hush of horror followed this gravely delivered speech, for most of those in the audience were connected by close family ties with the navy. "What was the name of the vessel?" came a voice from the rear of the hall. "The submarine boat *Holland*," replied the instructor, as he dodged and made a hasty exit.

In an article on "Some Humors of Congress," in the *Century Magazine*, Francis E. Leupp says that Representative Harter, of Ohio, used to be one of the most earnest and vigorous debaters in the House. In the intensity of an argument he quite forgot his surroundings. One day he was laying down the law in an impassioned way, and telling what ought to be done with a certain public shuse. "We ought to seize it," he cried, "as a terrier does a rat, and shake the life out of it!" In entire self-oblivion he reached forward and seized Mr. McKaig, of Maryland, a rather small, light man, lifted him by his coat, and shook him, suiting action to words. McKaig was so astounded that he quite forgot to struggle, but naturally he was much incensed at the indignity. It took the interference of several friends and the most profuse apologies from Harter to avert hostilities and restore good feeling.

Rev. W. W. Waddell declares that enemies of the Protestant faith have made missionary work in Bahia, Brazil, especially hard for him by telling the more credulous that the religion which he represents permits all kinds of special wickedness. Accordingly, men and women came to him and ask to join the Presbyterian Church of Bahia, which now has about one hundred members, with the understanding that they continue in certain vices. "I remember one man," he says, for example, "coming to me and asking if he could become a member of the church, and when I asked him if he understood the creed of the Presbyterian faith, he said: 'No; but I want to go to heaven.' Then, of course, you expect to lead an upright life?" I said. "No, no," was the answer, "that's just what I don't want to do. They tell me that one can sin all he wants to and belong to your church. The religion that I used to believe in was too strict. They wanted to pardon me and then license me to continue my life, for a certain sum. I didn't have the money, so I got out."

One day while in Norway an opportunity was given to L. P. Richards to verify the statement that the name of Björnsterne Björnson means as much as the Norwegian flag. "A battalion of Norwegian and Swedish cavalry, infantry, and artillery, between 3,000 and 4,000 strong, was returning from its maneuvers to the post in Christiania," he says. "In passing Aulestad, the general in command sent his adjutant in advance to get Björnson's permission to bring him an ovation. With his family and guests assembled about him on the veranda, the monumental figure stood with bared head to receive the military greeting. As each regiment passed in review below, presenting arms as to their chieftain, there went up a deafening shout of personal salutation from each of the soldiers, who then

joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were offering this spontaneous salute. There was the unique spectacle of a man in private life being accorded a military, spontaneous demonstration by the nation's army which a king might envy."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Novel.

A moon, a sky,
A mountain high,
A lane;
Some trees, some grass,
A youth, a lass,
A cane.
A smile, and sighs,
And drooping eyes,
Alack!
An arm, a waist,
A squeeze in haste,
A smack.
A church, an aisle,
Some folks in style,
Aside;
A vow, a hand,
A bridegroom, and
A bride.
A tenement,
Top floor, cheap rent.
Not all;
Ten children gay,
Who love to play,
And hawl—Ex.

Ad Infinitum.

They've found the bug
That eats the bug
That fights the bug
That bites us;
They've traced the germ
That kills the germ
That chews the germ
That smites us.
They know the bug
That knifes the bug
That stabs the bug
That jabs us;
They've seen the germ
That hates the germ
That hiffs the germ
That nabs us.
They've struck the bug
That slays the bug
That flays the bug
That sticks us;
They've jailed the germ
That guides the germ
That taught the germ
That fixes us.
But still these hugs—
Microbic thugs—
In spite of drugs
Combat us;
And still these germs—
Described in terms
Inspiring squirms—
Get at us!

—W. D. Nesbit in *Life*.

Mysterious Disappearance.

A hoy stood on the quarter deck
And spied a ten-inch gun,
Which, barren of the slightest speck,
Was glittering in the sun.
With curious, eager eyes the boy
Into the gun did peep,
And then he clambered in—oh, joy!
And soon was fast asleep.

For target practice came along
Five jolly tars—oh, ho!
And with a mighty boom-bong
The ten-inch gun let go!
Now in the town of Aintohum
The papers want to know
In glaring headlines what's become
Of little Tommy Snow.

—Indianapolis Sun.

Newspaper Notoriety.

This is what the aspiring statesman wrote to the bureau of press clippings:

"Please send me whatever you find about me in the newspapers for the next three months."

This is what the aspiring statesman wrote to the same bureau at the end of two weeks:

"Please discontinue sending newspaper clippings."

Response by the bureau:

"Shall keep on sending them. Contract was for three months."

And this is what the aspiring statesman wrote at the end of another two weeks:

"What will you take to quit sending me those infernal newspaper clippings?"

—Chicago Tribune.

White—"That man Black is pretty mean, isn't he?" Brown—"Mean? Why, he'd cheat at solitaire!"—Princeton Tiger.

The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

Salvini in San Francisco.

John S. Crellin, who played leading parts in the United States with Tommaso Salvini for several seasons, relates the following anecdote in a reminiscence article in a recent number of the *Outlook*:

At the opening of our three weeks' engagement in San Francisco, Salvini was taken with a severe throat difficulty which prevented his public appearance for a time. While thus suffering he received a cablegram from Italy apprising him of the sudden and unlooked-for death of a beloved brother. Our manager *pro tem.*, who was less reflective than excitable, gave to the public as a reason for Salvini's failure to appear, not that he was ill, but that his grief over the death of his brother was so deep as to prevent his playing. This was placarded before the theatre, and the shrewd local manager, taking advantage of the error, insisted upon having every cent of the receipts which were realized during the remainder of the engagement to compensate him for the non-appearance of the star. In this position he was upheld by the courts, which assumed that while a sore throat or other physical disability was a sufficient excuse for an actor's failure to appear, grief, in and of itself, was no bar to a performance, though illness superinduced by such grief would be.

I met the manager one day during this halt in our affairs, and, noticing that he was excited, asked him the reason for it. "I have just received a terrible shock from Salvini," he said. "I went," he continued, "to the signor's room to inquire after his health. I prayed all the way upstairs that a decided change for the better had taken place. But as I approached his door, I heard him groaning most awfully, as he paced to and fro like an elephant, yes, like a menagerie. I stopped outside, overcome with despair and fright. But the situation was desperate. Salvini's contract called for a thousand dollars a night and a third of the gross receipts. It had taken thus far all the surplus money realized from Mme. Nevada's concert tour, under the same management, to keep us on our feet, and if Salvini should fail to appear during at least the last week of the engagement, it would be a problem how to get the company home. Two-thirds of the subscriptions for seats have been withdrawn. The world at large might recover even from the death of the maestro, but the company not so easy, three thousand miles from home—as well as a million. Well, I waited at the door, trembling, but as the groans seemed to increase rather than to diminish, I took the liberty of entering the room without knocking. Salvini ceased his pacing—he was at bay. 'Alas!' I stammered, 'what is it? I know you are worse. You will not be able to play. What shall we do?'"

"No," said Salvini, "you are wrong. I shall play, must play for you, the company, the public, myself."

"Ah, then you will play!" I exclaimed, rubbing my hands together, for I dared not applaud, as I felt prompted to do, so great was my relief.

"What shall hinder?" growled Salvini, as he eyed me dubiously. "But you are in pain!" I hesitated, as I thought, not of the pain, but of a way to escape from him and vent my gratitude outside.

"Pain," he responded, "yes, here," and slapped his hand, not on his anatomy, but his purse. "The doctor has just been here and has ordered me more medicine."

"But that is no great calamity," I ventured. "No," he grumbled, "the medicine is no calamity, but the price is; it's a dollar a bottle."

"How beautifully Sadie's cheeks are colored. It must be artificial." "Not at all. That's a straight flush."—*Life*.

First Place Fixed

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Doric (Calling at Manila).....Friday, May 8
Coptic.....Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic.....Saturday, June 27
Doric.....Thursday, July 23

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
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Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, April 22
Nippon Maru.....Saturday, May 16
America Maru.....Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila.)

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S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, April 23, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 29, 1903, at 10 A. M.

S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, May 2, 1903, at 2 P. M.

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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

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For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., April 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, May 4.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., April 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, May 1.

For Los Angeles (via San Luis Obispo and Redondo),
San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.

State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro),
Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneeme.

Cool Bay, 9 A. M., April 3, 11, 19, 27, May 5.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
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SOCIETY.

The Woods-Gunn Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Kate Crocker Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien Gunn, and Mr. Charles Morrison Woods took place at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Clifton Macon. Miss Georgia Lacey was maid of honor, and Mr. George Beardsley acted as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Cherry Bender, Miss Gertrude Rithet, of Victoria, B. C., Miss Kate Gunn, of Canada, Miss Janet Bruce, Miss Helen Woods, of New York, and Miss Jeanette Hooper. The ushers were Mr. Edward Gunn, Mr. George Gunn, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, Mr. Charles Schumacker, Mr. Hugh Blackburn, and Mr. Harry Markey. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Clay Street. Upon their return from a short wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Woods will reside on the corner of Pierce and California Streets.

The Spencer-Josselyn Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and Mr. Henry McDonald Spencer took place last Saturday at the home of the bride's parents on Van Ness Avenue. Rev. W. K. Guthrie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony at noon. Miss Frances Moore acted as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mr. Dixwell Hewitt was the best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, those at the bride's table, besides the bridal party, being Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Elise Clark, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Frances Moore, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Thomas Breeze, and Mr. A. Conte. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer departed later in the day for San Mateo on their wedding journey. After a few days spent there, they will visit Southern California, returning on May 1st, when they will occupy the Selby cottage at Menlo Park, which they have taken for the summer months.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Holbrook, daughter of Mr. Charles H. Holbrook, and Mr. Silas Palmer, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Newlands, daughter of Senator Francis Newlands, of Nevada, and Dr. William B. Johnston, of Washington, D. C., a brother of Mr. Charles H. L. Johnston, who was married to Miss Edith Newlands on Tuesday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marian Holden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Holden, and Mr. Charles Stockton Pope, son of the late surgeon-general of the Philippines.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Hatch, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Harry Edward Dunsbury, of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Janet Bruce, to Rev. Clifton Macon, which will take place on Thursday, April 30th, at Trinity Church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Miss Bertie Bruce will act as maid of honor, and Rev. J. P. Turner will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Lane, cousin of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, and Mr. William Bradford Leonard, of New York, took place on Thursday at Mrs. Hearst's Berkeley residence. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Bishop William Ford Nichols. Miss Anne Apperson was the maid of honor, and Mr. George Watson, of New York, acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Leonard departed on their wedding journey, which will take them to New York, their future home.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Nash, daughter of Mrs. Calvin Nutt, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. Augustus B. Costigan, took place at the Hotel St. Dunstan on Tuesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Father Ramm of St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Minnie Nash was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton and Mr. Robert P. Greer attended the groom. After an automobile trip through Northern California, Mr. and Mrs. Costigan will depart for the East, and later settle permanently in this city, with a summer residence at Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Katherine White, daughter of Captain White, Field Artillery,

U. S. A., and Lieutenant George Ingraham Feeter, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place at the Presidio Chapel on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Foute, of Grace Church. Miss Mary Hobbs was the maid of honor, and Miss Alice Brigham, Miss Kate Brigham, and Miss Lola Berry were the bridesmaids. Lieutenant Edward Croft was the best man, and Captain G. W. Helms, Lieutenant J. L. Hunt, Lieutenant G. A. Hadsell, and Lieutenant F. G. Kelland acted as ribbon bearers. The ceremony was followed by a reception in the post hop-room. After a three weeks' wedding journey in Southern California, Lieutenant White and his bride will reside at the Presidio.

The wedding of Mrs. Genevieve Green Hamilton, daughter of Mr. William S. Green, of Colusa, and Mr. Garret W. McEnerney took place at Sacred Heart Church on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Rev. Father Mulligan, of St. Mary's Cathedral, and Rev. Father Lagan, pastor of Sacred Heart Church. After a short wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. McEnerney will occupy their residence at 615 Steiner Street, where they will be "at home" to their friends on the second and fourth Wednesdays.

The wedding of Miss Helen Kline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, and Dr. Thomas Augustus Jaggar, Jr., took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents on Fillmore Street. The ceremony was performed at half after four o'clock by Bishop Jaggar, of Ohio, father of the groom. Miss Eliza Kline was the maid of honor, and Mr. J. J. Kline acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a reception, at which Mrs. W. C. Fife, Miss Harvey Anthony, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Virginia Nokes, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Sue Bixby, Miss Mary Palache, and Miss Florence Boone, of Berkeley, assisted in receiving. Later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Jaggar departed for Cambridge, Mass., where the groom holds a professorship at Harvard University.

The wedding of Miss Edith Newlands, eldest daughter of Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, to Mr. Charles Haven Ladd Johnston, son of the late Dr. W. W. Johnston, took place on Tuesday at "Woodleigh," the country place of Senator Newlands, near Washington. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. W. G. Thayer, of St. Mark's School, New Hampshire. Miss Jane Newlands and Miss Frances Newlands were their sister's bridesmaids, and Dr. William B. Johnston, a brother of the groom, acted as best man.

A breakfast was given in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Sunday last in celebration of the eighty-sixth birthday of Mr. George T. Bromley. Those at table were Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. Henry K. Field, Senator George Perkins, Major Randolph, Mr. T. J. Clunie, Mr. F. W. Henshaw, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. A. G. Hawes, Dr. C. Chismore, Mr. W. D. English, Mr. S. D. Brastow, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. Sylvain Weill, Mr. R. B. Wallace, Mr. John C. Wilson, Mr. David Bush, Mr. Hugh M. Burke, Mr. Peter Robinson, Captain Robert M. Fletcher, Mr. William Alvord, Dr. J. D. Arnold, Mr. William Barton, and Captain Sidney Cloman.

Miss Alexander will give a "Dixie Darkie Dialect" recital this evening at Steinway Hall. She will be assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, Miss Genevieve Moroney, accompanist, Arthur Weiss, violoncello, and S. Homer Henley, baritone. The recital will be given under the patronage of Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Mrs. Emma S. Howard, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. George F. Shiels, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. M. W. Denver, Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Orrin Peck.

The Bohemian Club held its annual election of officers and directors on Tuesday, the total vote cast being one hundred and sixty-eight. The following officers and directors were elected: President, James D. Phelan; vice-president, Frederic W. Hall; secretary, Edgar D. Peixotto; treasurer, Willis E. Davis; directors for two years, Thomas J. Barbour, David Bush, J. Wilson Shiels, J. C. Wilson; director for one year (unexpired term), Charles J. Dickman.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is a delightful destination point during these clear, balmy April days. It would be difficult to find in any other two hours' trip such a variety of scenery—the busy water front, the glistening bay, forbidding Alcatraz, picturesque Angel Island and Sausalito, wooded Mill Valley, the verdant Marin County hills, and impressive Tamalpais—from which such incomparable views of the surrounding country can be obtained.

All indications point to a large attendance at the Oakland track on Saturday, which is "Fabiola Day." A race for horses ridden by gentlemen riders will be the special feature. The purse is valued at four hundred dollars, and the distance one mile and one hundred yards.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Interesting Concert at the Art Institute.

The final promenade concert of the annual spring exhibition at the Hopkins Art Institute took place on Thursday evening, under the direction of Henry Heyman. The soloists were Miss L. Purlenky, contralto; Hubert Clyde Linscott, tenor; Arthur H. Young, violin; Miss Frances R. Wertheimer, Miss Orrie E. Young, accompanists; and Gerard Barton, organist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, "Pilgrim's Chorus," "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Gerard Barton; song, "Star Tide," Piccolomini, Hubert Clyde Linscott; violin, "Andante" from Concerto, Mendelssohn, Arthur H. Young, accompanist, Miss Young; songs (a), "Dreams," Von Fielitz; (b), "Zuversicht," Maase, Miss L. Purlenky, accompanist, Miss Wertheimer; organ, "Cantilena," in A-minor, Salome, Gerard Barton; song, "Shoogy Shoo," Ambros, Hubert Clyde Linscott; violin, "Romance en Re," Johannes Wolf, Arthur H. Young; song, "Sancta Maria," Faure, Miss L. Purlenky; organ, "Gavotte," Holbert suite, Grieg, Gerard Barton.

Glowing reports of the progress of Alice Nielsen in grand opera come from Naples, where she is studying with Bevnigani and Russell. Miss Nielsen, early this year, made her debut as Margherita in "Faust," and since has sung with great success as Violetta in "La Traviata," Gilda in "Rigoletto," and Mimi in "La Bohème." If these stories of Miss Nielsen's success are genuine and not the dreams of her press agent, she has really achieved a great triumph, for it must be taken into consideration that her alleged success has been won in a city where the traditions of the Italian grand opera are jealously guarded. The operas of Bellini, Verdi, and other composers are there presented with almost religious reverence, and their interpretation is entrusted to none but finished artists.

President Roosevelt in San Francisco.

The following programme has finally been adopted by the executive committee of the citizens' committee for the reception of President Roosevelt during his brief stay in San Francisco next month:

Tuesday, May 12th, 2:15 P. M.—Arrival of the President at Third and Townsend Streets, where he will be received by the executive committee and escorted to his carriage. 2:30 P. M.—Military procession through the city to Van Ness Avenue, where it will be reviewed by the President and party. 4 P. M.—Dedication of Young Men's Christian Association Building. 5 P. M.—Reception by the President of the general reception committee, United States military and naval officers, and foreign consular service. 8 P. M.—Banquet by the citizens' committee.

Wednesday, May 13th, 9:30 A. M.—Reception by Native Sons of the Golden West and California Pioneers. Presentation of souvenir by the Native Sons at Native Sons' Hall. 10 A. M.—Review of the school children on Van Ness Avenue. 11 A. M.—Review of the United States troops at the Presidio. 12 o'clock—Drive through Golden Gate Park to the Ocean Beach, then to the Cliff House, where lunch will be had with the executive committee. 2:30 P. M.—Visit of the President to meeting Veterans of the Spanish war. 3 P. M.—Visit of the President to the Grand Army Encampment. 8 P. M.—Drive through Market Street to Mechanics' Pavilion, where a public reception will be held, and an address by the President.

Thursday, May 14th, 9 A. M.—Dedication of the naval monument, Union Square. 10 A. M.—Escorted to Oakland Wharf, where the President will embark for Berkeley and Oakland. 8 P. M.—Banquet at Union League Club rooms.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of move-
ments to and from this city and Coast, and of
the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott sailed
from New York for Europe last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle have
departed for the East on a two-months' visit.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sailed from New
York last week for Europe. She will join
Mr. Oelrichs at Naueim.

Miss Marie Oge, accompanied by her
mother, Mrs. W. L. Oge, has departed
for New York, where her marriage to Mr.
Truxtun Beale will take place shortly after
her arrival. Mr. Beale and his bride will then
sail for Europe for an extended tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley were guests
at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard
are expected to return from the East within
a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre have re-opened
their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Smith, Miss Ma-
rion Smith, Miss Winifred Burdge, and Miss
Ellis will depart for their country place at
Shelter Island next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Costigan were
guests at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe are the
guests of Mrs. Catherine L. Ashe.

Mrs. J. A. Folger expects to go abroad
early in the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Le
Grande Cannon Tibbetts.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy were guests
at the Hotel Rafael early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin were in
Monterey last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund K. Baker (née Kit-
tredge) will, upon their return from the East
the latter part of this month, occupy a resi-
dence on California Street, near Laguna.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush was in New York
during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval will
leave this week for New York, where they
will make a short stay before sailing for Eu-
rope.

Mrs. Theodore Z. Blakeman and Miss Leon-
tine Blakeman expect to spend the summer at
Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansell M. Easton, who have
been traveling in China and Japan during the
past two months, are expected home the latter
part of April.

Mrs. Bowen, of Philadelphia, is the guest of
Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Miss Ella
Goodall were at Byron Hot Springs last week.

Mrs. James Keeney has returned from her
visit to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned
from their visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Kip and Miss
Mary Kip leave on Sunday for Columbus.
O. They expect to be absent until the end of
June.

Miss Olive Holbrook, who has been on a
visit to Mrs. James Leonard, at Virginia City,
has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Sprague visited
the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller and party,
including Miss L. M. Spellman, of New
York, Miss Adella Preciss, and Dr. H. F.
Biggar, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. and Mrs.
John D. Rockefeller, Jr., spent a few days at
the Palace Hotel early in the week. They
were en route East after a visit to Southern
California.

Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle
Harnes are sojourning in Southern California.
On their return they will go to their country-
place in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann expect to
leave for New York next month, en route to
Europe. They will remain abroad for five
months.

Dr. and Mrs. James H. Hatch were guests
at Byron Hot Springs a few days ago.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. G. W. Cook, and
Miss Cook visited the Tavern of Tamalpais
last week.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and party ar-
rived from Southern California during the
week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Samuel Pond has been visiting Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Ames at Santa Rosa.

Captain and Mrs. C. M. Goodall, Mr. and
Mrs. E. S. Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. G. A.
Greenwood, and Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton,
of Oakland, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais
last week.

Mr. Charles H. Holbrook was in New
York early in the week.

Mr. W. F. Whittier was a guest at Byron
Hot Springs last week.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood is expected
home soon from his visit to New York and
Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent have taken a
house at San Mateo for the summer.

Miss Helen Wagner has returned from a
visit to her sister, Mrs. J. J. Moore, at Fair
Oaks.

Mrs. George M. Pullman arrived from the
South early in the week, in her private car
"Monitor."

Mr. and Mrs. Heber N. Tilden have been
sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel
Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Darnham, Mr.
and Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Walter
S. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dumphy,
Mrs. C. A. Gove, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, and
Mrs. R. V. Sprague.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern
of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P.
Hayes, Mrs. Dwight and Miss Latham, of
New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Southwell, of
Chicago, Mrs. A. L. Hinds, Mrs. H. A. Tubbs,
of Oakland, Mrs. Louis Jamin, of Santa
Ynez, Mrs. L. L. Waldan, and Miss Muriel
Russell, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. Willis E.
Davis, Mrs. May H. Mott Bird Smith, Mrs. R.
Peikotto, Miss Grace Fern, Mr. Arnold
Genthe, and Mr. H. Joseph Breuer.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are known in San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A.,
will leave next Tuesday for Monterey, in or-
der informally to inspect that post. He will
be accompanied by Colonel Miller, chief quar-
termaster, and by his aid, Captain Parker W.
West, U. S. A.

Colonel J. B. Rawles, U. S. A., was placed
on the retired list of the army on Wednes-
day, with the rank of brigadier-general.
Colonel George Grimes, U. S. A., the com-
mander of the Field Artillery at the Presidio,
will take charge of the reservation and act as
commander until Colonel George B. Rodney,
U. S. A., who has been appointed to fill the
place, arrives from Fort Hamilton, New York.
General and Mrs. Jacob Rawles were the
guests of honor at a reception given by the
Presidio Club on Thursday evening at the
post hop-room.

Major Charles W. Hobbs, Artillery Corps,
U. S. A., has been ordered from the Pre-
sidio to take command at Fort Baker, reliev-
ing Lieutenant-Colonel Abner H. Merrill, U.
S. A., who will proceed to Fort Flaglor,
Washington.

Major George R. Smith, U. S. A., has been
ordered to the Philippines as chief paymaster
of the Department of the Philippines, reliev-
ing Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Whipple,
U. S. A.

Major John A. Hull, U. S. A., formerly
judge advocate at department headquarters
in this city, has just been promoted to the
rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Lieutenant Martin L. Crimmins, U. S. A.,
and Mrs. Crimmins have moved into their
new quarters at the Presidio.

Colonel David J. Craigie, U. S. A., left last
Monday for his new station at Vancouver
Barracks.

Lieutenant Benjamin H. Watkins and Lieut-
enant Robert J. Binford, of the Fifteenth
Infantry, U. S. A., came up from Monterey
during the week.

Golf Notes.

The amateur championship of the Pacific
Coast Golf Association for women players
will be contested for on May 4th, 5th, 6th, and
7th on the links of the Los Angeles Country
Club. A silver medal is offered by the asso-
ciation for the best score, and a prize by the
Southern California Golf Association for the
second best score made in the qualifying
round.

In the second half of the home-and-home
contest on the Adams Point links on Satur-
day last, between teams representing the San
Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs, the Oak-
land players won by a score of 11 up, giving
them a net score of 7 up, as the San Francisco
players won the first eighteen holes on April 4th.
by only 4 up. The Oakland team included W.
P. Johnson, E. R. Folger, R. M. Fitzgerald,
J. A. Folger, F. Kales, Dr. Carpenter, J. H.
Ames, A. H. Higgins, G. de Golia, J. O.
Cadman, Rev. E. E. Baker, and C. P. Hubbard.
The San Francisco team was made up of S.
L. Abbot, H. M. Hoyt, J. W. Byrne, Dr. J.
R. Clark, Charles Page, Dr. T. G. McConley,
L. Scrutton, W. Gregory, R. G. Brown, Mr.
Lilly, H. J. Brander, and R. J. Bentley. The
first home-and-home contest between these two
clubs last fall was won by the San Francisco
Golf Club, and by the victory of the Oakland
team last Saturday a third and final com-
petition on neutral links—probably at Burlingame—will be played.

On May 1st the championship meeting of
the Northern California Golf Association will
be held on the links of the San Rafael Golf
Club. Two prizes are offered by the asso-
ciation, and two by the San Rafael Golf Club.
One of these is for the best score for eighteen
holes made either in the morning or in the
afternoon.

Rev. William Henry Milburn, D. D., for
many years known as "the blind chaplain of
the United States Senate," died at his home
in Santa Barbara on April 10th, from the
effects of an attack of grip. He was eighty
years old.

Notice of Removal.

A. Hirschman, gold and silversmith, is now in his
new store, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual
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The War Department certainly puts a premium on mendacity. When an army officer in the excitement of debate, or in the moments of loquacity that follow on a good dinner, makes a picturesque remark anent our little brown brothers; when the remark is printed in all the newspapers of the country; when it creates a furor every-

where it appears; when Root comes down on the unlucky officer like a wolf on the fold; when it's a question of either putting the burden of blame on an insignificant reporter, or being publicly humiliated by an official rebuke; when one little lie stands between the officer and safety, it takes an honest man, an extra honest man, to tell the truth. For our part, in the case of General Baldwin, our sympathy goes out to the reporter. The remark credited to the general—"One of my reasons for liking the Filipino as a soldier is the same that gives me preference for the negro: in a fight I am not worried about his safety, as it does not make any difference whether he gets killed or not"—is too racy ever to have been evolved entire from the inner consciousness of a Denver reporter. No; the "explanation" by the general that he was "entirely misquoted" and that he intended to express "entirely opposite sentiments" needs must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The newspaper reporter is a person at whom it is popular to take a fling. He has many faults. Often he exaggerates and sometimes he lies. Yet it is probably true that a good proportion of "repudiated" interviews are in fact genuine and correct. A man expresses an opinion or gives facts to a reporter. The interview creates unexpected attention. It arouses recriminative remarks and makes enemies. And so the person interviewed, unless he be particularly brave and honest, says he has been misquoted. This is an easy way to escape at the expense only of the reporters wrath; but it is the man who sticks to what he says, as did Admiral Dewey, that has the respect of the newspaper world. "Here is a man!" cries an enthusiastic reporter in a letter to the *Journalist*, anent the Dewey episode, speaking for his tribe. This paper, by the way, also says that there is authority for the statement that, when the President intimated that it would be well to deny at least a portion of the remarks credited to him, Dewey replied: "He has quoted me correctly, sir, and I'll be damned if I'll repudiate the interview."

Apropos of this, it is worthy of note that since General Miles's return from the Philippines his unofficial remarks to reporters have been few and unimportant. Officially, we have had nothing at all from him. This, in some respects, is curious. General Miles, we know, made a report on what he saw in the archipelago. We are of the opinion that it would make interesting reading. Yet, so far, not a reporter has got a glimpse of it. Surely General Miles may be trusted not to "defame" the army. Surely he will not give support to the cause of the anti-imperialists. Why is the report of General Miles suppressed? Where is the report of General Miles? If General Miles be forcibly prevented from expressing his views to the people through the official report, we fear he will be tempted to blurt them out to some reporter *à la* Funston and Baldwin. And that would be bad.

Attention is called to the peculiar methods of some publishers of "libraries of literature" and similar subscription books, by a letter to the New York *Evening Post* from Nathan Haskell Dole. Mr. Dole some years ago made a topical-chronological arrangement for a certain "library." His scheme was satisfactorily carried into effect by other persons, and Mr. Dole's actual connection with the "library" then ended. Some time afterward the publishers thought to boom the sale of the work by making some changes and additions. Mr. Dole found himself in the new prospectus no longer credited with the topical-chronological arrangement. On the contrary, it was stated that this work had been done by Richard Garnett of the British Museum. Mr. Dole

wrote to Dr. Garnett, who replied that his name was being used without authority. Andrew Lang, whose name also appeared in the publishers' announcements, repudiated any editorial connection with the "library." Yet the work was noisily advertised throughout the country, and the names of these littérateurs were freely used.

Still later the work was again revived, with more additions. In order to give it an air of freshness, the publishers, to use Mr. Dole's words, "insolently seized" the name of a private organization in New York, the Bibliophile Society, and, in order to throw dust in people's eyes, claimed that Mr. Dole was one of their directors. Letters of protest were without effect. At the present moment Mr. Dole finds himself among a board of editors which instructs the "American Secretary" "to secure a few individual testimonials," and to offer prominent citizens "a complimentary membership in this society" in return therefor. Mr. Dole's only recourse is expensive injunction proceedings.

Such experiences as that of Mr. Dole's are common. There are few universities in this country several of whose faculty have not duplicated them. A few college professors and literary men (we hope they are only a few) are flattered to see their names on any sort of title-page with any sort of sesquipedalian title attached thereto. The majority, we hope, regret that books should be sold on the strength of distinguished names improperly used. It is altogether too common a thing for advertised editors of various sorts of subscription compilations to have had only a perfunctory connection with them, while the real work was done by hack-writers. And this, of course, discredits other subscription works of similar scope, of which the real and advertised compilers are one and the same, and on which they may have labored long and conscientiously.

Such, doubtless, was the case with a compilation bearing the name of a distinguished member of the United States Supreme Court, which appeared several years ago. Yet in the advertising of this work even, the publisher employed reprehensible methods. For instance, circular letters in imitation of typewriting, dated at Washington, and bearing the signature of a Mr. Somebody, "private secretary," were sent out broadcast. The "prominent citizens" to which they were mailed could not but infer from their tenor that they were written by the private secretary of the Supreme Court justice, with his knowledge and consent. The letters made a touching appeal for a subscription—almost as touching as that of General Grosvenor. But in this case, when the justice got wind of the adroit scheme of his publisher, he put his foot down, and no more such disingenuous epistles went forth.

Incidents like these where the names of authors or editors of subscription works have been improperly used by unscrupulous publishers might be multiplied. We need cite here but one. There lies before us the prospectus of a work costing one hundred dollars, in which the name of the Hon. John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy, appears as a "special contributor." There has also reached us, circuitously, the "visiting card" of an agent for this work, which bears in the lower left-hand corner the inscription, "Representing Hon. John D. Long"! A couple of hundred years ago when author and publisher were intimately associated and book-buyers few, an author might properly have had "personal representatives" going about soliciting subscribers for his work. We doubt, however, whether ex-Secretary Long is aware that he has a "representative" out here on the Coast trading upon his name to get buyers for a book with which he is only slightly connected, and professing we know not what degree of

timacy with the ex-secretary. It doesn't argue very well for the acuteness of buyers of expensive books that they are taken in with such barefaced devices as this.

In the Taff-Vale decision in English courts a few months ago damages were assessed against a labor union for injury consequent upon a strike. A similar decision has now been handed down in Vermont. The plaintiff was a manufacturing company and alleged injury to its business through boycott and picketing in the sum of \$10,000. The defendant was Protection Lodge of the International Association of Machinists. Both plaintiff and defendant employed able counsel, and the case lasted seventeen days. The court recognized the right of employees to strike, also their right to ask other men not to take places in the factory. It held, however, that the picketers must not assume, in urging men not to go to work, that the places abandoned were still under their control. The verdict rendered by the jury was for \$2,500, and the case will be appealed. "This suit," says the *New York Times*, "is epoch-making. It tends to emphasize the fact which is impressing itself upon all classes of society that organized labor can not be longer permitted to create and maintain a state of anarchy whenever it deems this favorable to its purposes, and that there can not be one law for the wage-earner and another for the rest of the community."

In nearly every European country at the present time events of large importance are taking place or impending. What the newspapers call the "war cloud in the Balkans," however, appears to be less black. There are the usual conflicting dispatches, but the gravamen of evidence tends to the opinion that the Macedonian and Albanian uprisings will be quelled by the Porte, and that no grave international complications are now to be apprehended. In France, the agitation over the expulsion of the religious orders continues. Several of the orders refuse to leave the Republic unless forcibly compelled so to do. It is still possible that events may shape themselves to the abolition of the Concordat, and the formation of a "Gallican" church. The Dreyfus case, which M. Jaures again opened a few days ago by the presentation of new evidence, showing the farcicality of the second trial at Rennes, has been brought still more prominently forward by a long letter from Dreyfus to the Minister of War, asking for a new investigation, and reciting the horrors of his long martyrdom. Ireland, to whom William Watson so tactfully referred in his coronation poem as "the bride we have wedded, but have never won," appears at last to be about to yield. The Irish land bill, which aims to put the title of the soil of Ireland in the hands of tillers of that soil, has been enthusiastically endorsed by the Irish Nationalist Convention in Dublin. Lord Charles Beresford calls the bill the "first real, courageous, statesmanlike attempt to solve the Irish question." Its passage in Parliament is confidently expected. Another suspected Anglo-German alliance, this time over the Bagdad railway, is being vigorously denounced by the English Liberal press. A further event, which draws the world's attention to the Near East, is the utter defeat of a column of British troops in Somaliland. It is reported from Aden that ten officers and one hundred and eighty men out of a total force of two hundred and twenty-five were killed by the Somalis.

It is no longer a question of whether the Panama or the Nicaragua route is the more feasible way to unite the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans through Central America. The old French scheme of a waterway on the line of the Panama survey has been adopted by the United States Government, and a force of fifteen hundred laborers is now on the ground and at work under the direction of the French company. That the undertaking will be pushed to completion as rapidly as science, skill, men, and money can push it, there is little reason to doubt. It is not believed by those who are in a position to know that the scheming of certain officials of Colombia to extort more money from the United States than the representatives of the two governments have agreed upon will avail them anything. The leading men of that country are denouncing all tricks and schemes of this kind, and insisting that the treaty be promptly ratified.

The ratification of the proposition of the Washington government by Colombia being practically assured, the more interesting question now is the first cost of the plant, cost of completion, subsequent annual expenditures for maintenance of the property, and the safety of the investment in case of war. The mileage of the Panama route is 49.9 miles against 183.66 miles by way of Nicaragua. The highest elevation on the Panama route above the sea level is 85 feet, while at Nicaragua it is 105 feet. The Panama Canal between the two oceans will have a width at the bottom of 150 feet, against the 72 feet of the Suez Canal, and a depth sufficient to float safely vessels of thirty-five feet draft, which is greater than any ship now afloat requires. Thus the depth and width of the Panama waterway will permit vessels to go at considerable speed, and also to pass each other without having to wait at passing "turn-outs," as is the case in the Suez. The locks, five in all, will be 790 feet between gates and 84 feet wide.

The first cost of the Panama plant is \$40,000,000, and the construction is estimated at \$140,000,000 against \$190,000,000 for the Nicaragua route. In addition to the cost already men-

tioned, the United States pays Colombia \$10,000,000 for the concession, but the concession includes the Panama railway and a strip of land six miles wide on either side of the canal. Over this territory the authority of the United States will be supreme.

The treaty allows two years for preliminary work and twelve years thereafter for completion. The time may be extended twelve more years without forfeiture of concession, and still ten more years if it is decided to lower the entire length of the canal to the sea level. It is estimated that it will require thirty thousand laborers to complete the work in twelve years. Hitherto contractors have depended largely upon Jamaica negro labor, but now the negro population of the south, and laborers in China, Japan, and the West Indies will, it is said, be drawn upon. If so, questions as to the application of the laws of the United States to the canal strip are bound to arise. How about the exclusion law, the importation of contract labor? What part will the labor unions play in the affair? All these are questions of moment which are to be answered in the not far distant future.

We have been rather curious of late to learn if, as the pictures by the *Examiner* artists attest, it is really true that the street-walkers, female thieves, mistresses of criminals, accomplices of thugs, *et cetera*, whose portraits constantly find place in the *Examiner*, are really each and all of surpassing beauty. These ladies of unenviable notoriety, who sweep so grandly through the pages of San Francisco's favorite family paper, are invariably pictured as rivals in loveliness to the slim Otéro, the charming Cléo de Mérode, the exquisite La Cavalleri. They wear gowns that look like creations of Worth. Their hats certainly are from the latest importations. Usually diamonds inkily sparkle from taper fingers. In brief, strumpet or thief, swindler or accomplice of swindler, they eclipse all but an insignificant few of their sex. We had even begun to believe, on such ocular evidence as the *Examiner* furnishes, that beauty was in San Francisco a usual accompaniment of female criminality, and that Lombroso, who thought otherwise, was strangely in error. And when the pictures of the "beautiful Docia Nolan," as the *Examiner* called her, began to appear daily, this conclusion was almost forced upon us. Such a thrilling beauty, according to the *Examiner* pictures, was never before seen in a court-room. Day after day from the paper her troubled brown eyes looked out upon us, while her delicately modeled lips seemed almost to tremble. But alas for illusions. The *Chronicle* on Saturday reproduced Rogue's Gallery portrait, No. 16,262 of the "beautiful Docia Nolan." Jaw abnormally heavy, masculine; chin, retreating; lips, thin; ears, very large; cheek bones, abnormal, face asymmetrical—such were the salient characteristics revealed by the unlying camera. Evidently, after all, the vicious women of San Francisco are not beautiful, save in the pages of the *Examiner*, and there for reasons best known to William Randolph Hearst.

The *American Grocer*, which has been figuring on the question, announces that the nation's annual expenditure for beverages of various kinds amounts to \$1,369,098,276, or slightly less than \$18 for each man, woman, and child. How much the cigar bill amounts to it would be difficult to determine, but it yields a satisfactory income to the tobacco trust, which holds property valued at \$151,000,000, and so must yield a fair rate of interest on that sum. The drink bill, however, is not expended for intoxicants alone. One-seventh of the amount goes for the cup that only cheers. In fact, considered with regard to the quantity consumed, coffee heads the list, with beer following it closely. Tea is third, but falls far short of the other two, while the amount of alcoholic liquor consumed is less than one-half the amount of tea. On the other hand, when the increase in the quantity consumed is considered, the order is decidedly changed. Here alcoholic beverages head the list, the quantity used having nearly doubled in the last twenty-three years. Coffee has increased a little more than one-half, while tea has decreased nearly one-half. The number of users of alcoholic beverages is placed at one-fourth of the entire population, which would give an average of \$69.32 expended during the year by each, or 19 cents a day.

The geological survey has decided upon, and Secretary Hitchcock has approved, five irrigation projects under the irrigation law of 1902. The land to be reclaimed is located in Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, and Arizona. The cost is estimated at seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and the land to be irrigated at one million acres, making the average cost seven dollars and fifty cents an acre. Not all of the land will be suitable for cultivation, so that the cost for the land to be rendered available will be twelve dollars and fifty cents an acre. The reason why government irrigation is more expensive than that by private companies, is because the latter have already taken up the more favorable sites, and the government plants are intended to be permanent, while the private plants are temporary and cheaply built. The irrigation bureau will encounter many difficulties in securing reservoir sites and rights of way, and riparian rights will raise troublesome questions. For these reasons and to insure the success of the first work under the new law, the department is proceeding slowly, and will not venture to predict what time will be required for the completion of any of these projects.

The typhoid-fever epidemic at Palo Alto is not creditable to the authorities of that town. Part of the milk supply appears to have come from unspeakably filthy dairies, which were permitted to furnish the town with contaminated milk for some time after the typhoid had appeared. They have now, however, been closed. Fortunately for all con-

cerned, the hundred or more cases have resulted so far in but a single death, and the indications are that the worst is over. If so, the lesson in municipal hygiene that Palo Alto furnishes the rest of the State will be cheap at the price. Typhoid fever is a conspicuously avoidable disease. Whenever it gains a foothold it almost invariably means one of two things—either that the milk supply is defiled, or that the water supply is bad; also, as a corollary, that the health authorities of the town or city are grossly negligent. To permit dairies, where sanitary conditions do not maintain, to supply milk to a town is only a shade less heinous an offense than to allow the carcasses of dead and decaying animals to float about in the water-supply reservoirs. Kipling put the matter picturesquely when he wrote:

"The late lamented camel in the water-cut he lies;
We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps a mile in front,
But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and then o' course we dies."

It was stated in one of the dispatches that one of the dairies prohibited from selling milk in Palo Alto had diverted its product to San Francisco. This should be a matter of concern to the board of health.

The conflict between the mine operators and the miners' union that has been threatening for some weeks has reached a crisis in Amador County. The operators have refused to recognize the union, and their employees have stopped work in response to either the orders or the threats of the unionists. But one mine in the neighborhood is still in operation, and that one has but a small force. It has been able to keep its works going only because it has a considerable tract of land surrounding the mine, and armed guards prevent the strikers from trespassing, while the employees are lodged and fed on the premises. The mine-owners have issued a statement, in which they say that they are informed by their employes that few of them belong to the union, and they have quit work only because of threats and intimidation. The engineers have been driven off for the express purpose of flooding the mines and destroying the property. The owners have also called upon the sheriff for protection. During the last few years American and English miners have been supplanted by Italians and Austrians, and it is this class that is striking. The regular wages are \$2.50 and \$3.00 a day, but those who work on contract make more than that. On a contract just completed the miners in one of the mines now closed down made \$6.30 a day. The mine-owners have decided not to attempt to fill the places of the strikers, but have boarded over the shafts, and, as this section produces low-grade ore, this will mean abandonment of many of the properties if it is continued for any length of time. It will also mean ruin for the merchants of the neighborhood, and loss to those valley people who furnish supplies to the miners, as well as to the machine shops in this city.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of thirty-six pages. Price, ten cents. News-dealers would do well to send in their orders in advance.

The first of the mammoth passenger and freight vessels with which J. J. Hill hopes to capture the cream of the Oriental carrying trade was launched recently at New London. This vessel—the *Minnesota*—is the largest that has ever been built in the United States, and only two larger vessels have been built in the world. She is 630 feet long, and 73 feet wide, and has five continuous steel-plated decks, and four more that are not continuous. There is a total cargo capacity of 30,000 tons. The speed will be about 14 knots an hour, making the running time for her round trip of 11,600 miles about 35 days, exclusive of stops in port. The event of launching this immense vessel was an interesting one, but it was made more so by Mr. Hill's reference to the recent merger decision. Mr. Hill does not approve of that decision. He said that in order to meet the competition of other nations in the Oriental trade, there must exist a power of control that can collect and forward it. But we are told that such power is a crime, and he who exercises it is a criminal. "I now plead guilty to that crime," concluded Mr. Hill, "whatever may be the penalty."

Chicago is in many ways a wonderful city, and has done many wonderful things, but if it can solve the problem of securing honest city government—and it seems to be succeeding in this—it will eclipse all its previous efforts. A few years ago the government of Chicago was very corrupt—almost as corrupt as the hopelessly corrupt city of New York. The condition of affairs roused the better class of citizens to action, and they seem to be succeeding in their efforts. Concerning the city government there, the *New York Evening Post*, seldom given to commendation, says: "Astonishing as it may seem, the citizens of Chicago actually control their city government." There was an election for a new council there recently, and the Voters' League entered into the campaign with vigor. A report for the guidance of voters was issued, giving a brief record of each of the candidates, and recommending which should be elected. Of the thirty-five candidates elected twenty-six had been indorsed by the league.

There were only four defeats in wards that the league worked to win, and these were offset by the defeat of four of the worst of the corruptionists. In one ward the Socialist candidate, indorsed by the league, defeated both the Republican and Democratic nominees. Honest citizens can frequently do good work for good city government by thus informing voters, where they are very apt to fail when they attempt putting up an independent ticket.

THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

"Whoso," says the Spanish proverb, "hath not seen Seville, hath not seen a marvel"—*Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla*.

Seville is a pretty city, but scarcely a marvelous one. Still, I have noticed that the natives of European cities do not scruple to exaggerate slightly in singing the praises of their birthplaces. A favorite expedient is to coin a fulsome phrase thereanent, which in time becomes a saying, at last perhaps a proverb. So with Seville. So more markedly with Naples, whose dictum "See Naples and die" is known all over the world.

We Americans are a very practical people. Why should we not adopt this old-world custom, and modify it so as to suit it to our usages? We could coin some such phrases which might not only be attractive and alliterative, but have a distinct advertising value. I would suggest for a starter, these:

"Look at Los Angeles and locate."

"Shake Chicago and cheer up."

"See Seattle and settle."

It is possible that some of my readers may know as little of Seville as I did when I went there, so I will jot down a few bald facts for them. The city contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of Andalusia. It is situated in the midst of a vast plain, on the bank of the Guadalquivir, about sixty miles from the sea. This river makes Seville almost a seaport as the tide rises and falls at the quays, along which lie sea-going vessels drawing sixteen feet of water. The country round about is very fertile, and Seville is the centre of a district producing large quantities of oranges, olives, wine, olive oil, cork bark, and cereals. The city is Moorish in its architecture, and the houses are dazlingly white. It is the seat of an archbishopric, and has one of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals in all Europe. It has an Alcazar and other Mauresque buildings, including the beautiful Giralda Tower. This has served as a model for towers all over the world, among them the ferry clock tower at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Seville has a fine Columbian Library, containing many priceless MSS. and other works relating to the discovery of America, some of them annotated by the great discoverer's own hand. There is a picture gallery, the Museo Provincial, containing canvases by Murillo and other Spanish masters. There are a number of churches with some good pictures, several palaces, and the celebrated tobacco factory which figures in the opera of "Carmen."

I turn from these cold facts to a burning one—the tobacco factory. I wish to remark that of all the shocks to romance, all the disillusionments that I have suffered, the Seville tobacco factory is the worst. How it has been apotheosized in song and story! I seem to see now a long line of Carmens ogling a battalion of Josés—I see Minnie Hauk, once the most famous Carmen on the stage; Marie Roze, a very bewitching one; Emma Juch, striking, despite her flaxen hair and German face, which gave to her gypsy a Dutch instead of Spanish air; I see Emma Calvé, probably the best of them all, with a red rose in her raven hair and another between her scarlet lips, which she tosses to Don José—the flower, I mean—that is, first; the lips later. And when I thought of all these stage beauties, these opera divas—when I walked around the Seville tobacco shop, and gazed upon its occupants—when I saw the dirty habies, the unclean mothers, and smelled the smells, of which tobacco was the most merciful as choking off the others—when I thought of all the legends about the pretty cigarette-girls of Seville with their lovers, their gay guitars, their castanets, and their daggers in their garters—when I thought of all these things and gazed on these thousands of tired, sallow females, most of whom are middle-aged, many of whom are old, and all of whom are ugly—when I saw these things and received these shocks, I fled from the work-rooms to the court below. Like Peter, I went out into the court-yard and wept bitterly.

The streets of Seville are almost as narrow as those of Toledo, and the streets of Toledo are so narrow that in nearly all of them vehicles are tabooed. On many of the Seville streets they are also prohibited, it is true, though not on all. But on many of the important streets it would be impossible for two vehicles to pass, so carriages on these streets are permitted to pass in one direction only. At the corners of these streets arrows are cut in the stone house-fronts, with the words "Entrada de Carruajes" or "Salida de Carruajes"—the arrow pointing in or out, as the case may be. Thus, only an inattentive driver will turn into a street where he may meet carriages coming the other way. One day we had such a driver. He had not gone far when there was trouble—we met a handsome private carriage, with coachman and footman, in a street not more than nine feet wide. Fortunately a slit-like alley ran into the street a few rods away; into this alley the swell carriage was hacked so that our cab could pass. A severe police officer at once took down the name and badge-number of our faulty cabby, and the number of his vehicle, also making copious notes concerning his high crime and misdemeanor. I was afraid this peace officer would subpoena us, but he mercifully re-

frained. During his inquisition our cabby turned and gave me a melancholy wink, as who should say, "Come—stand in and help me out of this." But I set my face sternly in the other direction. To my mind the cabby had not a legal leg to stand on. We had ordered him to take us to the House of Murillo, and had not restricted him as to route. He was going according to his own sweet will, and the route he took probably ended in the police court, for he told me he had to report next day to the "Tribunal."

Although I know very little about the geography of Seville I know that the city is a very compact one; with its population of about one hundred and fifty thousand it covers a space about as large as the Mission at San Francisco. It seems to me, therefore, that if I wanted to go anywhere in a hurry in Seville, I would drive clear around the town, and come in by the nearest street to my destination. If San Francisco were like Seville, the space between the foot of Market Street and Golden Gate Park would be a labyrinth of narrow crooked lanes. The quickest way to traverse that distance would be to drive around the sea-wall and North Beach, and come in to the park by way of the Presidio. I thought this plan would work in Seville, but I did not communicate my ideas to the Sevillanos. Probably they know how to run their own town.

It must not be supposed that all of the Seville streets are narrow. Some of them are wide—quite wide enough for a single-track tram-line, but never for two. There are no double-track car-lines in Seville. The roads all run up one street and down another—if there is any "up" and "down" in that very crooked city. How the natives ever learn where the electric lines run is to me a mystery.

There is one wide thoroughfare in Seville known as the "Sierpes"—so called from a pre-historic tavern sign-board with serpents on it. Fancy an American gin-mill dubbed "The Snakes"! The Sierpes is a great shopping street, the Broadway of the city. It is almost as wide as the sidewalk is on Market Street in front of the Palace Hotel. No vehicles are allowed on this street—not even donkeys.

Critics may object to my calling donkeys "vehicles," but they certainly perform most of the vehicular functions in Seville, where nearly all the streets are too narrow for wheels. A string of donkeys, with laden paniers on either side, going along a narrow Seville street, will fill it so completely that foot-passengers squeeze themselves into doorways to let the donkeys pass. It is curious to see well-dressed men going along these dark and crooked lanes, dodging donkeys. Toward midday these citizens are numerous—evidently professional and business men "going home to lunch." As they enter the prison-like houses, one gets through the iron-grated doors glimpses of *patios* or court-yards filled with palms and shrubs. These *patios* are often very handsome with tessellated floors and tiled walls. Not a day did we pass through Seville streets that I was not forcibly reminded of its resemblance to Pompeii—the narrow winding streets, the entrances and courts, the *ostium*, the *atrium*, the *impluvium*—all these things were almost exactly the same, although the houses of the modern city were not so small as in the ancient one.

The only houses in Seville which seem to have abandoned the ancient fortress-like fashion of excluding the gaze of the outer world, are the club-houses. There are a number of clubs in Seville, for it is a rich and luxurious city. They are found in various narrow streets, although the leading ones seem to be on the Sierpes. Clubs are comparatively modern institutions in Spain, and they have adopted the fashion set by the clubs in Piccadilly and other West End London clubs—that of large windows almost flush with the kerb, whence the members can survey the street at their leisure and the man in the street can survey the members at his ease. In Seville this fashion has a somewhat odd effect. In the windows of the richly furnished clubs on the Sierpes, for example, one sees the members lounging, drinking, smoking, and chatting—among them many officers, who in Spain seem to have more time than anything else. On a street about ten or twelve feet wide such an array puts the club members almost out in the street. Its effect in mediaeval Spain, where all the other houses are harred and holted like fortresses, is even the more singular.

Readers of the Pickwick Papers will remember that Mr. Pickwick once met a Mr. Peter Magnus who told Mr. Pickwick a funny story about his habit of signing notes to friends "Afternoon" from "P. M.," the initials of "Peter Magnus." "It amuses my friends very much, Mr. Pickwick," concluded Mr. Magnus.

Mr. Pickwick (remarked the Chronicler of the Pickwick Club) could not help envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were amused. Correspondingly, I have often been struck by the ease with which people in Southern Europe are amused. In Paris a hundred thousand people go out to Longchamps for the Grand Prix race, and half a million people go out and line the roads on their return to see them come back. In Rome at the feast of the "Divino Amore," five thousand people go out on the Campagna to a spot where once stood a temple to Venus and hold a picnic, while fifty thousand go out and line the Appian Way to see them return. In Madrid this peculiarity is even more marked—on the Puerta del Sol about a thousand people stand around and do nothing outdoors, while crowds of people sit indoors or lean from balconies to watch them do it. And in Seville the idle rich sit in clubs and cafés on the Sierpes to watch the lower classes walk by, while the lower classes walk by to watch the idle rich sitting in the clubs and cafés on the Sierpes.

The Alcazar in Seville has been described so often and copied so frequently in America that it is a thrice-told tale to tell of it. But it is interesting, although I fear that it has been "restored" to such an extent that the original architect would hardly know it now. When we visited it, there were artisans at work all over the place, repairing damaged places in the

stucco, putting in modern tiling, etc. A close inspection, however, would always show a difference between the new work and the old. One notes a peculiar quality, a color-tone, an iridescence in the ancient tiling that is far from equaled by the new. But I detected so much of this patchwork all over the Alcazar walls that I must confess my interest in it grew somewhat languid. I was more interested in the general architectural ensemble of the buildings than I was in the minute details of stucco-work and tiling; the quaint old close called "the Gardens of Maria de Padilla" seemed also very charming—old gardens always are. They are probably more modern than Moorish, but I fancy it would be hard to tell, in the Alcazar of Seville, what is Moorish and what is modern. I purchased a book on the Alcazar by a Spanish antiquarian and archaeologist, Don Rafael Contreras, who strives through his three volumes to prove that the Alcazar was really the work of the Christian kings Pedro the Cruel and Henry the Second. He admits, however, that they employed Moorish workmen, but pleads in extenuation that the workmen had become "converted to Christianity." The Spaniards always did try to take as much merit from the Moors as possible. But waiving this question, unprejudiced antiquarians believe that the Alcazar of Seville was a Roman building long before the Moors came into Spain, or that a Roman building stood there, part of the walls of which were utilized by the Moors.

We were taken around the Alcazar by an aged custodian who spoke only Spanish, but occasionally interjected what he thought was our native tongue. He believed that we were French—for no reason except that the lower-class Spaniards think that as most tourists who come from the north naturally come from France, they therefore are French. As all lingoes were alike to him, he supposed that the English we were conversing in was French. The name of Spain's great emperor has in nearly every language its own numeral. Unlike "Sigismund super grammaticam," who passed into history as having failed to change a gender, Charles changed an ordinal. For example, he is called in Spain "Carlos Quinto," although the Spaniards rarely use the ordinal numbers; in French he is called "Charles Quint" instead of "Cinq." As the aged custodian had occasion to use the emperor's title frequently, he would repeat after the Spanish term the words "Sharla Keen." This he supposed to be French.

It is remarkable what a diversity of customs and dialects exists in Spain. The names for some everyday objects seem to differ in the large cities. Here is a case in point. The most commonplace article of food all over the world is bread. The Barcelona bakers had several odd kinds of bread under various names—among them *pan de sopa*, and *pan duro* or *pan de borracho*. This latter bread was rather to my liking, being something like German "bread-sticks," but hard as stone. It is excellent dipped in the Spanish chocolate, which, by the way, is a curious beverage—thick, muddy, very sweet, and highly spiced. They did not have the *pan duro* at our hotel in Barcelona. There they had only the *pan de lujo*, or "luxurious bread" intended for rich people and foreigners. So I used to purchase the *pan duro* at a bake-shop for my breakfast. One day I stopped there in company with a fellow guest. He wanted to know what the bread was called. I asked the shop-woman, and she replied *pan de borracho* which I translated for my companion as "drunkard's bread." "But what does it mean?" quoth he. Again I turned to the baker-lady, who gave me a voluble explanation of which I understood about one word in five. Boiled down, it amounted to this: That the bread was used by the men of the people for dipping in wine; that sometimes they lingered long over the wine-cup, and kept dipping; that they frequently took more bread than they needed, and a great deal more wine than was good for them; hence this bread, commonly called *pan duro*, was metaphorically called *pan de borracho* or "drunkard's bread" because conducing to intoxication.

My friend looked at me with an amused smile. "Sure you've got it right?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know," I replied, doubtfully, "that's what I think she is saying."

He laughed heartily. "Well she's either giving you a fill, or you're giving me one. I don't know which," said he. "Guess you didn't understand her yarn. Own up, old man!"

I said nothing but I breathed hard. The next morning I inveigled my doubting friend into interrogating the head waiter who spoke a little English, and the dialogue ran something like this:

Doubter—"Waiter, what do you call this kind of bread?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Very good. All right. Dat bread we call him *pan duro*—sometimes *pan de borracho*, for de workingman he dip him in de wine—drink too much—get drunk."

I looked at my doubting friend, but said nothing. Silence at times is more eloquent than words.

I carried some of this bread to Madrid with me and tried to buy it there, but they had never heard of it. I produced a piece. I believe in object-lessons. No use describing things when you can show them. The attempt of a philosopher to tell a plumber how to make pipe-connections when "hose-buts," "taps," "faucets," and "plugs," all mean different things, and mean different things to plumber and philosopher, is rarely a success. Correspondingly, any attempt (in the abstract) to discuss bread with bakers would be a failure. So I showed it to them in the concrete. They inspected it curiously—they said they never had seen bread like it before. Yet Barcelona is only a night's journey from Madrid.

In the Madrid bake-shops I found a kind of bread which they called "English biscuits," although I never saw anything like them in England. They were delicious. I took some of them to Seville. The Seville bakers examined them curiously. They had never seen them before.

In Seville the bakers had a kind of rusk which they called

CLUBS, DONKEYS,
AND NARROW
STREETS.

lenguas. I carried some of them to Granada. The Granada bakers had never heard of them and had never seen them before. Yet Granada is only a day's ride from Seville.

In explanation of this large bread transportation, I may say that in Spain it is always well to carry a basket of luncheon with you on a railway journey. Sometimes there are eating-stations, and sometimes there are not.

In more than one Spanish city we found that the cathedral cloisters enclosed gardens in which took place those romantic rendezvous of which poets have sung for centuries; to wit, the meetings of lovers. Sometimes the lovers would be of the humbler rank, in which case the young woman would be alone—except for the companionship of her lover. But it was not infrequent to see the meeting of some young lady of position with her favored swain—a distinguished-looking caballero, or perhaps a dashing young officer. In this case the young lady would invariably be accompanied by her *dueña*—sometimes a sour-faced old woman, sometimes a more pleasant-looking maid-servant. But in every case the *dueña* in a mantilla stood close to the young woman's elbow—so close that it was almost impossible for the most ardent lover to pour sweet nothings unheard into his sweetheart's ear.

These meetings in the quiet cloisters of old Gothic cathedrals, encircling court-yards filled with orange-trees, certainly had romantic backgrounds. But they can not be compared to the meetings of lovers in our more favored land, where the sights and sounds and perfumes are those of birds and trees and flowers; there the lovers' meetings are "near to nature's heart." The cathedrals in these old Spanish towns are generally surrounded by serried masses of stone buildings—so closely heaped up against them that at times it is almost impossible to view a fine cathedral for lack of room to recede from its façade. In fact, at times it is difficult even to find an enormous cathedral, with its mass of subsidiary buildings, such as the archiepiscopal palace, the sacristy, the baptistry, the cloisters, etc., owing to its being buried in a labyrinth of tall, gloomy, and squalid buildings situated on noisome narrow lanes. One day we had just come out of the cloister and crossed the yard of the cathedral in Barcelona. We emerged on a lane not more than ten feet wide, across which was a handsome ancient portal bearing a coat of arms, with mitre and crook. I asked a little girl what building it was. "El palacio del obispo," she responded. As we hastened up the lane, I clung to my nose, and congratulated myself that I was not the bishop of Barcelona. He has rather too many bad smells around him for the odor of his sanctity to overcome them.

During our stay in Spain I have been much struck by the remarkable number of labor strikes. At Seville, the shoemakers were on strike. At Santander, the coal miners. At Barcelona, the printers, the dyers, and other artisans were striking for a nine-hour day, and matters were growing squally. When we left there the civil governor had just ordered the closing of the labor-union headquarters. At Reus, between Barcelona and Saragossa, the factory hands were out on strike to the number of many thousands. At Madrid, some three thousand carmen were on strike. At Coruna, the factory hands were out. At Vigo, the railway tram-crews and yard-men were striking. At Gijon, the cotton-factory operatives had struck and the mills were closed. At Cadiz, the hakers, the iron-workers, and the carpenters began the strike, which was extending to all the trades; the dock-hands then struck, tied up the shipping, and precipitated riots which it required the military to suppress.

A writer in the *Epoca*, one of the more thoughtful of the Spanish journals, speaking of this situation remarked that the condition of labor in Spain would seem ominous were it not that it was almost identical with that in the United States. The remark was certainly a pregnant one. Here are two countries, one a monarchy, the other a republic; one old, the other young; one growing, the other decaying; one poor, the other rich; one retrograde, the other enterprising; one ignorant, the other enlightened; one priest-ridden, the other free as air; one controlled by an hereditary king and court, the other by representative assemblies; yet, in both, the conditions of industrial unrest are ominous and in both they are almost identical. "Manhood suffrage" is looked upon as a panacea for most governmental ills. The most radical labor leaders in Spain would at once accept this as beyond their wildest hopes. Yet we possess it in the United States, and it has not cured our labor ills.

One day, as we were walking around Seville's magnificent cathedral, our eyes were suddenly arrested by an imposing monument in the south transept—a monument not set down in the guide-books. We approached and examined it. To my surprise I found it to be the monument to Columbus which stood for years in Cuba. Many American tourists have seen it in Havana. It is made up of four figures of heroic size representing the kingdoms of old Spain—Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre. Each figure is clad in a herald's talar, on which are the heraldic symbols of its kingdom—hats for Aragon, chains for Navarre, and lions for Leon. Castile's symbol I do not know—in fact, these are all merely my impressions and they may be erroneous ones. I do not know who the sculptor was, or what was his design. The four figures bear on their shoulders a sarcophagus in which repose the ashes of the great discoverer. Under the sarcophagus are the words:

"A CASTILLA Y A LEON
NUEBO MUNDO OIE COLON."

To Castile and to Leon Columbus gave a new world." All of this is an old story, but here comes the new one.

The old monument stands on a new pedestal, recently erected by the city of Seville, which brought the monument hither from Havana. All this is shown by an inscription which runs like a belt around the base of the pedestal. It reads thus:

"Cuando la ingrata America se emancipó de la Madre España Sevilla obtuvo el desposito aqui los restos de Colon. y su Ayuntamiento erigo este pedestal."

"When ungrateful America [Cuba] cut loose from her Mother, Spain, the city of Seville secured and entombed here the ashes of Columbus, and here she erected this pedestal."

In the centre of the pedestal—like the huckle of the belt—is the ancient symbol of Seville, the characters:

No 8 do

This is a kind of rebus; the figure-eight knot in the middle is called a "Madeja," and reads into the two syllables *no do*, forming the sentence "No me ha dejado," or "She has not deserted me." These words, tradition says, were the utterance of Alfonso the Tenth, when Seville, alone of Spanish cities, remained loyal to her king.

There is something touching about the inscription on the pedestal. By the irony of fate it is the "ever-faithful isle," as the Spaniards called Cuba, which the faithful Seville reproaches under the term "ungrateful America."

The pedestal was designed by Arturo Media, and the monument was installed in the cathedral of Seville but a little while ago.

Those people who look upon sherry as a fixed and invariable element like water—or as such people prefer to call it, "Sherry wine"—will be interested and perhaps surprised to learn that in the sherry district of Spain there is more than one kind of sherry. The sherry district, by the way, is spelled "Jerez" on the map and "Sherry" is the way it sounds as the first Englishman tried to pronounce it. "Vinos de Jerez" is the way it is put on the hotel wine-list, and there were over forty kinds of Jerez on the wine-list at our hotel at Seville. Connoisseurs who are further along than those who say "Sherry wine" may believe that "Amontillado" means a single brand or vineyard. I counted fourteen Amontillados on our hotel wine-list. There were some high-priced wines on the list—that is, high-priced for Spain, where wine, it is humorously said, is cheaper than water; certainly in some places it is easier to get. But the sherry marked "Cabeza, 1750, twenty-three pesetas a bottle" was evidently not of the cheap kind. There were plenty of sherries of 1845, 1846, and 1847 on the wine-list, but at lower prices than the 1750 vintage. An excellent bottle of sherry could be purchased for about forty-five cents. The wine of Jerez here is a light, dry wine, neither so sweet nor so strong as the "fine old London Dock Sherry," or "old Brown Duff-Gordon Sherry" which seems to constitute the Englishman's idea of excellence in the wine of Jerez, and which Spaniards say is a blend of alcohol, sulphuric acid, and burnt sugar. However, the Spaniards make it for the Englishmen, so they ought to know. But they carefully refrain from drinking the sophisticated product themselves.

While driving through Seville's narrow streets one day, we discovered that there was a Calle Becquer, and presently found on it a strange-looking house bearing a small tablet which said:

"HERE WAS BORN GUSTAVO BECQUER, A SON OF SEVILLE."

I wonder how many strangers know who Gustavo Becquer was. Yet he was one of the most gifted sons of Spain, and he lived and died within the last half-century. He was poor, sensitive, proud, and a poet, and he may be said to have almost starved to death. During his lifetime he was not appreciated, but now that he is in his grave all Spain delights to do him honor. Seville, his birthplace, is so proud of him that she has named a street Becquer.

For years I have had a condensed copy of his works, printed in Spanish by the Appletons, of New York, for South American circulation. But I never had seen his complete works, so I went to a Seville book-seller's where I was told they were for sale in several editions. We secured one in three volumes as a souvenir of Seville. I turned at once to one of my favorite poems, and can not forbear quoting a few lines of it just to show to those who do not know him what manner of writer Gustavo Becquer was:

"Por una mirada el mundo
Por uno sonrisa el cielo
Por un beso—yo no sé
Que te diera por un beso."

Here is another fragment:

"Los suspiros son aire, y van al aire,
Las lagrimas son agua, y van al mar.
Pero el amor olvidado—dime, mujer, a donde va?"

In his passionate love-poems, his finished technique and his musical rhythm, Becquer at times reminds one of Tennyson.

We were in the Tower of the Giralda at Seville. The uneven roof of the ancient cathedral lay far beneath us; these odd, rolling roofs look not unlike the sad-colored waves of the Atlantic on a gray day, when there is neither wind nor sea, but the usual monotonous beave and swell. The Atlantic's waves often look like molten lead, which has rapidly cooled while the crucible was being moved about; on the surface the lead assumes a dull, cold hue. The heavy opaque Atlantic waves seem at times to have suddenly set in the pent-like shapes they assume; but your eyes and open them every ten seconds, and you seem to see exactly the same waves in

the same positions in which you saw them a cable's length astern. So seemed the uneven and rolling roofs of the nave, the transept, the chapels, and the choir of the great cathedral—as if they had been tossed up like the ocean's waves and suddenly solidified. This odd seeming is of course due to the manner of laying the roofs over the groined arches of the many dependencies around the nave—the Royal Chapel, the Major Chapel, the Sacristy, and other chapels.

From the lofty tower we were gazing down into the Court of Oranges and the cathedral yard, from which uprose the flying huttresses, curiously foreshortened by our great altitude. The day was ending, and the sun was sinking in the west. It was not a fiery but a placid sunset. It did not remind one of the sunsets of Salvator Rosa or Turner, but rather of the restful landscapes of Millet or Corot. Seville lies in the centre of a vast savanna, through which runs the winding river Guadalquivir bent like a silver bow. Behind us, in the east, the moon was rising, quivering, gihhous, in the dusky twilight air; before us the sun was setting, a round red ball just touching the horizon's rim. So had I often watched it sinking into the bosom of the Pacific beyond the Farallones. Hundreds of doves were circling and cooing around the tower. Off to the right lay the city of Seville, out of whose flat white roofs peeped an occasional church spire, while in the middle foreground, between us and the setting sun, rose the venerable Torre de Oro. The city's flat-roofed houses seemed a solid mass—so narrow are the streets that they were imperceptible from the tower where we stood.

Just for the whim, we counted the minutes that it took the round red ball to sink—from the moment its edge touched the horizon till it should disappear: exactly two minutes and a half. Just as the last faint pencil of red light lay on the dark line of the distant Sierra Morena, behind which the sun was setting—just as this faint pencil shimmered, quivered, and disappeared, we heard the sound of a bell.

"Ah," said I, sentimentally, "evidently that is the Angelus. Soon all the bells in Seville will sound; from every steeple will pour forth the Christian call to prayer, even as there rings from the minarets of Islam the Muezzin's cry to the Mohammedan faithful." And I paused thinking I had said rather a neat thing.

"Clang!" the sound came again. "Clang! Clang!" it was louder. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" It was not only louder, but it seemed to be approaching. What could it be?

Just at this moment out of one of the invisible Seville streets there whisked a trolley-car around the base of the Giralda Tower—a plain, ordinary, common electric tram or trolley-car with a trailer attached—a trolley with a trailer just as you see them in Chicago. And the motorman was banging his bell at an automobile, whose driver was blowing his horn at the trolley, and auto and trolley just missed colliding.

Alas, it was very modern. Thus modernity mocks at mediocrity. I sighed as we descended the Giralda Tower.

When again we climbed the Giralda Tower it was to bid farewell to Seville, although we did not know it then. It was again a beautiful summer-like afternoon, but all the days and nights were beautiful while we were in Seville. It was earlier—the great tower-clock had not yet struck four. Again we leaned over the parapet of the lofty belfry, and watched the wheeling doves. From below rose the faint sound of a bugle, and out of an imperceptible street marched a tiny column of toy Spanish soldiers, their legs swinging quickly, about one hundred and twenty steps to the minute, while their hugh corps were sounding the now familiar quick step which we heard in Madrid and all over Spain. Rapidly they marched by San Fernando Square, and soon were lost again in the mass of buildings.

The blind old custodian of the Giralda began to babble to us—oddly enough, he knew us by our voices from the couple of visits we had already made to the tower. He was telling us of the many years he had been there as boy, as hell-ringer, as custodian—forty-eight years, he said, nearly half a century.

I had noticed several small boys scampering around the belfry balcony, and turned to point to them asking the old man if they were his grandsons—for he told me he lived in the tower. But just as I was about to speak, all the bells in the belfry seemed to hurst into sudden clamor—two men and all the small boys were ringing them. Evidently the boys were being coached by the men: the heavier bells were started by the men, and then the older boys would seize the ropes and keep the bells in motion. Of the two smaller boys one was swinging the smallest bell, and the smallest hoy of all was giving a deep bass note in the chime with the largest bell of all; this bell did not swing, but was fixed to its frame; and its clapper was moved by a powerful lever, spring, and trigger. This bell worked by the important small boy, emitted at metrical intervals a ponderous and mournful note.

But the other small boys!—anything like their gymnastics I never saw before. These daring youths would tug at the ropes and when the whirling bells turned somersaults (which they did at regular, rhythmic intervals) the small boys would be shot into the air at the end of the ropes some fifteen feet or more. Some of these bells, be it remembered, measure from the top of the movable frame to the rim of the bell about ten feet, hence the flight of the ringer on the ropes would be about double the height of the frame and bell. One particularly daring youth leaped (or flew) clear to the top of the frame, alighting with both feet on the inverted bell frame; as the giant mass of metal, with a gurgle in its iron throat, paused, wavered, trembled, and then tumbled over on the other side, he leaped, but this time outward. With the next whirl of the bell he shot out into the outer air, coming back at the end of the tautened rope safely to the parapet. And all these astounding gymnastics took place amid the clamor and the clangor of the bells, so that one's eyes were bewildered with the flying figures, one's ears

STRIKES IN
SPAIN AND
IN AMERICA.

COLUMBUS BORNE
FROM HAVANA
TO SEVILLE.

BECCUER,
A SON OF
SEVILLE.

SUNSET FROM
THE GIRALDA
TOWER.

were deafened with the iron clangor, and one's whole body thrilled and vibrated in unison with the throbbing waves and pulsations of sound.

Amid it all sat the blind old man, on his face an enigmatic smile. "I can no longer see, señor," he muttered, when the ringing ceased. "I can no longer see, but I can hear the bells. Ah, the bells!" And his fingers caressed the ropes on which so lately were suspended the flying figures of the boys. It was strange to think that so many years ago this blind octogenarian had himself as a little boy been whirled and dangled and suspended in mid-air from these same venerable bells.

As we left him I cried cheerily: *Hasta la mañana*—"Good-by till to-morrow."

He corrected me: "No, no," said he, superstitiously, "do not say *until to-morrow*—to-morrow might not come. Say always *hasta otro vez*—until another time."

So I obediently corrected my farewell.

The old man was right. In traveling, one never knows what to-morrow may bring forth. We had intended on the morrow to pay our farewell visit to the Giralda Tower. But when the morrow came, we were climbing the mountains many miles away.

SOME LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

Extracts from Charles Warren Stoddard's "Exits and Entrances"—
Impromptu Verses of Stevenson—Anecdotes of Mark
Twain, Joaquin Miller, and Bret Harte.

Charles Warren Stoddard's latest volume, "Exits and Entrances," is a veritable treasure trove of early California literary reminiscences, interspersed with prose poems describing fascinating scenes and characters in Italy, England, Hawaii, Australia, and Jerusalem. Mr. Stoddard, in the early 'seventies, enjoyed the friendship of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Joaquin Miller, and of each of these writers he has something new and interesting to say. He often visited Stevenson in his lonely San Francisco lodgings, when the Scotch romancer was still struggling for recognition. Often, too, Mr. Stoddard welcomed Stevenson to his den, which the novelist described in his story, "The Wrecker." Once when Stoddard was out, the novelist scribbled the following lines on a postal-card, and slipped them under the door:

"O Stoddard! in our house of ease,
Despondent, dull and hard to please,
When coins and business wrack thy brow
A most infernal nuisance thou!

"O Stoddard! if to man at all,
To me unveil thy face—
At least to me—
Who at thy club and also in this place
Unwearied have not ceased to call,
Stoddard, for thee!

"I scatter curses by the row,
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever."

Mr. Stoddard acted as a secretary to Mark Twain during one of his lecture tours in England, and became so intimate with the humorist that he obtained ample first-hand material for a biography by the end of the season. He adds:

We were usually on hand quite early. Meanwhile the lecturer paced the room with the utmost impatience, threatening every moment to dash upon the rostrum before the appointed hour, so as to finish the night's work, and get home to the Langham in dressing-gown and slippers. At eight precisely the well-bred audience expressed a desire for the appearance of the lecturer; and they never had to wait more than twenty seconds, for he was with difficulty detained until that hour. Mr. Dolhy had sometimes to resort to ingenious devices in order to delay the lecturer a few moments, so that the tardy comers might get seated before the "trouble began." At the Queen's Concert Rooms there was, of course, a royal box. It was my custom to escort Mark to the foot of the steps leading to the stage; there from behind the door I saw him walk slowly to the footlights, against which he toasted his toes and over which he had the custom of rubbing his hands in the manner of Lady Macbeth, and bowing repeatedly, as he began with the utmost deliberation to deliver the lecture, which, by frequent repetition, I nearly learned by heart. At this moment I would pass under the hall, and ascending to the gallery, enter the royal box, where I was screened by the drapery and free from all intrusion.

Frequently, while the humorist lectured in the British metropolis the city was buried in a dense bank of fog. But so eager were the Londoners to hear Mark Twain that the weather did not interfere in the least with the size of the audiences. Says Mr. Stoddard:

One night the Queen's Concert Rooms were like a smoke-house; and I saw from my chair in the royal box a shadowy dress-coat, supported by a pair of shadowy trousers, girdled by the faint halo of the ineffectual footlights. A voice was in the air, but it was difficult to locate it with any degree of certainty. The apparently headless trunk of the lecturer told what he knew of our fellow savages, the Sandwich Islanders; and at intervals out of the depths ascended the muffled murmur of an audience invisible to the naked eye. Mark began his lecture on this occasion with a delicate allusion to the weather, and said: "Perhaps you can't see me, but I am here!"

At the last period it was Mr. Stoddard's custom to leave his box and meet the relieved lecturer at the stage boxes:

Then followed an informal reception. The greenroom seemed cheerful enough with a dozen or more delightful people saying a dozen delightful things all in a breath. Cigars were lighted; Mr. Dolhy, himself of good nature, was sure to have experienced some absurdity, which was related with unctious and prematurely punctuated by a slight impediment in his speech. Then home to the big sitting-room at the Langham, with easy chairs wheeled up before the fire, with pipes and plenty of "Lone Jack"; with cocktails such as are rarely to be obtained out of America; and with long, long talks about old times in the New World and new times in the old. How the hours flew by, marked by the hell clock of the little church over the way! One—two—three in the morning, chimed on a set of baby bells, and still we sat by

the sea-coal fire and smoked numberless peace-pipes, and told droll stories, and took solid comfort in our absolute seclusion.

Here is an amusing description of how Twain's jokes were received by his English audiences:

I found that a joke which took the house by storm one evening was not sure of a like success the following night. Some jokes took immediate effect and convulsed the house. The hearty laughter was as the laughter of one man with a thousand mouths. On another occasion the same joke caught feebly in one corner of the room, ran diagonally across the hall, followed by a trail of laughter, and exploded on the last bench. By this time the front seats had awakened to a sense of the ludicrous and the applause became general. Again a joke which never aspired to anything more than a genteel smile might on one occasion create a panic and ever after hold its peace; or the audience would be divided against itself, the one half regarding with indignation the levity of the other; or perhaps the whole house mournfully and meekly resigned itself to a settled sorrow, that found relief only in the frequent sneeze or the nasal accompaniment of the influenza.

It was during the first years of the *Overland Monthly* that Stoddard met Bret Harte, who took an interest in him at a time when he was most in need of advice, and to his criticism and his encouragement Mr. Stoddard feels that he owes all that is best in his literary efforts. He says:

Harte was not afraid to speak his mind, and I know well enough what occasion I gave him; yet he did not judge me more severely than he judged himself. His humor and his fancy were not frightened away even when he was in his severest critical mood. Once, when I had sent him some verses for approval, he wrote:

"The Albatross" is better, but not best, which is what I wanted. And then you know Coleridge has prior claim on the bird. But I'll use him unless you send me something else; you can, and (sic) you like, take this as a threat.

"In 'Jason's Quest' you have made a mistake of subject. It is by no means suited to your best thought, and you are quite as much at sea in your mythology as Jason was. You can do, have done, and must do better. Don't waste your strength in experiments. Give me another South Sea Bubble, a prose, tropical picture, with the cannibal, who is dead, left out."

I am sure that the majority of the contributors to the *Overland Monthly* while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously.

One day Stoddard found Harte pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint:

He was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy—I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word, the right word, and one word of all others to fit into a line of recently written prose. I suggested one; it would not answer; it must be a word of two syllables, or the natural rhythm of the sentence would suffer. Thus he perfected his prose. Once when he had taken me to task for a hit of careless work, then under his critical eye, and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away his wrath by a soft answer: I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches. "Well," said Harte, "he had a right to. I wept when I wrote it!"

Here is a poem entitled "Mary's Album"—never before printed—which Harte contributed to an album of Stoddard's when he was only twenty-three:

Sweet Mary—maid of San Andreas—
Upon her natal day
Procured an album, double gilt,
Entitled "The Bouquet."

But what its purpose was he yond
Its name she could not guess;
And so between its gilded leaves
The flowers he gave she'd press.

Yet blame her not, poetic youth!
Nor deem too great the wrong;
She knew not Hawthorne's bloom, nor loved
Macaulay—flowers of song.

Her hymn book was the total sum
Of her poetic lore,
And baving read through Doctor Watts
She did not ask for Moore.

But when she ope'd her book again
How great was her surprise
To find the leaves on either side
Stained deep with crimson dyes.

And in that rose—his latest gift—
A shapeless form she views,
Its fragrance sped—its heauty fled—
And vanished all its dews.

O Mary—maid of San Andreas!—
Too sad was your mistake,
Yet one methinks that wiser folk
Are very apt to make.

Who 'twixt these leaves would fix the shapes,
That love and truth assume,
And find they keep, like Mary's rose,
The stain and not the bloom.

Mr. Stoddard declares that no one who knew Mr. Harte, and knew the California of his day, wonders that he left it as he did:

Eastern editors were crying for his work. Cities vied with one another in the offer of tempting bait. When he turned his back on San Francisco and started for Boston, he began a tour that the greatest author of any age might have been proud of. It was a veritable ovation that swelled from sea to sea; the classic sheep was sacrificed all along the route. I have often thought that if Bret Harte had met with a fatal accident during that transcontinental journey, the world would have declared with one voice that the greatest genius of his time was lost to it.

When Joaquin Miller came to San Francisco, one of his first acquaintances was Mr. Stoddard, who was starting out for Tahiti. After Miller's great success in London, he met Stoddard again in New York, where they spent a winter together "behind lace curtains and locked doors." Says the author:

I used to steal out in the twilight and come back with the marketing in my pockets; then we reveled in getting supper. He had a knack of slapping a steak into a bed of live coals in the parlor grate and then tossing it over with the tongs that was my delight and my despair; such flames as enveloped that devoted steak and threatened to consume it; yet there was never a more jolly dish to set before a king, when it was brought to table. There were big mealy potatoes roasting

in the ashes; plenty of good bread and butter and cheese; a cupboard in the corner was well stored with dainties, and as for our tea—who ever tasted a more delicious cup than he brewed and we drank in the Chinese fashion?

He had the whole day for work, and he improved it; together we had the evening for chat—though we did venture out on one or two occasions and witnessed some dramatic sensation in company with the gallery-gods. We felt quite like a couple of invisible princes, playing *incog* in the metropolis.

When Miller returned from England, he was no longer C. H. Miller; he was Joaquin Miller, with a wealth of "silken locks." People who knew him but little wondered at his pose, his Spanish mantle and sombrero, his fits of abstractions or absorption, his old-school courtly air in the presence of women—even the humblest of the sex. He was thought eccentric to the last degree, a bundle of affectations, a crank—even a freak. But Stoddard did not consider him such, and thus excuses the poet:

These mannerisms are natural to him; they have developed naturally; they are his second nature. Nothing becomes him better than the Spanish cloak and sombrero, and he shows amazing sense—for a poet—and abundant good taste into the bargain, in selecting these articles of apparel for general wear. He has as much right to the sheep-skin mantle as any shepherd of Campagna, and, oh, but it is a worthy garment, well suited to the chill air that sifts through the Golden Gate! I believe it to be the privilege of every man that lives to order his garments to suit himself. I believe it the duty of every one to look as picturesque as possible. When this state of affairs shall come to pass—look out for the Millennium!

Other interesting chapters deal with "Charles Kingsley and Westminster Abbey" and "George Eliot." Mr. Stoddard's volume is supplemented with an admirably reproduced portrait of the author, which serves as a frontispiece.

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MODEST GENERAL WOOD.

"Van Fletch" Observes Him on Ship-board.

The southern route to Europe is becoming more of a picnic and social affair than a mere means of getting over to the other side. Especially is this so in the sailings out of Boston by the Dominion Line since the big, steady, comfortable thirteen-thousand-ton ships of the *New England* and *Commonwealth* class have been put into service. Following these eminent successes will soon come into the service the *Mayflower* and the *Columbia*, Canadian ships all, bearing cherished New England names, but flying the ensign of Old England.

On the express steamers and on the express routes that land passengers in Europe in from five to seven days, there is little time to get accustomed to things, and the real enjoyment of a voyage is lost. In the thirteen to fourteen day run to Italy, via the Azores and Gibraltar, in smoother water and warmer weather, seasickness is less of a menace and reality, and friendships and recreations develop that are a happy reminiscence of a trip abroad. Friends send on board huge baskets of fruit and flowers and bon-bons and surprises to be kept in the refrigerating-room or storage lockers, and sprung on the nominated recipients day by day. The stewards are employed beforehand to attend to the daily surprises. The separate packages are marked "first day," "second day," etc., and are usually genuine surprises. Yesterday, April Fool's Day, revealed a hundred ingenious and happy surprises on board the *Commonwealth*, the result of weeks of previous planning on the part of friends at home.

On this voyage, General Leonard Wood is the centre of attraction and interest. The athletic, youthful, genial hero of the Geronimo chase, the Rough-Rider organization, the capture of Santiago, and the reorganization of Cuba is an idealized personality, who does not suffer from closer acquaintance, and half a dozen, at least, of the anti-imperialist mugwumps of Boston are already wishing the general success in his mission to the Philippines, well knowing that his success means the discredit of their fears.

We have also with us the surgeon-general of the United States army, Brigadier-General Robert Maitland O'Reilly, with Dr. Colonel Hermann, his aid, on their way to the Madrid International Congress of Medicine, where they will present papers on the elimination of Yellow Jack from the list of unpreventable diseases, an accomplishment which saves more lives annually in Cuba than those lost in the Spanish-American War, and saves the United States millions of dollars each year in removing the menace of that dread disease to the Southern States.

General Wood does not hesitate to give California preference over all the departmental commands in point of agreeableness, and yet he relinquishes promise of the California assignment to volunteer for the most difficult task of pacifying the Moros in the Philippines. But, should he succeed in this supreme stunt of tact and civilization, which he is confident will happen, the reward will surely be rich and the honor great. General Wood is conspicuously unconscious of his physical personality in following his destiny. In recounting the accomplishments of reconstruction in Cuba, the recital deals with the successes of his staff in doing things and the generous assistance of those under reconstruction, as if he were merely the happy and fortunate manager of a star company in an international drama. Some people would call this assumption of impersonality a tactful modesty, but in this case it is evidently an expression of unconscious greatness.

VAN FLETCH.

SAINT MICHAELS, THE AZORES, April 3, 1903.

IN THE IRRIGATED LAND.

How Mrs. Clawson Overcame Her Long-Standing Antipathy.

As Mrs. Clawson entered the kitchen, carrying a pan piled high with new potatoes, she threw an impatiently sharp glance toward her husband. He was standing near a chair, his hand resting weakly on its back.

"You kin talk to me forever, Hi Clawson, 'bout that water; but if I had fifty springs 'stead o' fifteen and the dry season lasted twelve months 'stead o' six, not a drop, not a solit'ry drop, would Mary Long git from one o' my trenches. She's no friend o' mine—"

"She wuz back East, mother—" Clawson choked at his own boldness. "Her veg'tables is all dryin' up—her boarders is leavin' on ev'ry down-stage—"

A faint red showed itself under Mrs. Clawson's dark, wrinkled skin. She lowered her brows ominously.

"D'eh happen to mind Mary Long a-propesyin' that I'd never do better than pick up a crooked stick in the matrimony market?"

Clawson had heard the report of Mary Long's speech on the occasion of many family jars; yet the words never failed to make him wince. He sat down, throwing one knee over the other. Then he crossed his wrists and let his head fall forward humbly.

"I wouldn't lift a finger [Mrs. Clawson's voice was as solemn as the tolling of a bell] for Mary Long—I wouldn't give her a cup o' tea if she come a-beggin' at my back door. No; not—not if even Bobbie ast me to."

Bobbie was their son; and to refuse any request of his was the final test and triumph of Mrs. Clawson's will-power.

Clawson's eyes followed his wife as she drew up a chair and began to scrape the skins from the small, pink-brown potatoes. A look of incredulity came into his patient stare and rested there.

After a little while, he said, still observing his wife keenly: "I never knew yeh to refuse Bobbie anything yet. I bet if he'd want 'o marry Mary Long's gurl yeh'd—"

But he stopped speaking, silenced by the glare from his wife's dark eyes.

The hand holding the knife began to tremble.

"You ought 'o be ashamed o' yourself suggestin' sech a thing. Our Bobbie to marry into that fam'ly! I'd rather he'd marry an Injun from up the valley. Don't set there with that look on your face as if you b'lieved sech a thing could happen."

She threw her head up stiffly, keeping her eyes on her husband, meaning to look him out of countenance. His glance dropped. "Don't let's quarrel, mother. Got anything for me to do? Got plenty o' wood in?"

For a moment she was silent. Her husband must not be permitted to imagine that her indignation could be appeased by any such trifling overtures.

"Yes," she said, cutting off the word fiercely, "I have got somethin' fer you to do. Strengthen up that trench where it makes the sharp turn nex' Mary Long's field. We'll be irrigatin' her corn-patch the firs' thing you know." She spoke contemptuously; then she laughed, low, and maliciously. "That dry trench o' hers with only a foot or two of solid ground between it and that fine little stream of ours! And some time, father, between this an' bed-time, I want you to take a stick and scratch two or three little channels down tow-wards the tomatoes. The other garden stuff is fairly growin' up out of a swamp; but, somehow, the tomatoes has been forgot."

Clawson rose and slowly left the room.

While Mrs. Clawson prepared the noon-hour dinner, she frequently peered up the long slope leading from the kitchen porch. It was planted in methodical patches of garden truck. Some of the green clumps had outgrown their strength and could be seen to sprawl, as if for support, over smaller, stockier growths. Mrs. Clawson's gaze was bounded by a hedge of manzanita, whose small trunks and twisted limbs showed a soft red, like dressed cedar. A wide ditch ran along the hedge, the water turning near the group of pines and hurrying down through the southwestern corner of the Clawson ranch to the creek.

When Mrs. Clawson saw her husband bend to pick up an armful of broken rock, she sat down contentedly near the open door; she braced the small, square coffee-mill firmly between her knees, and turned the handle with a fierce spirited movement.

"Clawson, dinner's ready," she called, half an hour later.

As she went along the path she pulled off the withered roses from the bushes. When she came to the barbed-wire fence, she stood looking out critically across her neighbor's blighted corn-field. Not a healthy stalk to be seen anywhere among those sickly plants; each one thirsting for water.

The ditch flowed rather noisily at her feet as it ran along the steepest part of the hill. Three hundred feet west the creek sang musically in a muffled roar.

Mrs. Clawson's thin lips curved in a downward crescent.

"Clawson," she called again. But he was at her side; and followed her heavily over the plank laid across the trench.

"Whatever has become of that boy of ours," she said affectionately. "Took his rods and fly-book out with him early this morning. Said he'd be back at dinner-time, sure. Well, Clawson, how'd you git along

with the work?" She turned a suspicious eye on her husband.

"I tightened the wall," he replied, meekly.

They walked along silently to the kitchen door. Mrs. Clawson went on, going round to the front of the house. She looked about in every direction, shading her eyes with her brown, knotty hands. She tried to decipher the spaces of shadow among the thickets and trees near the creek. She thought she saw a splotch of dark-red and gold color.

"Must be the sun strikin' on the back o' wild cattle. They been a-strayin' round here lately."

She started toward the creek. Then, with a wavering movement, turned and hurried back to the kitchen.

"You better start eatin'," she called to Clawson. "I'm goin' down to see if I can't see somethin' o' Bobbie. Don't touch that light pinkish piece of ham in the skillet; that's fer Bobbie."

Mrs. Clawson walked with long strides through the young orchard. When she came to the bank, where the foot-path descended precipitately to the creek, she stopped, looking up, down, across. The water dashed, foaming, from among a tumbled mass of boulders.

She went down the path, brushing against the willows. At the opening, where the bushes had been cut away, she could see the bend. The water ran swiftly around the low, opposite bank; broke into a stretch of little, metallic-like waves. Over there the trout might be caught by the hundred in an hour or two.

Mrs. Clawson thought she heard a laugh, shrill and happy, above the bubbling and chatter and roar of the creek.

Then she saw a young girl throw up a line, on which dangled a frantic fish. Near by, her son stood, his hands in his pockets, laughing.

Mary Long's girl!

The same golden-red hair; the same vivid coloring in the cheeks and lips; the same dark, luminous eyes.

Bobbie was now tearing the fish off the hook—not taking his gaze, which she knew was tender, from the face of Mary Long's girl.

Mrs. Clawson watched the young girl as she scrambled onto the bank, trying to catch the writhing and leaping trout. She noted the soft, pretty outlines of the girl's figure as she swayed forward to throw the fish out into the middle of the stream. She saw the coquetry of Miss Long's demure return to her son's side; the challenge in her glance up to his. But when he put his arms around her she turned deliberately and stamped firmly up the path.

Mr. and Mrs. Clawson sat on the back porch. It was growing dark. Mt. Sanhedrin was a mere blur against the dusky sky; the entrance to the little arbor, over which the wild hop-vine rioted, was fading into the general dimness.

For a half an hour no word had been spoken. At last Clawson, summoning up courage, said: "I didn't think you'd let him git so far, mother, as to be upstairs there alone packin' his things."

"I didn't know you ever did any thinkin' on any subject, Hi Clawson," she replied. A tear, of which she took no notice, coursed its way down her thin cheek.

Silence reigned for several minutes. Then Mrs. Clawson said, in a sad monotone: "Guess you'd better hitch up the buckboard now; it always takes you s'long to do anything. The stage starts from Long's at eight o'clock; it's about seven now."

"Mother," Clawson said, "you ain't surely goin' to let our boy go away without 'is supper."

She answered his impertinence with a stony stare.

"You jest hitch up now, Hi. I'll cook you up a bite after—after he—some time to-night."

To be misunderstood always made Clawson flinch, embarrassed, as from a blow. He rose slowly, moving off the porch with uncertain step.

Tears began to rain down Mrs. Clawson's face.

Presently she heard her son coming down the stairs. Her attention followed his step as he strode into the parlor; then crossed the hall to the spare room. Her heart's pulse began to quicken as he came, hesitatingly, towards the door at her elbow. The door opened with a jerk, scraping over the floor noisily.

Her son sprang past her to the edge of the porch, where he crouched down, bracing his head against a small, upright post.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going away. But I'm not going away angry. I love Hattie Long—I can't stay where there's so much bitterness against my future wife's folks."

Mrs. Clawson muttered, as if to herself. "Of all people in the world! An' fer us, in a State a thousand miles long, to set ourselves right down nex' to 'em! On a piece o' mortgaged property, too! Never caring a thing about us, until they needed our water—"

She sniffed contemptuously; then fell into a brooding silence.

The sound of wheels presently reached Mrs. Clawson's acute ears. She noted the grating noise as the wheels scraped along over the broken stone; and she recalled how her son, only yesterday, had spent the morning filling in the ruts near the broken-limbed pear-tree.

Mrs. Clawson's hands were icy; her body shivered as with the cold.

Her son scrambled to his feet. He came and laid a strong hand on her shoulder.

"Remember, mother, I don't bear any ill-will."

She caught hold of his hand. She cried out, in broken tones: "Don't go on to-night's stage, Bobbie. Oh, Bobbie, mebbe your mother kin learn to swallow her hard feelin's."

* * * * *

Mrs. Clawson set the lighted lantern under the tall pines where the irrigating ditch made its abrupt turn.

With a long-handled hoe she quickly scraped a shallow channel through the weedy ground dividing the water and her neighbor's empty trench.

Then she bent stiffly over the stones her husband had patched into the wall in the morning. One of the stones stood up large and angular above the others. Mrs. Clawson tugged at it with awkward, outstretched arms. At last she succeeded in loosening it; and pushed it forward into the ditch.

The water gurgled and seeped through the opening to form itself into a slender little stream.

Mrs. Clawson now seizing the lantern, held it at arm's length for a careful survey of the top of the wall. A larger, heavier stone hung near the newly made opening. This she succeeded in dislodging also. And when the water flowed over the bank in a darker, thicker stream, at last trickling down into Mary Long's trench, Mrs. Clawson chuckled grimly.

Certainly it would surprise no one that through a loose wall water should find for itself an opening, nor that afterward the refreshing stream should be allowed to pursue its own beneficent way.

Mrs. Clawson continued to laugh as she slung the lantern over her arm and picked her steps across to the tool-shed, where she had found the hoe a half an hour earlier.

It had grown very dark. When she started down the hill she could hardly see three feet before her.

"I come after yeh. Sue," her husband's voice said out of the shadow of an apple-tree. "Is there anything the matter with yeh?"

"Nothin' that I'm aware of," she replied, in a non-committal tone.

"Yeh aint sick, are ye, Sue? Well people don't wander around after dark."

"People should mind their own affairs, rather," she replied.

"Would yeh mind my takin' the lantern, Sue?"

She thought she heard a note of covert triumph in his voice.

"Take it if yeh want," she spoke indifferently. "I'm cold. I want 'o git back to the house."

He took the lantern from off her arm. She watched him curiously as his dark figure stumbled up the hill and stooped over the broken wall.

When he returned to her side, he said: "Why didn't yeh tell me. I'd done 'a' for yeh."

"Done what?" she asked.

He burst into a laugh. It was the first laugh of unalloyed satisfaction he had enjoyed for years.

She clutched his arm.

"I expect yeh'll hold that over my head like the sword o' Damocles all the rest o' my life. That wall broke itself. Dunce!"

They hurried down the hill. He was in the lead to-night, holding the lantern down close to her feet.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1903. OLIVE DIBERT.

In "The Impressions of a War-Correspondent," by George Lynch, the English journalist, there are some painful chapters about the war with China. A competent witness declared that the allied troops might be divided into two classes, the civilized and the uncivilized. In the former class he included the British, the Americans, and the "Japs." Mr. Lynch fills in the blank. "The Russians and the French carried off the palm for outrages on women during the original march, and subsequently the Germans similarly distinguished themselves." "In a village on the way to Paoting-fu, through which a body of Germans had just passed, three girls were taken by our troops out of a well into which they had been thrown before the Germans left."

Commenting upon the present budget of India, the other day, Lord Curzon said that it contained the first serious attempt at a reduction of taxation that had been made for twenty years. India, he declared, was making progress. The cost of the Durbar was nine hundred thousand dollars, which was only one-sixth of a penny per head of the population, while the patriotic effects of it were incalculable.

The offer of rewards by a newspaper in Salem, Mass., for the collection of nests of the brown-tail moths was so effective that within two weeks 140,215 nests were brought in. One lad collected 19,314 nests, and won the prize, \$25.00. The next largest number was 18,344, for which the second prize, \$15.00, was paid.

There are said to be more than twenty thousand French Canadians in Lowell, Mass., and sixty per cent. of them are employed in the mills. Thirty French Canadians are physicians, and six are lawyers. The leading shopkeeper of the town is a French Canadian. He employs one hundred and fifty persons.

According to municipal statistics just published in Paris, that city boasts 10,617 octogenarians and 531 nonagenarians, 85 of whom will be centenarians in a few months' time. Of centenarians there are at present five.

ROYALTY AT CLOSE RANGE.

How "Cockaigne" Accidentally Witnessed the Departure of Queen Alexandra for Copenhagen.

England at the moment is without either its king or queen. King Edward has sailed away for Lisbon on his visit to King Carlos of Portugal, and Queen Alexandra has gone to Copenhagen to see her august father, King Christian of Denmark. Curiously enough, I happened by a bit of luck to be a witness of the departure of Queen Alexandra last Monday morning from Victoria Station. I had chanced to have spent the week end at Brighton and came back to town by an early train which arrived at the station about a quarter-past nine. I had forgotten about the queen's going away this morning, and only remembered it as I alighted and saw the royal train drawn up at a far platform, from which everybody was carefully excluded, save the highest railway officials and a foreign-looking swell in an ambassador's dress, whom I afterward discovered was the Danish minister. There were also a few gentlemen in frock coats and top hats, and as I happened to be so attired for my return to town, I decided to join them and, if possible, see the queen depart.

Without being noticed, I managed to pass a number of attendants and soon found myself safe and sound upon the royal platform. With considerably quickened heart-beats I looked around me; all heads were turned aside with eyes fixed upon the entrance by which the royal party was momentarily expected. Apparently I was unobserved, or, if so, was thought, perhaps, to be one of the royal servants arranging the small luggage. At all events, no notice was taken of me, and I breathed freely. A few moments later off went every one's hat like marionettes pulled by a string. Off went mine, too. I joined the party near the door and took up a position where I could see. As I did so Mr. Cosmo Bousor—chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and one of the directors of the Bank of England—led the way in through the principal entrance, followed by Mr. Vincent Hill, the general manager, both with hat in hand and with a sort of half-face backward. Immediately following came King Edward and Queen Alexandra, walking side by side, in a sort of straggly, out-of-step fashion, the king with that short-paced, crouching gait of his, and the queen marching with dignified mien. The faces of both were wreathed in smiles as they bowed to right and left.

As they passed where I stood I distinctly caught the queen's eye. She gave me one of her most graceful bows and smiled one of her sweetest smiles right into my face. She was arrayed in a dark cloth tailor-made traveling dress, fitting her perfect figure like a glove. She wore a long fur tippet, a bunch of pink roses in her corsage, and a small toque. The king had on an ordinary brown cloth overcoat and top hat of his own especial pattern, which, strange to say, no one copies. The neat and dapper little Prince of Wales, with his long curving moustache, came without the princess to bid his mother adieu. Unlike his royal father, his overcoat had a big fur collar and deep cuffs.

When the door of the royal saloon carriage was reached, the king stopped short (he had got a bit in advance of his wife) and, looking round, held up the forefinger of his right hand. Instantly Mr. Cosmo Bousor, a handsome, well-groomed, well-fed man of middle age, darted forward and listened while the king spoke a few words to him, the same being ended up by a grin and a little nod which always means dismissal to the subject. Mr. Bousor backed away, and the queen joined her lord and master. They spoke together for a few moments, the only words I could catch being the very last, when I distinctly heard his majesty say, "Now, mind, Aleck, if it's the least bit rough at Dover, you're not to cross to-day." The queen was followed into her car by the king, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught.

The favored few who were to accompany her personally in the royal carriage, as soon as the king had withdrawn, were Colonel Brocklehurst, the South African hero, who is her single equerry, and the Hon. Sidney Griville, her private secretary. Griville, by the way, is one of the handsomest men about the court, if not in London society, his black, crisp hair accentuating the marble pallor of his statuesque features, his face, clean shaven, save for an upturned raven moustache, being the cause of many a feminine heartache every season. These two, with the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, the queen's chosen maid of honor

for the journey, stood on the platform waiting for the king to leave, being meanwhile joined by Lady de Grey and her daughter, Lady Juliet Lowther, who was invited to accompany the queen as far as Dover.

Presently Prince Charles of Denmark, who was being awaited, came bustling in. Lady de Grey and her daughter and Miss Knollys curtsied low as he passed, but he gave them in return only a hurried, somewhat brusque nod, and jumped into the queen's carriage. King Edward and his queen then exchanged double-cheek kisses in true English high-life fashion, accompanied by a stately embrace. The Prince of Wales saluted his mother in the same fashion. Then the king stepped out, shook hands with Lady de Grey, and held up his forefinger again. Mr. Vincent Hill, for the nonce fulfilling the function of the guard, blew a silver whistle, which hung to a chain round his neck, there was a waving of green flags, and slowly the train rolled out of Victoria Station on its way to Dover.

LONDON, April 4, 1903. COCKAIGNE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James McNeill Whistler, the American artist, will receive the degree of doctor of laws at the forthcoming Glasgow University graduation ceremony. The degree will be conferred *in absentia*, as owing to the state of Mr. Whistler's health he will be unable to be present.

It is reported that Richard Croker, the ex-Tammany boss, earned one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars on the English turf last year. A large part of this, of course, was depleted by expenses, but there was a profit, and Mr. Croker's racing interests are now said to be on a paying basis.

Major John Pitcher, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has acted as chief of President Roosevelt's military guard during his visit to Yellowstone Park, has won an enviable record as superintendent of the park. His stringent enforcement of the rules against shooting has had much to do with the increase of the wild creatures in Uncle Sam's preserve.

Georges Bertrand has just finished what is probably the largest picture in the world. The subject is the funeral of Carnot. It was ordered in 1895 by the French Government for the historic gallery of Versailles, and measures one hundred and fifty square yards. The artist built an immense shed especially for the work. The canvas contains a hundred portraits, including those of M. Casimir Périer, Félix Faure, numerous ministers, and Lord Dufferin.

During the opening performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in Manchester England, Colonel Cody's new horse, King Edward, slipped and fell on its rider. Although Colonel Cody's ankle and the tendons of his left leg were sprained, he announced his intention of appearing the next night on horseback, but his doctor's advice prevailed, and he entered in an open carriage, being received with great enthusiasm. It is expected that he will soon be able to ride again.

A woman, Dr. Jennie Nicholson Browne, of Baltimore, obtained the highest average of all the one hundred and five candidates, mostly men, who took the Maryland State Board examination in medicine in June, 1902, the results of which have just been published. This is the third time a scholarship honor has fallen to her. She is a niece of Bishop Isaac L. Nicholson, of Milwaukee, Wis., and was graduated at Bryn Mawr College in 1898, and subsequently at the Woman's Medical College in Baltimore.

The Italian brigand, Nicola Morra, who was condemned at Benevento to fourteen years' penal servitude, has been transferred to the Santa Teresa Prison in Florence. At the station of Benevento, just as Morra was being led to the compartment of the train reserved for him, he caught sight of the lawyer who had acted as public prosecutor in his case, and was with difficulty restrained from attacking him. Morra is seventy-six years old, and has passed fifty years of his life in prison.

A unique family reunion was celebrated in Salt Lake City recently by the Farr brothers. More than four hundred direct descendants of three aged brothers—Lorin, Winslow, and Aaron Farr—were present. Every trade and profession was represented by members of the family. Lorin Farr is eighty-three years old. He has three hundred and fifteen living children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and declares that he can call the name of

every one of these descendants. The two other brothers have eighty-five or more descendants each. Winslow is sixty-six years, and Aaron eighty-five. The Farr brothers are devout believers in the Mormon doctrine of rearing large families, and declare that their families are evidence that President Roosevelt's race-suicide theory will not stand the test.

William Waldorf Astor has further identified himself as a British subject by purchasing the historic structure known as Hever Castle, in the county of Kent, near the river Eden. It is a fine old castellated mansion, surrounded by a moat, and was purchased by Astor for about two hundred thousand dollars. Hever Castle dates from the time of Edward the Third, and was the home of Anne Boleyn. To it she was withdrawn from sight by King Henry the Eighth, after her engagement with Lory Percy was broken off. Her bedstead and other relics associated with her name are preserved there.

Santos-Dumont is busy building a big balloon shed in Paris which will house at least three of his air-ships. He has purchased twelve thousand square metres of land facing the Seine at Neuilly, just opposite the Island of Puteaux, where is situated the famous summer club for Parisian sportsmen. M. Dumont lives in the Champs-Élysées, and goes about on a tiny electric American run-about. His new balloon will be the tenth that he has built, and, as M. Dumont is of opinion that number nine was much too heavy, number ten will be of a much lighter design. Experts declare that the new balloon will be a beautiful toy, but not a machine to conquer the air.

A Negro on the Negro Problem.

William E. Burghardt Du Bois does not possess that calm, cool, professorial manner which weighs facts, balances judgments, and leaves the reader doubtful regarding his author's real opinions. In "The Souls of Black Folk," Mr. Du Bois, himself a negro, writes of the great problem earnestly, sometimes passionately, always presenting the negro's side of the case, and often revealing that in his own soul rankle bitterness against, and hatred of, the white race. Yet the book is a most interesting one. It is so sincere, so evidently from the heart, so poetic in expression, that it compels attention. Aside from Booker T. Washington, the black man has had no spokesman of national prominence since Douglass died. And when a negro writer presents clearly views radically opposed to those of Washington, claiming with plausibility that he represents a large proportion of his race, what he has to say can not but be of the highest interest.

We are far from being convinced by the chapter entitled "Of Mr. Booker T. Washington and Others." In brief, Mr. Du Bois argues that the negro needs education other than industrial. Booker Washington, on the other hand, puts all emphasis on making the negro a good farmer, a good mechanic, a master of all the ordinary trades. Du Bois argues that the negro should have the ballot, that he must unceasingly demand it where it has been wrested from him. Washington tacitly assents to disfranchisement of illiterate negroes, even though illiterate whites vote. Du Bois demands for his race "civic equality"—he considers such measures as the "Jim Crow" law civic inequality. To such measures Booker Washington makes no objection. Thus are sharply defined the differences of opinion that divide the race.

Not all of Mr. Du Bois's book is in essay form. Stories and sketches are interspersed—all, however, meaningful, and bearing upon the general arguments of this most intelligent negro, who, we learn from "Who's Who," is a graduate of Harvard, where he took his doctor's degree in 1895, and, until recently, was instructor in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania. He has also studied at the University of Berlin.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Advice from the Philippines.

A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal*, plainly an officer, has written down the following "Don'ts" for officers and their wives whose hard fate may be sending them to the Philippines:

Don't go to the Philippines unless you have money and plenty of it.

Don't complain when you arrive there because you are not satisfied; remember that you might have remained at home.

Don't leave the United States unless you are sound physically; you never would leave if you were sound mentally.

Don't fail to learn some Spanish: good Spanish is unnecessary, as no one here can speak it.

Don't bring anything you value out here—your life is the exception that proves the rule.

Don't eat fresh fruits or any article of uncooked food; cholera is no respecter of persons.

Don't spend your "dobe" dollars as if they were dimes and nickels; never mind if they are heavy to carry.

Don't buy anything from curio stores or bazaars until you have been here long enough to know the bottom prices.

Don't kill the lizards that crawl around your rooms or tent; they are death to mosquitoes.

Don't gamble because you find nothing else to do; it is a poor and unhealthy pastime as well as costly.

And lastly, don't censure me if my views don't agree with yours.

Jerome A. Hart's Foreign Correspondence.

As we have received numerous requests from *Argonaut* readers for the dates of the earlier numbers of Jerome A. Hart's foreign letters, we print herewith a list of same to date for their convenience:

THE OPERA IN PARIS: Spacious Opera House—Size of the Orchestra—Dancing, Ballet, and "Skirt"—Dramatic Opera Singers—Before and Behind the Curtain—Notable Operatic Performances—Box-Holders at the Grand Opera—Type-writers and Telephones—Dean of the Opera Box-Holders....January 12th
TWO PARIS FIRST NIGHTS: "First" Performance of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci"—Jean De Reszke's Brilliant Impersonation—Delmas, the Opera's Great Baritone—"Among Those Present"—Calvé in "La Carmélite"—Religious Scruples Over a Scene—Political and Religious Rancor.....January 19th
SARAH BERNHARDT'S NEW PLAY: How the French Tragedienne Rested Before Producing "Thérèse de Mérocourt"—Epigrams and Criticisms—Hervieu, the Playwright—Tailoring on the French Stage.....January 26th
FROM OPERA TO CIRCUS: The Love of the Circus—Paris Circuses and the Cake-Walk—Orchestras, Concerts, and Theatre Bills—Miseries of French Theatres—The American and His "Aisle Seat".....February 2d
GETTING ABOUT IN PARIS: A Frenchman's Terror of Street-Crossings—Omnibuses, Cabs, Autos, and Trams—The Parisians' New Toy, the "Métro"—Autos, Auto Horns, and the Auto Exhibition—An Auto Trip Around Paris—Trams in the Centre of Paris—Human Wreckage in the Louvre.....February 16th
BY RAIL TO THE RIVIERA: Terms, Trains, and Trams—American and French Railways—European Sleeping Cars—Civility of Nice's Electric Car Conductors—The Cimier Millionaires' Tramway—Those Patronized by the People.....March 9th
A WINTER SEASIDE CARRY: A Few Facts and Figures About Nice—Rival Towns and Climatic Lying—Special Cafés for the English—Rivalry of Riviera Hotels—Loungers: Police, Soldiers, and Beggars—Real-Estate Boom in Nice—Linguistic Pitfalls Abroad—A Food Farewell to France.....March 16th
ACROSS THE PYRENEES: The Vineyards of the Midi—The Frontier of France and Spain—Spanish Surprises—Notes Along the Railways—Taking Up the Tickets—Some Practical Notes on Barcelona—The City's Provincial Patriotism—Newspapers, Bull-Fights, and Books—Main Street and Hotels—A Yankee Hotel-Runner in Spain.....March 23d
THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN: Madrid's Famous Square—At the Opera and in the Park—Some Surprises in Spain—Many Pictures by Great Masters—A Ghostly Madrid Signboard—Peculiarities of the Telegraph Office—Crowds at the Pelota Games—Spectators at a Bull-Fight—Madrid Moralist on the Bull-Fight.....March 30th
INTO ANDALUSIA: Universal and Incessant Smoking—Tobacco Habit and Cigarette Cough—"Food that Can Walk"—How Tourists Take Toledo—Travelers, Small Cities, and Cordova—Cloaks and Mufflers in Andalusia—How to Treat Spanish Beggars—Goats, Electric Lights, House Moving—The Street Called Stony—French and California Prunes—We Meet the Alcalde of Toledo....April 15th

A London paper says that, encouraged by the stage success of "Sherlock Holmes," Dr. Conan Doyle has been tempted to turn another of his characters to dramatic account. He has, in fact, just completed a four-act play of which Brigadier Gerard is the hero and principal figure. In order to give continuity and coherence to the plot, Dr. Doyle, discarding all thought of that intrepid soldier's previous adventures, has invented an entirely new story, in which Gerard will be seen both as an ardent lover and a fearless adventurer. The action of the piece is laid in France immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, and Napoleon himself plays in it no inconsiderable part.

Mary Mannering in her latest success, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," is to follow William H. Crane at the Columbia Theatre.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Mannerings" a Charming Story.

Miss Alice Brown's stories are among the most distinctive and attractive of the present-day novels of New England life. "King's End" is quite a beautiful little story, in its fresh, sweet wholesomeness of spirit, in the atmosphere of open-air and country distances in which the simple lives of its characters are passed, and in a hovering spirit of poetry that is over it all, like the glamour of a spring day.

Miss Brown's succeeding book, "Margaret Warren," marked a transition. Her muse had acquired a metropolitan air, for the main events of the story transpired in a city environment. The writer's understanding of human nature had found wider fields for exercise, and the character of Laura and of the weakling who loved her were each, in their way, distinct creations, while the easy, comfortable, yet hard-working bohemianism of the life painted had that mingling of reality and ideality that gave it distinctness and charm.

In "The Mannerings," the writer has located the scene of her story in two neighboring New England country homes, which are occupied by a group of extremely interesting people. Matrimonial infelicity, resulting from the ill-assorted union of feminine strength with masculine weakness, is the texture of one of the main threads in the story. Miss Brown's conservative conclusion is that the woman, tugging at the bond that unites her to despicable inferiority, must submit to its galling restraint, and sacrifice her individual need of release and freedom for the larger principles which govern the safe maintenance of the marriage bond. Nevertheless, the author recoils from the severity of her own decree, and, by a plausible turn, the story sticks to principle while relieving the wife from too severe a serving of her life sentence.

Yet another principle the author expounds, in her narrative of the dual love-story of two couples who are restrained from mutual avowals of affection by numerous gossamer threads of constraint, pride, and fancied divination into the imaginary indifference of the other. Natalie, the true heroine, is of that type of New England girl whose habitual self-effacement and delicate reserves leave her lover peculiarly exposed to the dangers of an infatuation for an irresistibly fascinating but conscienceless sister of his sweetheart.

These are interesting situations, and are interestingly set forth. But it is evident, in this, her latest book, that, with all her dowry of fine literary expression in its fullest flower, the author has strayed away from realities. There is something sweet, remote, elusive in Natalie's character, which Miss Brown's delicacy of touch in character portraiture conveys very happily; but when it comes to an understanding of the nature of the tie between her and Dick, the imagination is scarcely light-winged enough to follow.

The story of her long mental suffering and the illness and delirium that followed is prettily, and even touchingly told, yet still the note of truth is absent. The defection of Natalie's lover is credible, in view of the contrast between the two women, but his supernaturally induced return is inconsistent, improbable, and out of date in a purely modern novel. When one reviews the affairs of the three couples whose stories make up "The Mannerings," one discovers that the keynote of love is self-denial. It is a doctrine that will not please materialists, who will find the book too fine-spun and delicately inscrutable for their hearty, healthy optimism. But it is not written for materialists, although there are occasional dashes of a modern breeziness of expression in it that will relieve the unsuitable reader. Miss Brown twice allows her most practical heroine to say "infernal," and the characters of Lorraine, the earth-lover, and Brice, the unstable husband, are printed in black-letter type that he who runs may read.

Although the story is pitched in a subdued and sometimes melancholy key, it is not monotonous, and the interest is irresistibly enchaind, as much by the marked literary charm of the writer as by the originality and unconventionality of the character-study and treatment.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

How Shakespeare Looked.

In a small book entitled "A New Portrait of Shakespeare," John Corbin proves himself to be not only a brilliant young man, but also an astonishingly industrious one. He has studied with great minuteness two reputed portraits of Shakespeare, the one called the Dreshout Original, supposed by some to be

the original of the engraving which appears in the 1623 folio; the other a much-neglected painting known as the Ely Palace portrait. Mr. Corbin concludes that the Dreshout picture is probably a fabrication, but that the Ely Palace painting is in all likelihood a life portrait of William Shakespeare. If the argument which Mr. Corbin carries through ninety pages finally commend itself to the judgment of picture experts and students of Shakespearean relics, he will have achieved a distinct triumph, for until now the Ely Palace portrait has been an unconsidered trifle. How Shakespeare really looked is a matter of interest to some millions of men. If Mr. Corbin has, as seems possible, gone far toward answering that question, he deserves their thanks. The little book is handsomely printed, and contains illustrations showing the two paintings, the familiar engraving, and the bust.

Published by John Lane, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish about the end of May a novel by Frank R. Stockton, which was written by the author during the year preceding his death. It is a love-story, entitled "The Captain's Tollgate," and has for its scene that part of West Virginia in which Mr. Stockton made his home during the last years of his life. "The Captain's Tollgate" will be brought out with a memoir of Mr. Stockton, written by Mrs. Stockton. It will also have a frontispiece portrait of the author, and some views of Mr. Stockton's home in West Virginia.

Thirteen stories by F. Hopkinson Smith will make up a volume entitled "The Under Dog," which Charles Scribner's Sons will issue next month.

Rudyard Kipling has finally decided to call his new volume of verse "The Five Nations." Besides Kipling's recent poems, the book will include twenty-five new ones.

Eden Phillpotts has written two new stories which will be published soon in this country. They are "The Farm of the Dagger," a story dealing with the War of 1812, and "The Golden Fetich," with some of the scenes laid in the heart of Africa.

The Macmillan Company will publish the book Dorothy Menpes is getting ready for the press on "The World's Children," in which she describes the young folk of the many nations she has met in her travels. Mortimer Menpes has made one hundred illustrations in colors, which will add interest to the volume.

Robert W. Chambers's latest story, "The Maids of Paradise," which a short time ago appeared serially in *Collier's Weekly*, will be brought out in the fall in book-form with the imprint of Harper & Brothers. The hero of the book is an American who goes to France during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

"With the Eyes of Youth" is the title of a collection of essays left by the late William Black, and soon to be published. A conversation with Carlyle is recorded in one of these papers.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. are about to bring out David Graham Phillips's picture of American society of to-day. "Golden Fleece" is non-committal enough, but the subtitle of the book—"The American Adventures of an English Fortune-Hunting Earl"—is sufficiently explanatory.

The disturbances in Bulgaria and Macedonia and other parts of Turkey give additional interest to "The Turk and His Lost Provinces," which has just been published. It is by William E. Curtis, and gives an account of the conditions that exist in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and other Balkan states.

Thomas Nelson Page's new novel, "Gorton Keith," the first from his pen since "Red Rock," will make its appearance in May. There will be no serial publication.

"Written in Florence" is the title of a collection of the last poems by Hugh McCulloch, which Little, Brown & Co. have just published. Mr. McCulloch was the grandson and namesake of Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Lincoln and Arthur.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly bring out a novel by Alice Duer Miller under the title "The Modern Obstacle." Her theme, as the title indicates, is the difficulty of marriage experienced by persons who have exacting tastes and a small income.

The diary of John Quincy Adams, while a student in the office of Theophilus Parsons, of Newburyport, Mass., has been edited by his

grandson, Charles Francis Adams, and will be published soon by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, under the title "Life in a New England Town, 1787-1788."

Booker T. Washington is writing a new book on the general subject of negro education in Southern schools and colleges.

"The Autobiography of a Beggar; Prefaced by Some Account of the Humorous Adventures and Incidents Related in the Beggars' Club," is the novel title of a book by I. K. Friedman.

George Barr McCutcheon, author of that popular successful novel, "Graustark," has written a new story under the title "The Sherrods," with the scenes laid in Clay County, Ind.

"Ruskin's Comments on Dante," with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, is in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., along with "The Correspondence between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm," edited by Frederick W. Holls.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Man o' Airlie.

Oh, there aboon yon heather hill,
Where footfa' comes but rarely,
There is a house they point out still
Where dwelt the man o' Airlie.
He wore a coat o' bodden gray,
His band was hard wi' labor;
But still he bad a bameely way
O' stannin' by his neighbor.

His burly laugh made men rejoice,
His words the neighbors guided;
The little hairiness loved his voice,
And in his smile confided;
The words to-day that left his lip
Became a deed to-morrow;
Hoot, man, the friendship of his grip
Would lift the heart o' sorrow.

He was na loud, be was na proud,
He lacked in larin' sairly,
And yet ye'd pick him frae a crowd,
The bonest man o' Airlie.
His wealth it was na' in his land,
It was na' in the city;
A mint o' bonor was his hand,
His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead an' gone, this prince o' Fife,
Mute is his burly laughter;
But, ah! the music of his life,
That hides wi' us lang after.
His memory lives; the man may die,
That lingers bright and loun',
Just like a star lost frae the sky,
Whose ray survives his ruin. —Anon.

For a' That and a' That.
Is there, for honest poverty,
That bangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on bameely fare we dine,
Wear bodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The bonest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a helmed knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's ahooon bis might,
Guid faith, be maunna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are bigger rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

A new book by George Ade, entitled "People You Know," has just been published by Harper & Brothers, with R. H. Russell's imprint. Mr. Ade says in his preface: "If the reader will bear in mind that only the people who live around the corner are discussed in this volume, there will be no chance for painful misunderstandings. I have no desire to rub the wrong way any one who proves his true friendship by purchasing a copy of this work."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Accommodating Captain Clephane.

E. W. Hornung's latest hook bears the title "No. Hero," an inviting intimation to the hero-satiated novel-reader of the moment. But although confessedly no hero, Captain Clephane is a thoroughly satisfying leading man, with a vein of keen humor, a justifiable sense of honor, and a good-sized lump of hard common sense. The story in every respect is quite out of the ordinary, and intensely human. Catherine of the artistic temperament, the quoter of Browning and lover of Watts and Burne-Jones, enlists our admiration from the start, even though she is a "rose of yesterday," and the mother of a big Eton fellow entering his twenties. Clephane, years before, had loved this charming widow, and her refusal to marry him had sent him to the wars in India. After winning his spurs and many honorable wounds, the captain returns to England, but with the deeper wound from a keener arrow not yet healed. Soon after his return, Catherine Evers, the passion of whose life is now the love for her son, finds herself for the first time inadequate to a sudden crisis in her life. A designing widow, an odious creature, she tells the captain, is making a fool of her precious boy, and she can do nothing to save him. "But a friend might do it for me, Duncan," she says to Clephane, "if I had such a friend." So for the sake of the still lovely Catherine, the captain rashly undertakes the task of reefing in the youngster's sails. The old question trembles again on his lips, but his dearly bought discretion prompts him to wait till, by saving young Boh, he shall have earned a reward.

Accordingly, Duncan Clephane starts out on his difficult mission. At a little inn, high in the Alps, he finds his quarry, a most out-and-out engaging young fellow. "They seem to think you can't be pals with a woman without making love to her—such utter rot!" he confides to the captain, apropos of the odious woman of his mother's fears. The captain, upon meeting this fascinating widow, recognizes in her a woman he had met in India, who had eloped from her first husband and been divorced by him. Here the plot coagulates into a tight clot. The dashing Mrs. Lascelles also recognizes the captain and knows, of course, he knows her history, and the captain knows she knows he knows. The boy, innocent of everything but the joy of the present moment, hails the captain's arrival with an apparent pleasure, so the exclusive duo that has caused such a rousing gossip at the hotel, becomes a trio. Clephane keeps Mrs. Lascelles' secret at first from a sense of duty, and makes himself a huffer between the cherished Boh and the widow, with his hoped-for reward in view. The presence of the anxious captain, who proves attractive to the fair divorcee, precipitates the thing he is there to avert. The boy determines to marry her and promptly declares himself. Mrs. Lascelles, whose frankness and moral courage in being an honest sinner, has grown upon the captain almost against his will, saves the situation by suddenly leaving the hotel.

Mr. Hornung's delineation of his two women characters, the contrast, yet individual appeal of each, is done with no ordinary skill. Mrs. Lascelles is so manifestly a creature whose veins are fed by rich, red blood, and whose heart is only too high for safe-keeping, that we openly and unhesitatingly rejoice when Clephane goes back to Catherine to assure her of her boy's safety, and says, when she thanks him for his goodness in saving young Boh, "Not a bit good—or only to myself; that's what it all amounts to, and that's really what I came to tell you, Catherine—I am married to Mrs. Lascelles myself."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price \$1.25.

Another Civil War Romance.

George Cary Eggleston, author of "The Master of Warlock," is evidently a Southerner, presumably a Virginian, probably a Democrat. His story deals with the storm and stress of the Civil War as it beat upon the fair land of Virginia. Generals Stuart, McClellan, Burnside, McDowell, Hooker, and others, whose names are immortal, are seen again in his pages through the smoke of battle and dust of cavalry.

The hero, Baillie Pegram, master of Warlock, is a typical Southern gentleman, with the grace of manner of the Old World and the sturdy manhood of the younger civilization. The feud over a boundry line between two old substantial Virginia families, represented by the dashing son of the one house and the charming daughter of the other, is the ground-plan of the story. But there is

much matter beside the mere romance. The friendship, true to the end, of Pegram and Marshall, the faithful service of the slaves, the dignity and gallantry of the ante-bellum Southern life, are all portrayed with the intimate touch of one who knows and loves his subject. Of Agatha, the heroine, the author has made a true-blue Southern woman. In time of peace, she is haughty as a queen to her neighbor and enemy over the boundary line, but with the declaration of war, the call for troops and the enlisting of Baillie Pegram comes the realization that in the going of her enemy she has lost her dearest friend. When Baillie is wounded, it is Agatha who goes through the lines and nurses him back to life with the inevitable result. Thereafter, the feud of generations being ended, Agatha reigns as mistress of Warlock, where she hangs the master's sword and spurs where her son may see "the sort of man his mother loves and reveres."

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Wordsworth's Shorter Poems," with an introduction and notes by Edward Fulton, Ph. D., of the University of Illinois, has been added to Macmillan's series of Pocket American and English Classics. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

The third edition of Dr. L. Emmett Holt's little hook on "The Care and Feeding of Children" has been revised and enlarged. The work is in the form of questions and answers, and was originally intended as a manual for nursery maids. It is thoroughly practical, very clear, explicit, and authoritative. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

This day of little hooks brings us, among many others, two of Mathew Arnold's acute essays, "The Study of Poetry" and "A Guide to English Literature," bound together. It should be needless to say, and, we hope is, that into these two essays is compressed more truth and wisdom than are contained in many a weighty tome. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Borough," by which poem Crabbe gained the attention of the literary world of his time and a measure of fame, is reprinted in pleasing form in Den's series of Temple Classics, together with an interesting frontispiece portrait of the poet. The easy flow of Crabbe's verses, the keenness of his observations on character, the minuteness of his descriptions, and the good-sense of his maxims, will bring him readers for many a year to come. The hook is imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Home Building and Furnishing," being a combined new edition of "Model Houses for Little Money," by William L. Price, and "Inside of 100 Homes," by W. M. Johnson, contains a series of articles which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, together with a large number of illustrations. The work should prove an extremely useful one to anybody intending to build an artistic home at moderate cost. More than five hundred homes, says Mr. Price, have been built from plans given herein. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 net.

We noticed at some length a few weeks ago the first volume of a new edition of Shakespeare, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Of the second volume, containing "Loves Labour's Lost," it is only necessary to say here that the text is an exact reprint of the 1623 folio; that the notes, glossaries, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticisms, are very full and well arranged, and that the hook as regards form, binding, and typography is admirable. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"The Constitutional Ethics of Secession" and "War Is Hell," two fine, well-considered addresses by Charles Francis Adams, delivered, respectively, at the dinner of the New England Society of Charleston, at Charleston, S. C., and at the Confederate Veterans' Camp of New York, in New York City, in response to a sentiment in honor of General Robert E. Lee, now appear in brochure form. Especially the first-named address is a remarkable paper, and provoked at the time of its delivery much comment by leading journals throughout the country. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The contents of Bernhard Berenson's second volume on "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art," is as follows: "The Caen 'Sposalizio,'" "Alessio Baldovinetti and the

New 'Madonna' of the Louvre," "The British Museum 'Raphael' Cartoon," "The Drawings of Andrea Mantegna," "A Word for Renaissance Churches," "Certain Unrecognized Paintings by Masolino," "An Unpublished Masterpiece by Filippino Lippi," "An Altar-Piece by Girolamo da Cremona," and "Rudiments of Connoisseurship." There are about forty full-page illustrations. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

"The American Newspaper Annual," for 1903, is the most complete and authoritative guide to the newspapers of the United States and dependencies, Canada, and the West Indies, that is published. It not only gives a list of all newspapers arranged by States and provinces, but also segregates the various class and technical publications. It contains sixteen hundred pages of valuable information, including a number of maps and statistics as to population, vote for President in 1900, etc., and is a standard reference work indispensable to all advertisers, and of great utility in every newspaper office. Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia; price, \$5.00.

The novel called "On Satan's Mount," by Dwight Tilton, is typical of a certain school of writers that haunt the borderland of literature. It is written with the sole idea of attracting readers of the type that delight in the yellow journals. There figure in its pages multi-millionaires, cold-blooded and spectacular in their methods; young and hopeful champions of the masses; socialists and agitators, a foreign count or two, and beautiful American girls. Through an extraordinary series of deaths, the hero of the story becomes President of the United States, and does some radical things, finally, however, resigning his office. The work has little literary value. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," announces that he will "enter upon the broad field of general literature" when he has completed the series of historical romances upon which he is now at work. His forthcoming historical novel will treat of incidents in the era of the Louisiana Purchase. Two other works in fiction dealing with American history will be written, and then, according to an interviewer in the New Orleans *Picayune*, Mr. Churchill may write "a series of political novels."

J. J. Bell's "Wee Magreger," which Harper & Brothers have just published, came into the world as little better than a founding. It began as a fragment, reluctantly chucked in by Mr. Bell as a space-filler for a column conducted by him in the *Glasgow Evening Times*. He filled the story out, but couldn't even give it away to any publisher. So he brought it out in England himself in paper covers, with only his initials on the title-page. The venture is said to have netted him so far about fifteen thousand dollars.

George H. Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" are having a great success in England, and in several instances the heads of large business houses have given away copies of the hook to their clerks. One English firm disposed of one thousand copies in this way.

The annual volume of Charles Dana Gibson's drawings will appear as usual the coming autumn, but with the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons, who will hereafter bring out Mr. Gibson's drawings in hook-form.

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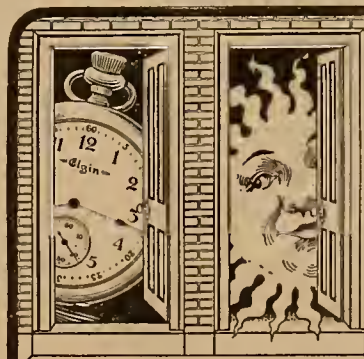
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The very perceptible change that has come over the tone of English society in the last ten or twelve years—judging, that is, from the fiction and drama of the present which can not but reflect with varying degrees of fidelity contemporary life and times—is, perhaps, indicative of future decay in that solidly rooted institution of class, the English aristocracy. On the principle that a nation is never so near its fall as when wealth, luxury, and profligacy hold triple ascendancy, the sociologists might, perhaps, have justly prognosticated the beginning of the end when earls began to choose their countesses from the ranks of music-hall drahs, and the French *liaison* crossed the channel and became, an accepted, if not recognized, institution in the "smart set."

Brilliant writers and dramatists have taken up the theme of life in its latest and most luxurious phases among this smart set, and brilliant writers can not be overlooked. The theme, too, set off with all kinds of adventitious aids, proves interesting. Even melodramatically inclined chambermaids and hoot-boys condescend to an interest in the goings on of noble lords and ladies, who, in their turn, feel a profounder interest in the sayings and doing of their own class than in anything else in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

As for the middle class in England, their feelings toward the blue-blooded class are similar to those of a young girl toward her future romance—something that is veiled from their too closely profaning gaze, remote, glorified, perhaps unattainable, but ever to be ardently desired. So modern English drama has come to mean little more than a picture of the upper classes at their diversions, smoking, drinking tea, playing billiards, and occasionally throwing out high lights of gilded profligacy against a background of shallow dalliance with sham emotions.

We ought not to enjoy this sort of thing, but we do, *faute de mieux*. These people wear such beautiful clothes, they say such wondrously clever things about themselves, their manners are so easy and elegant, they convey so thoroughly the atmosphere of the polite world, they are so immutably serene and self-poised and so enormously entertaining that they quite succeed in making us forget those wider spaces in the drama where purer air is breathed, and where the soul expands in response to the call of high and nobler emotions.

But in these degenerate days nobody seems to be worrying much about noble emotions, and it was a distinct surprise to find such an article among the assorted sentiments of "Aunt Jeannie." For one thing, E. F. Benson, its author, had written "Dodo," which has a kind of reminiscent flavor of rakishness to it, and for another, "Aunt Jeannie" is just such a picture of life in exclusive London drawing-rooms as we have become familiar with in the up-to-date English drama.

In fact, up to the end of the first act, the play seemed a "Dolly Dialogue" society sketch more than a drama. There was a white-haired, distinguished-looking lady of title presiding over an immaculate silver tea service, set forth with all that daintiness of appointment which marks Mrs. Campbell's stage surroundings. There was a London exquisite, retailing smart chatter as payment for his tea, balancing his tea-cup and his tea cakes miraculously on one thumb, and with that soul-felt absorption with which volumes of English fiction have familiarized us, searching for goodies on the various dishes with which to appease his hearty British appetite. This sort of thing, with the further decorative invasion of lovely, low-voiced, gracefully gliding woman on the scene, held out almost to the end of the act. There was very little drama, and a great deal of repartee. And it was evident that the audience took the same kind of pleasure, in looking on at all this entertaining exposition of the lives of human butterflies that one experiences in reading a light society novel, full of bright wit and gay, amusing superficiality.

Then, at last, Mrs. Campbell, as Aunt

Jeannie entered there was a scene of affectionate greeting between herself and the niece whose unfortunate love-affair was to give her aunt so much concern. It is not particularly thrilling to listen to two women, even if they are as charming as Mrs. Campbell and Miss Lanhorn, protest to each other how very, very, very glad they are to meet again. And so, although the act closed with Aunt Jeannie's expressed intention to attack the enemy in his vulnerable spot, there certainly was rather an empty feeling in the emotional regions.

In the second act Aunt Jeannie is armed for conquest, her armor consisting of a wicked-looking imported gown, its gorgeous hues patterned on those of the tiger-lily, acting as a sort of Lorelei lure to draw Lord Lindfield from the gently shelving shore of Daisy's affections to the dangerous reefs of flirtation with Aunt Jeannie. It was not a had idea, that tiger-lily gown. It reminded me of the chance remark of a pretty girl friend who is popular at dances, and who once told me that she never has such a perfectly magnificent time at a dance as when she wears a brilliant red hall-gown. Her theory is that the glowing color attracts the men, and like the moths they cluster around a flame.

However that may be, Aunt Jeannie's flame-colored gown did its deadly work, and Lord Lindfield, in the promptly heartless and conscienceless manner of the average tempted man, dropped the flower and flew to the flame. He got his wings well singed, and Daisy was saved from the horror of a marriage with the man who had blighted her sister's life. This was Aunt Jeannie's aim, although the obvious method to prevent it would naturally have been to break her vow of secrecy to her dead niece in order to save the living one. However, one must not be too sternly logical in stage land, and as things happened, Mrs. Campbell had several opportunities to do some very pretty bits of acting.

It is true, they seemed only hits, and to those who saw the actress for the first time in this piece, she was probably a disappointment. Her acting in the scene with her lover when she parried his reproaches, and promised him a happy morning gleam after a bitter night of misconception, was admirably conceived in the contrast of its tone of womanly sincerity to the high-flown sentiment that characterized her mock love-making with the infatuated peer.

And equally sweet and womanly was the spirit of gentleness and sorrow in which Aunt Jeannie made the revelation to Daisy of her sister's secret shame and Lord Lindfield's unworthiness. It is very pleasant, indeed, to see Mrs. Campbell sweet and womanly, but sweet womanliness fails to tax her complex and finely balanced powers to their utmost. While she is not entirely a tragedienne, the tragic note unsounded leaves something missing. Thus, those who have seen Mrs. Campbell only as Aunt Jeannie, while they have seen a graceful and gracious woman playing a charming rôle charmingly, and acting the gentlewoman with a perfection that is evidently innate more than assumed, they have come away with an intuitive perception that Mrs. Campbell's personality suggests a woman of different fibre from Aunt Jeannie, with her sweet singleness of purpose, a woman who has secrets, sorrows, and reserves; not necessarily a woman with an immoral past, but a woman whose temperament and keenly individual charm have brought her experiences and emotions out of the common lot.

Mrs. Campbell, however, who has shown great independence of judgment in the selection of plays, and has given many an unknown author in London a chance, chose "Aunt Jeannie" herself as a suitable vehicle for exploiting the simple and more obvious side of her talent and her physical graces. It is Mr. Benson's first essay at play-writing, and as such a remarkably creditable effort in spite of its comparative lack of dramatic action. Much of the dialogue is irrelevant, but it does not pretend to be anything else. It represents the idle, superficial chatter of society people amusing themselves. Mr. Benson has made a very clever selection of types indigenous to the drawing-room, and made them human, credible, and entertaining on the stage. Where the passing interchange of random wit was needed, he has made a very effective display. When emotion dominated the scene, the language is direct, sincere, untheatrical. The little elegancies, luxuries, and characteristic amenities of a social life which to many Americans is known only by repute, and the ocean of clever small-talk as well, add an entertaining realism to the play. The two types of men chatterers are cleverly executed, the author showing a fertility of invention in the matter of retailing amusing small-talk

that in itself is a mine of dramatic riches. One listens attentively and laughs delightedly, realizing to the full that the Willie Cartoons of society give very valuable contribution to the fill-in part of drawing-room conversation—their constant huzz of cheerful inanity forming a kind of useful background to the really vital things that are said.

The company appeared to good advantage in the lighter atmosphere of "Aunt Jeannie," Miss Lanhorn again displaying those qualities of fine restraint and simple sincerity which made her so able an aid to Mrs. Campbell in the scene of revelation and reconciliation.

Mr. King's Lord Lindfield was played with the ability this actor has displayed in each rôle, the transition from the cynical lightness of his earlier mood to the sense of wrong and of irreparable loss sustained by the infatuated peer, being given with conviction of an injured man, who must, true to his sex, protest, cry out, and metaphorically shake his fist at fate. Mr. King, in the momentum of his love-making, went down upon his knees four times, wrinkling his coat violently across his athletic hack, and displaying the soles of his shoes quite in the manner of a bridegroom at the altar. The act was not exactly in keeping with the Lord Linfield of Act III (who painted the delights of "nooking" with a Lothario-like enjoyment). I have been told, however, that Mr. John Blair did the same thing in New York in this rôle, so it is probable that it is down in the business of the part. At any rate, Mr. King came out of this trying attitude with his dignity comparatively unimpaired, which is saying a good deal.

The remaining members of the cast did valuable service, contributing the proper tone of ease and good breeding to their rôles, and the women all wearing distractingly pretty clothes.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"Flodden Field," by Alfred Austin, will be given a single performance in London by Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's on the evening of June 1st, the receipts being devoted to the funds of Guy's Hospital. The piece is in blank verse, and is in a prologue and three acts. The chief male parts are King James the Fourth of Scotland and the Earl of Surrey, and the latter is probably the rôle that will be selected by Mr. Tree. Should this, the first drama of the English poet laureate that has yet been staged—he has written several, including one for Sir Henry Irving on the theme of Savonarola—he a success, there is no doubt that Mr. Tree will eventually place it in the evening bill.

The Maple Room of the Palace Hotel will be transformed into a floral garden on Thursday, April 30th, when the annual exhibition of the Pacific Coast Horticultural Society will be opened. It will continue three days. There will be a large collection of plants, shrubs, and flowers, premiums being awarded for the best and largest displays. The committee of arrangements comprises H. Plath, William Eldred, Charles Fick, P. Rock, J. W. Bagge, Thomas A. Munro, F. Ludemann, and N. Peterson.

The San Francisco Kennel Club's seventh annual dog show—which has been attracting much attention during the week at the Mechanics' Pavilion—will come to a close this (Saturday) evening. There are a far greater average of "classy" dogs and prize winners from other States this year than last. Some sixty beautiful tahhies are also on view.

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SAN FRANCISCO

STAGE GOSSIP.

William H. Crane in "David Harum."

William H. Crane is sure of an enthusiastic welcome at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, for aside from the fact that he is a great local favorite, he comes to us after an absence of five years in a dramatization of "David Harum"—a book which has had a phenomenal sale and appeals alike to people in all walks of life. R. and M. W. Hitchcock, who fashioned the play from Mr. Westcott's novel, are said to have been singularly successful in their work, and in the shrewd old country banker, who held that "a man may be straighter'n a string in most things and yet never tell the hull truth about a horse," they have provided Mr. Crane with a rôle that fits his personality like a glove. The opening scene of the play is an exterior. On one side is Aunt Polly's house, with its trellis-covered veranda and old-fashioned garden. On the other is David's bank, and in the background is the big barn. In this act Harum sells the balky horse to Deacon Perkins, the horse that "would stand without hitchin'." The second act shows Harum in the office back of the counting-room of the bank, and the third act is laid in the sitting room of Aunt Polly's house. The kindly side of Harum's character is shown in this act, when he tells the story of his visit to the circus with Billy P. Cullom. Crane's reading of the lines in this scene is said to be exceptionally droll. In the supporting company are Perdita Hudspeth, Kate Meek, Lois Frances Clarke, Percy Brooke, Charles Jackson, Frank Burbeck, Sheridan Tupper, George F. Devere, Guy Nichols, Earle Ryder, Joseph Rawley, W. H. Dupont, and Charles Avery.

"The Man From Mexico" at the Alcazar.

Du Souchet's hilarious farce-comedy, "The Man From Mexico," is to be the offering at the Alcazar Theatre next week. Frank Bacon will have the title-rôle, the part first played here by Willie Collier, and it is safe to predict that he will score a hit as the picturesque and versatile prevaricator, who, having been the victim of a raid on a bohemian supper-room, is forced to wear stripes for thirty days, and then, when he returns from his imaginary trip to Mexico, tries to deceive his wife by describing an amazing bull-fight and dancing of the fandango. John Armstrong, who will be remembered as the fat Chinaman, in the original cast of "The First Born," will appear as a tough Tammany Hall deputy sheriff, and Bertha Creighton will play the part of the trusting young wife. For the week following May 4th, the picturesque play, "We Uns of Tennessee," will be given, Wednesday evening, May 6th, being set apart as the testimonial to Charles Francis Bryant, who leaves shortly for New York. Then comes Clyde Fitch's rural play, "Lover's Lane."

At the Orpheum.

Imro Fox, widely known as the "Faust of ancient and modern magic," will appear with his company of mystifiers at the Orpheum next week. The other new-comers will include the Montrose family of six Austrian acrobats, who have just returned from a successful tour of Australia and the Antipodes; J. Aldrich Libbey, baritone, and Katherine Trayer, soprano, who will present a novel musical potpourri; and Seilor and Barbaretto, in a novel skit called "The Man and the Pajama Girl." Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton, who are without rivals in their chosen field of genuine burlesque, will present for their second and last week a travesty on Sardou's version of "Cleopatra," said to be very ludicrous and mirth-provoking. The other hold-overs are Snyder and Buckley, musical comedians; Arthur Denning, who has established himself as a monologue favorite; and William Friend and company in "Mrs. Bruno's Burglar."

"Helter-Skelter" at Fischer's.

There have been so many improvements in "Helter-Skelter" since the first night's performance at Fischer's Theatre, that those who then witnessed the amusing burlesque would hardly recognize it in its present form. Barney Bernard gives his parodies and "funny sayings" now in the third act, and the minstrel first part lasts longer, since new songs and gags have been added to the popular "Wurzburger" finale. The musical numbers which are most encored nightly are the opening chorus, "Mi Careme," "Signor Gazzama," "I'm Making a Bid for Popularity," "The Queen of the Ring," "Delia," "You," "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," "Zamona," and "When Two Hearts Beat as One."

"Julius Caesar" at the Grand.

There will be a notable production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" at the Grand Opera House next week, when R. D. MacLean will appear as Brutus, and Odette Tyler as Portia. Emmet Corrigan, who has been delighting large audiences during the week with his strong impersonation of Svengali, has been specially engaged to play the part of Cassius, and Herschel Mayall is cast for the rôle of Marc Anthony. With such an excellent cast and a magnificent staging, this revival of "Julius Caesar" should draw crowded houses nightly to the Grand Opera House.

"The Toy Maker" at the Tivoli.

"Fatinitza" will give way on Monday night to a revival of Audran's tuneful opera, "The Toy Maker," in which the popular soubrette, Annie Myers, will make her re-appearance in the rôle of the mechanical doll, Ferris Hartman, Arthur Cunningham, Edward

Webb, Aimee Leicester, and Joseph Fogarty will have their old rôles, and Bertha Davis will sing the part of Peter. There will be a toy matinee for the children on Saturday, each child attending receiving a toy. Al C. Pape, the well-known oarsman, is to be tendered a benefit on Wednesday evening by several of the sporting and gun clubs of the city and National Parlor of the Native Sons.

Death of Hillary Bell.

Hillary Bell, the dramatic critic of the New York Press, who unexpectedly died from heart failure a fortnight ago, was, in addition to his newspaper work, a clever portrait painter, a sculptor, and the third vice-president of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company. He was an indefatigable worker, for, in addition to his insurance work and the dramatic critiques which he wrote of all the new plays, he wrote four columns a week of theatrical comment for the Press, edited an insurance journal, and found time to write a weekly theatrical letter, which appeared in from thirty to forty of the leading newspapers throughout the country. Commenting on his work, the New York Sun says:

He was an Irishman, and he wrote like one. No man in the business could more readily transform his pen into a shillelah and apply it to the exact spot where it would raise the biggest bump. And, furthermore, it may be said that no critic in the country has labored with more enthusiasm and conscientiousness to rid the American stage of the mercantile blight, which has fallen upon it during the past few years. It was his wont always to refer to the theatrical syndicate tenderly either as "The Octopus" or the Wurm. Early in the present season he, in company with several other New York critics, incurred the wrath of Klaw & Erlanger by failing to award to their pet stars, the Rogers brothers, that high intellectual place in the dramatic world upon which it had pleased their managers to call them. They demanded his head on a charger or something of that sort, but strange to say the editor of the Press was just out of chargers that week, and Mr. Bell remained at his old stand. Afterward, in company with other delinquent critics, Mr. Bell was debarred from entering Klaw & Erlanger's theatres, and thus was mercifully preserved from witnessing "Mr. Blue Beard" and "The Billionaire." In his writings he barked many a theatrical shin, but none the less his friends throughout the country outnumbered his enemies twenty to one. Sudden and tragic as his death was, he lived long enough to see the beginning of a new theatrical régime, which will give actors and the smaller managers alike at least a chance to exist. At the first night Mr. Bell was always a conspicuous figure, not only on account of his striking presence, but owing to the peculiar manner in which he brushed his hair. He was born in Belfast in 1857, and his widow, who was Miss Rita Ireland, of New York, survives him.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

The Columbia Theatre management announces that in the future all attractions will play matinees on Wednesday as well as Saturday, owing to the limited time allowed the various important engagements.

Wilton Lackaye has been selected by William A. Brady to star next season in Charles Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit." Mr. Lackaye will soon be here with Amelia Bingham.

The Paris Opéra is said to have in preparation a new opera, "Fils de l'Etoile," text by Catulle Mendès, music by Camille Erlanger. The action takes place in Jerusalem at the time of the destruction of the temple.

Richard Harding Davis's first essay in play-writing, "The Taming of Helen," received a cruel slating upon its first performance in New York. The Herald, after condemning the technique of the play without reservation, even questions Mr. Davis's knowledge of certain social usages he tries to depict, and, among other things, says: "It would appear that Mr. Davis's reputed experience in English society should have taught him that titled guests do not address each other as 'prince' and 'duke,' and that English ser-

vants at a ball in a great house are invariably in livery." The author is accused, too, of a lack of novelty and freshness in the treatment of his theme. The Herald adds: "The audience sat in growing wonderment as ancient jokes, such as 'When good Americans die they go to Paris,' and 'I have six reasons. She can't act—never mind the others,' were uttered."

Thirty-eight German and Swiss cities celebrated the twentieth anniversary of Wagner's death by giving performances of his operas. "Lohengrin" was sung in ten of these cities, "Tristan" in six, "The Flying Dutchman" also in six, "Tannhäuser" in five, "Die Meistersinger" in four, "Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" three each, "Siegfried" in two, "Rienzi" and "Rheingold" one each.

"Mlle. Mars," Paul Kester's comedy, which Mrs. Langtry recently produced in Philadelphia, scored so decided a success that "The Crossways," which was described at length in one of Miss Bonner's New York letters, is likely to be snowed under for the rest of the season. It is said to supply the Lily with an effective rôle rather in the manner of "Lady Clancarty," the play in which she won her biggest success here years ago, and the period offers so many opportunities for the display of gorgeous millinery that the women, quite as much as the men, are sure to applaud the change in Mrs. Langtry's repertoire.

The racing season at Oakland is rapidly drawing to an end. On Thursday, April 30th, the closing day of the meeting, there will be a one-thousand-dollar handicap at a mile and a sixteenth. This will bring together some of the best horses in training.

It is now said that George Alexander has made up his mind to visit the United States in the autumn of 1904, when Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Forbes Robertson, and Charles Hawtrey will all be playing here at the same time.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is to be hoped, now that Miss Cathleen Neilsen and Reginald Claypool Vanderhilt have started on their wedding journey, that they will, for a time at least, be permitted to go their way in peace without having their footsteps dogged by reporters and their every movement chronicled in the daily papers. Ever since their engagement was formally announced, the sleuths of the press have camped on their track and deluged the papers all over the country with an endless flow of fake stories and silly gossip about their courtship and marriage. Never for a moment were the young couple permitted to drop out of the public eye, the groom especially being an excellent target for the space-writers. His failure to graduate from Yale was made the text for a sermon on the evils of society; he was featured one day in a long-distance automobile race, and the next in a thrilling smash-up. On the eve of his wedding the dailies were clamoring for his presence at the trial of a notorious gambler, at whose tables he was represented as having lost many thousand dollars in a single night. Every time he slipped out of town without taking the reporters into his confidence, he was supposed to be dodging the service of papers, or some hitch in his courtship was hinted at. The reporters were especially worried lest no minister or church could be obtained for the ceremony, because Miss Neilsen was a Catholic and Mr. Vanderhilt a Protestant. Finally, when all obstacles were overcome and everything was arranged to the satisfaction of every one, the happy reporters covered themselves with glory in describing the trousseau of the bride, the gowns of the bridesmaids, the wedding presents valued at a quarter of a million, the scene of the ceremony at Newport, and the invited guests. However, there is an end to everything, and regrettably these gushing "society writers" had to part with the youngest son of the late Cornelius Vanderhilt and his bride, when they sneaked away on their wedding trip. But these news scavengers will not long be idle. We may expect them to pounce at any moment upon Harold Vanderhilt for copy. He is the twenty-year-old son of William K. Vanderhilt, and a brother of the Duchess of Marlborough, and if he marries early, as is the custom with the Vanderhilt men, the public will only have a short breathing spell before his engagement is announced and his courtship followed through every stage up to the altar. The only other Vanderhilt child who is likely to occupy the public eye in the near future in a matrimonial way is Gladys Vanderhilt, the youngest daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderhilt. However, it will be a year or two before she is considered worth exploiting, as she is only about sixteen years of age, and has not yet made her social debut.

Chicago is soon to have a woman's paper, the *Daily Bulletin*, which will be written, edited, and published by women. Man is to have a handsome showing, however, not only in the proposed hearty column, which is to be conducted for his sole benefit, but in the complete sporting page, and the news of men's clubs, which are also to be leading features. Woman suffrage will not be an issue in the editorial columns. Neither will there be a cry of "the saloon must go." The "man lovely" column is arousing the keenest anticipation. "There is too much women beautiful in the other dailies," one of the promoters is quoted as saying; "we intend to give the men a chance."

From a spectacular standpoint, the New York Easter Sunday church parade seems to be gradually becoming a thing of the past. This year, partly owing to the unpropitious weather, instead of light-colored and thin gowns and dainty head coverings, the women appeared in tailor-made cloth winter suits and furs, with their winter hats, and the majority of the men wore light overcoats. Of course, Fifth Avenue was crowded with promenaders after church, but only a few men and women who figure in the fashionable entertainments of the winter season were to be seen. The New York *Herald* attributes this largely to the great change which has come over fashionable society in New York within the last few years. It is now customary with a large proportion of the people who make up the first ranks of the great social world, to hie themselves to the many Southern and nearby resorts at this time of the year, and most of them remain away from New York until after the celebration of the Easter festival. Those who own country places open them for the Easter holidays, and entertain house parties. Society aside, there was the usual throng of visitors to New York, who were anx-

ious to enjoy the Easter sights, and the hotels and boarding-houses and the East Side dwellings and tenements all poured their stream of humanity into Fifth Avenue between noon and two o'clock. Cabs and carriages filled with sightseers also drove slowly along, and the puffing automobile was much in evidence. The windows of the clubs were filled during the hours of the parade, but the club members seemed to prefer to watch things from these coigns of vantage, and most of them did not participate in the parade.

Commenting on the parade as a dress show one observer says: "Among the men it was noticed that both silk and hard felt hats were worn with wider bands. In collars, the high turn-down, or those with angular turn-down corners, were the rule. The Ascot scarf and the neat four-in-hand, for preference in black and white or shades of gray, and caught by a stickpin with a head of gold or small diamonds, apparently still hold their own. A new feature, perhaps, is the striped or stippled white waistcoats worn with a tail coat so full in front as to resemble a Prince Albert, and a frock coat cut so high and fitting so closely to the figure as to suggest the morning coat. The materials of both garments were usually of rough vicuna or Thibet cloth. Judged by the Easter showing, the long roll, thorn-shaped lapel has come to stay. Among the women, shades of blues and soft pastel grays were favorites with the tastefully attired; serge, hox-cloth, and velveteen seemed also to find favor, with occasional tailor-made gowns in neat square checks. Strawberry seemed popular, with what the art dealer would call rich *sang de boeuf* tints. A relatively new material was of a soft, dark worsted, lightly peppered with small white dots, and favored by the men as well as the women."

It is a notorious fact that the wages which Paris dressmakers pay to their help is terribly out of proportion to the amount of work they have to do and the number of hours they have to work. A case recently heard in one of the Paris courts, however, shows that while the minor hands are so badly paid, the heads of departments are earning salaries which many men would envy. The dispute which gave rise to the legal proceedings arose over one firm's endeavor to secure a rival's "first-hand" or chief saleswoman. This lady had been in receipt of a salary of \$2,000 per annum, and the rival firm offered \$2,800, but made her sign an agreement by which, if she left them within a certain time, she was to pay an indemnity of \$2,000. As her old master, however, wished to keep her, he paid the indemnity, and went one better than the \$2,800. In this way the retention of his chief helper cost him a matter of \$6,000 in a couple of months. Then he tried to sue his opponent for disloyal competition, but lost his case. In the course of the evidence adduced during the hearing, it was asserted that in one or two of the chief Parisian *couturiers'* establishments there were saleswomen who were receiving in salary and commission as much as \$9,000 annually.

Here is the *Bazar's* description of a novel farewell entertainment given not long ago to a young woman going abroad for two years: "Care was taken that the company should include only mutual friends of the hostess and guest of honor, in order that the spirit of the evening should be cordial. As each guest entered the parlor he or she was handed a letter, duly sealed, stamped, postmarked, and inscribed. These had been prepared by the ingenious hostess, cheap foreign stamps of any denomination representing the postage, the postmark corresponding to the stamp sketched on in ink. On breaking the seal and reading the note within, it was found to be a request that the recipient should express, in rhyme, a good wish for Miss —, as she would be undergoing various experiences. One was asked to give her a thought while she was seasick, another of her in her steamer-chair on a fine day, or unpacking her trunk, or fighting the foreign customs, or feeling the heggars of Europe, drinking beer in Germany, or eating macaroni in Italy. In this way each guest received a different topic upon which his muse could work. Nothing less than four lines would be accepted, and as much more as one could produce would be received. When time was called the 'poems' were read, and prizes awarded according to their merit as judged by the company."

Another controversy is raging in the diplomatic corps at Washington, D. C., with the official diplomatic list issued by the State Department as the target of attack, because under the head of the German embassy is contained the name of Miss Langham, of Kentucky, the

sister of the Baroness von Sternberg, wife of the German minister. Certain diplomats have sharply criticised the action of the State Department in including Miss Langham's name in the list, for they declare she is not a German subject. It is expected that Count Cassini, as dean of the diplomatic corps, will do something to determine Miss Langham's status in the diplomatic corps. Incidentally, as registered in the list, Miss Langham ranks every one in the embassy except the Baron and Baroness von Sternberg, even though the other ladies of the embassy staff are themselves Germans and the wives of members of the German foreign service. The Countess Cassini is said to have expressed her views very positively against Miss Langham's right to have her name in the diplomatic list. The countess desired recently to have her friend Mlle. des Planques, who is now Mme. Pavlov, wife of the Russian minister to Corea, regarded as one of the members of the Russian embassy staff, but Count Cassini did not feel it within his province to permit this, and consequently, at the diplomatic reception at the White House in January, Mlle. des Planques was not received by the President with the Russian embassy staff. At the same reception the ire of many diplomats was aroused because Count Quadt, then *chargé d'affaires* of the German embassy, escorted Mrs. Stilson Hutchins, of Washington, at the head of the German embassy staff when received by President Roosevelt.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 22, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 3%.....	500	@ 107 1/4	108 3/4	109 1/4
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	2,000	@ 106 3/4	106 3/4	
Cal. Central G. & E.				
5%.....	3,000	@ 107	107	
Honolulu R. T. & L.				
Co. 6%.....	3,000	@ 108	107 1/2	108 1/2
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	1,000	@ 103 1/2	104
Los An. Lighting				
Gtd. 5%.....	5,000	@ 105		
Market St. Ry 5%.				
Con.....	1,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 121 3/4	121 1/2	
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	6,000	@ 110 3/4	110 1/2	
North Shore Ry. 5%.	6,000	@ 103 1/2-103 3/4	103 3/4	
Oakland Transit 6%.	1,500	@ 122-123 1/4	123	
Oakland Transit 5%.	20,000	@ 114 1/4	114 1/4	115
Oceanic S. Co 5%.....	2,000	@ 78 1/2	80	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 122	122	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.	10,000	@ 110	109	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	13,000	@ 111-111 1/4	111	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	6,000	@ 112	112	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1912	2,000	@ 117	117	
S. P. of Cal. Stpd.				
5%.....	500	@ 111	110 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	5,000	@ 140	138 3/4	140 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 107	107 1/4
S. V. Water 4% ad.	8,000	@ 100 1/4	100 1/4
United Gas & Electric 5%.....	10,000	@ 107	107	107 1/2

	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Contra Costa.....	235	@ 59 1/2-59 3/4	59 1/2	59 3/4
Spring Valley.....	207	@ 83 1/2-85	84 1/2	85
Banks.				
Anglo Cal.....	100	@ 98 3/4	98 3/4	99 1/2
Mercantile Trust Co	5	@ 250	248	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	260	@ 66-66 3/4	66	66 3/4
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	200	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	5
Hawaiian C. & S.....	356	@ 45 3/4-47 1/2	47	48 1/4
Honokaa S. Co.....	290	@ 14 1/2-15	14	14 1/4
Hutchinson.....	1,175	@ 15 1/2-16 1/4	16	
Makaweli S. Co.....	30	@ 27 1/2-28	27	28
Panahau S. Co.....	400	@ 18-18 1/2	18	18 1/4
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Gas.....	175	@ 35 1/2-38	36 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,090	@ 51-56	51 1/4	
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	100	@ 4 1/2		
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	335	@ 49 1/2-56		
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	135	@ 150 1/2-152 1/2	152	152 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn.....	125	@ 104 1/2	104	105

The sugars have been fairly active and in good demand at a fractional advance, but closed off slightly easier, showing gains over last week's closing prices. Spring Valley Water sold up one and one eighth points to 85, closing at 84 1/2 bid, 85 asked. Giant Consolidated Powder has been steady, 260 shares changing hands at 66 to 66 3/4. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 1,090 shares sold off six points to 51, but at the close was in better demand at 51 1/4 bid. At the annual meeting of this company, held on the 21st inst. the same officers were reelected with the exception of Mr. G. H. Collins, who retired from the directory, and his place was filled by Mr. H. E. Bothin.

INVESTMENTS.

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[Mention this paper.]

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We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.
The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "**KILL-ALL-HAIR**," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "**KILL-ALL-HAIR**," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.
Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.
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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.
FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.
THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On the subject of his preaching, the late Dean Farrar used to quote with much amusement the judgment of one of his critics that he was "a poor mixture of Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming, without the robust humor of the one and without the Scotch accent of the other."

One day, at the court of Ferdinand the Second, a silly courtier fancied he could amuse those present by his frivolities, which prompted Jonas, Ferdinand's favorite fool, to answer him according to his folly. But this so enraged the courtier that he shouted, "Fellow, be silent; I never stoop to talk with a fool." "Well, I do," retorted Jonas, "and therefore he good enough to listen to me in your turn."

Horace Greeley was one of the most profane men that ever lived, and when he realized that he was dying he is quoted as having said aloud: "Well, the devil got you at last you d—d old ——" A week after the funeral his daughter, Miss Gabrielle Greeley, wrote to Whitelaw Reid, the young editor of the New York Tribune, to know what were the last words of her father. Reid, so the story goes, wrote: "Your dear father's last words were: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

In Victoria, B. C., the owners of slate roofs near the water front have been having much trouble of late because the slates were continually breaking and falling from their roofs, and then the buildings were damaged by leaks. A man was recently given the job of investigating, and worked in vain, until one day he accidentally heard something fall on the roof which explained the trouble. It seems that great flocks of crows dig clams on the beach at low tide, and when one caught a hivalve he flew high in the air with it, dropped it on to a slate roof, which smashed the shell and a piece of slate, and then flew down and sucked up the opened clam.

While King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena were recently passing in their automobile through a small Italian village a break-down occurred, and a crowd was attracted to the spot. In the crowd were two English motorists. Secure, as they thought, in speaking in a strange tongue, they carried on the following conversation: "Pretty motor-car." "Yes, and the lady is pretty, too." "More than can he said of the man. Did you ever see such a little man in such a big car?" "I am out of brandy. I wonder if he can supply me. Let's ask. Perhaps he speaks French." "I shall be most happy to oblige you," said the king in perfect English, turning and holding out his flask. Then, as he prepared to leave, he added: "Can I be of any further use to you? My kingdom is at your disposal, and it is not so small as its monarch."

It is said that when President Roosevelt goes through a crowd a peculiar mania for touching his clothing is sometimes developed among the women. The hands reach out from all sides, and unless the Federal guards are alert and the President rather quick to dodge on his own account, he would be fondled over like a prize pony at every meeting-place. At Sioux Falls, the other day, a hatchet-faced old lady—not a member of the divorce colony—made a dash for him. She was shouldered off, but returned to the charge again and again. At last, just as the President stepped into his carriage, she put a skinny claw over Senator Kittredge's shoulder and slapped the President vigorously on the forearm. The President never glanced around. There had been no visible evidence that he had noticed his pursuer. But presently he turned to Senator Kittredge and whispered in his grimmest way: "I'm It, Senator."

Roy Bean, who was known all over the South-West as "The Law West of the Pecos," died in Langtry, Tex., the other day. When the Southern Pacific was being built across the plains he opened a saloon and followed the camps. He first located near the Pecos, to which he gave the name Vinegorone. Here he built rock walls, with a canvas awning for a roof, and sold whisky to the thirsty laborers. It was here that he began his so-called judicial career. Gamblers flocked in, and there was much shooting and such a rapid increase in the population of the little cemetery that the contractor in charge of the works wrote to Governor Ireland and had Roy commissioned as a justice of the peace, and a company of rangers detailed to assist him. Of his methods of reaching justice at a single

sitting, the following story is characteristic: An army of Chinamen, building the Southern Pacific Railroad, were sometimes difficult to manage. They were divided into gangs, with a white boss in charge. One day a Chinaman assaulted the foreman, who replied with a hallet and killed his man. A white rival preferred charges, and the case came before Justice Bean. The boss was arrested. Then a squad of white men, armed to the teeth, demanded immediate trial for the prisoner, intending to release him if declared guilty. Judge Bean told them to picket their horses and make themselves at home—he would try the case next day. There was wisdom in his action. They squandered money in the judge's saloon, until he decided that the statutes contained nothing showing it a crime to kill a Chinaman. So the offender was discharged.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Two Summer Idyls.

An humble boy, with a
Shining pail,
Went gladly singing
Adown the dale,
To where the cow with
The brindle tail
On clover her palate did
Regale.

An humble hee did
Gaily sail
Far over the soft and
Shadowy vale,
To where the boy, with
The shining pail,
Was milking the cow
With the brindle tail.

The hee lit down on the
Cow's left ear;
Her heels flew up through
The atmosphere—
Aud, through the leaves of
A chestnut-tree,
The boy soared into
Eternity.

—Life.

The Edited College Yells.

[A movement to revise and censorize the college yells has been proposed.]

The raucous yell
Of old Cornell
And the whooping hail of Yale;
The Harvard howl
And the Princeton growl
To a milder tone must pale.
The U. C. shriek
And the Vassar squeak,
And the Hopkins rihald hlaire;
Northwestern's yelp
Of a lion whelp
Shall be softer on the air.
The Wellesley squeal
And the Stanford peal
And the rah, rah of old Knox;
The West Point cry
And the Fiske ki yi
Must eliminate their shocks.

And the hoop-te-doo
Of the Oskaloos
Shall be made more circumspect—
But the college yell
Will sound like—well,
It will hold more intellect.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Careless Chemistry Chap.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compounded stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after awhile—
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

—The Powder Magazine.

A Professional.

A quarrel is deplorable,
And yet not wholly so,
For Della is adorable
When "making up," you know.
And so I play my part with her;
I like to see her rage,
For making up's an art with her—
She learned it on the stage!

—Frank Roe Batchelder in Smart Set.

The kiss: A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small hoy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.—Nashville Banner.

Mr. Mann—"My, but you're a fright in those things. Where's the cook?" Mrs. Mann—"Sh! Don't disturb her. She's taking her piano lesson in the parlor."—Chelsea Gazette.

Cow's Milk

For infant feeding must first take into account the source of supply. The milk must come from a healthy, well fed, well groomed herd of cows under hygienic supervision. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared under highest scientific methods.

A Strange Stage Incident.

Stuart Robson tells a strange story of Laura Keane, with whom he played in the 'sixties. "The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to upset her for a week," he says. "On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene of it was when she was sitting at a table preparatory to writing a letter. I, as her servant, stood at the back of a chair. 'Take your right hand off that chair,' she whispered. The stage dialogue proceeded. 'You are sure you can find Don Rafael at his lodgings?' 'Yes, madam; his servant tells me his wounds will confine him to his bed for a week.' 'Is this the only paper that we have?' 'Where is the ink?' 'Here, madam,' and I bent forward to place the ink within her reach, when, in my confusion at her reproach, the vessel was upset and its contents trickled on to the lap of her satin dress. The ink was blood red. I shall never forget the ghastly look that overspread her face, and I was so frightened that I never knew how the scene ended.

The next morning at rehearsal she told me I was doomed to ill-luck for the remainder of my days. She called the company together and gave them a detailed description of the 'awful scene' the night before occasioned by the young man who would never make an actor. She told of a terrible dream she had had, in which some great person had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted rescue without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet; and how his blood slowly oozed into her lap. It was two years after this that Miss Keane was playing at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the occasion when Abraham Lincoln was shot. Miss Keane was the only person who seemed to realize the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of the dying man was in her lap, while the scene of her dream was being pitifully enacted."

Their great sorrow: "I am so worried about baby," says the fond young mother to the proud young father. "What's the matter? He isn't sick, is he?" asked the husband, with some natural alarm showing itself on his countenance. "No, but he is beginning to talk, and—" "And what? Does he have an impediment in his speech?" "No. Worse than that. He says things that don't sound any more sensible than the choruses to the popular songs!" That night, with strained, tearless eyes, a man and woman sat by a little crib, wondering why this great sorrow should come upon them.—Chicago Tribune.

After the wedding: Ethel—"How did you think the bride looked?" Grace—"Oh, remarkably well-groomed."—Harvard Lampoon.

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AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York.
St. Paul April 29 / Philadelphia May 13
New York May 6 / St. Paul May 20RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric (Calling at Manila) Friday, May 8
Coptic Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic Saturday, June 27
Doric Thursday, July 23
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.
Nippon Maru Saturday, May 16
America Maru Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila.)
Hongkong Maru Tuesday, July 14
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO. Sierra, 6200 Tons
Sonoma, 6200 Tons
Ventura, 6200 Tons
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, April 29, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, May 2, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, May 14, 1903, at 10 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 325 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and U. S. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., April 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, May 4.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., April 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, May 1.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sunday, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneme.
Coe Bay, 9 A. M., April 3, 11, 19, 27, May 5.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altaia, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
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Freight Office, 10 Market St.
C. D. DUNNAN, General Passenger Agent,
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

The Graupner-Wenzelburger Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elise Wenzelburger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Wenzelburger, and Mr. Adolphus E. Graupner took place at Calvary Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Dr. John Hemphill. Miss Lalla Wenzelburger was her sister's maid of honor, and Mrs. William Cook was the matron of honor. Miss Emma Mofatt, Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Gertrude Davidson, and Miss Alma Sherman served as bridesmaids. Mr. Daniel Belden acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Percy Towne, Mr. William Cooke, Dr. Sumner Hardy, Mr. William Humphreys, and Mr. Percy Gedney. Twenty of the bride's friends preceded the bridal party up the aisle, and witnessed the ceremony from the choir loft. They were Miss Mabel Donaldson, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Edna Wemple, Miss Lucille Graves, Miss Irene Hazard, Miss Helen Lillis, Miss Alice Humphreys, Miss Elsie Everson, Miss Nan Jennings, Mrs. Nelson Eckart, Mrs. Wilbert Wurtzbaugh, Miss Yetta Du Bois, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Helen Davis, Miss Edith Cutter, Miss Florence Yates, Miss Grace Knowlton, Miss Edna McClatchy, of Sacramento, Miss Louise Howland, Miss Jeannette Prendegast, Miss Caroline Bauer, Miss Dora Newhouse, and Miss Charlotte Laws, of Sacramento.

The wedding ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents on Steiner Street. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Graupner will spend the summer months in Mill Valley, and later take up their residence in this city.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Janet Mary Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, to the Rev. Clifton Macon will take place at Trinity Church on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Julia Tompkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, and Mr. John Carey will take place to-day (Saturday) at one o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents at San Anselmo. Miss Ethel Tompkins will be her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Carleton Frost will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Marie Oge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Oge, of San Rafael, and Mr. Truxton Beale took place in New York on Thursday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by the Rev. Walter D. Buchanan, and was attended by only a few relatives. Mr. Beale and his bride will sail for Europe on an extended wedding journey on Tuesday.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Martin, daughter of the late W. O. H. Martin, of Reno, Nev., and Mr. Thomas Tingey Craven Gregory, son of Judge J. M. Gregory, of Suisun, took place at Trinity Church, Reno, on Wednesday evening, April 15th. Bishop W. H. Moreland, assisted by Rev. Samuel Unsworth, performed the ceremony. Miss Clara Martin was maid of honor, and Mr. William Knowles, of this city, acted as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Anna Martin, Miss Ida Wehner, of San José, Miss Field, of Reno, and Miss Winifred Morgan, of Oakland. The ushers were Mr. Edward Lyman, Mr. George Lyman, Mr. Frederick Stadtmuller, and Mr. William Martin. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's mother.

The wedding of Miss Lois Stonesifer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Stonesifer, of Oakland, and Mr. Charles J. Evans, son of Colonel Joseph F. Evans, took place on Thursday evening of last week at the home of the bride's parents, 1016 Tenth Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. E. Baker, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Mrs. L. S. Schmidt was the matron of honor, and Miss Wilhelmina Koenig, Miss Margaret Oleese, Miss Nettie Stevens, and Miss Mary Morrison were the bridesmaids. Mr. J. E. Beard, of Napa, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. William H. Correll, Senator G. R. Lukens, Dr. Lionel S. Schmidt, and Dr. Charles B. Poorter, Jr. After an extended wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Evans will take up their permanent residence at 1016 Tenth Street, Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Louise Drescher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Drescher, and Mr. William Edward Kleinsorge took place at Sacramento on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at high noon by Bishop W. H. Moreland. After an extended wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Kleinsorge will return to Sacramento and occupy the Rhodes home on M Street.

Mrs. William Kohl has sent out invitations

for a card-party on Thursday, April 30th, at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner recently in honor of Miss Carrie Taylor and Mr. George A. Newball. Others at table were Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. J. Bryant Grimwood, Mr. Marks, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted gave her first "at home" on Monday at her new residence at Fort Miley. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Sara Collier, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Genevieve Carolan.

Miss Irene Sabin gave a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Lillian Sullivan, whose marriage to Mr. Ward Dwight will take place early in June. Among those at table were Miss Pearl Sabin, Miss Alice Gowan, Miss Ethel Shorh, Miss Edith Gowan, Miss Edna Howell, Miss Howland, and Miss Cavanagh.

Miss Leontine Blakeman gave a dinner on Thursday, complimentary to Miss Olive Holbrook, whose engagement to Mr. Silas Palmer was announced last week.

Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway recently gave a breakfast at her residence, "Sycamore Park," complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Castle, Jr., of Honolulu. Among those invited to meet the guests of honor were Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Rev. Joseph Worcester, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Lily Hatbaway, Mrs. Newcomb, and Rev. Clifton Macon.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Musical Services at Trinity.

The eighth monthly musical service at Trinity Church will take place on Sunday evening, when the following numbers will be rendered under the direction of the organist, Louis B. Eaton:

"Gallia," Gounod, soprano solo and chorus, Miss Flynn and choir; tenor solo, Mr. Vinson; quartet (unaccompanied), "God So Loved the World" (from "The Crucifixion") Stainer, Miss Flynn, Miss Fairweather, Mr. Vinson, and Mr. Barnhart; "Salve Regina," Buck, bass solo, Mr. Barnhart; "Bow Down Thine Ear," Attwood, soprano solo and chorus, Miss Flynn and choir; "When Winds are Raging," Foote, contralto solo, Miss Fairweather; "Blessed Jesu, Fount of Mercy," Dvorak, chorus; "Save Me O God," Randegger, soprano solo, Miss Flynn; "Offertory," cantabile from Fourth Organ, Symphonic, Widor; "Hear My Words," C. H. H. Parry, anthem for soprano and bass solo quartet, and chorus, Miss Flynn, Miss Fairweather, Mr. Vinson, Mr. Barnhart; and postlude, Toccata in F, Bach.

When Paganini died, in 1840, he left a considerable sum of money to his heirs, besides a number of medals, presents, manuscripts, letters, the how of his Guarneri violin, etc. Having spent the money, the heirs wanted to sell the other bequests, and offered them to the city of Genoa, Paganini's birthplace, for one hundred and seventy thousand francs. While anxious to secure these relics, Genoa found the price excessive, and the heirs have now appealed to the state. In case of a second refusal of their terms, they intend to sell the objects singly.

A concert in aid of the San Francisco Seamen's Institute will be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, April 29th, at 8:30 p. m. The tickets, which will be two dollars each, may be obtained from Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Miss Harrington, Mrs. Arthur Holland, Mrs. W. MacGavin, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. Rudolf Spreckels, Miss Tobin, Mrs. A. B. Williamson, F. R. S. Balfour, S. H. Boardman, Rev. A. B. Karney, and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

Mme. Eugenia Mantelli, who will be heard here in concert shortly, will sing selections from "La Favorita," "Mignon," "Carmen," "Barber of Seville," and "Semiramide."

A musicale is to be given by the pupils of Professor Louis Holz at Byron Mauzy Hall this (Saturday) evening.

Dr. William S. Whitwell, who for many years practiced medicine in San Francisco, and was the owner of a hospital for nervous diseases at San Mateo, died at his sanatorium at Fishkill, N. Y., on the afternoon of April 18th, from the effects of Bright's disease. In 1899 Dr. Whitwell became the owner of the Riverside Sanatorium at Fishkill Landing, and up to his death divided his time between that place and his office in New York City. He was fifty-seven years old, and leaves a widow and three sons. He was a member of the American and the New York State Medical Associations, and was graduated from Harvard in 1873.

On Thursday evening a private view of the spring exhibition of the Sketch Club and the Association of Allied Arts at their house, 1308 California Street, was given to the members, and on Friday the exhibition was opened to the public. It will continue each day from 11:00 A. M. until 5 P. M. until Thursday next.

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GOLF NOTES.

The members of the San Francisco Golf Club opened up their new schedule of events at the Presidio links on Saturday last with a contest in driving and a handicap over eighteen holes. In the driving contest each player was allowed five balls, and the course was fifty yards wide. Dr. T. G. McConkey made the best aggregate distance of 505 yards. His nearest competitor was S. L. Abbot, Jr., with 412 yards. The scores of the other players were as follows: G. Starr, 407 yards; C. H. Bentley, 404 yards; J. W. Byrne, 401 yards; Dr. J. R. Clark, 336 yards; W. H. La Boyteaux, 335 yards; Captain E. A. Millar, 333 yards; B. Faymonville, 305 yards; R. I. Bentley, 278 yards; J. W. Hinkley, 271 yards; Charles Page, 270 yards; W. J. Dutton, 132 yards; John C. Spencer, 131 yards; Reginald White, 115 yards; C. F. Mullins, 112 yards; L. F. Montague, 100 yards; Warren Gregory, no return. In the eighteen-hole handicap tournament, R. S. Bentley, with his handicap of twelve, won first prize, with a net score of eighty-one. Charles Page took second prize with a net score of eighty-seven.

The ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club finished their regular schedule of events on Tuesday morning with an eighteen-hole handicap against "hoge." Miss Florence Ives, with a handicap of six strokes, won first place, and Miss Alice Hoffman, with two down, was second. Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mrs. J. R. Clark, Miss Wagner, and Mrs. G. Le Roy Nickel were the other contestants.

On the Presidio links on May 9th, there will be an eighteen-hole qualifying round at medal play. The best eight scores will qualify for the match play, which must be completed before May 18th. There will be three prizes for this event, the first for the best gross score in the qualifying round, and second and third prizes for the match play.

The first annual championship of the Northern California Golf Association will be played on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club to-day (Saturday). Play will begin promptly at 10 A. M., and will be over thirty-six holes at medal play.

A Worthy Charity.

The Young People's Auxiliary to the Board of Managers of the Protestant-Episcopal Old Ladies Home, organized in January, 1902, for the purpose of refitting and keeping in order the rooms occupied by the ladies residing at the Old Ladies' Home, will give its first entertainment—a Rainbow Festival and Promenade Concert—on Saturday afternoon and evening, May 2d. There will be a number of pretty tables at which fancy articles and home-made candy will be sold, and an interesting programme will be rendered during the evening. The young ladies will be assisted in receiving by the directresses, Sister Alice, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. William Dundas, and Mrs. S. L. Foster. The reception committee also includes Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. James B. Milton, and Mr. J. J. Houseman.

At the various tables, which will each be decorated in a different color, the active members of the Auxiliary will preside. Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Miss Bernice Owens, Miss Louise Stone, and Miss Bessie Marks will have charge of the candy table; Miss May Healey and Miss Evelyn McDowell, fancy article table; Miss Kathleen Booth, cake table; Miss Ruth Clarke, flower table; Miss Edith Perry, lemonade table; Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. William Dundas, and Mrs. William F. Simpson, refreshments.

One of Harry Dam's light comedies, dealing with Wall Street experiences, will be presented in New York next month.

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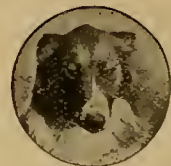
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, accompanied by Mr. B. Frank Hall, left for the East early in the week. Mrs. Harrison will remain with her grandmother, Mrs. Easton, at San Mateo, until later in the season, when she will join her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Emma Rutherford left last Saturday evening for Portland, Or., en route East.

Mrs. Albert Gerherding will leave for New York on Sunday, May 3d, and will sail for Europe on May 16th, to be absent two years. She will pass the months of May and June in London, and will then spend some time in Germany.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have opened their country place near Glen Ellen for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and the Misses McCook, since their visit to the Pacific Coast, have been sojourning at Tuxedo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton returned from their visit to Japan on Wednesday.

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Lawlor, after a month's stay in New York, will sail for Europe on Tuesday.

Mrs. G. W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver who have spent the winter on the Riviera, sailed from Genoa for New York on April 16th, and expect to arrive in California before the end of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will soon leave on a visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have departed on a fortnight's visit to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston, of Los Angeles, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Landers during the week.

Miss Elsie Sperry has returned from a visit to friends in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, who returned from their trip to Tahiti on Tuesday, will spend the summer months at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Boardman were in Pasadena early in the week.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has spent the winter in New York, will return to San Francisco about the first of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family have opened their country place, "Woodside," in San Mateo County.

Miss Edith Simpson sailed on Tuesday on the Japanese steamship *Hongkong Maru* for a trip to China and Japan.

Mrs. Dutton, accompanied by Miss Mollie Dutton, will soon depart for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr visited the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Bender, Miss Ella Bender, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Underhill, and Miss Underhill, of Boston, were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Everett N. Bee returned Tuesday, April 21st, from his visit to Australia and Tahiti.

Miss Ardella Mills visited friends in Sacramento last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval have arrived in New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt, Jr., have arrived at Monte Carlo.

Miss Flora Elmore, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Olive Hollbrook, has returned to Portland, Or.

Miss Mahelle Toy was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from the East, where she has been visiting relatives for several months.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. Walter S. Martin have been in Oregon during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. de la Montanya were guests at Byron Hot Springs a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. T. Cary Friedlander has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Cheever, in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hush, at their residence in Fruitvale.

Mrs. Allen Lewis, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, for the past three weeks, has returned to her home in Portland, Or.

Miss Mary Barber, who has been in Europe for the past year, is expected to return to Ross Valley next week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. McCleary, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Milton were guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule returned from their trip to Japan on Wednesday.

Mr. W. S. Leake left for the East a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Boole, of Sanger, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Jacobs, of New York, and Mr. H. M. Hickey were guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rickey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Holland, Mrs. S. D. Freshman, Mrs. Willis E. Davis, Mrs. Franklin H. Triple, Mr. Horton F. Phipps, Mr. Miles Ph. Baird, Mr. H. B. Larzeve, Mr. William F. Marshall, Mr. John Rach, and Mr. Paul Cowles.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Greene, Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., Mrs. C. Sloane, Mr. George Walker Sloane, and Mr. Ronald R. Punnun, of New York, Mrs. J. H. Lyman, and Miss F. Lyman, of Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. S. T. Garney, of Los Angeles, Mrs. G. MacMillan, of Chicago, and Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., moved from his temporary quarters at the Palace Hotel to his official residence at Fort Mason during the week.

Colonel James Allen, chief signal officer of the local department, returned early in the week from Seattle, where he went to meet General Adolphus W. Greely, chief signal officer of the army, to consult with him with respect to the laying of the cable to Alaska. Operations will commence about the first of July, and Colonel Allen will be in direct charge.

Colonel C. A. Coolidge, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has succeeded Brigadier-General Jacob Rawles, retired, U. S. A., as commandant at the Presidio. General Rawles and family expect to leave the latter part of next week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer months.

Lieutenant-Commander Alexander McCrackin, U. S. A., and Mrs. McCrackin will soon leave Mare Island for Newport, R. I., where Commander McCrackin has been ordered for duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel George S. Grimes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the field artillery at the Presidio, and assigned to the Coast Artillery. He will proceed to Fort Flagler, Washington, and assume command of the artillery district of Puget Sound.

Colonel Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long are expected to arrive next week from Washington, D. C., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regu at Piedmont.

Captain Charles R. Howland, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed aid on the staff of Major-General MacArthur, U. S. A.

Captain Seymour Howell, paymaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines, and will return to San Francisco as soon as he is succeeded by Captain Francis G. Irwin, U. S. A., who sails for Manila the latter part of May.

Captain James H. Bradford, Jr., U. S. A., will join the Twenty-Third Infantry upon its arrival at San Francisco, en route to the Philippines.

Captain Henry Page, medical department, U. S. A., has arrived at Fort Mason, which is his new post of duty. Mrs. Page (née Greenleaf) accompanied her husband.

Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Garlington, has been in Monterey during the week on inspection duty. Captain Samson S. Paison, U. S. A., Captain Louis H. Bash, U. S. A., Captain Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Captain Edgar A. Fry, U. S. A., were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Lieutenant Harry S. Howland, U. S. A., who has just been granted a leave of absence, will leave soon for Southern California.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

A. N. Lewis and T. W. Bishop, who have acted as trustees of the estate of Mrs. Miranda Lux, widow of the late Charles Lux, have filed their first accounting of her property in Judge Coffey's court. During the seven years they have been in charge, the total receipts from the estate have been \$742,614.45, and the expenditures \$693,583.05. This leaves cash on hand to the amount of \$49,031.40. Mrs. Lux bequeathed legacies to the amount of \$300,500 and charitable bequests of \$32,500 at her death, and of these amounts legacies to the amount of \$220,312.50 have been paid. The total income from the estate is \$288,490.76.

The litigation over the estate of the late Robert Mills, which has been pending in the courts of Redwood City for the last six or seven years, has at last been ended amicably. Robert S. Chatham and his sister, Maria E. Chatham Gardiner, who claimed to be the son and daughter of Robert Mills, having received a sum of money in full settlement of all their interests. Upon distribution, one-half of the estate, valued at about \$500,000, will go to the surviving widow, Mrs. Miranda Mills, and the remainder to certain sisters, nephews, and nieces of deceased.

In ascending Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway an infinite variety of beautiful scenery is observed. From the summit of the mountain and the veranda of the Tavern one can get an excellent bird's-eye view of the Cliff House and beach, San Francisco, Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, Belvedere, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and the Farallone Islands.

If the army officer who forwards us a communication regarding the Wood-Bellairs affair will send us his name, we will publish the letter in our next issue over the pseudonym "Veteran."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00a	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25p
7:00a	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey	7:25p
7:30a	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25p
7:30a	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25p
8:00a	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, (connects at Marysville for Grizzly Bluffs and Chico)	7:55p
8:00a	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25a
8:00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25p
8:00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield	5:25p
8:30a	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fronto, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55p
8:30a	Niles, Stockton, Livermore, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25p
8:30a	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Ukiah, Eureka	4:25p
9:00a	Martinez and Way Stations	6:55p
10:00a	Vallejo	12:25p
10:00a	Crescent City Express, Eastbound—Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Baymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans. (Westbound arrives at Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	1:30p
10:00a	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25p
12:00p	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25p
11:00p	Sacramento River Steamer	11:00p
3:30p	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55a
3:30p	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55p
4:00p	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	8:25a
4:00p	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25a
4:00p	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4:25p
4:30p	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55a
6:00p	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, connection, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, carries Golden State Limited Sleeper Sundays and Wednesdays until April 30	8:55a
6:00p	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	12:25p
15:30p	Niles, San Jose Local	7:25a
6:00p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10:25a
6:00p	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago (No day coaches run on this train between San Francisco and Reno)	4:25p
6:00p	Sunset Limited (leaves via Coast Line Eastbound)—New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Fresno, Berkeley, Baymond, Martinez. (Arrives via San Joaquin Valley Westbound)	8:25a
7:00p	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25a
7:00p	Vallejo	7:55p
7:00p	Sacramento, Truckee, Reno and Intermediate Stations	7:55a
8:05p	Oregon & California Express—Salem, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Pnet Sound and East	8:55a
9:10p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11:55a
11:25p	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Baymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	6:25p

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:45a	Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only)	8:05p
8:15a	Newark, Centerville, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:50p
12:15p	Newark, Centerville, Santa Cruz, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:50a
4:15p	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos (on Saturday and Sunday runs through to Santa Cruz, connects at Felton for Boulder Creek, Monday only from Santa Cruz)	8:50a

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
12:15 2:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—(Slip 48)
12:00 10:00 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Child and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
6:10a	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30p
7:00a	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30p
7:15a	New Almaden	4:10p
7:15a	Monterey and Santa Cruz Extension (Sunday only)	8:30p
8:00a	San Jose Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, Ardo, Inso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Santa Lucia, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, Sanguis, Los Angeles. (Connection from Santa Cruz and Monterey)	10:45p
9:00a	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10p
10:30a	San Jose and Way Stations	1:20p
11:30a	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	5:30p
1:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00p
2:00p	San Jose and Way Stations	10:00a
3:00p	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15p
3:30p	Del Monte, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:36a
4:30p	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45a
5:00p	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	9:00a
5:30p	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	8:00a
6:15p	San Mateo, Belmont, Beresford, San Carlos, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	8:45a
6:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	6:36a
7:00p	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Doming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York. (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	8:25a
11:45p	Palo Alto and Way Stations	9:45p
11:45p	San Jose and Way Stations	3:45p

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"And so Professor Gustavus has at last discovered the missing link! Where did he find it?" "Under the bureau, I understand."—*Baltimore News.*

Point of view: "See here, young man," said the minister, "you never paid me that fee for marrying you." "You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages."—*Tit-Bits.*

She—"I noticed every time they cheered or yelled, the speaker took a long drink of water." He—"Yes, he was trying to help them drown his voice."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A query: He—"Here's a puzzle for you." She—"Let's have it." He—"Give a woman a hunch of photographs to examine, including one of her own, which one will she look at the longest, and why?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Quite unlike: "Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters!" exclaimed the bride of a week; "billetts doux, I suppose." "No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch; "they are hillies overdue."—*Chicago News.*

"You don't believe in popular education, colonel?" "No, sir, I don't. It unfits people for their station in life. By gad, sir, I heard my washerwoman's son the other day correcting my son's pronunciation of 'renaissance'!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Landlady—"I'll have you understand, Mr. Boarden, that there is no water in that milk. It comes direct from our own farm." Mr. Boarden—"If that's the case, ma'am, I strongly advise you to have your cows shingled."—*New York Sun.*

Positively brutal: She—"Just see how much your little wife loves you. She made this cake for you all by herself." He—"Yes, darling, and now if you will eat it all by yourself I shall possess indisputable proof of your devotion."—*Chicago News.*

Tenant (angrily)—"The cellar of our house is full of rats. What are you going to do about it?" Landlord (calmly)—"Nothing. What do you expect for seventeen dollars a month, anyway—a cellar full of white mice?"—*Chicago Daily News.*

His miscue: "I would be happy if I might just sit and look at you all day," he said. "That's nothing," she replied; "I know people who would be glad if they might just sit around and stare at nothing all day."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Yes," said the man from Georgia, reminisciently, "I remember the time when slaves were worth three thousand dollars a head." "Oh, that's nothing," sneered the New York sexton; "what do you suppose the slaves of fashion in my church were worth per head on Easter?"—*Judge.*

The revolution: "Well," said the president of the South American republic, "has the revolution been suppressed?" "Yesterday's has," replied the secretary of war, "but the nine-o'clock revolution of this morning is still on. We've captured one of the revolutionists, but the other is still at large."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Appreciated: There was a very small audience present, and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage, the hero and heroine are holding a rendezvous. Hero (to heroine)—"Are we alone?" Heroine (thinking of the audience)—"Not yet. There are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act."—*Illustrated Bits.*

Misunderstood: "Did you have a pleasant time at Sunday-school?" asked Betty's mother. "No," said the child. "Why, what was the matter?" "Jesus wasn't there." "Yes, dear. He must have been; He is always there." "He wasn't to-day," insisted Betty, "for the teacher got up and said, 'Jesus is calling to-day,' and then we just sang and came home."—*Horner's Magazine.*

Rural sport: "Yes," remarked the citizen of Sandy Lane, "our parson claims that these here racing automobiles are keeping some of his flock away from meeting." "You don't mean to say any one owns a racing automobile around here?" asked the drummer, in surprise. "No," they don't own them, but they sit on the fence all day Sunday and throw stones at those that pass."—*Chicago Daily News.*

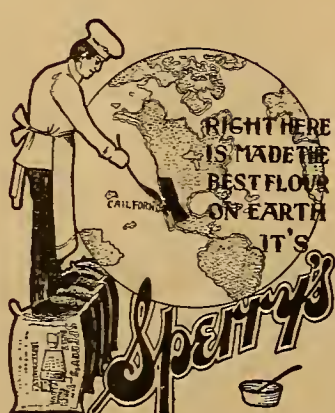
Its uplifting mission: "Of course," said his intimate friend, "you succeeded in making the Senate postpone its action to the last possible moment with your four week's speech, but what practical good did you accomplish by it?" The eye of the veteran statesman lighted up with a flame of enthusiasm. "What good?" he exclaimed; "my friend, that speech of mine, bound in three or four volumes of the *Congressional Record* circulated broadcast throughout this favored land of ours, and placed on the seat of a common dining-room chair, will save thousands of poor people the expense of a baby-chair. The children of this great country, sir, will grow up on that speech."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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San Rafael to San Francisco.

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Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio and Novato.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	6:05 p.m.
		7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	6:05 p.m.
		7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.
3:30 p.m.	8:00 a.m.	7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland and Ukiah.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Guerneville.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	9:10 a.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Glen Ellen.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	6:05 p.m.
		7:35 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sebastopol.
3:30 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	7:35 p.m.

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" Fresno	3:20 p	3:00 p	3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	3:51 p	7:56 a
" Visalia	10:25 p	4:48 p	5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p	7:35 a
" Kansas City	2:35 a	7:20 a	7:20 a
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THE

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It was Walt Whitman, we believe, who first said that the Anglo-Saxon race reached its highest development only along the fringe of the glacier, but this belief appears now to be firmly held by a great many Canadian statesmen, who predict for the Dominion of the North a wonderful future. The boldest of these prophets, indeed, look forward to a Canada that will excel the United States as a food-provider to the world, and will press this country hard in certain lines of manufacture and in mining. Such is the view, for example, of Erastus

Wiman, who writes on the subject in the current number of the *North American Review*.

It is truly remarkable—and perhaps not altogether reassuring—that while this country is receiving immigrants, mostly from Southern Europe and Russia, at the rate of a million souls a year, there is at the same time a large emigration from the farming States of the Middle and North-West to the wheat-fields of Canada. These cereal lands comprise the provinces of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with a total area of three hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles, and produced for export in 1902 sixty million bushels of wheat, as well as large quantities of oats, barley, flax, etc. It is natural to suppose that with immigrants both from England and this country rapidly pouring in, the product of this territory, more than twice as large as California, will increase. Besides, according to official reports, the yield of wheat per acre is from sixty-two to sixty-seven bushels, much more than in Minnesota; and the yield of other hardy grains is in proportion.

There are many other suggestive facts to which sanguine Canadians point. The aggregate foreign trade of 1902, as compared with 1895, has increased ninety-one per cent., while the total trade showed a gain of over seventy dollars per capita. Canadian cheese is now more highly regarded in Europe than American cheese. English markets also prefer Canadian bacon. Canada has more than half of the fresh water of the globe within her borders and under her control, a fact of great commercial importance. In the future, the wheat of the Canadian North-West will, it is predicted, find cheap water transportation to the sea-board by way of a ship-canal from the foot of Lake Huron via the Ottawa River to the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, and thence by Lake Champlain, through the proposed Richelieu Canal to the Hudson River, a saving of a thousand miles over present routes. An area of four hundred and fifty million acres is said to be admirably equipped with water power and forests for the production of wood pulp, now coming into use in the manufacture of all sorts of objects, from coffins to car wheels. As for minerals, it is said by experts that Canada has coal enough on both coasts to supply the world, and inexhaustible beds of iron ore, as well as quantities of other minerals. "Annexation to the United States," says Mr. Wiman, "is universally disapproved in Canada, because they propose to shape their own future in the magnificent possibilities before them in governing and developing what they conceive to be the greatest country under the sun."

Alfred Russell Wallace is so honored and respected a name in the scientific world that his remarkable article on man's place in the universe, printed a month or so ago, created quite a little stir. Besides, his conclusions to the effect that our little earth is the centre of the stellar system and the race of man absolutely unique among a hundred million worlds, were so gratifying to our natural egotism that Mr. Wallace had the reading public's pleased attention. But he has now something quite different, namely, the critical attention of several astronomers who have rushed into print in several reviews in reply to his article; and, strangely enough, the objections presented by at least two of them—H. H. Turner, of Oxford, and William H. Pickering, of Harvard—are singularly alike.

One of the "facts" upon which Mr. Wallace based his startling conclusions was the finite nature of the universe. He said that the most "striking proof" that the stellar system was limited was the fact, mathematically demonstrable, that if the stars were infinite in number, and from each we received light,

no matter how little, we should, in the aggregate, receive an infinite amount of light: that, therefore, from the night sky (if the number of stars were infinite) we should receive as much light as from the sun by day; and since we do not, the stars are therefore finite in number. Professors Pickering and Turner both reply to this that it is far more likely that there exist great masses of non-luminous gas and many "dark" stars, which interrupt star light. Thus, the "coal sack" in the Milky Way, which Mr. Wallace conceives to be a hole right through into the outer void, Professor Pickering holds to be merely a non-luminous body of gas, which blots out the light of the stars beyond. And, of course, if Mr. Wallace has failed to prove the universe finite, his argument that the earth is in the approximate centre of the stellar system, falls to the ground. In an infinite universe, as has been aptly said, the centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere. Even admitting, however, that the universe is infinite, and that the earth is to-day in its centre, it could not have been so yesterday, and will not be so to-morrow, since the whole solar system is moving among the stars at the rate of fourteen miles a second, and must, in the fifty or one hundred million years of geologic time, have got a trifle out of the centre.

In view of these seemingly cogent arguments *con*, Mr. Wallace's theory, so pleasing to theologians, that the Ruler of the universe has constructed it with especial reference to the puny race of man; has placed the earth in the centre, with the sun, moon, and stars roundabout for our use, pleasure, and delectation; and has so limited it that in the end we may search out all the secrets of the many million sterile worlds attendant upon us—this theory must be held not proved.

But there is another interesting consideration. In the course of the arguments Professor Turner makes a pregnant remark, wherein he intimates that such problems as these are not "ripe" for popular exposition, since the general reader has not a fair notion of the "possibilities of error." This, we take it, is a polite manner of saying that astronomers really know so little of the secrets of the starry universe that it is dangerous for them either to deny or affirm the truth of such generalizations as those made by Mr. Wallace. The stars may be innumerable or they may be not, but the "possibilities of error" are clearly infinitely great. What we know is as surely infinitely little. Indeed, the tremendous saying of Thomas Carlyle thereabout is probably as true to-day as when he uttered it fifty years ago. "To the minnow," said he, "every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds, and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all of which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may (from time to time, unmiraculously enough) be quite upset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the immeasurable All; his monsoons and periodic currents, the mysterious course of providence through æons and æons."

The current news dispatches from Paris on the religious agitation in France, centre about the forcible expulsion of the fifty-four monastic orders or *congrégations*, which were recently ordered suppressed by the Chamber of Deputies. The popular demonstrations by both parties among the people will, however, probably extend no further than mere street disorders, and really have no large political significance. France, through her representatives, has expressed her will regarding the teaching societies, and it only remains now for

to be carried into effect. There does exist, however, an important unsettled controversy directly between the Republic and the Vatican that may work a religious revolution in France through the denunciation of the Concordat, and the establishment of an independent church. First, a word on the conditions that now obtain. Religious freedom does not exist in France. The government "permits" all religions to exist and subsidizes all alike. But patronage implies control and authority. Any religious service by unsubsidized sects requires a license, which is revocable at the pleasure of the government. Religious sects are dependent upon the will of civil authorities, and may be abolished at the pleasure of the state. They have no inherent "rights." No Papal Bull may be published in France without the consent of the government. Each of the eighty-seven Roman Catholic bishops of France is nominated by the president. Other high ecclesiastical appointments must be approved by him.

The present controversy relates to the appointment of Catholic bishops to the Sees of Bayonne, St. Jean de Maurienne, and Constantine. President Loubet in February made his nominations without consulting the Vatican. The Pope declined to confirm the nominations. President Loubet maintains that, under the Concordat, the Pope *must* confirm the nominations. The Pope holds that the president only nominates subject to the Papal pleasure, and here the controversy rests, with three bishoprics vacant. When Premier Combes, in the senate, lately threatened the Vatican with a denunciation of the Concordat unless it retreated from its position, he was cheered to the echo. It is evident that he would have much popular support in carrying out such a policy. Any interference by the bishops in politics, any discovery of chicanery or underhand work on their part might at almost any time precipitate a religious revolution. The result of such an abolition of the Concordat, as seems within the power of the minister, might be either the appointment of bishops with no pallium from Rome, or, by withdrawal of the subsidy, the entire disestablishment of the church, when the priests would have to rely on their parishioners for their support. Either condition of affairs would be hateful to the Vatican, but that the church in France should remain Roman Catholic, yet independent of Rome—"Gallican"—would perhaps be more undesirable than that she should become free. In the latter case, however, the cost of self-support would be so great that the Peter's Pence which now flows in a golden stream from France to the Vatican might be sadly diminished. Perhaps some of the French bishops might not be averse to shaking off the shackles of the Vatican, and launching forth as an independent "Gallican" church; for they are said to writhe at times under what they consider Italian wiliness and interference.

The latest news dispatches announce that Russia has with righteous indignation disclaimed any intention to place impediments in the way of foreign trade with Manchuria, and has declared that the exchange of views about to occur between the Russian minister and the Chinese Government relate only to the measures to be adopted for preserving order after the Russian troops have left the province—have marched out and away never more to return. It may be so. Yet the London *Times* correspondent, who traveled in Manchuria last autumn to investigate the Russians, made this report:

I visited the capitals of all three provinces. I saw the Russian city of Harbin upreared bodily in the most fertile plain in the heart of Manchuria, and saw the thousands of solid buildings for permanent Russian occupancy being built simultaneously by armies of Chinese workmen along the entire length of the railway. The transformation is marvelous. Where the railway passes through Hei-lung-Kiang, a thinly peopled province, you forget you are in Chinese territory. A Chinaman seems an intruder. Siberia seems to have extended southward to the railway line. Hailar, where five years ago were a few Mongol tents, near a poor Chinese settlement, is now a Russian town, with Russian shops, hotels, and hospitals. I counted twenty-two locomotives standing at the station. . . . At Hantahotzu and other places in the forests east of Harbin, where five years ago were some robber huts, there are now large Russian settlements, with much home life and women and children.

It may be that Russia is now going to leave this rich country to the Chinese, but it needs more proof than has yet been adduced to make the world believe it. Meantime, it may be interesting to recite briefly the events of the last few years which have led up to the present situation, involving the possession of a rich territory, with an area of four hundred thousand square miles, containing a population of seven million people.

In 1894 Russia was engaged in building a railway in Siberia, running close to the northern boundary of Manchuria, and terminating at Vladivostok—a harbor ice-bound a good part of the year. This railway made a great loop to reach Vladivostok and avoid Manchuria, going hundreds of miles out of the direct line. Then the Sino-Japanese War came on, and to Russia, for her good offices in end-

ing it, China granted railway concessions through Manchuria, shortening the railway to Vladivostok five hundred miles. Here was where the Russian camel put his head into the Chinese window. The next step was a concession for an ice-free port on the Gulf of Pechili, and other railway lines; the next the occupation of Manchuria by Russian troops, nominally to protect her railway interests, but by which Russia really became supreme authority in the province. She agreed, however, at the time of the settlements of China with the powers after the Boxer uprising, to withdraw all troops from Manchuria, except railway guards. On August 28, 1900, the Russian chargé at Washington stated to Secretary Hay "that Russia has no designs of territorial acquisition in China." Yet only two years later, early in 1902, Russia tried to exact from China a stipulation that would have prevented all but Russians from enjoying any railway, mining, or industrial concessions in Manchuria. Secretary Hay at once emphatically protested, saying that the agreement would be "a distinct breach of the treaties concluded between China and the foreign powers." Thereupon Russia waived her demand, and entered into a treaty with China to withdraw all troops from Manchuria in six months, except railway guards, and to renounce all exclusive privileges in Manchuria. When the time was up, Russia "withdrew" the troops by marching them a few miles on to the railway concession, and quartering them there as guards—eighty to one hundred and fifty thousand strong, according to various estimates. Not only this, but in a thousand ways she strengthened her hold. The last number of the *Celestial Empire* at hand, for example, remarks:

Rouble notes circulate in Manchuria literally in millions. They are the most favored currency. They are easily carried and easily concealed, and are familiar from one end of Manchuria to the other. It is virtually a currency that has been given to the Chinese in Manchuria.

And the London *Times* correspondent says:

Manchuria is absolutely dominated by Russia. All the officials are absolutely in her power; none can be appointed without her approval, and evacuation can not alter a domination which is fast becoming as effective as that of England over the native states of India.

It is safe to say that the United States will do no more than protest vigorously, whatever Russia does, but whether peppery Japan will see Russia take Manchuria without a trial of strength, whether England will join forces with her ally, and how other European nations will align themselves, are questions for the future to decide.

The fact has recently been pointed out that British consols have in five years declined in price twenty-one per cent. This, taken in connection with current talk of England's loss of power and prestige, seems a striking confirmation of the fears of England's friends and the hopes of her enemies. The matter is, however, not so bad as appears on its face. English consols, drawing two and three-quarters per cent. interest, quoted at ninety-one and seven-sixteenths, compared with French *rentes* at ninety-eight and a half, drawing interest of three per cent., German three-per-cents, at ninety-one and a half, Russian four-per-cents at ninety-six to one hundred, and the securities of other European nations at no higher and often lower prices, show up very favorably. Indeed, English credit, despite the remarkable decline, largely due, doubtless, to the addition of seven hundred and fifteen millions to her debt by the Boer war, is still the best in Europe. It is only when it is compared with the credit of the United States that it appears unfavorably. Our two-per-cent. bonds are now selling at one hundred and six and a half—compare that with German three-per-cents, at ninety-one and a half. Our four-per-cents sell at one hundred and thirty-six, yet the four-per-cents of Russia, a nation which we are in the habit of thinking a great and rapidly advancing one, sell at less than par. The credit of the United States, in short, has no parallel among the nations of the world.

Colonel John P. Irish was certainly born under a lucky star. His term as naval officer of this port expired long ago; the President was determined to put somebody else in his place some time ago, and yet Colonel Irish is still naval officer, and is still enjoying the honors and emoluments of the position. The difficulty in the way of appointing a successor is the fact that the President can not decide who the successor shall be. Ex-Congressman S. G. Woods, of Stockton, was slated for the position, and the members of the California delegation pledged themselves to his support. But just then Mr. Woods unwisely expressed his unfavorable opinion of the President, and the President has retained an unfavorable opinion of Mr. Woods's candidacy ever since. State Senator W. C. Ralston then entered the field. He has the support of the mining element, and enjoys a general popularity. In order to gain some of the Woods strength he agreed to appoint J. L. Phelps, of Stockton, as chief deputy. The case of Mr. Phelps is a sad one. He is editor of the *Stockton Independent*, and aspired to the Stockton postmastership, but was persuaded to join forces with Mr. Woods, he to be Mr. Woods's chief deputy. When Mr. Woods was laid on the shelf, Mr. Phelps was retired with him. Now he would like to join forces with Mr. Ralston, but his promise to Mr. Woods prevents him. The California delegation would like to support Mr. Ralston, but their promise to Mr. Woods prevents them. The President would like to appoint Mr. Ralston, but the forces behind Mr. Woods prevent him. In the meantime, Colonel Irish holds the office, and enjoys the honors and emoluments of the position.

The kaleidoscopic variety of the changes in the Fair litigation seems unending. The latest development, and perhaps the most startling of the series, is in connection with the suit of Mrs. Nelson, mother of the late Mrs. Charles Fair, which is now on trial in New York. The success of Mrs. Nelson's case depends entirely upon her ability to prove that Mrs. Fair

survived her husband. To establish this contention she has produced two witnesses who swear that they were present at the time of the accident, and describe the scene with minute details. They declare that Mr. Fair's head was crushed out of all human semblance, while Mrs. Fair was breathing a full minute after the accident, while her nose and eye were wounded and blood trickled across her forehead. It is said that other witnesses are to be produced, two of whom saw her breathing fifteen minutes after they found Mr. Fair dead, and two physicians who examined the bodies in the embalming parlors at Paris, and who testify that with such injuries as they saw Mrs. Fair must have survived her husband. This is pretty strong evidence for Mrs. Nelson, but it is said the Fair people are prepared to prove it all fabrication. According to the story, Drs. Galway and Williamson declare when preparing the bodies for burial that Mrs. Fair's death must have been instantaneous, so badly was the skull crushed, while Mr. Fair may have lived for a time, as his skull was not crushed, but only dented in. The skulls are to be produced in the case, according to the story, and sensational developments may follow.

Last year was a period of unusual activity in building, and the prospects are that there will be equal activity this year. The total amount spent for building, this year promises to equal that of 1902, but there will be a difference in the style of construction. The greatest activity heretofore in residence building has been in the construction of the more expensive class of flats, until now the supply has somewhat exceeded the demand. Owners of this class of property find that their tenants frequently stay but a short time, and then move into cheaper places. The building of cheaper flats, on the other hand, has by no means kept pace with the demand, and such flats can be rented readily and to permanent tenants. The activity this year therefore promises to be in cheap rather than in expensive flats. The true apartment-houses have not been here long enough to demonstrate their value as income-producers, so land-owners are willing to wait before investing their money in them, while the supply of boarding-house hotels is ample for some time to come. Several important structures decided upon or commenced last year will be included in this year's work, among them the Merchants' Exchange, the Flood store and office building, the Aronson, and the St. Francis and Fairmont Hotels. There would be more activity in building were it not that owners are said to feel that both labor and materials are now at their highest point, and both will decline next year.

The people of this State have a way of getting rid of undesirable elements of the population that really differs little from that which they righteously condemn when employed in other parts of the country. Recently, the presence of seventy-five Greeks became undesirable to their neighbors in Fresno County. Two hundred citizens visited them and told them that they must go. A limit was set upon the time within which the exodus should take place, and at the appointed time the effects of the Greeks were loaded on wagons and hauled to the railway station. There was no resistance, and therefore no violence, but that was probably because the Greeks had considered the numbers of the opposing forces. The whole proceeding was very similar to the dramatic removal of Chinatown by the citizens of Tacoma some years ago. The objection to the Greeks was not that they worked for small wages, but that they were addicted to quarreling, drinking, and disturbing the peace.

The board of supervisors has decided to give the people of the city an opportunity to say whether the Geary Street Railway is to be run by the city. A bill was passed this week declaring that public interest and urgent necessity demand the acquisition of such a public utility, and that a very small sum, perhaps one hundred thousand dollars, will be sufficient to rebuild and equip it. The proposition is simpler than it was when submitted before, and it is thought that it will be more popular. There was some opposition to the passage of the bill. The plans and estimates have been called for from the board of public works, but not yet submitted. Supervisor Wilson, therefore, while voting for the present bill, reserved the right to base his subsequent action on the estimates when presented. Supervisor Brandenstein did not oppose the proposition, but suggested its postponement for a year or two, the road being leased by the city to private persons in the meantime. He thought this a bad time to bring the question up, as it might jeopardize the bonds for new schools, new sewers, and a new hospital. The other supervisors were in favor of immediate action, and the bill was passed to print last week, and finally acted on Monday of this week.

Peculiar, to say the least, are some of the practices of the Post-Office Department that are now coming to light. It is alleged that there has been extravagance and corruption in purchase of letter-boxes for rural mail routes, and "rake-offs" on promotions; that vehicle manufacturers have received advance information as to establishment of new routes, so that they have been able to make profitable deals with new carriers; that "get-rich-quick" concerns have been permitted to use the mails contrary to law; and that some big mail-order houses have been furnished with lists of persons on rural routes, to their exceeding great profit. If such general looseness prevailed, no wonder the enterprising Mrs. Tyner thought that it would be perfectly proper to take a safe expert into a government building, have him crack a government safe, herself rifle it of its contents, and go her way with the *sang froid* of a gentleman burglar. The Washington correspondents say that the "desire of the Postmaster-General to curtail publicity is more than ever apparent." It might seem

that the Postmaster-General is on the wrong track. If there are rogues in the Post-Office Department why not, for instance, turn upon them a little of the light of publicity, said to be specific for the evils of the trusts? The New York *Evening Post* pertinently remarks: "The juncture is one in which an explicit telegram from the President, 'Let no guilty man escape,' would be of great timeliness and help. An executive bludgeon swung with vim is what the situation now distinctly calls for."

The Spring Valley Water Works has obtained a temporary restraining order forbidding the enforcement of the recently adopted water rates, and is seeking to have the restraint made perpetual. The grounds of the company's prayer for relief are two—the rates as established are not reasonable, as they have been reduced to the point where the company can make no profit, and the order itself was not passed in accordance with law. There are other allegations in the complaint, but they are emotional rather than legal, and have no real bearing on the case. It is an established principle of law that the power to regulate rates does not extend to the point of permitting confiscation of property. If these rates will have that effect they are illegal. It is a question of fact to be determined on the hearing. The second point is that the resolution was not passed or adopted as other ordinances, or legislative acts, or resolutions are passed; that the company received no notice of the passing of the resolution, and that the resolution was not presented during the month of February, but during the month of March.

LOVE-LETTERS AND FICTION.

Mrs. Ward's Alleged Plagiarism.

One of the delights of little people is to pick faults in the work of big people. Nothing pleases them more than to be able to say that So-and-So, on the top of his pinnacle, has stolen the ideas of his novels from such and such a source, and that Thingumbob, whom all the world is applauding, has her sculptures done for her by her lovers. To find out that a generally revered person has not—according to his lights—been quite open and above-board is not a painful discovery, but something that seems to uplift the discover with a sense of triumph.

A charge continually brought by this class of fault-finders is that of plagiarism. We are all the time having the current of our enthusiasm damped by this stone being suddenly cast in its midst. And though by experience we know that the accuser has generally but a poor case, there is apt to be a diminution of our admiration. Plagiarism is one of the charges most difficult to disprove, most inclined to linger in the memories, and rattle as a grievance, among the groundlings. And so plagiarism is one of the most popular clubs with which to hit the head of the aspiring author.

The truth is that it is only a serious accusation when it reaches the "parallel column" stage. When an author takes another author's theme, thought, and words, then that author is indeed "a thief in literature." But to employ an idea which has been already used, to color it with the dyes of one's own imagination, and to present it thus re-dipped to the world, is quite legitimate. There was nothing new under the sun in Solomon's day, and we know that Shakespeare took his plots wherever he found them—from history, from hearsay, from fiction. Where the writer shows the stuff that is in him is in putting life into these old forins, in dressing up the worn-out story till it glows with a new interest.

It was a moment of excited triumph when the little people heard that that heretofore irreproachable being, Mrs. Humphry Ward, had lifted the romance of Mlle. de Lespinasse wholesale from the actual surroundings of life into the covers of her last book. A picturesque love-tragedy, which, strangely enough, was not well known, had been filched from its proper place in the end of the eighteenth century to furnish the plot of a modern novel. The cry of a literary theft went up on high. As the installments of the story appeared, and its closeness to the real romance grew more marked, the cry became louder. The author had taken ruth, re-vamped it ever so slightly to meet the requirements of a later day, a more complicated civilization, and launched it upon the world as a work of original fiction. We may imagine the disappointment of the discoverers when, about three-quarters through the volume, the plot diverged from the historical path and struck out by itself to the bright goal of a "happy ending." Meanwhile, Mrs. Ward must be smiling to herself, and the publishers feeling very contented at the amount of advertising this latest discovery of plagiarism is bringing a brilliant book.

It must have been long ago that Mrs. Ward, in her last reading, came upon the heart-stirring story of Mme. du Deffand's companion. Was she at once struck by its possibilities, or did they only come upon her afterward? To a mind curious on all literary matters, these are interesting queries. However it may be, that she was keen enough to see the remarkable unused material lying ready to the first brain clever enough to manipulate it is the important point. The thing that is odd about it all is that some one had not appreciated it before. The famous love-letters were published many years ago. Sainte Beuve's essay was there to be read when Mrs. Ward was in her baby-clothes, she was here at all. Through the memoirs and let-

ters of her contemporaries the story of Julie de Lespinasse comes and goes like a faint, delicate thread in the gayer, brighter fabric of the time.

Unlike the great historic love-stories it is more pathetic than tragic. It has not the elements of torrid passion and drama which belong to such famous romances as that of the lovers of Rimini, or of the "laughing queen who caught the world's great hands," and changed the face of history. It is gentle and appealing, as was its heroine. There is no epic grandeur about it, no agitating footlight display. It is the story of a broken heart, and ends naturally, as such a story should, by the death of the heroine. It would probably have faded away like many other gracious and lovely relics of an epoch of choice elegance, had not her letters—the dying Julie's swan-song—been preserved and published. This is the enduring monument she has left. Outside the "Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun," they are the most remarkable collection of a woman's letters to a lover now extant. It is a curious comment on the time that they were first collected and made public by M. de Guibert's wife, the Mme. de Courcelles, that Julie de Lespinasse counseled him to marry.

Up to that portion of the book where Julie le Breton decides to elope with Warkworth, the novel follows the true story with extraordinary fidelity. Here they branch, and with each succeeding chapter grow further apart. Mlle. de Lespinasse never aspired to a marriage with her high-born lover. She was penniless, illegitimate, and no longer young, being forty at the time the affair was at its height. Sainte Beuve, in his essay, says he finds in the letters allusions which lead him to think the friendship had once broken from the restraints put upon it, and that Julie had fallen. The general opinion, however—coincided in by Miss Wormeley—is that, despite the fiery nature of the letters, Julie and M. de Guibert were from the first, and always remained, on the footing of a sentimental friendship.

In all great romances one must love and one consent to being loved. This is what gives to the attitude of the one who loves something slightly abject. The letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse are marked by that characteristic. Pride has died in her. Her whole being is suffused and quivers with the flame that is consuming her. Her poor little bursts of rage at the neglect or forgetfulness of her "friend" turn into pitiful transports of tenderness at his kind word, his placating visit. His feeling for her was evidently a complex one. That he had no such love for her as she had for him, he who runs may read. Such depths of feeling were beyond him. Guibert, had Venus fallen a victim to his charms, or Diana visited him as she did Endymion, would have warmed to no such intensity. He was cold, ambitious, and small-souled. He admired the woman who so madly adored him, and was flattered by her infatuation. That he did not want to lose her friendship is obvious, for, beside the charm of her society, she was a power in the Paris of her day, and Guibert could meet in her *salon* the most prominent men in the church, the nobility, and the court.

When he married—a marriage agreed to by her, in fact, she urges upon him the advisability of it—the letters show a poignant anguish that might have melted a harder heart. Then they go on, more mad than ever, in their mixture of love, hopelessness, and piercing pain. To add to her wretchedness she feels unending qualms of remorse for her unfaithfulness to the memory of a former adorer, a M. de Mora, who had loved her as she did Guibert, and had died of consumption shortly after her meeting with the latter. Finally, a merciful end was put to her sufferings by fatal illness, the letters continuing almost to the end—the piercing wail of a woman, who, with the hand of death at her throat, still only lives for one human creature, and longs for the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice.

This, it will be seen, is all foreign to the book. There is no resemblance between these two romances. M. de Mora does not exist in "Lady Rose's Daughter," and Julie recovers her heart and spirits enough to wed with the man that some people persist in meant to be D'Alembert. It is in the first part that the two stories run side by side with a truly remarkable similarity of detail. Mme. du Deffand is so like Lady Henry that they are practically the same woman. Both were fierce old aristocrats, wedded to their order, hard, brilliant, lacking feminine softness, companions of men rather than women. Both, as age grew upon them, lost the use of their eyes, and became more caustic, more bitter of tongue, and irascible of temper. Both had built up *salons* which were their pride, and in each case, if I am not mistaken, the work of building had occupied a period of thirty years.

Mme. du Deffand had met her companion as Lady Henry had hers. The marquise had been on a visit in the country, and had there chanced on a young girl, the illegitimate daughter of a member of her own order, Mme. d'Albon. The girl, who was holding a semi-menial position with some of her mother's relatives, was well educated, refined, and charming. Mme. du Deffand took a fancy to her, and needing a *lectrice*, finally offered her the position. It was some years later, when Julie was twenty-nine—the age of Julie le Breton in the novel—that the break between them took place. This, too, is similar in both stories.

The marquise, who entertained much, never appeared till six o'clock in the evening. For some time the attractions of her companion had been a potent factor

in the success of her *salon*. The *lectrice* had, on several occasions, surreptitiously entertained the choice spirits in a small sitting-room at an hour when the *chotelaire* was supposed to be safely upstairs. One day, however, the marquise appeared earlier than usual, discovered the companion closeted with her most famous guests, and a scene of bitter recrimination ensued. Mlle. de Lespinasse left the house. She was penniless, but her powerful friends rallied to her aid. A small dwelling was provided for her, and some one succeeded in getting the government to grant her a little pension.

Up to this point the stories are almost identical. Here occurs the first divergence. In the real tale ten years elapse between the quarrel of the marquise and Julie and the appearance of Guibert. These ten years had been spent by the one-time *lectrice* in building up one of the most famous *salons* of Paris. When Guibert met her she was an established figure in the great world of wit, distinction, and high birth. Warkworth is unquestionably the same type of man as Guibert, save that the latter was a more impressive figure. He dazzled everybody. Even Voltaire prophesied greatness for him. He was handsome, dashing, and believed to be possessed of innumerable gifts. He had written a drama; he was the favored of ladies, the admired of men.

When we come to a comparison between Mlle. de Lespinasse and Mlle. le Breton, there are many points of similarity and some of difference. Both were women of the type *passionnée*, but the Frenchwoman was gentler, less rebellious and willful than the English heroine. Neither was in her first youth, neither was beautiful. Grimm said of Julie de Lespinasse that her face lacked freshness, that it had the faded air peculiar to the faces of those who suffer when very young. The main point of resemblance between the two was that each was possessed in a high degree with that mysterious power of attraction that we call charm, and in each the instinct for society amounted to a rare gift. We read that Mlle. le Breton had a wonderful power in drawing people out, in making them appear at their best. And then we remember that La Harpe said of Mlle. de Lespinasse that she had a greater power in concealing her own wit and showing off that of others than any woman he had ever seen.

In both the social gift, the power of attracting interesting people, and of inspiring them to their most brilliant flights, was paramount. They were natural born queens of society—women who rise to rule over their fellows by right of tact, gracious manners, flattering ways; women who are bewitching and beguiling as much to their own sex as to men. It is interesting to note that some of the lesser characters in the real and the fictitious stories bear a strong resemblance to one another. The little duchess might very readily be the brilliant and capricious Marquis de Bouffiers, Mlle. de Lespinasse's faithful friend. Only it is doubtful if Her Grace of Crowborough had an equal amount of wit. We can not imagine that impulsive and flighty little lady writing anything so daintily audacious as the epitaph which the gay marquise composed for herself:

"Ci-git dans une paix profonde
Cette Dame de Volupté
Qui, pour plus grande sûreté,
Fit son paradis de ce monde."

GERALDINE BONNER.

The executive commission of the Western or American section of "the Alliance of Reformed Churches Throughout the World Holding the Presbyterian System," held a reception at the Hotel Savoy in New York recently, when delegates representing the leading Presbyterian and reformed churches in the United States and Canada were present. While the Rev. Dr. Roberts was leading in prayer at the beginning of the reception, thirty-six members of the Tile, Grate, and Mantle Association, who were having a dinner in an adjoining room, broke out in chorus, "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows," and nearly caused confusion among the church people. As serious as was the moment, however, many of the clergymen burst out laughing when the diners' song broke the stillness of the room.

The last issue of the *Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance of the United States* shows that the rate of increase of immigration from Japan has been greater than that of any other nationality, and that their total number now surpasses the immigration from England and almost approaches that from Ireland. The figures are for the eight months of the statistical year ending in February. In those months Japan sent us 13,853 people, as against 7,151 in the corresponding months of the preceding year, a gain of almost 100 per cent.

The incidental statement regarding the population of India in the *Argonaut* for April 20th was so obviously a slip of the pen (and the proof-reader) that it probably misled no one. As, however, two readers have taken the pains to write us about it, it may be well to correct the passage: for "three hundred thousand" read "three hundred million."

Parisian journalists have been pointing out as an odd comment upon Zola's anti-clericalism that almost all his pictures, recently sold at auction, dealt with religious subjects.

THE RACE BOND.

Its Test of Strength Off Costa Rica's Coasts.

The whistle of the steamer saluted three times—twice short and once long—the sun which rose over the deep green mountains of Costa Rica. The signal was answered in due time. A small tug put off from the long iron pier. There was a launch at the end of its tow line, a big, flat scow of a lighter. It came out across the smooth mother-of-pearl stretch of water, jerking and bobbing over the great Pacific swells. The tug shot by the steamer, the launch threw loose the tow line, and as it came alongside the forward cargo hatchway, a *lanchero* pitched another rope up to the boatswain.

There followed delay. There must of necessity follow delay when the crews and captains of launches are West Coast natives—Mexican *stevedores* at the very best—and most of the sailors on the steamers the same. The first-officer, down on the main deck, gave orders, there was a creaking of hawsers on the strain, the rattle and squeal of blocks and tackle, and the rumble of moving freight in one of the forward cargo-spaces. The captain, immaculate in ducks, came out from his cabin. He went to the rail and looked over at La Libertad, where the white and red of its long, low houses showed clear in the daybreak among the glistening palms. Then he looked down. There were eight or ten *lancheros* in the lighter helping to confuse the very simple process of making her fast, or perched upon the gunwale observing with the vague placidity of their kind.

The captain had no opinion of Central American natives of any sort, much less of *lancheros*. He considered these ones with rather more than usual disgust. They looked rather more than usually dead and alive.

"What's the matter with them fellows in that launch, Marsden," he inquired of the first-officer.

Marsden was peering down into the black hole of the hold. He drew away and looked up to the rail of the hurricane deck. "Played out, sir," he told him; "they were loading the *San Benito* until she put out last night at eleven."

The captain had no sympathy for them on that, or any other score. His eye was without mercy, as he took stock of them again. "Hullo—one of them is white," he said. It was meant, as before, for the first-officer, but it was entirely audible to the *lancheros*.

The first-officer looked over into the launch, and the man who was white looked up at him. Then the first-officer turned away. "Yes, sir," he said.

He walked to the hatchway edge. "Quartermaster," he called. A voice from the hold answered him. "Send up those boxes of nails first," he ordered.

There followed a banging in the cargo-space, the boatswain's whistle began its shrill little calls, which would keep up all day, a donkey engine puffed, and a windless rattled in the bowels of the ship; the big hook on the end of its rope swung down the hatchway, and presently a net sling full of boxes was hoisted and deposited on the main deck.

"T. S. & Co., over X, one—Garcia, three times—Y in a diamond, two times—J. S. & Co., over X, four." The first-officer marked the boxes with his chalk as he called their address and number, the checky for the port authorities and the freight clerk for the ship kept tally and record in their own books; the net drew taut again at the boatswain's whistle, and the first load of cargo swung overside and was lowered into the launch.

The first-officer went to the side and watched it. It was the white man who unhooked the sling, who spilled out the boxes, and sent the sling back empty, all with a promptness that no native *lanchero* could have hoped, or would have dreamed of, attempting to attain. Nominally, he was not the *capitan* of the launch, but it was clear that he was the self-constituted boss of it. The captain of the steamer said as much—"Must make their heads swim, that fellow."

The mate answered "Yes, sir," again; but another net full of boxes was coming up. He went back to them. "J. S. & Co. over X, two times—Y in a diamond, one," he called. The checky and the freight clerk registered; and the work of the day was well under way.

But in spite of the one white man in the launch below it did not go with the speed the mate would have desired. The crew of the alternating launch was demoralized and worthless to the last degree. "Half dead—and it's a *fiesta* besides, so they're half drunk, too," he remarked upon it to the captain. He pushed his cap back with the visor on his crown, and ran across his wet forehead the sleeve of a coat which had begun the day white. It was two o'clock of an October afternoon, and the heat was one of these things the fullness whereof can only be realized from having been experienced, which mere imagination is powerless to present.

The *lancheras* were fumbling aimlessly at a load of steel rails. There was no white man in this lighter, and the management of it showed as much. Three rails were swung clashing together down on some crates that smashed like match-boxes under them. The mate raised his shoulders. It was not his business—so long as the breakage was not done on the ship, he was not accountable for it. Checky and the *capitan* of the "launch" could settle that on shore.

"What's in those crates?" the captain inquired.

"Merchandise—breakable," answered the first-officer, cheerfully.

"Brutes," commented the captain. He gave expression to his views on black-and-tan *lancheras* in general.

The mate nodded. He bent over the hatchway. "Quartermaster," he called, "send up somebody with a marlin-spike to mend this sling." Then he went over and looked down into the launch. "*Despacio abajo*, hurry up—eh?" he shouted by way of suggestion to four *lancheros* who were pulling two ways on every rail, and had managed to drop into the water a rope sling, which it was affording them much concern and confusion, and the others much chattering and amusement, to fish out again.

Marsden did not appear to be in a communicative mood, but the captain was oblivious to moods after the manner of the insistently good-humored and talkative.

"It must be infernally unpleasant for that white fellow to work with the dogs," he opined.

"I expect so," said Marsden. It was not a tone encouraging a pursuance of the subject. But the captain did not know it.

"The *capitan* won't stand his bossing sometime," he kept it up; "there'll be a row, and the whole crew'll take only too much pleasure in sticking their knives into him. He looks steady. Must be in a pretty bad way to come to that. Don't know that I ever saw a white man in the fix along here before. He'd better get out of it while his skin's whole."

"Wonder who he is?" he asked, presently. It was in the nature of an inquiry addressed to no one in general, and the mate in particular. The mate did not answer. He was concerning himself about a delay in the hold, and called down some orders which were superfluous, in view of the fact that the boatswain had just gone scuttling down the ladder to attend to things himself.

The captain, however, was not put off. He had nothing to do. "Do you know," he asked, when the mate came below him again.

"Know what, sir?" Marsden was thinking his own thoughts. He had not paid much attention.

"Who that fellow is?"

"Man named Stanwood," said the first-officer, and he tried to head the captain off by another order to the hold. It was accompanied by profanity. The delay was nobody's fault, but, as is frequently the case, the oaths expended in one direction were inspired from another.

It was a pity the captain couldn't go aft and work a reckoning, or talk to the passengers. Not that he objected to the captain. The captain was a very good sort. It was the topic Marsden disliked.

"Stanwood—rather imposing for a *lanchero* in there with all them black brutes, ain't it? Not that he's any cleaner, though. Who told you it was that?"

"Nobody," said Marsden; "I know it."

It broke in upon the captain then that he was being discouraged. "Oh!" he said. There followed a pause. "You'd better have a new rope through that block there when you're ready to hoist those iron chimney stacks."

"Yes, sir," answered the mate. The captain strolled off to the quarter-deck to watch the second-steward fishing for sharks.

But time was not hanging heavy on Marsden's hands. There was a look of bad weather, and if they were to get off that night, as might prove highly desirable, there had got to be a lot more hustling than the *lancheros* seemed capable of.

The launch alongside had about all it could carry, and its *capitan* was calling for the tug, the soft, mournful note of his conch shell floating over the water to the shore. Marsden, by way of losing no time himself, ran up to the hurricane-deck and on to the bridge, and the whistle screeched across the blue-green of the sea, glinting in the sun, across the little port among its palms, and beyond through the lush jungle of the piling mountains, where the trees and vines and undergrowth matted in the moist, breathless temperature of a green-house. There were black clouds piling up behind the mountains, and rolling low into the great cañons and clefts of palms and fern-trees. Marsden eyed them as he went below again.

The launch alongside was loaded and sent adrift, to be picked up by the tug and towed back to the wharf. The tug was bringing out the other one—the one in which Stanwood was of the crew. Marsden wished that he were not. A man may have been your enemy. He may have brought about your finish. You may have thought for years that nothing could be too bad for him. But all the same—if he is a white man, one of your own kind, be he never so much of a scoundrel, it is not good to see him working among Central American *lancheras*, under a *capitan* of the same breed. It is a trifle too low. He is one of your own race, after all, and it hits you through the race.

Marsden stood considering, keeping his balance as the ship rolled, at an angle of forty-five degrees to the line of the deck, backwards or forwards, according as she went to weather or to lee. It would have taken quite all the attention of a landsman to manage the feat at any effort, and with that he would probably have gone upon his skull or his nose. But Marsden was not even thinking about it. He was thinking of the time that Stanwood had bribed a Guatamala high official—with money already a long way from clean—and had thereby established in that misgoverned little country his altogether baseless claim to Marsden's own sugar *fina* and refinery. It was the kind of thing that can be, and is constantly being, done south of twenty-three. And all your American citizenship can not avail

to save you; rather, in fact, the other way—one of the mishaps of which you take your chance when you go to those countries to make a fortune, away from the hustle of colder climes. But it had been a blackguardly trick, nevertheless. And it had done for Marsden financially for good and all. He had thought himself in luck afterward to get the opportunity to ship to San Francisco on a P. M. steamer as a hand. He had been down to his last real then.

It had done for him in other ways, too. Even now that he had got his master's license, and worked up by quick stages to first-mate—well—his people on the other side of the continent lived a different sort of life, wen in for another and more conventional style of thing. So did the people of the girl he had meant to make mistress of his beautiful sugar plantation. He had been in love with her since his school days at home—pretty much ever since he could remember, so far as that went. But it had obviously been out of the question to expect her to marry a deck-hand. He had stopped writing to her before long. It had been better for her. As for himself—it didn't matter much. His own life was very thoroughly spoiled, anyway. And the girl had married—a man of her own sort, which he himself had ceased to be.

He owed all that to Stanwood. He owed a good deal to Stanwood. He had always intended to pay it some day, too—at the first chance that should present itself. Was this the chance? Perhaps.

Evidently wrong-doing had not prospered Stanwood. He had probably come out with that degraded, dirt-gang, in that "launch" which stunk of bilge water and other filth beyond a white man's stomach almost, for no other reason than to get an opportunity to stow, or to ask a passage up—as Marsden himself had been obliged to ask five years before. He would not try it now, of course. He had nerve enough for about anything, but hardly enough for that. He would have to wait at least a week for another ship and another first-officer.

It happened, nevertheless, that Marsden wanted another sailor. At the last port, Corinto, one of his men had gone ashore to see one of the sick mothers he kept along the coast, and that had been the last seen of him. Marsden was anxious to fill the vacancy, but Stanwood should not have it. He could work with the launch gang a while longer. It was small enough punishment for his misdeeds.

The launch swung alongside. Stanwood was in he. He was having an altercation with the *capitan*, to and the *capitan* had been taking more *tequila*, apparently. It would be the course of wisdom for the Gring *lanchera* to hold his peace and his tongue, if he were not looking for a speedy exit from a bad sort of life. The *capitan* and his gang would like nothing better than severally and collectively to stick knives into him at the least excuse.

Once again the launch went off, discharged her cargo, and came back for another load. This time it was before the other launch was quite ready to be towed away, so she made fast, bow and stern, to her and the idle *lancheros* fell to eating some food that had brought with them as they waited. They crouched together in a group, getting a good deal of fun out of it. There were the inevitable *frijoles* and bread and bottled coffee, and there was besides a most unwelcome treat, a leg of mutton. They passed it from one to the other, and each gnawed at it with his gleaming teeth grinning over the game.

Stanwood crouched among them. But he was not having fun out of it. He was not grinning. He scooped up the common mess of black beans with scrap of crust. He was ragged and dirty as they were. But he did not take his degradation with their good humor. He looked sullen and lean and hungry.

Marsden watched him. It was not a pleasant sight and he felt a kind of sick disgust and pity. But he wanted to see if the bone of meat would go to that white man in the end, and if the white man would take it. It came to the last of the natives. He picked it up but clean with a show of keen enjoyment. There were a few shreds left. He examined them. Then, with the insolence of a base breed having the upper hand, he tossed it over at Stanwood. It struck him on the cheek. Marsden could see the killing hate in his eyes, and the shutting of his teeth under the ragged black beard. Then—and he was conscious of a deep relief—he saw him pick up the bone, stand in the scow, and drop over into the water.

Marsden turned away. It was not only of relief that he was conscious, but of a killing hate of the half-breed *lancheras* equal to Stanwood's own, as well.

The clouds which, at noon, had been rising behind the mountains and dropping dark into the valleys and cañons, had spread half over the sky. There was a low, whining wind, growing steadily stronger. At the seven thousand miles of sea stretching unbroken to the west was sending in heavier ground swells to the open harbor. The steamer went heaving from side to side. Even the sailors were finding it not always easy to keep their footing. And it was now that the great iron chimney stacks had to be brought up. They would not have been a small matter at the best. The present it was dangerous. The loaded lighter had gone off. The tackle had been changed on the block of the foremost derrick to new hemp, yellow and strong.

There was the huge clangor and rumble of hollow iron striking against iron down in the cargo-space. The mate had taken out his own whistle. The responsibility was too great to be intrusted to subordinates here. He shrilled one order after another,

houted them in nautical English and strange Spanish, and they were answered from the depths of the hold. The monster tube rolled into the opening guided by a man naked to the waist, on whose brown torso, swelling with muscles, the sweat rolled and glistened. The stack rose slowly upward—roaring its vast basso protests as it struck—fifty feet long, a yard in diameter, heavy, unwieldy, plunging as the ship rolled to starboard, down and down, and back to port, down and down again.

It was a formidable thing, all but unmanageable even here. But once clear of the hatchway it flung itself, harging and swinging and threshing, with the great roll bellow of warning. The sailors jumped from its way. There was only the mate to handle it. The ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard. The chimney whirled and lunged toward him with a vibrating song of onslaught, and the voice of the white man in the launch below called an involuntary "Look out!" An instant of the hesitation of fear and the mate would have been struck overboard by all the force of the great cylinder of iron. But he put out his hand and pushed, and it swung off harmlessly enough, as docile as it was formidable.

The little whistle shrilled, the derrick moved its long arm around and out, and the stack hung overside, directly above the launch. The *lancheros* had retreated to the sides, ready to scramble out of the way, or to jump overboard, if need should be. They stood looking at it uneasily. If the rope were to break or slip, the mate were to give a wrong order—

Suddenly the steamer came over to starboard with deep roll, and the great stack dropped with her. The mate saw the chance of mishap. His whistle piped a sharp, quick order to hoist. The *lancheros* covered their arms over their heads—all but Stanwood. He stood watching a chance. The stack swung and whirled, gigantic and awful, not a foot above his reach. But the rope had been just too short. The ship heaved back, and with a reverberation of metal thunder as it struck against the hull, the cylinder swung up again.

Courage came back to the *capitan* of the lighter then, and with it all his powers of mean impertinence. He shouted up curses at the first-officer. They were vile, but curses can only be vile in that "language of prayer," and the first-officer understood them perfectly. But he had no time to take notice of them. The ship had not to get off that night. And the stacks had got to be unloaded. But it was far from simple to get even this first one lowered into the launch. Several times they toppled it almost to its place, then, because the empty bow bobbed one way in a swell, and the ship another, had to be hoisted once more. And once the windlass refused to work at a signal. There was a delay until it could be repaired. The *capitan* of the *lancheras* waxed more impertinent and abusive; the *tequila* with which he had been refreshing himself on shore was beginning to take its violent effect. In the absorption of his abuse of the ship and all its crew, he forgot to order his own men. The stack was coming down once again, with a fair chance of landing squarely in the bottom at last—the *lancheros* should be quick enough at guiding it, but they were doing nothing, frightened half out of their little available senses. And their *capitan* was yelling foul words aloft. It was a critical instant. The white *lanchero* knew it. He gave an order. It was all the men needed—a head. They made to obey. But the boss, in the madness of *tequila*, turned on his white man. Was he the *capitan*? Was he in command? He had the signal conch shell in his hand. He brought down with a cracking blow on Stanwood's head. The first-officer, watching the critical descent of the monster with all his attention, saw Stanwood ring at the boss's throat, saw the knives of the other *lancheras* drawn, saw them swarming astern to the rescue of their fellow, ten of them against one. And the iron stack was swaying just above them. Another overboard roll—they would be crushed under.

And another moment lost and the Gringo would have ten knives in his neck and back. The little whistle shrilled sharply twice, and even as its order was obeyed and the windlass reversed, the first-officer was sliding overside down the manrope, had kicked himself off from the hull, and landed in the launch. It was a short fight. The first-officer had his sixpooter, the white *lanchera* his knife, like another. The natives were fierce with blood lust, and the drunkenness of knife gleam and *tequilla*. But it was a matter of coolness and of the dominant race. Before the captain on the hurricane-deck could run to his cabin his carbine, it was over with. Two *lancheras* had a bullet wound, and the rest had retreated to the bow, all the flush of fight gone out of them, cowering and cringing and scared.

The first-officer and the white *lanchera* stood astern. They had been cut, and the ducks of the first-officer were red. Blood oozed through the *lanchera's* rags. He got breath for a moment clutching at the gunwale, when he turned to the first-officer. "Thank you," he said.

Marsden looked at him, slowly, from his shaggy black hair to his bare feet. "Don't mention it," he answered. Then he looked up at the ship. "Unhook that stack for the present, and send down the chair us," he ordered, coolly.

He considered his left arm. The blood was bubbling just above the elbow. He knew what it meant. He had seen the thing before. It would be all right if a tourniquet should be put above it. But before it, before the doctor could get down in the chair, he

would very likely faint. He was feeling light-headed already—and his eyes were glazing over. He shut his right hand hard above the wound.

"You can't stay with this, Stanwood," he told the *lanchera*. His voice sounded to himself far away and dead. He was not altogether sure what he was saying. He glanced up. Away and away overhead in a vague distance of hot blue, the chair was beginning to lower. He must make haste. He spoke carefully, with precision, swaying unsteadily as the launch rolled.

"We lost a man at Corinto," he went on; "we—need another. You can ship to 'Frisco with us if—" he staggered, then caught himself, "if you—like."

The chair with the doctor touched the bottom of the scow. The first-officer had fallen, and was lying quite still. The white *lanchera* was bending over him, clenching his two hands tight about the wounded arm.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1903.

MARVELOUS HELEN KELLER.

How She was Suddenly Deprived of Her Sight, Hearing, and Speech in Infancy—What Her Friend and Teacher,

Miss Sullivan, Has Done for Her.

One of the most remarkable autobiographies which has ever been written is "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, who, at nineteen months, was left deaf, dumb, and blind by a mysterious illness, but through the aid of her friend and teacher, Miss Sullivan, has, during the past sixteen years, learned to communicate with friends, to read and write, to "see" objects by feeling, and to speak both French and German as fluently as English. Never before has such a notable educational feat been achieved by one thus afflicted, and in no way could Miss Keller's accomplishments be better displayed than in her modest personal account of her eventful life, for it possesses much literary merit, and reads as if the writer were suffering from no physical disadvantages whatsoever.

Miss Keller was born in Alabama on June 27, 1880, and in her early normal days she showed an extraordinary precocity:

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon imitating. At six months I could pipe out, "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying "Tea, tea, tea," quite plainly. Even after my illness I remember one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word "water," and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making the sound "wab-wah" only when I learned to spell the word. They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms. These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.

It was not long before she began to feel the necessity for some means of communication and to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No," and a nod "Yes," a pull meant "Come," and a push "Go." If she wanted bread she would imitate the art of cutting the slices and buttering them. She adds:

If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer, and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

Miss Keller does not remember when she first realized that she was different from other people, but she knew it before her teacher came. She says:

I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

Three months before she was seven years old, after a consultation with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and Michael Anagnos, a teacher was procured for her. Miss Keller writes:

The most important day I remember in my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan came to me. On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurry to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen, so I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet Southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

Her first consciousness of language came a few days after Miss Sullivan's arrival:

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle, with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water, and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then

rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

Later she became aware of the process of thought:

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups—two large beads, three small ones, and so on. I had made many mistakes, and Miss Sullivan had pointed them out again and again with gentle patience. Finally I noticed a very obvious error in the sequence, and for an instant I concentrated my attention on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled, with decided emphasis, "Think." In a flash I knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.

Miss Keller describes vividly her life in her Alabama home after the arrival of Miss Sullivan, and her wonderful experiences in Boston, when she entered the Perkins Institute for the Blind:

We had scarcely arrived at the institution when I began to make friends with the little blind children. It delighted me inexpressibly to find that they knew the manual alphabet. What a joy to talk with other children in my own language! Until then I had been like a foreigner speaking through an interpreter. In the school where Laura Bridgman was taught I was in my own country. It took me some time to appreciate the fact that my new friends were blind. I knew I could not see; but it did not seem possible that all the eager, loving children who gathered round me and joined heartily in my frolics were also blind. I remember the surprise and the pain I felt as I noticed that they placed their hands over mine when I talked to them and that they read books with their fingers. Although I had been told this before, and although I understood my own deprivations, yet I had thought vaguely that since they could hear they must have a sort of "second sight," and I was not prepared to find one child and another and yet another deprived of the same precious gift. But they were so happy and contented that I lost all sense of pain in the pleasure of their companionship.

In the spring of 1890, in spite of the dissuasion of her friends, who feared a disappointment, Miss Keller took lessons in speech under the instruction of Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School. After eleven lessons she had learned to express herself intelligibly, and her delight was unbounded:

No deaf child who has earnestly tried to speak the words which he has never heard—to come out of the prison of silence, where no tone of love, or song of bird, no strain of music ever pierces the stillness—can forget the thrill of surprise, the joy of discovery which came over him when he uttered his first word. Only such a one can appreciate the eagerness with which I talked to my toys, to stones, trees, birds, and dumb animals, or at the delight I felt when at my call Mildred ran to me or my dogs obeyed my commands. It is an unspeakable boon to me to be able to speak in winged words that need no interpretation. As I talked, happy thoughts fluttered up out of my words that might perhaps have struggled in vain to escape my fingers.

In 1894 she began to study at the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf in New York, and in 1896, under the loving care and tuition of Miss Sullivan, she began the seemingly insurmountable task of preparing for Radcliffe College:

Each day Miss Sullivan went to the classes with me and spelled into my hand with infinite patience all that the teachers said. In study hours she had to look up new words for me and read and re-read notes and books I did not have in raised print. The tedium of that work is hard to conceive. Frau Gröte, my German teacher, and Mr. Gilman, the principal, were the only teachers in the school who learned the finger alphabet to give me instruction. No one realized more fully than dear Frau Gröte how slow and inadequate her spelling was. Nevertheless, in the goodness of her heart she laboriously spelled out her instructions to me in special lessons twice a week, to give Miss Sullivan a little rest. But, though everybody was kind and ready to help us, there was only one hand that could turn drudgery into pleasure.

Little by little, all her disadvantages were overcome, and in the fall of 1900 she became a member of the freshman class at Radcliffe, from which college she is to be graduated in 1904.

The second part of Miss Keller's autobiography includes her letters to many persons of note, among others Phillips Brooks, Dr. Holmes, Whittier, Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, Laurence Hutton, Joseph Jefferson, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. These letters begin when she was less than seven years old, and show plainly the gradual development of thought and expression.

The "supplementary account," by John Albert Macy, embracing passages from the reports and letters of her teacher, Miss Sullivan, occupies the remainder of the volume. The writer says: "What is remarkable in her career is already accomplished, and whatever she may do in the future will be but a relatively slight addition to the success which distinguishes her now."

In addition to a frontispiece representing Miss Keller at fifteen years old with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, there are a dozen other interesting pictures, showing Helen at various ages, at work in her study, reading raised print, and photographed with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Joseph Jefferson, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Mark Twain, and Miss Sullivan.

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The house in which Abraham Lincoln died in Washington, D. C., has been thrown open to the public, and the interesting collection of Lincolniana collected by Mr. Oldroyd, formerly of Springfield, Ill., is now on exhibition. Thirty-eight years ago President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre. The old play-house still stands, and is used as a government office. The house in which Mr. Lincoln died is directly across the street.

THE DEATH OF M. LEGOUVÉ.

The Passing at Ninety-Six of the Famous French Dramatist and Academician—His Courtly Manners and Wonderful Vitality—Quarrel with Rachel.

In an upper room of a modest house on the Rue Saint-Marc, just off the Rue de Richelieu, there was born, on February 14th, in the year 1807, a boy who was christened Gabriel Jean Baptiste Ernest Wilfred Legouvé. A few weeks ago, in the same upper room of the same modest house on the Rue Saint-Marc, Ernest Legouvé died, full of years and honors, far the oldest member of the Academy, the last relic of the *ancien régime*.

Legouvé was not a great man, but he was a most interesting one. His unclouded memory reached back ninety years and more. His eyes had looked upon generation after generation of Parisians—certainly fair women, perhaps brave men. He had known, more or less intimately, all the great authors whose names adorn the literature of France. He had seen all the famous actors and actresses who have played in the theatres of Paris during the century, and he had himself written plays and books which, if not great, were at least successful, and will not soon be forgotten.

In your country, I believe, there still live old negro mummies who claim to have dandled George Washington on their knees. Their pretensions are smiled at. But Legouvé's recollections of things that happened while Washington was yet alive were not to be so disposed of. It is a fact that the venerable dramatist vividly remembered having been carried to the Place du Carrousel on his father's shoulders, and having from that coign of vantage gazed with infant wonder at the Empress Josephine, who appeared upon the balcony of the Tuilleries in response to the shouts of a populace wildly jubilant at the news of the victory of Wagram, which had just been received in Paris. Doubtless, too, the boy added his shrill treble to the cry of the crowd, "Vive l'Empereur!" Nor was this the most remarkable event of his infancy that Legouvé recalled. He was linked with the still earlier epochs by his recollection of stories told to him when a child by the men then old. He remembered, for instance, seeing, when a boy, at his father's house, an old man who had been a page of Louis the Fourteenth, in the days of Mme. de Maintenon.

Once, it is related, Legouvé was present in the *salon* of Marquise de Bloqueville, daughter of the famous Marshal Davoust, Duc d'Auerstadt, when she took occasion to boast that her father, as a young man, had picked up a sword which had fallen from the hands of Louis the Fifteenth.

"Ah, madame," returned the courtly old man, bowing, "it is an act of coquetry on your part to make out that you are older than you are—as a child Napoleon the First patted me on the cheek."

And it was literally true, and so also, by the way, was the statement of the marquise; though this beautiful and witty woman, it should be remembered, was horn when Marshal Davoust was sixty years of age. In fact, the marshal was accustomed to refer to her jocularly as "*Ma dernière bêtise*"—"My last act of folly."

Legouvé came of a literary family. His grandfather was an amateur poet of some note in his day. His father was the first Feminist that ever postured as such in French literature, entering the Academy on a work entitled "*Le Mérite des Femmes*." His death was becoming to his literary profession. He caught cold, so the story runs, by sitting up on a frosty night to write an ode on the interesting state of Marie Louise, and as it carried him off he did not live to hear the cannons of the Invalides announce the birth of the King of Rome. So the late Legouvé was left an orphan, under the guardianship of a friend, who so successfully speculated in coffee on previous information of Napoleon's intended Continental blockade, that he left his ward a fortune.

But enough of ancient history. Legouvé's first hook was a prize poem, old-fashioned and doubtless dull, on "*The Invention of Printing*." This was so late as 1830. In 1838 he wrote a play in collaboration with Dinaux, which was successfully produced with Mme. de Mars, Napoleon's favorite actress, in the title-rôle as Louise de Lignerolles. Just ten years later, a tragedy, "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," appeared, in which Rachel scored a triumph, and which, also, Bernhardt, Duse, and Mlle. Bartet have made familiar in most large cities of the world. Then followed several more successful plays, and, in the early 'fifties, "*Medea*," over which Legouvé quarreled bitterly with Rachel. The play was written for her, but she refused to appear in it because the heroine was not wicked enough. She protested that Legouvé's *Medea* melted in the mouth like a delicious fondant bonbon, whereas she ought to corrode the palate and set the teeth on edge. Legouvé brought action against her for damages and won—won both the money and shortened the great tragedienne's life; for, when the then unknown Italian Ristori took the play and made of it a veritable triumph, Rachel was profoundly disappointed, and died a few years later, in 1858. By the way, it is said that when Ristori, who is now over eighty, heard of Legouvé's death, she wept, and exclaimed: "My oldest friend and oldest admirer is gone!"

During the past fifty years M. Legouvé produced many successful plays, none of them, however, quite equaling "*Medea*." He also wrote several novels,

and following the example of his father, who had produced a work on the virtue of women, the son wrote a history of their morals. Besides all these, he was the author of innumerable pamphlets and brochures, a book or two of poems, many magazine articles, and several other works on women besides his "*Morals*."

Despite, however, the brilliancy of Legouvé's books and plays, he was most interesting as a man, as a personality. His manners and speech were of the olden time. He was a figure out of history. To hear him speak was to imagine one's self in the *salon* of Louis the Fifteenth. His voice was wonderfully mellifluous, and was entirely subject to his will. The comedian Samson was wont to say that, though he admired Legouvé sincerely, he dreaded to have him read plays to the theatre managers; for by his elocutionary talent he added worlds of meaning to the simplest plot. His listeners could not resist the magic of his voice. Under its spell brass became gold. "When Legouvé would read the reports on the Prix de Vertu [Prizes for Meritorious Deeds]," says Sainte-Beuve, "these good people became so much more deserving, they were all heroes!"

In this connection, an anecdote told by Legouvé himself is worthy of mention. It was at the time when Roqueplan was manager of the Théâtre des Variétés. Roqueplan had a horror of manuscript readers, whom he did not always know how to get rid of. One day he saw coming to his office a certain count, whose social standing did not permit the refusal of a hearing. The count carried an original play with him, and brought a reader, because he himself stuttered outrageously. Being admitted to Roqueplan's office, he seated himself comfortably in a big arm-chair by the fire, and passed the manuscript to his companion.

"No, no," said Roqueplan, who knew the infirmity of the count, "read yourself. An author reads so much better than an uninterested person; he, at least, may know what he means to say."

As the count demurred, Roqueplan took the manuscript, tendered it to him imperiously, saying: "It is to take or to leave." The author yielded, started to read:

"D-dr-dram-at-atis p-pe-per-s-sonæ," and continued to stutter so much more that he was very much embarrassed.

After the first scene, Roqueplan interrupted him. "It is very original," said he; "that idea of making all your personages stutter may give a very comic effect, but do you not fear that it might tire the public?"

"B-b-but, my d-dear s-sir, it-t is not m-my p-per-sonages who st-stut-ter, it is I."

"It is you!" cried Roqueplan, with the most serious air; "oh! this is different, very different, indeed. If it is not your personages who stutter, the piece has nothing original then; it could not suit me."

But to return to Legouvé. Perhaps the most striking light on his character is the fact that during all the ninety-six years of his life, Legouvé never cared to travel. He scarcely once left his beloved Paris, and, as I have mentioned, he died in the same room in which he was born. Fancy living ninety-six years in one house. And naturally, the events of so smooth a life could not be very thrilling. His quarrel with Rachel, the production of his various plays, the appearance of his many books—these were the chief events of his career.

It may be said with truth that for sixty years Legouvé kept Death at bay with a rapier. In 1842, he was attacked with an incurable stomach complaint. On the advice of his physician he took up fencing, and every day, since then, he has practiced with the foils. Each morning at ten for many years he has appeared at the fencing-hall on the Rue Saint-Marc. He wore no mask, only a little cap at the back of his head; no glasses covered his eyes, which were bright and keen; in figure he was short, thin, quick, and muscular; his sword he handled with a regularity, a correctness, and a steadiness that a man of thirty might envy. At the end of fifteen minutes of fencing with the master, the imperative signal to stop was given; for otherwise, the fiery nonagenarian would keep on and grow violent in his assault on his opponent.

Fencing Legouvé considered the finest exercise in the world, but it was not his only recreation. He was a great pedestrian, played to the last a good game of billiards, and even rode a bicycle! He was always a sound sleeper, and was accustomed to shave himself every day. His daughter, Mme. Desvalli res, was the solace of his later years. She also is something of an athlete, and is in the habit, when at the Legouvé country place, at Seine-Port, of swimming across the Seine and back every day. To see Legouvé at ninety-six handle the sword was a pretty sight, but to see Mme. Desvalli res swim the Seine at sixty-eight is also pretty fine.

Legouvé often said that he was perfectly happy. The golden mean which leads to happiness he early realized, and he kept to it. His happiness arose out of delicate intellectual enjoyments, wealth enough to follow the habits he contracted in his younger days, an honorable name, a disposition entirely free from gall, the capacity to enjoy family life, and just enough of vanity and ambition to stimulate him to action. He was a believer in the gospel of work—a rising philosophy, by the way, destined to make memorable the nineteenth century. Once Legouvé wrote in the album of a friend: "It has often been said that God condemned man to work. This is absurd. God condemned man to live with work as an extenuating circumstance."

So sane a man as this deserved to die calmly, as he did. Only a few weeks before his death, when asked what he wished for most, he answered, humorously: "I have a triple wish; I should like to be able to my last day to hold my sword, my fork, and my razor, steady in my hand." And so it was. On the day of his death he shortened his usual fencing exercise, complaining of oppression of the chest. He went up to his room, took a glass of milk, and tried to write a few lines. But the oppression increased, and his grandchildren in alarm sent for the physician. At his age there was nothing to be done; that mysterious hardening of the arteries, which is the real old age, had been doing its work so long that the end came almost at once and unperceived. In the early morning he received the priest, slumbered, and woke no more.

PARIS, March 25, 1903.

ST. MARTIN.

RECENT VERSE.

To Anthony Hope.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

Good Anthony (I need not say
We always pardon your "intrusions"),
I've read your hook, and wish to lay
Before you some of my conclusions.
Where other heroines are concerned
I pay my homage quite discreetly,
But charming Peggy Ryle has turned
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite
Is not the purpose of these stanzas;
Enough that, if her purse was light,
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas
Enough to hazard the surmise—
Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
Professed a creed remote from Tupper's,
And oft unchaperoned would sit
At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
She softened hearts, however stony;
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,
And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine, then, my state of mind,
My curiosity unsated,
When reaching the last page I find
Peggy remains unmatched, unmated!
O tantalizing Mr. Hope,
Your endings only are beginnings;
Give your invention further scope,
Give Peggy Ryle another innings!

—Punch.

Emerson.

O wise man from the West who traveled East,
And brought strange stars to light your western lands;
Among the urns American there stands
Your urn of alabaster not the least.

You taught us that the West is not the whole,
That the old East is needed by the West,
You taught us the long lessons of the Best,
You taught us that the body is not the soul.

—Richard le Gallienne in *May Success*.

To James Whitcomb Riley, Gardener.

Yours is a garden of old-fashioned flowers;
Joyous children delight to play there;
Weary men find rest in its bowers,
Watching the lingering light of day there.

Old-time tunes and young love's laughter
Ripple and run among the roses;
Memory's echoes come murmuring after,
Filling the dusk when the long day closes.

Simple songs with a cadence olden—
These you learned in the Forest of Arden:
Friendly flowers with hearts all golden—
These you borrowed from Eden's garden.

This is the reason why all men love you,
Remember your songs and forget your art:
Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart.

—Henry Van Dyke in *January Scribner's*.

When Closing Swinburne.

The Greek of old who sang to flute and lyre
Half schooled coy Melody to walk with Speech;
Lo, madly here she yields to his desire,
And lovers grown, they mingle each with each!

—By Arthur Stringer in the *April Bookman*.

The new battle-ship *Maine* seems to be "hoodooed." Only two months ago this vessel steamed proudly down the Delaware River on her maiden cruise, and with her went a nation's good wishes. But the fates seemed against her. First there were clashes between officers and men. Then came the accident off Porto Rico, in which the gun mounts were injured, as well as portions of the deck and superstructure. Finally a defect was found in the boilers, and now the vessel is to be overhauled by the Cramps.

The reconstruction of the famous Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, which collapsed July 14, 1902, after standing for more than one thousand years, was commenced on Saturday last by the laying of the foundation stone by the Count of Turin, representing King Victor Emanuel. The picturesque ceremony was attended by the ministers, a number of prelates, and by the civil and military authorities.

Signora Serao is planning to make a wide tour of the United States next year, delivering a series of lectures on artistic and literary subjects in French or Italian, according to the demand of her audiences.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Roosevelt dedicated the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis on Thursday. Members of the Cabinet, Congress, and the Supreme Court, and practically the entire diplomatic corps witnessed the ceremony.

It is announced from Stockholm that King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who, in consequence of ill-health, handed over the reigns of government to the Crown Prince on January 27th, has again resumed his kingly functions. The regency is therefore at an end.

According to the dispatches, King Edward's tour of Portugal and Italy has been one continuous ovation, the populace receiving him everywhere with wild enthusiasm. His visit to Paris this week promises to be especially notable from a spectacular standpoint. The programme for his entertainment comprises a review at Vincennes of twelve thousand troops of the garrison of Paris, a grand special race meeting at Longchamps, and gala performances at the Théâtre Français, and at the Opéra.

Thomas Alva Edison maintains his primacy as the typical American inventor. By the end of March he had taken out no fewer than seven hundred and ninety-one patents, and his ordinary fees have amounted to the neat little sum of fifty-one thousand dollars. Such figures relate, however, only to this country. Every Edison invention of any importance has also been protected by patents abroad, so that the actual patents bearing his name, in many languages, count up into the thousands; and the mere cost of securing them, in the way of fees, would be a handsome fortune.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, has been admitted to the Russian Order of St. Alexander Newsky, the highest order of Russian chivalry to which a nobleman not of royal blood may aspire. The presentation of this decoration is a reward for the distinguished services rendered by Count Cassini during his diplomatic career. He is at present the dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington, D. C., and, according to the programme now mapped out, he will remain here as the Russian representative until his retirement some years hence.

John C. Neumeister, a cheese dealer of Chicago, has just returned from Havana, and announces that he will bankrupt the Havana city treasury if the promised bounty be paid for dead sharks. "I took a couple of tons of limburger to Havana," said he, "and I found there was not much of a demand for it among the people. I dumped some of it in the bay, and the way the sharks went for it gave me an idea. The city offers a bounty for sharks. Now my idea is to bait big steel traps under water and catch Mr. Shark. I left the limburger with my thirty agents, and told them to catch sharks with it. I expect any day to hear that they have been very successful with the limburger bait."

The former Countess Russell, who has been more or less in the public eye ever since she married Earl Russell in 1890, has just passed through another unhappy matrimonial experience. Her latest husband, whom she thought was "Prince Athrobald Stuart de Modena," has turned out to be a plain Mr. William Brown, a footman, who has been sent to jail. It will be remembered that on March 28, 1901, the countess obtained a decree of divorce against the Earl of Russell on the ground of his bigamy in marrying Mrs. Mollie Somerville at Reno, Nev., the earl having previously obtained a divorce from the countess in the United States on the ground of desertion. The earl was subsequently arrested in England on the charge of bigamy, was tried at the bar of the House of Lords, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanor. The countess's degree of divorce was made absolute October 28, 1901, and the earl again married Mrs. Somerville October 31, 1901.

Judge Lacombe has authorized the executors of the will of Jay Gould to pay \$17,647 to lawyers in France, to whom the Countess de Castellane has become indebted. The payment was made only on the consent of twenty-seven creditors of the countess, whose signatures were attached to the petition. The Parisian lawyers are Henri Bonet, George Gogot, M. Bounloux, A. Lorquin, Coudert Frères, M. Develin Frères, M. Williamson, and M. Fournier. They are supposed to be the counsel of the various creditors of the count and countess, who are being paid under an agreement to receive sixteen per cent. of their claims quarterly until the entire sums, with interest, are liquidated. The creditors also gave their consent that the Gould family

should pay Asher Wertheimer, of London, \$4,000 on the first of each month from October, 1902, until May 1, 1903, and \$8,000 from June 1, 1903, until the full amount of Mr. Wertheimer's claim of \$358,065 is paid. The twenty-seven creditors signing the agreement stipulate, however, that the payment is not to interfere with their quarterly payments.

In Brooklyn, the other day, Mrs. Hetty Green won another ten-thousand-dollar suit brought against her by a Mrs. Alice M. Ladd. "God seems to bless me in my suits in court," said the shrewd millionairess when she left the court-house in triumph; "I had a case in Chicago where, as administratrix of an estate, I sued a Presbyterian church to foreclose a mortgage. They tried to freeze me out, and even the ministers preached against me, but before I got through with them I managed to get sixteen hundred dollars more than I asked for in the first place."

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Hearts Courageous," a play from the book of that name by Hallie Erminie Rives, is the piece in which Orrin Johnson will star next season.

Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott are soon to present Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, "The Altar of Friendship," at the Columbia Theatre.

At the Tivoli, "The Toy Maker," with Anne Myers as the mechanical doll, has scored such a success that the management has decided to continue it another week. Then comes Edwin Stevens, after an absence of several years, in a revival of "Wang."

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee," by all odds the most amusing of the various Weber and Fields burlesques presented at Fischer's Theatre, is to be elaborately revived next week, with all the favorites, including Maude Amber, and Messrs. Kolh, Dill, Bernard, Hermesen, and Blake in their original rôles.

William H. Crane has scored a great personal success in "David Harum," at the Columbia Theatre, and the sale of tickets for his second and last week is very large. He is to be followed on Monday, May 11th, by Mary Mannering, in Clyde Fitch's latest success, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."

The new specialties at the Orpheum next week will include the Lytton-Gerald company in Edmund Day's latest skit, "He, She, and It"; Janet Melville and Elvie Stetson, the "living fashion plates"; Harding and Ah Sid, comedy acrobats, in a mirth-provoking turn; Mlle. Olive, in a novel juggling act; and the Wilson family, notable colored singers, dancers, and cake-walkers.

The Lambs' Club of New York has just purchased for \$75,000 a lot at Nos. 128 and 130 West Forty-Fourth Street, upon which the new club-house of the organization is to be erected. The club obtained a building loan of \$165,000, which will be used in defraying the cost of construction. The security given is their present club-house, at No. 70 West Thirty-Sixth Street, as well as the site of the new structure.

Robert D. MacLean and Odette Tyler will close their engagement at the Grand Opera House in "Julius Caesar" on Sunday night, and next week Edward Corrigan will revive "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." After having witnessed his recent portrayal of Svengali in "Trilby," it is safe to predict that he will score heavily in the dual rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the powerful drama founded on Robert Louis Stevenson's weird story.

With the exception of the Wednesday night benefit performance of "We 'Uns of Tennessee," in which Charles Francis Bryant is to say good-by to his countless friends and admirers, the Alcazar company will continue for another week the laughable farce, "The Man from Mexico." Frank Bacon has made a big hit in the rôle of the gifted liar, who lands in jail, but pretends to have spent the time in Mexico. Clyde Fitch's "Lover's Lane" will be the next attraction.

The birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ian Malcolm (née Jeanne Langtry) last week makes the Jersey Lily a grandmother. It is said that when the London cablegram arrived in Boston announcing the joyful tidings, Mrs. Langtry was resting, and her manager being uncertain how she would receive the news said to the reporter who tried to interview her: "I won't awaken her to apprise her of the fact. I wouldn't take such a message to her for anything. Let some one else break the news to her that she's no longer entitled to be considered an ingenue."

NEW BOOKS WORTH NOTING

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SEVEN BOOKS OF VERSE.

The name of Lanier is one to conjure with; but the new book of verse that bears it, contains nothing so fine as the least poem in the work of Sidney Lanier. Still, "Apollo and Keats" includes verse of merit. It is plainly the work of a man of culture, refinement, taste, and scholarship. The fine qualities are more markedly present in the dialect verses, the sonnets, the quatrains, and other shorter poems than in the initial one which gives title to the book. This "fantasy" describes the meeting of Apollo and Keats in a street of to-day, where they discuss the modern poets in rather colloquial language (for instance, Keats speaks of "Algy" Swinburne!), and Apollo winds up with a rhapsody on Browning. Some passages are good, but one is reminded of the criticism of Tennyson's "The Princess" that it was good poetry wasted on a bad subject. We quote two of Clifford Lanier's shorter poems:

THE SATIRIST JAY.

Thou strident orator of peopled wood,
Light-bringer in dusk aisles of oaken green,
Thou scornful-throated wrangler, prankt in sheen!
When out of leaf-hid sylvan solitude
Thou putt'st on high airs of social mood
And archest crest, thy steel-blue eyes between,
Mayhap of birds thou'rt Swift, satiric Dean
Of feathered citizens that nest and brood,
Thou winnest love; whom will not lovers bless?
With birds thy Stellas and Vanessas live.
Art wretched thou as that great satirist?
Doth wee infect the tenderest caress
Thy victim'd sweethearts fondly, freely give,
As, King of wit, Swift, was by ruin kissed?

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Dreaming along the haunted shore of time
And mad that sea's Aeolian song to sing,
He found the shell of beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

Published by Richard G. Badger; The Grafton Press, Boston.

The anonymity of "Hand in Hand: Verses by a Mother and Daughter" is somewhat damaged by the title-page, whose design is in the original and inimitable style made familiar to us in "Kim," and is plainly signed "J. L. K."—J. Lockwood Kipling. This fact, taken in connection with the known literary aptitude of Mrs. Kipling and Miss Kipling, and other circumstances, makes it almost certain that the book is from their hands. The verses are in no way remarkable, but those by the mother are the better. Most of them are voiced moods; a few are descriptive of Indian scenes. The first poem here quoted is by Mrs. Kipling; the second by Miss Kipling:

HEARTS AND FACES.

Can you judge by a smile who is gay,
Nor once be misled by a token?
I know that I laughed aloud one day,
From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter rang false, do you say?
Or tears followed very soon after.
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain,
Since I found it so easy to cover;
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part I scarcely believe
That sighing can only mean sadness;
And I wholly misdoubt, you perceive,
That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
Can you trust smiles of mirth in all places?
If aught can be false than human hearts,
It must surely be human faces!

LOVE AND FANCY.

"Tell me, Mother, what this may be,
What is this that has come to me?"

"I have reasonless joys and causeless fears,
Purposeless pain, and trivial terrors.

"For one footstep I listen all day,
When I hear it I turn away.

"Flutters my heart like a wounded dove,
Tell me, Mother, can this be love?"

"Sooth it is hard for a maid to say
If Love or Fancy has passed her way;

"Close akin, of the self-same mother,
Fancy, indeed, is Love's twin-brother.

"Fancy's an imp and a pixie elf,
And yet he can change to Love's true self.

"Frequently, too, such powers move,
That Love turns Fancy, and Fancy Love.

"Once I turned to bid Fancy flee,
Oh, it was Love had come to me.

"Once I had sworn that Love was true,
Wings were fluttered, and Fancy flew.

"Only by this can a maiden say
If Love or Fancy has passed her way.

"Fancy is fickle, and will not stay,
Love will last forever and aye.

"Time alone will full surely prove,
If it be Fancy or golden Love."

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Of late several of our novelists have essayed poetry, some of them, notably Thomas Hardy, with brilliant results. Not so much can he

said of Israel Zangwill's venture in verse. In his book, "Blind Children," his thought outruns his craftsmanship. He appears too intent upon getting the idea into words to give to his work that beauty and grace of form, those flowers of fancy, that differentiate poetry from mere rhyming. Form and content are not indissolubly bound together as they should be, and must be in all poetry that makes for permanence. This should be clear to the reader of the poem here quoted, which gives title to the book.

BLIND CHILDREN.

Laughing, the blind boys
Run round their college lawn,
Playing such games of bluff
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinafores
Turning their skipping-ropes.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is—
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad symphony,
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress.

How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But, oh, the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes—
One touch, and what a world,
New-born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,
Ivy-grown college walls,
Shining loved faces.

What a dark world—who knows?—
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?

In quite different vein is this charming fancy:

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

Silly girl! Yet morning lies
In the candour of your eyes,
And you turn your creamy neck,
Which the stray curl-shadows keep,
Far more wisely than you guess,
Spite your not unconscious dress.
In the curving of your lips
Sages' cunning finds eclipse,
For the gleam of laughing teeth
Is the force that works beneath,
And the warmth of your white hand
Needs a God to understand.
Yea, the stars are not so high
As your body's mystery,
And the sea is not so deep
As the soul in you asleep.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

The exquisite lyrics of John B. Tabb, a Roman Catholic priest, naturally differ from those of other young poets—they sing the dusky beauty of no coy or passionate maid. This surely would seem a handicap to any poet-runner on the road to fame, but Father Tabb appears to find a sufficing inspiration in nature, in art, and in religion. Some of his lyrics are indeed very beautiful. They are all brief—often a mere four lines—but they are delicately phrased, crystal-clear, and marked by admirable restraint. Such is this one:

TO A SONGSTER.

O little bird, I'd be
A Poet like to thee,
Singing my native song
Brief to the ear, but long
To love and memory.

And this:

THE RAINFOOL.

I am too small for winds to mar
My surface; but I hold a star
That teaches me, though low my lot,
That highest Heaven forgets me not.

Perhaps the above may seem a shade too direct and clear. (It was Burke who said there was poetic merit in obscurity), but here is one that "dawns":

THE LISTENER.

(In a volume of Shelly.)

Of worship, far away,
The Cloud unconscious lay;
Nor stooped the Lark to hear
His song's interpreter:
O Shelley, Heedest thou
Thy lover listening now?

We have room for but one more:

TRIBUTARIES.

The little streams that onward flow
To mingle ere they meet the sea,
Know not that Heaven hath willed it so
Till one their waters be.

And, from their fountain-heads apart,
The lives that love hath led to me,
Till heart was wedded unto heart,
Knew not their destiny.

Published by John Lane, New York.

The feeling of pleasant anticipation roused by contemplation of the beautiful frontispiece portrait of Gerda Dalliba, author of "Fate and I, and Other Poems," was all but dispelled on

turning the leaf and reading the dedication to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was still more diminished by observing that the author "trows" on the first page, and "weens" on the second. Praying for better luck, we opened the book chancewise only to be inexpressibly pained by discovering on page fifty-two a tercet whose alleged rhymes are "blooms," "swoons," and "tombs." No; not even all girls who can have their pictures made by Rockwood, and their literary product printed prettily on hand-made paper in a book artistically bound, can write poetry.

Published by the Grafton Press, New York.

Some foreign critics of American music have perhaps rather harshly said that our only distinctive contribution to the art, so far, is the haunting negro melodies of the South. There is certainly no gainsaying that the negro has bred in the bone a sense for rhythm and melody, and it is as clearly evident in the somewhat sophisticated lyrics of Paul Laurence Dunbar as in the homely plantation songs themselves. Mr. Dunbar has evidently perceived that his genius lies in dialect verse, for these are in larger proportion in the present volume, "Lyrics of Love and Laughter," than in either of the other two volumes he has published. They are singularly uniform in quality, and though "The Tryst" is by no means so good as some others it has the essential merit of brevity:

THE TRYST.

De night creep down erlong de lan',
De shadders rise an' shake,
De frog is sta'tin' up his han',
De cricket is awake:
My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',
To-night I won't be late,
I's hu'yin' thoo my level hes'
Wait fu' me hy de gate.

De mockin' bird 'll sen' his glee
A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,
I know dat 'ol magnolia-tree
Is smellin' des' fu' you;
De jessamine er side de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white,
My heart's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed
You'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit's lonesome, aint it, stan'in' thail
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But aint dey whispas in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't some'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes'?"
Hit's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing some'n fu' to pass de time,
Outsing de mockin'-bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
You heat him wid de word,
I's comin' now, my wo'k is done,
De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run—
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A copy of William Young's narrative poem, "Oh What Riddles These Women Be!" which appeared three years ago, is sent to us now for review, for what reason we know not. However, we repeat what was said at the time: it is a fine, strong, virile poem, largely conceived and well executed. The theme is the love of Skarli the Strong for the smooth and supple woman, Hilga, wife of Leif the Wise; how by strength he won her in a fight at sea—and how he lost her at the last.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

Gwendolen Overton's New Novel.

In a fortnight, the Macmillan Company will publish Gwendolen Overton's second novel, "The Crucible." The book was at first called "The Birthright," until it transpired that the name had already been used. The name of the heroine was then thought of; but the title finally selected is particularly fit. The interest of the story centres in the struggle of a brother and sister whose strong and vigorous natures, the hitherto of their race, enable them to overcome their powerful passions. The scene is laid in a Canadian village, and the publishers say that the book will prove one of the most remarkable novels of recent years from the psychological point of view. Miss Overton scored a genuine success with her first book, "The Heritage of Unrest," and her serial story, "The Captain's Daughter," which has been appearing in the *Youth's Companion*, has proved a capital tale for young folks. One of her strong short stories, "The Race Bond," is printed elsewhere in this issue.

Success has crowned the operation performed on Lolita Armour, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, for congenital hip dislocation. The cast, which was placed upon the child last November by Dr. Adolf Lorenz, was removed last week, and now Lolita is able to walk almost as well as any normal child.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Delightful Old Story Recrudescents.

There are doubtless among the many delightful books that have had their brief day in the past and been forgotten, some whose charm, too lasting to be buried in oblivion, may always be renewed like the resurrection of spring verberge with each re-appearance of the volume in print. To such a class of literature belongs "A Week in a French Country-House," which was written in 1866 by Adelaide Sartoris, one of the talented daughters of the famous Kemble family. She was the sister of Frances and daughter of Charles Kemble, and like others of her family, attained laurels on the stage (although as a singer as well as actress), and a reputation for that unique and penetrating attraction which was a particularly distinguishing quality of the Kembles.

Mrs. Sartoris, after seven years of a bappy and successful life of artistic triumphs on the operatic stage, married and retired from public view. She was surrounded in private life, however, by a choice and an intimate circle of friends, among whose intellectual and profoundly admiring ranks she reigned as sort of gentle sovereign by virtue of her sympathetic and intellectual charm.

Liszt, Lord Leighton, Thackeray, Hamilton Aide, and Browning were among the many who are mentioned in a prefatory chapter to Mrs. Sartoris's book, written by Mrs. Ritchie, who has put into it that special mood of eminence tenderness and heartfelt appreciation in which Thackeray's daughter summons up the memories of a well-loved past. The book itself is well-named, being a story, originally published in the form of a brief series of letters to the *Cornhill*, relating the impressions and experiences of an invalid English girl on her brief visit of a week to the country home of a French baroness, an old friend of her mother's. Within the compass of time marked out for her story, Mrs. Sartoris contrived to convey a series of novel impressions made on an inexperienced observer, to transcribe many of the long, leisurely conversations of cultured and traveled people, full of wit, originality, and intellectual zest, and, furthermore, without causing her story to lose its effect of being part of the casual observations of the guest of a week, to develop and carry to its consummation or extinguishment, as may be, a romance that is interesting, original, and unconventional. Mrs. Sartoris's style is at once unaffected and polished, and so graceful and pleasing as to induce the most critical to recognize her book as genuine literature. It has a delicate and abiding charm, like the fragrance of pressed flowers, and one feels its revival to be a peculiarly appropriate memorial to the gifted and gracious woman who wrote it.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Strikes" of the Literary Prospector.

What the gold-fields were to the fortune-seeker of 'forty-nine, the far West is becoming to the fictionist of to-day. In the wake of the deluge of Southern war-time stories there comes the enterprising author-pioneer, who recognizes the possibilities of the unworked Western field. Of this class Mr. John H. Whitson is entitled to a front rank, for in one volume he has prospected the whole Western field, and staked out claims in Kansas, Cripple Creek, and San Diego, with the result that his "Barbara: A Woman of the West," is an all-round typical Western story.

From the boundless Kansas plains, with their carpet of gray-green buffalo grass and 'bluish haze of the mirage atmosphere' to the newness and rawness of gold-mad Cripple Creek, the story runs with a wild free Western swing. The characters, too, are vital human creatures. Baker, although only an incidental person, epitomizes the prospector type in the infinitude. With the gold-fever in his veins and the love of excitement in his nature, he had "just missed being" a millionaire a dozen times because he couldn't ever seem to hold on long enough. The homesteading man, with his cattle and children staked out on the plains, the hustling mining-camp newspaper man, the real-estate dealer caught in the after-clap of the boom, are all portrayed in the rags and tatters of their realism. But it is Gilbert Bream in whom the Western atmosphere in its fullness is centered. Bream is a representative Western American, with no pretensions and no apologies, good at times and bad at times, but always great-hearted, courageous, bold, and enterprising, and, when the right influence comes into his life, unselfish to a degree. As for Barbara, she might even more properly

be described as a woman of the East. The motif of the story is an Enoch Arden superfluity, and the appeal is strong to those "who believe in a love that hopes and endures and is patient."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Southern Girl's Civil War Experiences.

"A Virginia Girl in the Civil War" can scarcely be classed with the war-time novels, being, we are told, "a record of the actual experience of the wife of a Confederate officer," and Myrta Lockett Avery claims to be merely the collector and editor of this history "told over the tea-cups." Be that as it may, however, "The Virginia Girl" strikes what seems to be a true note in the jangled chronicles of that time. In this story there is little of the drivel that passes for sentiment in the usual novel, the heroine being safely married in the second chapter. So, instead of following a philandering swain from cover to cover, we begin at the real beginning of the story—when life has become a serious reality, when the day-dreams of untied youth and maiden have crystallized into a daily living, and, if need be, dying for each other.

The experiences of a Confederate officer's wife deal essentially with the Southern side; Southern manners and customs before the war, Southern courage during the war, Southern faith after the war, but the story is not one-sided. Because the South fought and bled for a principle, the North is not maligned. Both armies are accredited with being made up of the stock that fought side by side in the War of the Rebellion, both standing for a principle and both doing their duty to the death.

The Virginia girl, Mrs. Dan Grey, tells the story of her experiences with such a grave simplicity we can well believe it might first have been told by piece-meal on cozy evenings when the war and its terrors had passed into by-gone history, and the sunlight of peace had dissipated the war clouds. The unconscious heroism of this little Southern woman scarcely out of her 'teens, who runs a blockade, falls into the hands of the enemy, follows the Thirteenth Regiment, and endures the hardships of camp-life, all for her load-star, Dan, discloses a phase of history that rarely gets into print, the courage of the women that heartens the men, the faith that may be cast down but not destroyed, the eyes that smile while hearts are breaking, and the love that endures through poverty and sacrifice. There are frequent gleams of humor glinting through these pages, with occasional glimpses into the stately homes and light-hearted life of the ante-bellum days which help to make "The Virginia Girl" a delightful book and truly a tale of "the faith that never flinches and the love that never dies."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

A pamphlet by Ram Swami, entitled "An Appeal to Americans in Behalf of India," may be procured from T. G. Newman, 1429 Market Street, San Francisco.

"Jan Van Elselo," by Gilhert and Marion Coleridge, is an historical novel of the time of Philip the Second of Spain. We must confess to having found the story rather dull. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A recent addition to Bell's Miniature Series of Painters is "Correggio," by Leader Scott. The little book is bound very nicely in limp leather covers, and contains a photogravure frontispiece. The half-tone illustrations number seven. The author does not illumine her subject with any great philosophy or wit, but gives a straightforward and good-enough account of the life of the painter. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Clara Weeks-Shaw's treatise, "Text-Book of Nursing," has been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and now appears in a third edition. This work is intended primarily for the use of professional nurses, and presupposes in the reader some knowledge of anatomy and physiology, though it will, in general, be intelligible to almost any one. It is, we believe, used quite generally by nurses throughout the country, and is considered an authority. There are a few illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The reprint of Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage," which recently appeared, fits the hand comfortably, and satisfies the eye, both exteriorly and interiorly. Besides this, there are a round dozen good illustrations from

photographs by J. B. Carrington. The book, in spirit and form, is one that the country-ward-journeying vacationer should not regret thrusting into his traveling-bag. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Spectator who rambles through the pages of the *Outlook* is a genial, kind, keenly observing gentleman, with a good sense of humor. He is not a "world-ender," but he manages unperceived to inculcate a moral with most of his entertaining articles. Seventeen of the *Outlook* papers have been printed now in book-form under the title "Seen by the Spectator." It would not be hard to name the Spectator, but so long as he chooses not to state his identity it would perhaps be ungracious to reveal it. The book is printed and bound with exceptional good taste. Published by the Outlook Company, New York.

Wholesome and real is not too strong a characterization for "From a Thatched Cottage," by Eleanor G. Hayden. The scene is the downs of England, the characters are shepherds, housewives, poachers, country folk generally. The dialect of these people is set down with much fidelity, and the sweet breezes of the downs blow softly through the story. The plot hinges about a bot-beaded murder, for which the guilty one goes all his life unpunished; but the chief charm of the novel lies in the homely dialect and the country freshness and simplicity that pervade it. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The title, "Musings Without Method," at least is exact. So far as we can see there is neither method in the musings, nor adequate reason for their publication in a printed book. Selections from the editorial columns of any American metropolitan newspaper would surely be more valuable—and interesting—than these "musings," which appear at the end of every number of *Blackwood's*, after the fashion of the "Editor's Chair" in *Harper's*. The subjects treated by "Analyst" (so he signs himself) are mostly political, though book-reviews are interspersed, and there is some general comment on society, manners, etc. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"Crypts of the Heart" is the title finally selected for James Lane Allen's new novel, which the Macmillan Company will publish in June. During the following month they will issue Winston Churchill's new novel, the title of which is not yet announced; also a book to which the readers of "Oldfield" will look forward with pleasure—"Around Anvil Rock," by Nancy Huston Banks.

The name of the publishers of a notable work by William E. Burghardt Du Bois, entitled "The Souls of Black Folk," was incorrectly given in the *Argonaut* of last week. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

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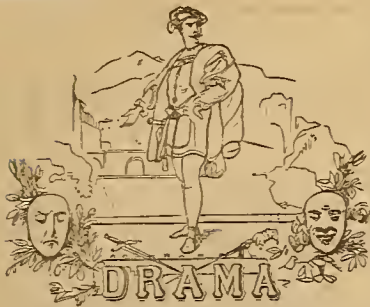
Lady Rose's Daughter

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

Author of "Eleanor" and "Robert Elsmere"

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The down-easter, who has a tenderness for early associations and a keen appreciation of the humorous types indigenous to his native soil, is going to enjoy "David Harum," the play, much as he enjoyed "David Harum," the book.

Westcott's rural characters bears transplantation to historic soil remarkably well, their humorous aspect being excellently developed by the company supporting Mr. Crane. As for Crane himself, he is in such sympathetic touch with the character of David Harum that he rounds out the imaginary portrait to living reality. Those whose preconceived image of David Harum does not agree with the character-sketch as presented by Crane, will doubtless reject the figure filled out by their own imagination, and in future identify the book and the stage Harum as one.

Crane has brought all his observation, his sympathies, and the ripened technique of many years' experience to bear on the character of the famous rural philosopher, and the completeness of the impersonation is a happy triumph for the veteran actor. Like Frank Mayo, be found, in the mellowed maturity of his powers, a character to hand that fitted him like a glove. He has played through many an empty, farcical, rattling part in the past that offered him no opportunity to put in the little touches that tell. But the lines of "David Harum" and the situations in which the rural magnate figures, are full of meat. The play, however, as a whole is a curious conglomeration of merit and muck. It is like a picture, whose central group has been painted by the band of the master, while the subsidiary figures have been ineffectively sketched in by the faltering brush of a 'prentice at the art.

This intrinsic weakness arises from the inexorable necessity of pushing lovely woman into a central position in the drama. In the hook, it will be remembered, the love affairs of John Lennox, David's new clerk and protégé, are relatively speaking in the background, and Mary Blake scarcely figures in Homeville affairs at all. In the play, however, she is transplanted bodily to Homeville as an impoverished applicant for the position of country school-teacher, and a very objectionable and misshapen young person she is. She has an anxious guardian in tow, who has reared his ungrateful ward in luxury, but to whom she is very snippish, snappish, and snubbish.

The spectacle of this bumptious young woman sitting down hard on her guardian and wreathing arms of anxious solicitude about Widow Cullum, is antagonistic to sympathy. In fact, the whole character is so unbaptically conceived by the dramatist that the spectator is inclined to compassionate the young bank clerk, who is so unlucky as to possess the affections of Mary Blake, and is inclined to think it a pity that the latter does not turn her pugnacious energy toward permanently holding the recalcitrant youth of Homeville in check.

In the book, John Lennox is as much a pet of the author's as of David Harum and of Aunt Polly, but in dramatic guise he is a shadowy creature. They have produced for the part a nice, long-legged, dark-haired young man with an amiable expression, and a trick of looking soulfully at the zenith when he refers to his dead relations and his lost millions, while Mary Blake is acted by a young lady who is so didactic in her manner that the promptness of the school board in accepting her pedagogic services is scarcely to be wondered at. The guardian, in spite of city clothes and a cosmopolitan efflorescence of manner, becomes, through the ineptitude of the rôle, a gray-haired nonentity.

But the rural characters are natural, human, and amusing—Aunt Polly, with her stout waddle and motherly ways; Zeke Swinney, the avid old usurer; Chet, the self-sufficient clerk; Dick Larribee, David's factotum; and the pale, meek little widow, are all well-rounded out impersonations instead of flat, colorless patterns of familiar character in New England rural life. They

all revolve around David Harum, who is so genuinely presented that it is only in brief occasional glimpses that Crane's personality is recalled. At odd moments we recognize that flexible ripple, a sort of brief humorous convulsion of the muscles of his cheek, the well-remembered vocal inflections, the familiar, puffed-out comedian's laughter.

The closing scene is taken from the best chapter in the book, the one in which David Harum related the story of his first visit to the circus, and, by a stroke of generous gratitude, wiped out the Widow Cullum's whole indebtedness. The scene was excellently done, David Harum's brisk, business-like utterance being softened and made deliberate by the spell and stress of old memories. And there was in his demeanor the relish of the successful raconteur, felt even through the stirring up of painful memories; the unconscious pride and pleasure of the generous donor; the delight of the unexpected benefactor, who at once satisfies his own sense of justice and sweeps away misgivings from the sceptical by dispensing generous aid to the needy. It was a good, wholesome, heart-warming close to the little rambling, irregular New England sketch, whose likeness to life was too accurate to be put out by the occasional obtrusion of ineptitude and artificiality.

It takes all kinds of people to make up a population, and an equal diversity of tastes to keep the different classes of theatres going. What a jump, for instance, from Mrs. Campbell's serious grace and subtle suggestive art to the sledge-hammer fun at the Orpheum. The chasm yawning between these two species of entertainment really makes one's head swim.

They get a lot of good out of it though, those multitudes whose favorite place of diversion is the temple of vaudeville, for harmless merriment oils the wheels of life and labor. And, on the whole, vulgarity is not as common down there as one might think. The monologist of the week has some inclination to be slightly objectionable occasionally, and has a gresome taste for allowing his coruscations of wit to play around various useful but unobtrusive physiological organs. But although one has to be hardened to a perpetual battery of jokes that knock bardily at the skull, instead of penetrating to the brain, many of the vaudeville comedians bold their own because of an intrinsic capacity for being funny. Nothing is too much trouble, no effect too minute to raise the momentary laugh with these ephemera of the vaudeville stage.

Snyder and Buckley are a pair of so-called comedians who, in their turn—which is a curious mixture of brazen music and beer—arouse guffaws by the ingenious device of having numerous inappropriate receptacles, such as a telephone, a fire alarm, a musical instrument, and a camera obligingly pour forth a stream of beer upon the application of the thirsty Blatz, who is invariably baffled of the draught at the moment of fruition. The joke soon falls upon a sense of humor unmindful of the charms of beer, but, following the law of suggestion, no doubt droves of masculines enjoy the recrudescence of a mighty thirst within them, and make an enthusiastic stampede for the beer counter at the close of the performance.

Even the jugglers at the Orpheum feel it incumbent upon them to contribute as much cause for mirth as for marveling. Eccentric Juggler Fields makes his appearance in a violently rose-pink shirt front with a rose to match, and while exhibiting numerous effects in comic trickery, alternately resembles Svengali in a fit, and a mildewy but rakish tramp. He is clever in burlesquing the magnificent self-poise of the high-class wizard, and delights in feigning the maladroitness of failure for the purpose of emphasizing his subsequent dexterity.

There is generally something on the Orpheum bill that is the great objective point. Much emphasis has been laid upon the presence of Ross and Fenton, who have a Weber & Fields aureole around their heads. I can not say, however, that I found it particularly blinding. Their style of burlesque is very simple, merely consisting of doing stage heroics in the barn-storming style, which is the a b c of acting, with occasional and unexpected swoops into the topics of mothers-in-law, or Oakland, or similar well-aired material for stage jocularities. A vaudeville audience in the mass is a composite infant, pleased by a rattle and tickled by a straw. Thus it hung upon Mr. Ross's accents with open mouth and round eyes, when it pleased that actor to thunder forth glaring eyeballs to the paternal anguish of Virginus, and correspondingly the house burst into shrieks

of laughter when the inevitable joke followed like a bolt from the blue. I have a dim idea that Ross, who looks extremely well in Roman costume, rather enjoys the glaring eyeballs and the rumbling anguish more than he does the burlesquing, for he occasionally allows his climax to be unrelieved by interpolated comicalities. Another case, perhaps, of the crushed tragedian.

After all's said and done, I find the entertainment afforded by the biograph frequently preferable to that of the oddly assorted humanity behind the curtain. Who would not enjoy riding on the cow-catcher of a locomotive through a mountainous Welsh country, with its cottages and castles gleaming between the trees of the illuvisely gliding landscape? Or let us go to the Delhi Durbar, and, while we note the passing pageant, enjoy that age-old thrill at sight of the rhythmic swing of a marching multitude. Or we may scan the dock at Constantinople, and observe the Occidental traveler with the tourist countenance, rub elbows with his Oriental brethren, and look quite as much at home as the latter. Or we will, perchance, watch the strollers pass through the historic streets of the great cities of the world, and for all we know unconsciously rest our eyes upon the lineaments of a friend. For these and many others are the sights the stay-at-home may see through the magic lenses of the biograph.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The May Number of "Outing."

The May number of *Outing* will appeal equally to the sportsman, the lover of nature, and those contemplating a vacation in the country, for its diversified contents runs the gamut from the bunting of big game and the crossing of mountains in the Far North in the face of terrific odds, to the peacefulness and comfort of the summer home. There is an article on "The Racing Outlook," by Arthur Bowers and Francis Trevelyan, which will interest all horsemen and breeders. The former writes about the American season to come; the latter tells of England—among other things, bow Messrs. Keene and Whitney are fighting for supremacy. "Heron Haunts," by H. K. Job, tells much about these queer birds which has been revealed to one who has carefully sought them in many climes. In "Big Game Hunting in East Africa," by E. Hardwick, we learn what happened to a man who trailed the rhinoceros in its native forests, and how he fought, too, with elephants and giraffes, and animals with unpronounceable names. "The Re-Discovery of America by the Automobile," by R. G. Betts, shows how some of the most picturesque spots in the land have again been brought to the attention of the public by auto-enthusiasts who have avoided the beaten track and sought out the little-frequented country roads. Another interesting article is "Central Park Animals," by John W. Smith, the director of New York's big public menagerie.

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DEATH OF STUART ROBSON.

His Reminiscences of William E. Burton, Mrs. John Wood, Colonel Fitzgerald, and Lawrence Barrett.

Stuart Robson, one of the oldest and most popular comedians on the American stage, died in New York of heart disease on Tuesday. His death does not come altogether as a surprise, for he was recently forced to cancel engagements in the East covering three weeks, and it was then intimated that his health was far from satisfactory. However, after his enforced rest, he recovered somewhat and insisted upon resuming work against the advice of his physicians. He collapsed while playing in "The Comedy of Errors" in Auburn, N. Y., last Saturday night, and was brought to New York, where he sank rapidly, and died on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-seven.

His first stage appearance was at the Baltimore Museum on the evening of January 5, 1852. Ten years later he was one of the famous cast of "The Rivals," given in New York, when Laura Keane, John T. Raymond, and ten other celebrities were on the bill. In 1864, he went to Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and remained with her for three seasons. His first appearance as a star was in New York in 1869. This was as John Beat, a policeman, in "Law in New York." Then came his twelve years association with William H. Crane, when they produced "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Comedy of Errors," "Our Boarding-House," "Sharps and Flats," "Our Bachelors," and "The Henrietta." Robson left Crane nearly fifteen years ago, and since then he has visited San Francisco several times at the head of his own company, appearing in "Oliver Goldsmith," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Henrietta." Perhaps his biggest hit, and the rôle which will always be associated with his name, is Bertie, the lamb, in the latter play, by Bronson Howard.

Several years ago, Mr. Robson contributed to *Everybody's Magazine* a series of entertaining reminiscences entitled "Fifty Years of My Life," from which we quote several striking anecdotes of famous actors.

During the early 'fifties, Mr. Robson met the greatest comedian the English-speaking stage has ever seen—William E. Burton. He says:

"It is very easy for the comedian to provoke a laugh, but he must labor very hard to bring tears to the eyes of his audience. I shall always remember with what art he would deliver the line in 'Captain Cuttle,' on hearing of his favorite Walter's drowning. 'Poor Wall's drowned,' he would say in that wonderfully humorous voice of his, his large eyes bulging from his forehead and his lips pursed up in what afterward became the comedian's stock manner. The audience would laugh. 'Poor Wall's drowned,' he would repeat, and the audience would laugh again, but this time not quite so freely, and with apparently some feeling that there was something very pathetic in this very humorous delivery of the lines. 'Poor Wall's drowned,' a third time, and the audience wouldn't laugh—they cried."

Coarse and vulgar things were said on the stage then which would not be tolerated now. Apropos of this, Mr. Robson gives an incident that shows several sides of Burton's character:

"Burton was a great student of Shakespeare and a stickler for adhering to the text, even though in those days unlimited license was the rule. I was playing Sir Andrew Aguecheek to his Sir Toby one time, and he told me before he went on that when he should say, 'Sir Andrew, Sir Andrew,' I was not to reply until he finished his 'Where are you?' no matter how long he paused between the words. After the comic duel I took refuge in a tree and waited. 'Sir Andrew,' he cried, and then paused for quite a long time. 'Sir Andrew,' he said again, then again, and though I did not know what was coming, I was greatly tempted to reply; but I waited, and finally he yelled and thundered out as though carried away by his own anger, 'Sir Andrew, where in hell are you?'"

Mr. Robson was engaged for the season of '96 as second low comedian by Wayne Olwyne for the little museum in Troy:

"Before going to Troy I called on the editor of a Philadelphia paper, the *Item*, the leading theatrical paper of the day, and told him of my engagement. Colonel Fitzgerald was, in those days, a man of importance; he received me kindly, and after listening to my story, said he would be very glad to help me along. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said; 'when you go to Troy write me a letter on theatrical matters once a week, and I will let you say anything about yourself that you write, provided, of course, it is in moderation.'"

"I was only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity to become one of the correspondents of the *Item*, and I sent my letter regularly. Reviewing the performances, I naturally put in a good word—in fact, many of them—for myself; and as I grew more accustomed to seeing my own performances praised

—by myself—I grew bolder. Toward the latter part of the season Mr. Burton came to play an engagement with our company, and after the first performance I wrote my notice as usual. I praised Burton's work warmly, and concluded with something to this effect: "Brilliant as Mr. Burton's performance was, it did not succeed in eclipsing the work of several of the local favorites. Indeed, all the people of this town concede to that talented young comedian, Stuart Robson, superiority to Burton himself." Strange to say, the notice appeared as I had written it, and I never could find out whether this was a joke on Colonel Fitzgerald's part or whether the proof of the article failed to reach his eye. Probably the latter is the explanation. I told Burton the story several years after, and he enjoyed it very much."

Here is an incident which he recalls in which Mrs. John Drew, the famous Mrs. Malaprop, was the central figure:

"Mrs. Drew was an actress who knew her business more thoroughly than any woman I ever met, except Laura Keane. She commanded universal respect, though her rather sarcastic vein of humor did not make her many friends. An example of her idea of humor, and one that lingered in my mind, especially as it was our last appearance on the stage together, occurred when John Wilkes Booth came to the Arch Street Theatre to appear as a star. He had risen very suddenly, his previous appearance in Philadelphia having been in a very unimportant rôle, and Mrs. Drew did not take very kindly to the idea of his coming to her theatre and appearing in a leading rôle. Like all of us, Booth had the greatest respect and fear for Mrs. Drew, and she would rattle him by pretending to look to him for advice and suggestions as to what to do during rehearsals. "Where do you want me to stand, Mr. Booth?" she would say, very sweetly. "Why-er, where-er-ever you have been accustomed to, Mrs. Drew, he would say, somewhat abashed. "Mr. Forrest used to want me to stand here, but not all great actors agree, Mr. Booth," very sweetly. "Well, you might—"

"Yes." "Come here—"

"Yes, yes."

"A—3, and if you—"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes—"

"At this point Booth became entirely rattled by her sweet 'yeses,' began to stutter, got excited, and broke down completely."

Mr. Robson was an intimate friend of Lawrence Barrett, whom he considered entitled to be termed "great" as an actor. He says:

"One night, at a dinner in New York, Barrett was asked at the last moment to take the place of Bourke Cockran. He refused modestly, saying the honor was too much; but when, at the last moment, Mr. Cockran did not appear, the toastmaster, much to Barrett's surprise, introduced him. He stood up half angrily to say that he was not prepared to speak, much less to take the place of the great orator, but he was given such a reception that it was three minutes before he could be heard; then, pointing to a large picture of Thomas Moore in the dining-hall, he said: 'The Irishman who would be silent before that picture,' etc., and what followed some of the leading men of this country have declared to be a masterpiece of oratory."

Mr. Robson says that Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth were on one occasion talking with Horace Howard Furness, the eminent Shakespearean scholar of Philadelphia, when the following incident occurred: In the course of the conversation, Dr. Furness said that in "Cymbeline," one of the least-acted plays of Shakespeare, there was probably the most beautiful passage the poet ever wrote. Dr. Furness quoted the passage, and asked Mr. Booth what would be his rendering of the verse. Booth was unwilling to express an opinion, declaring he had never given any thought to the passage. On Dr. Furness pressing him to read it, he took the book, read the lines once over slowly, thought for a moment, and then delivered them with such meaning and expression that Dr. Furness declared that he saw Shakespeare's words in an entirely different light.

Ellen Terry in an Ibsen Play.

Ellen Terry seems to have scored a greater success in Ibsen's play, "The Vikings," than the London dispatches of last week intimated. The stage management of her son, Gordon Craig, was original and effective, and the costumes, for which her daughter, Edith Craig, was mainly responsible, presented harmonious blends of grays and dull tones of color, with vivid bizarre contrasts in the raiment, ornaments, and armor of the principal figures of the drama. Miss Terry appeared in several remarkable costumes. In the first act she wore a tawny yellow and white mantle over a close-fitting garment of indigo blue, and a sleeveless coat made of leather strips sewn together with disks, medallions and hoses of brass, copper, and silver, and she brandished a long spear. Her second costume reproduced the blue garb of a bard, over which was wound an Indian scarf with embroideries. In the final act, when she made the leap from the stone wall into the sea, she was resplendent in glints of steel and silver. The play (says the *New York Tribune's* correspondent) was a weird and realistic presentation of an Icelandic saga of courage, love, and vengeance, with Ellen Terry in a part resembling Lady Macbeth, and playing it with sustained force, fiery energy, and metallic heartlessness. The last act, with a rising storm, supernatural effects, mocking voices in the air, and a tragic catastrophe, was most weird, poetic, and impressive.

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VANITY FAIR.

The troubles of the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, D. C., over the withdrawal of General Corbin's name are growing greater every day, and a new patriotic club promises to rise as a rival to gather in as members the army and navy officers and other public men who have in the past recognized the Metropolitan as the semi-official club of the national capital. Secretary Root and Secretary Hay, both old members of the Metropolitan, are said to be so disgusted with the petty personalities shown by a few that they have proposed to other public men the organization of a new club. They would not have it political, but patriotic, so that its membership would not be affected by changing administrations. This suggestion appeals to many of the higher officers, for the War Department is not the only one to feel the slight of the Metropolitan Club. The Treasury officers are indignant because the names of former Assistant-Secretary Ailes and Assistant-Secretary Armstrong had to be withdrawn for the same reason and about the same time that General Corbin's name was withdrawn. These two Assistant-Secretaries of the Treasury were proposed for membership in the Metropolitan because of the claim that the club is the only home for the high officers of the government. They felt compelled to allow their names to be presented for membership because of their official positions. Brigadier-General Gillespie, chief of engineers, has tendered his resignation as a member of the club, basing his action upon the rejection of General Corbin's application for membership. Inasmuch as General Corbin had been recommended by President Roosevelt, General Young, General Leonard Wood, and other prominent men, General Gillespie holds that the rejection of the adjutant-general was an affront to the service. It is said that other resignations of army officers are likely to follow, unless the board of governors reconsider their action and consent to the election of General Corbin to membership. It is declared by many of his friends that the fight against him, within the Metropolitan Club was started and kept in motion by a man who had for several years been drawing a salary of two hundred dollars per month, as secretary of a commission which never held a meeting, and who was some time ago ousted from his sinecure by the Secretary of War upon General Corbin's recommendation.

Another topic of discussion in Washington, D. C., is the grievance of the diplomatic corps against the management of the St. Louis World's Fair. The foreign representatives are angry because their first secretaries were not invited to attend the dedicatory ceremonies. It is regarded as a matter of cold courtesy to invite an ambassador without making provisions for at least one aid during his sojourn. Complaint on this head has only been made privately, for the reason that the strict rules of diplomatic etiquette are not supposed to apply to the United States. Were an ambassador in Europe invited to a public function without including at least his first secretary, the probabilities are, says Walter Wellman, that the hospitality would be declined on the ground that it would be undignified for an ambassador to appear in public without an aid. In the case of ministers or diplomats of the second class this rule is not so strict, but with the highest grade of the diplomatic corps there is no divergence from the custom.

After remaining unmarried for nearly eight years, William K. Vanderbilt, the father of the Duchess of Marlborough, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Harold Vanderbilt, was wedded in London on Saturday last to Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford. The bride is a sister of Oliver Harriman, Jr., and widow of the eldest son of Lewis Rutherford, the distinguished astronomer, whose photographs of the moon made him famous. Mr. Vanderbilt, who is the head of the Vanderbilt family, and in his fifty-fourth year, met his first wife, now Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, in 1878 at a reception at the house of his sister, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard. She was then Miss Alva Smith, a Southern belle, and within a year he had courted and married her. They built the Vanderbilt house in New York, at Fifty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue, and a large house at Newport. In his famous yacht, the *Alva*, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and their friends made many trips, until she was sunk by collision in 1892. Then the *Valiant* was built, and M. and Mrs. Vanderbilt started on a ten-month cruise in 1893, but the trip ended abruptly before four months had passed. Thereafter, Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife lived apart, and in March, 1895, Mrs. Vanderbilt ob-

tained a divorce from him. Nellie Neustretter, of Paris, was named as co-respondent, and it was understood that the notorious *demi-mondaine* had been brought into the case merely to enable Mrs. Vanderbilt to obtain the decree. Nine months after the divorce, she was married to Oliver H. P. Belmont. During the past eight years Mr. Vanderbilt has spent much of his time abroad, and when in New York avoided society, attending strictly to his railroad interests, and then, as soon as possible, returning to Paris. The first positive intimation of his matrimonial intentions was revealed a fortnight ago, when he petitioned the New York courts to allow him to remarry, one of the provisions of the divorce decree of 1895 having prohibited him from marrying again during the lifetime of his former wife. As there was no opposition, Mr. Vanderbilt was at once relieved from the re-marrying prohibition. This, by the way, is his second wife's third matrimonial venture. Her first husband was Samuel S. Sands, who was killed in an accident at the Meadow Brook Club in 1889.

William Shillaber, Jr., writing from Havana recently, says that the winter of 1903 has seen more American visitors in the Cuban capital than the fondest hopes of the hotel and shopkeepers could have imagined. Every good hotel has been full of American guests; restaurants and theatres have done an enormous business with the northern visitors, and dealers in Panama hats and cigars have reaped a rich harvest. It is said that at one time a famine in Panamas was imminent, but a fresh importation having suddenly arrived this last important branch of industry revived. Whether the average American tourist buys Panama hats much cheaper in Havana than in New York seems to be a mooted question, but everybody gets one as a matter of course, and goes home happy in the thought that he has picked up a bargain. At the present time a large part of the visitors from the United States during the winter months are sight-seers, who stay but a few days, or a week or two at the most, and seldom travel far from the city of Havana. They go to Cuba to supplement a trip to Florida, or else sail from New York by steamer, and then home by way of Florida, stopping at Miami or Palm Beach; but as soon as the conditions of travel in the interior are improved, Cuba will become a great winter resort. It is as healthful as any place in the world; there has not been a case of yellow fever in Havana for nearly two years, except where a few have been brought into the harbor from Mexico. What is needed more than anything else are good hotels, run by Americans, and many plans have been laid to build one, but as it seems to be impossible to get the proper sort of a plot of land at a reasonable price, all hotel projects in Havana have thus far been abortive.

After having created a debt of a million in excess of the money received for their old building in lower Fifth Avenue, some of the members of the New York Union Club have expressed dissatisfaction with the new clubhouse, located at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-First Street. According to these members, the windows are too small, and those in the dining-room are so high that one seated at a table can not look out. It is asserted that the furnishings are not always artistic. The curtains, instead of matching the carpet, are said to resemble the woodwork so closely that it is rather difficult to tell a little way off where the wainscoting begins and the drapery ends. Complaint is made that the library is not so large as the old one. The approach from the street is also mentioned as objectionable, and some are unkind enough to say the clubhouse should be known as a mortuary chapel. It is hinted that at the next annual meeting of the Union Club, on the fourth Wednesday of May, an effort is to be made to compel the correction of these architectural blunders. It is estimated that the desired alterations can not be made at an expense of less than two hundred thousand dollars.

The independence of the American and English woman, for a long time regarded as a scandal on the Continent, in time came to be envied, and is now being emulated everywhere. All trades and professions are being opened to women in such conservative countries as Russia, Holland, and Germany. In Russia there are several business firms conducted wholly by women, and they recently startled the Minister of Finance, M. Witte, by sending him a petition requesting him to allow them to do business on their own account in the Stock Exchange instead of employing brokers. The minister asked for time to consider the petition. In Holland a certain

Miss Cremer, who has just taken her degree of doctor of philosophy, applied to the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, asking to be admitted to serve as a duly qualified pastor. Her petition was refused by a majority of one vote, but the discussion which was aroused by her radical request showed a liberal disposition on the part of many members of the synod, and a willingness to extend the field of work for Dutch women. Perseverance being an essential virtue of the pastoral office, Miss Cremer may yet win her permission to preach. In Germany (adds a writer in the *New York Evening Post*) the women have been applying for admission to the universities in such numbers that the authorities are alarmed, and it is rumored that conditions for admission will be made more and more stringent in the future, in hopes of discouraging the attendance of women. In Prussia, which has never made any important concessions to the demands of women, the reaction is apparently stronger than elsewhere. So severe have the conditions for admittance been made at the University of Berlin, that the enrollment decreased nearly one-half in a single semester. In this university women are not matriculated at all now, and can attend lectures only as "hearers," and that by special permission. The example of the leading institution in Berlin will, no doubt, be followed by others throughout the country.

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be sure you get it. Don't let any one tell you they
have something just as good.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, April 29, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%...	6,000	@ 106 1/2	-106 1/2	107	108
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%...	2,000	@ 99 1/2		100	99 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%...	7,000	@ 111		111	
N. Pac. C. R. 5%...	1,000	@ 110 1/2		110 1/2	
North Shore Ry. 5%...	33,000	@ 103 1/2	-103 1/2	103 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%...	30,000	@ 123 1/2		123 1/2	
Oakland Transit 5%...	4,000	@ 114 1/2		115	
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%...	1,000	@ 110		109 1/2	112 1/2
Powell St. Ry. 6%...	3,000	@ 117		116 1/2	
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry. 5%...	3,000	@ 105 1/2		105 1/2	106
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	12,000	@ 114 1/2		114 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	1,000	@ 112 1/2		112	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series A...	10,000	@ 103 1/2	-103 1/2	103 1/2	104
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905					
Series B...	5,000	@ 105		104 1/2	105
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906	10,000	@ 107		106 1/2	107 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 20...	4,000	@ 101 1/2		101	
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Contra Costa	175	@ 59 1/2	-59 1/2	59 1/2	60
Spring Valley	80	@ 83 1/2		83 1/2	84
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.	135	@ 99 1/2		99	99 1/2
Street R. R.					
Cal. St.	14	@ 200		195	200
Powders.					
Giant Con.	345	@ 66	-68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S. ...	30	@ 46 1/2	-46 1/2	46	46 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.	50	@ 14		13 1/2	14
Hutchinson	280	@ 16	-16 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2
Makawell S. Co.	15	@ 28		27 1/2	28
Pauhaui S. Co.	50	@ 18		18	18 1/2
Gas and Electric.					
Pacific Lighting	15	@ 57		57	
S. F. Gas & Electric	784	@ 51 1/2	-53 1/2	52	
Trusts and Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	450	@ 51 1/2	-52 1/2	52	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.	30	@ 152 1/2	-154 1/2	154	154 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.	30	@ 91 1/2		91 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.	55	@ 104 1/2		103	104 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.	440	@ 7 1/2	-7 1/2	7 1/2	8

The sugar stocks have been quiet, and less than 450 shares of all kinds changed hands with fractional declines. Alaska Packers sold up one and three-quarters points on sales of only 30 shares. Spring Valley Water on sales of 80 shares sold off three-quarters of a point to 83 1/2. Giant Consolidated Powder was in better demand, 350 shares changing hands at an advance of two and one half points, closing at 68 1/2 bid, 68 1/2 asked. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 784 shares sold up to 53 1/2, a gain of one and one-quarter points, closing at 52 hid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Discovery
by the
MISSISS BELLS
A Trial Treatment
FREE to Any One
Afflicted With Hair
on Face, Neck or
Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin. The *Mississ Bells* have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "*KILL-ALL-HAIR*," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "*KILL-ALL-HAIR*," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trademark supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A minister who was called in to comfort the wife of an old Scotch caddie assured her that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife: "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet." "Na, na, John!" was the reply; "ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dee noo!"

At a dinner of Federated Women in St. Paul, the other day, one of the gentle sex, responding to the toast, "The Ideal Man," said: "Man is the paragon of animals. On his own ground he surpasses the lion in magnanimity, the fox in acumen, the parrot in repartee, the monkey in versatility, the ant in thrift, the fish in self-control, the spider in all that goes to make up a valued member of society. I dare say that, if all the facts were known, man is more of an absolute success than the mule!"

Charles Schreyvogel, the "Painter of the Western Frontier," works even in cold weather on his roof in New York. Recently he had a soldier for a model. The trooper was told to assume a recumbent posture, as if wounded. It was bitterly cold, but the painter became so absorbed in his work that he did not experience any discomfort. The soldier, accustomed to obedience, lay perfectly still. When Mr. Schreyvogel had finished he found this really model model so humbled that he had to half carry, half drag, him down to the studio and revive him with an alcohol bath (external and internal) before the poor fellow could stand on his legs again.

While going the rounds of the Chevy Chase links at Washington, the other day, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles had a critical young person for a cabbie. The general topped his drive off the fourth tee. The ball joggled along a few yards and then rolled into a depression. It was "cupped," and there was nothing for it but a try with the loftier. General Miles spat on his hands, measured his distance carefully, tried to keep his eye on the ball, and swung mightily. He hit the District of Columbia a resounding thwack. The ball did not move. He tried again and again and with the same results. The fourth prodigious effort moved the ball a few feet. "See here, old chap," said the caddie, who was much bored by the exhibition, "you'll have to do better than that or quit!"

In his "Random Reminiscences," Charles H. E. Brookfield says he was in Robert Louis Stevenson's company at the moment when the germ of the idea of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was conceived. Stevenson was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. "He is a man who trades on the Samuel," Stevenson declared in his rather snippy, musical Scot's voice; "he receives you with Samuel's smile on his face; with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair; with Samuel's eyes cast down in self-deprecation he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings; but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial."

The *British Medical Journal* tells an amusing story about Sahatier, the author of the famous "Eighteenth Century Treatise on Operative Surgery." Sahatier was fond of rambling about Paris, and took a special delight in listening to the quacks who, not having in those days the publicity now afforded them by the newspapers, proclaimed to such as they could get to listen the infallible virtues of their nostrums, a big drum being used as a "duc dame" which, it may be remembered, is defined by the melancholy Jaques as an invocation to call fools in a circle. One day Sahatier was listening to a quack, dressed from top to toe in red, who, standing up in a splendid carriage, charmed the ears of the bystanders with his discourse. Suddenly the orator, who had just declared that he was not an ignorant charlatan like others, but a man well thought of by the best scientific authorities, caught sight of the solemn-looking person, who, with his hands on the top of his cane, seemed to be hanging on his words, and stopped for a moment. Then suddenly he exclaimed: "Look at that venerable man who is listening to me; it is easy to see that he is a man of study and knowledge. I will speak to him in the language of the learned, that is to

say, Latin, and you will see that he will agree with what I say." Then addressing Sahatier, he said: "Sir, this is the statement which I wish to submit to you: *Vulgus vult decipi*," Sahatier, taken aback by the fellow's impudence, stammered out: "Quite true." "That being so," said the quack, "draw the inference yourself: *Ergo decipiatur*."

Chevalier, the coster comedian, was recently "working two turns" in London, one at the Metropolitan and one at Hammersmith. There was no time to spare between the appearances, and in order not to be late, Chevalier was in the habit of leaving the Metropolitan in his war-paint, cutaway coat, hell-bottomed trousers, pearlyies, rakish hat, and red handkerchief included. One night he hustled to the depot, put down his money, and asked for a "first-class to Hammersmith." Standing close by was a real, genuine coster, whose attire was almost as picturesque as that of the actor. With amazed eyes he followed the movements of Chevalier, admired his "get-up," and was on the point of striking up an acquaintance with a seeming "pal" when he heard Chevalier ask for his ticket. "What?" cried the real coster; "that cove want a fust-class to 'Ammersmiff? 'Ere, matey, give me a Pullman to Vi'chapel."

The other night at a large dinner in Washington, D. C., when Major-General S. B. M. Young was called upon for a speech, the guests expected that he would simply content himself with a stereotyped expression of appreciation of the compliment, and after a somewhat incoherent excuse would sit down. But the general rose to the occasion. "Gentlemen," he began, sweeping his eyes over the length and breadth of the banquet board, "I hope you will pardon my expression of surprise. I have been caught in a *cul de sac*. I had not expected to speak on this magnificent occasion. But, gentlemen, if I had expected to say anything, I should have spoken somewhat as follows—" and at this juncture one arm of the old veteran plunged into the lahyriths of his coat and produced a carefully prepared speech, which he proceeded to read. The apology for his unpreparedness, and the evidence of the painstaking way in which he dressed his remarks in advance were too much for the banqueters, and he was forced to suspend his remarks until the uproar was over.

J. L. Toole was fond of relating the following anecdote of a luncheon once given by Bret Harte: "After a greeting from my host, Harte said: 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Alhans.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan, and I had hardly shaken hands with him when my host said: 'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, howing to the new-comer; 'how many more of you are there? Where is Von Moltke, for instance?' Bret Harte laughed, so did Trevelyan; a comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was considered, I dare say, more or less complimentary; but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man who sat next me: 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced me to as St. Alhans?' 'The Duke of St. Alhans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'Herbert Bismarck, the prince's son.' 'No,' I said, 'really?' 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' I was never more sold in my life."

Reflections for a Rejected MS.—and Others. It's no use crying over spilt ink. Too many hooks spoil the market. A roving MS. gathers no dress. Spare the style and spoil the paper. Put a minor poet on Pegasus—he'll write like the devil. Fine "puffs" do not make fine hooks. Take care of the agreements—the publishers will take care of themselves. It's an ill critique which blows no author any good.—*Arthur Laynard in the Author.*

Feeless information: Mr. Tyle-Phist (at the club)—"By the way, doc, what is good for indigestion?" *Doctor* (fellow-cluhman)—"Well, a Welsh rabbit is sometimes good for about three days of it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

—TAKE NO OTHER, HAVE NO OTHER, USE NO OTHER WHISKY THAN "JESSE MOORE." It's better than any other, and you can have it for the asking, but get it.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Nowadays.

Some think they help humanity
And all our sorrows gild
When unto each community
A library they build.

But though upon appearances
Munificent they look,
He is the true philanthropist
Who doesn't write a hook.

—Judge.

Advice to Parents.

Don't "spare the rod and spoil the child."
In spring it's very wrong.
Just let him with his rod run wild
And fish the whole day long.

—Philadelphia Press.

Girls.

The Gibson girl had her happy day,
She was all the rage awhile;
She was very tall, with a languid way
And clothes of the latest style.
But a lovelier girl than the Gibson girl
And a fairer girl than she
Was a girl with a smile who used to say
The prettiest things to me.

Oh, the Christy girl is the girl to-day,
With her proud and winsome face;
Like the Gibson girl she will go her way
And another will fill her place.
But a lovelier girl than the Christy girl,
And a fairer girl to see,
Is a girl who is still inclined to say
The prettiest things to me.

The Smedley girl and the Wenzell girl
Have both become passé;
For while they set men's hearts awhirl,
Then to other girls gave way.
But a lovelier girl than the loveliest girl
From an artist's brush may be
Is a girl who can blush and sigh and say
The prettiest things to me.

—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

No Bacillus Huggibus.

They tell us microbes lurk upon
The pouting ruby lips;
That fierce bacilli lurk, to grah
With terrifying grips
The man who dares to take a kiss
Without a trembling shrug—
But let's be thankful they have found
No microbes in a hug.

The germs of every known complaint
Are in the air we breathe—
Each honeyed nothing we may hear
With dirty ills may seethe;
Who knows? The coyest glance may hold
A bad microbe thug!
It's good to know they have not found
A microbe in the hug.
We will not lay us down and die,
Nor petulantly sneeze,
Because of any illnesses
Contracted in a squeeze.
So bring the hohsied and the girls,
And tuck yourselves in snug—
One joy of life remains unseathed—
No microbes in a hug!

—Chicago Tribune.

The Book Reviewer's Lament.

In the olden days when life was crude,
And the manners of men were coarse and rude,
Hapless the wight that wrote a book
On which askance his king would look.

Omar, Caliph of Mussulmen,
Made ill-starred authors hustle when
Their work aroused his royal ire—
Straightway he fed them to the fire.

Burned each tome without regard
Whether the author were sage or hard;
If careless phrase annoyed him
The hook was "fired" with fiendish vim.

In later times the luckless wretch
Upon the rack was doomed to stretch;
Was branded, whipped, despoiled of ears,
Or in a dungeon passed his years.

Oh, that Omar were now on earth,
Of fuel, I trow, he'd find no dearth;
Historical novels he'd surely scorch
If he were censor and held the torch.

A hundred novels whose circulation
Is said to spread over all creation,
A hundred writers that ought to be
Sent to the stocks or pillory.

Tales of the "knightly days of yore,"
Of which the authors know no more
Than does the man that writes a book,
On "How to Knit and Sew and Cook."

Unsigned hooks of hillet-doux
To take the public in anew;
"Little Sheaves of Vagrom Verse,"
Pamphlets on "The Liquor Curse."

Treatises on "Texas Soil,"
Socialists on "Ease and Toil,"
"Maxims for the Perfect Year,"
"Sketch of a Prize-Fighter's Career."

And no one to burn or even maim
These hooks and men of feeble fame;
And yet we prate of "modern ways,"
And scoff at the good old-fashioned days.
—Frederick Arthur Palmer in the *Journalist*.

Europe

30 select tours, \$245 to \$1,000, including all traveling expenses. The full story is told in our pamphlets. A postal will bring them.

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DOMINION LINE

SPECIAL NOTICE—Resumption of trips by the Mammoth Popular Two-Screw Steamers, COMMONWEALTH and NEW ENGLAND to the

MEDITERRANEAN

From Boston direct to GIBRALTAR, GENOA, NAPLES.

VANCOUVER, June 6th.
CAMERONIAN, June 20th.
Also sailings—Boston to Liverpool, Portland, Me., to Liverpool. For rates, booklet, etc., apply to
CHAS. D. TAYLOR, 30 Montgomery St., Passenger Agent for the Pacific Coast.

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York.
New York, May 6 | St. Paul, May 20
Philadelphia, May 13 | New York, May 27

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Every Saturday at 10 A. M., from New York.
Vaderland, May 2 | Zealand, May 16
Kronland, May 9 | Finland, May 23
Piers 14 and 15, North River.

Main office, 73 Broadway, New York.

CHAS. D. TAYLOR, General Agent Pacific Coast,
30 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric (Calling at Manila)..... Friday, May 8
Coptic Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic Saturday, June 27
Doric Thursday, July 23
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903.
Nippon Maru..... Saturday, May 16
America Maru..... Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila.)
Hongkong Maru..... Tuesday, July 7
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, cor. First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 Tons
Sonoma, 6200 Tons
Ventura, 6200 Tons
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, May 2, 1903,
at 2 P. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, May 14, 1903, at 10 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, June 4, 1903, at 10 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.



Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 11:30 P. M., May 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, June 3.
Corona, 11:30 P. M., May 11, 17, 23, 29, 31, June 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Huemene.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., May 5, 13, 21, 29, June 6.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.
C. D. DUNN, General Passenger Agent,
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and Mr. F. W. Stevenson.

Invitations have been received for the wedding of Miss Mary Stuhls, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stuhls, and Dr. Morton Raymond Gibbons, which will take place at the home of the bride's parents, 620 Dearborn Avenue, in Chicago, on Tuesday evening, May 12th.

The wedding of Miss Elita Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Redding, and Mr. Herbert Boughton Gee will take place at noon on Wednesday, June 10th, at the country home of the bride's parents, "Oakleigh," at Menlo Park.

The wedding of Miss Janet Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and the Rev. Clifton Macon took place on Thursday morning at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Clappett. Miss Bertie Bruce was her sister's maid of honor, and Rev. J. P. Turner was the best man. Mr. S. W. Stephenson, Rev. Charles Gardner, Mr. C. Venables, and Mr. F. H. Boardman acted as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents on Jackson Street, and later in the day Rev. and Mrs. Macon departed on their wedding journey. Upon their return, they will reside in this city, where the groom will continue to act as assistant to Rev. Dr. Clappett.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Alma Sherman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sherman, of Fresno, and Mr. Allan Chickering. The ceremony will take place at the First Congregational Church in Oakland, on Tuesday, May 10th.

The wedding of Miss Laura Werner, daughter of Mrs. Leonore Werner, and Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan, took place at Sacred Heart Church on Wednesday evening at half-after eight o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Fleming. Miss Lena Werner and Miss Annie O'Callaghan attended the bride, and Mr. Fred de Peyster Teller acted as best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan will occupy their new residence, which is being built on Fell Street, near Webster.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Dibble, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry C. Dibble, and Mr. Nathaniel Thayer Messer took place at the home of the bride's parents on Van Ness Avenue on Wednesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Riordan. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Messer will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Millicent Willson, daughter of Mr. George H. Willson, of New York, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst, son of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, took place in the chantry of Grace Church, New York, on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock by Bishop Henry C. Potter. Miss Anita Willson, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Orrin Peck acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst departed later in the day for Europe on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Constance Mills, daughter of General Anson Mills, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mills, and Captain Winfield Scott Overton, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's parents in Washington, D. C., last Thursday. The bride's cousin, Miss Kline, was the maid of honor, and Captain Spicer, U. S. A., acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Pierce, U. S. A., of Fort Meyer. Captain Overton and his bride will soon arrive in San Francisco, where he is at present stationed.

Mrs. J. L. Martel will give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann on Monday, at which she will entertain Mrs. White, Mrs. Charles J. Stoval, Mrs. William Willis, Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mrs. W. R. Deane, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. George Bates, Mrs. Summers, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. John Spruance, and Mrs. Porteous.

Death of Irving M. Scott.

After but a few days illness, Irving M. Scott, the well-known ship-builder, and one of the founders of the Union Iron Works, died at his residence on Rincon Hill on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-six. Mr. Scott was the son of Rev. John Scott, a descendant of early Quaker families that settled in Pennsylvania, and, at an early age, developed a decided predilection for mechanical pursuits. In 1854 he entered the employ of Ohed Hussey, inventor of the first reaping machine, and in 1853 had qualified himself as an expert

draftsman. He came to San Francisco in that year, and entered the employ of Peter Donahue and others, who were at that time conducting a foundry. In 1865 he became a member of the firm, Colonel Donahue having retired, and in 1875 his brother, Henry T. Scott, and George W. Prescott became associated with him. Eventually the foundry came under the sole control of the Scotts, and they expanded the business to include ship-building. In the organization of the company that operated the Union Iron Works, Irving Scott was vice-president and general manager. It was principally in his career as a builder of warships that Mr. Scott achieved distinction. He had charge of the construction of the *Olympia* and *Oregon*, which made history in the war with Spain, and many other notable ships of the American navy have been launched under his direction from the yard of the Union Iron Works.

Mr. Scott is survived by a widow, who is at present traveling on the Continent with her niece, Miss Effie Brown, and two children—Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, who was the only member of the family at the bedside when the end came; and Laurence Irving Scott, who is also at present in Europe with his wife.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Return of Mlle. Dolores (Trehelli).

No singer who has visited San Francisco has won many friends and warm admirers among the women as Mlle. Antonia Dolores, formerly known as Trehelli, who is to be heard here in concert next month. She has just returned from a triumphal tour of Australia, where she is said to have attracted even larger audiences than Melba. Mlle. Dolores is unquestionably one of the greatest concert singers before the public, and students of the vocal art declare that attending a Trehelli concert is worth a half-dozen lessons to them. Under the direction of Will Greenbaum, she will give three concerts at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening, May 20th (which will be under the auspices of the California Club); Saturday matinee, the 23d; and a sacred concert on Sunday night, the 24th. Prior to her first appearance, Mlle. Dolores will appear as soloist at the last Loring Club Concert of the season. After her engagement in San Francisco, she will tour the Coast, going East via Canada.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. Hugo Heermann, of New York, received a letter from Mme. Cosima Wagner, in which the following passage occurs: "I shall be pleased if Mr. Heermann makes it known everywhere that the proposed performance of 'Parsifal' in America would be against the wishes of its creator. The publishers Schott will not deliver the orchestral parts, and I have written to Damosch to ask him, in case he has any used in concert performances, not to give them up. I expect of the artists who have sung at Bayreuth that they will refuse to take part in such performances. I should be greatly obliged to Professor Heermann if he would talk about this matter in my name with the different artists."

Manager Will Greenbaum promises some fine musical attractions for next winter. The season will open late in September, with Augusta Cottlow, the brilliant young pianist, whose playing created a furor here nine years ago, when she appeared as a child wonder at the Bauer Symphony Concerts. Since that time, Miss Cottlow has achieved great success in Germany and Russia, and last season played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and other important engagements in this country.

A statement just published of the receipts at the chief places of amusement in Paris during the last year shows the Opéra to be the first with about \$600,000, and the Théâtre Française and the Opéra-Comique next with about \$400,000. Then come the Folies Bergère with \$300,000, next the Châtelet and the Variétés with nearly the same amount; Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, the Olympia, and Mme. Réjane's theatre, the Vaudeville, follow with rather less than \$200,000.

Dr. H. T. Stewart's pupils will give a concert at Steinway Hall on Friday evening, May 8, 1903, commencing at a quarter after eight.

Sembrich's Refusal to Sing in Chicago.

During a recent performance of "The Magic Flute" at the Auditorium in Chicago, it transpired that Mme. Sembrich, who is not given to the sudden outbursts of anger of some of the prima donnas, really has a temper. It seems that in the duet between Signor Campanari, as Papageno, and Mme. Fritzi-Scheff, as Papagena, the mischievous little soprano, fairly outdid herself in the way she scamped about the stage. Most of her auditors were laughing all the way through the duet, and when the end was reached there was tremendous applause. The couple were recalled again and again, but they only bowed, and then Fritzi-Scheff made every one laugh once more by the "kittenish" way in which she rushed off the stage. Several encores had been permitted during the afternoon, and it was taken for granted that the number would be repeated. Much to every one's surprise, Mme. Sembrich, accompanied by her three attendants and Monostatos (Mr. Reiss) appeared. The music went on, but the applause did not stop. Then Mme. Sembrich began to sing, and half of the audience hissed the other half for applauding. The storm of handclapping and hissing grew so loud that it was almost impossible to hear anything of

the music. Mme. Sembrich kept on for a moment, and then, picking up the train of her spangled gown she marched off the stage with her chin in the air. The others followed her. The applause was then overwhelming, and Mme. Fritzi-Scheff, accompanied by Signor Campanari, ran swiftly out of the wings. They repeated the duet, and then there was a long pause. Mme. Sembrich refused to go on again and as a result the scene which treats of the discomfiture of the "Queen of Night" was cut out and the last chorus was sung.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Nice's Climate.

NICE, April 11, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of March 30th, a reader of your columns comments on Mr. Hart's excellent letters from Nice, and quotes his statement about the "amazing lying" about climate and temperature on the Riviera. By this, Mr. Hart's keen observation showed him that the different towns alone here pretend that each one's climate is better than that of the others, in fact, some saying that all had qualities are concentrated at one place, and all the good ones at another, while the truth is that the climate in all of them is the same. That is what Mr. Hart meant.

Your correspondent commences to say, in defense of Nice (?), that we have "ice forming and snow falling"! He even says that he saw snow falling six times in one year! I should like to know when. I have lived here for fourteen years, and never saw snow at all for the last seven years, and then only once, when all the inhabitants got out their kodaks in a hurry to photograph the wonderful sight, for it all went off in an hour as soon as the sun got out, about 10 A. M. As to "ice forming," I have not seen any on the little park pond in front of my windows for years, and never saw it frozen.

This winter the temperature has never been below 50° F.—and we have had hardly any rain or wind. This is exceptional though, and I do not wish to make it out that Nice is a hot or even warm climate in winter. It is simply one where the sun shines almost every day, and the northern cold is so tempered that it rarely gets below 50° F., and one can walk out daily from ten to four in the worst days in winter.

Yours truly,
THOMAS LINN, M. D.

Appreciative Readers.

216 WEST SECOND STREET,
LOS ANGELES, April 3, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a reader of your weekly for over twenty years, and enjoy it more than any paper or magazine I have ever taken—especially your editorials and foreign letters. When I fail to get the *Argonaut* for any reason I miss it very much.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE D. RUDDY.

MANILA, P. I. March 31, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I enclose the usual five dollars for you to continue my subscription for such time as this amount may cover. Have been buying and reading the *Argonaut* since the first number, and am not tired yet.

Very respectfully,
E. H. COLE.

In Boston a man was arrested the other day for hissing a performance he did not like, and in Kansas City another man was arrested for laughing heartily at the serious part of a melodrama. The Boston man was released on the familiar ground that hissing is just as legitimate as applause in the playhouse. The record does not state what became of the Kansas City man, but it is supposed that he also was released, for frequently actors or playwrights make what are supposed to be "strong scenes" so ludicrous that laughter instead of tears are the inevitable result.

Mrs. Cornelia McGhee Baxter Tevis has been declared by Judge Murasky to be entitled to the share in her husband's estate which Alice Boalt Tevis, the little daughter of the late Hugh Tevis, left when she died on January 15th of this year. The Mercantile Trust Company, which held the child's fortune in trust during her lifetime, sued Mrs. Tevis to settle the question as to whether the property under its control passed to her or to her young son, Hugh Tevis, Jr. The court declared the widow's claim to the estate to be more valid, and gave judgment accordingly.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is superbly situated in a sheltered nook just below the summit of the mountain, where a commanding and magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtainable. With large parlors and living-rooms, huge open fire-places, extensive dining-hall, and cheerful apartments, it has an air of comfort and hospitality which appeals to those desirous of escaping the noise and hustle of city life.

Mrs. John Kruttschnitt, mother of E. B. Kruttschnitt and of Julius Kruttschnitt, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, died in New Orleans on April 18th. She was seventy-nine years old, and was a sister of the late Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State in the Confederate Cabinet.

The annual meeting of the Pacific-Union Club will take place this (Saturday) evening, May 2d, at quarter to eight.

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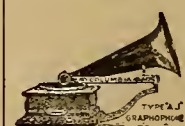
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M. C. HASSETT

Attorney-at-Law

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of move-
ments to and from this city and Coast, and of
the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss
Emma Rutherford have arrived in New York,
where they were joined by Mr. Alexander
Rutherford and Miss Alice Rutherford, who
have returned from a cruise to Havana and
St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and
Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs.
Horace Blanchard Chase, and Mrs. William
G. Irwin have returned from their visit to the
Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Miss Lurline
Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Lawlor sailed from
New York for Europe on Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding leaves for the East
on Sunday. After a brief stay in New York
she will sail for Europe, to be absent two
years.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been
at Millbrae for the past two months, expect to
leave for the East next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart sailed from
New York for Europe last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle were in
New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Nellie
Wood, and Miss Flora Lugsdin will sail from
New York to-day (Saturday) for Europe.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin visited Mrs. Walter
Martin at Burlingame during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, who have been
spending the winter in town, will open their
country place in Ross Valley next week.

Mrs. W. P. Redington and Miss Louise
Redington were in Rome when last heard
from.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, (née Oge)
sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday.

A party including Mrs. Henry E. Hunt-
ington, Miss Hazel Noonan, of Los Angeles,
Miss Virginia Nokes, Miss Marjorie Gibbons,
Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marion
Huntington, Lieutenant John Burke Murphy,
Mr. Dupont Coleman, and Dr. Walter Gibbons
visited Del Monte last week.

Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher are
visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron
Hot Springs.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were in
Venice when last heard from.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who has been
traveling in the East for some weeks, was in
Los Angeles during the week.

Mrs. James M. Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, and
Miss Elizabeth Allen, accompanied by Mrs.
J. C. Kirkpatrick, have departed for Southern
California.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, who have re-
turned from Tahiti, will pass the summer
months at "Casa Boyd" in Alameda County.

Dr. and Mrs. Brownell (née Pierce) were at
The Hague when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have re-
turned from their visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and family
have opened their San Mateo villa for the
summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker expect soon
to leave for the Crocker ranch near Calistoga,
where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Castle, Jr., of Hono-
lulu, are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden, accompanied
by Mrs. Breeden's mother, Mrs. C. C. Butler,
were at Los Gatos last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have departed
for the East to be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Costigan (née
Nash) have returned from their wedding
journey.

Mr. Ogden Mills and his daughter, Miss
Gladys Mills, have returned to the East, and
are now at their country place at Staatsburg,
N. Y.

Miss Florence Bailey leaves to-day (Sat-
urday) with her father, Mr. J. D. Bailey, for a
month's trip in Washington and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis and Miss Fran-
ces Harris have gone to Menlo Park, where
they will occupy their country place, "Idle-
rest," during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Townsend, who
have spent the last six weeks in San Francisco
since their arrival from the Orient, will depart
in a few days for New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing returned
from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship
Alameda early in the week.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, president of the South-
ern Pacific Company, spent a few days in the
city during the week. His daughter is the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Mill-
brae.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Woods (née
Gunn) have returned from their wedding
journey.

Mrs. Cole, Miss Bessie Coe, and Miss Flo-
rence Cole have taken a cottage at Sausalito
for the summer months.

Mr. William P. Harrington has purchased
the residence lately occupied by Mrs. Bernard
Peyton, south-east corner of California and
Buchanan Streets.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned from the
East early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have re-
turned from Paso Robles, where they passed
several weeks for the benefit of Mrs. McCor-
mick's health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton and Miss Mollie
Dutton have departed for a three-months'
Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingswell Marrs and Mr. W.
Wilson-Barker, of Boston, Mass., are at the
Granada Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Blum and family
have apartments at the Hotel Granada for the
summer months.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Mrs. John P.
Wallace sailed from New York for Naples on
Wednesday last. Mrs. Crane has been spend-
ing the winter with her sister, Mrs. T. V.
Cox, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horst, who left on the

steamship Korea for Honolulu the first of the
month, have concluded to extend their trip to
China and Japan. They are not expected
home before the first of June.

Mr. Lansing Kellogg was a guest at the Ho-
tel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Dupont and family, of
Wilmington, Del., are stopping at the Hotel
Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Morton and son have
taken apartments for the summer at the Hotel
Granada.

Among the week's guests at Byron Hot
Springs were Mrs. Frank G. Drum, Miss
Augusta D. Ames, Mr. J. R. Stanton, Mrs. J.
C. Klein, of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. T.
C. Coogan, of Oakland, Mr. P. R. Helm, of
Honolulu, Mr. T. J. Hammer, of Los Angeles,
and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Helm, of Fresno.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Ra-
fael were Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr, Mr.
and Mrs. F. H. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. F. D.
Madison, Mrs. C. Fisher, Mrs. W. W. Porter,
Mrs. M. L. Griffith, Mr. M. F. McGurran, Mr.
William Knowles, Mr. R. N. Graves, and Mr.
Bradley L. Wallace.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are known in San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A.,
accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur, spent sev-
eral days in Monterey during the week in-
specting the garrison. General MacArthur's
aids, Captain Parker W. West and Colonel
Miller also accompanied him.

Colonel Ernest A. Garlington, inspector-
general of the Department of California,
has been ordered to Governor's Island, N. Y.,
to serve in the same office with the Depart-
ment of the East. He relieves Colonel Burton,
who has been made brigadier-general and or-
dered to Washington as inspector-general of
the army.

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., re-
tired, and Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick
have been occupying their town house on
Jackson Street during the week.

Colonel George B. Rodney, U. S. A.,
General Jacob B. Rawles's successor as com-
mander at the Presidio, is expected to arrive
here about June 8th.

Colonel Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs.
Long have arrived from Washington, D. C.,
and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac
Requa at Piedmont. Mrs. Long expects to
spend the greater part of the summer in Cal-
ifornia.

Commander William A. Marshall, U. S. N.,
left last week for his new post as light-
house inspector in the Philippines on the
steamer Hong Kong Maru.

Captain John Howard, U. S. A., and Mrs.
Howard have given up their temporary re-
sidence on Clay Street, and are now occupying
quarters at the Nineteenth Infantry Camp at
the Presidio.

Lieutenant William R. Smedberg, U.
S. A., has been ordered for temporary duty
to Fort Grant, A. T.

Major Beecher B. Ray, U. S. A., who ar-
rived from Manila last Tuesday on the trans-
port Logan, will be stationed in New York.

Captain James H. Bradford, Jr., whose re-
cent promotion has necessitated his transfer
from the Nineteenth Infantry to the Twenty-
Fourth, has been granted a four months' leave
of absence, which he will spend at his home
in Columbus before sailing for Manila.

Naval Constructor Elliott Snow, U. S. N.,
who is at present stationed at Hong Kong,
has been ordered to the Boston Navy Yard.

J. B. Wright, formerly superintendent of
the extensive Sacramento division of the
Southern Pacific Company, died in Sacra-
mento on Sunday, at the age of fifty-one. His
first wife was a Miss Hanchett, a sister of
Mrs. George Crocker and Mrs. J. Carroll,
and a brother of L. E. Hanchett, of this city.
He is survived by his second wife—who was
a Miss Clark, of Sacramento—and a son and
daughter by his first marriage.

The Newport home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter
D. Martin has been brightened by the advent
of a son.

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venience telephone and telegraph
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barber-shop, billiard-parlor, carriage-
office, news-stand, and typewriter
offices are directly off the court. Out-
side—the wholesale and shopping dis-
trict, theatres, clubs, banks, and rail-
road offices are a step from the en-
trance.

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MONTE CARLO'S DARK SIDE.

By Jerome A. Hart.

We hear and read much of the sunny side of Monte Carlo—the beautiful gardens, the gorgeous Casino, the brilliant crowds, the concerts, the operas, the modish gowns, the dashing actresses, the royal and princely personages to be seen there. There are other sides to life at Monte Carlo—the practical side, the dark side. Let us take a glance at those.

Let us begin with the history of Monte Carlo. I do not mean Monaco—it is old. Monte Carlo is new. The history of Monaco runs back for many centuries, is the oldest reigning house in Europe. But Monte Carlo is a thing of yesterday. It grew out of gambling, and ever since it has flourished like a green bay-tree—on gambling.

Old Blanc, although not the creator of Monte



Herman Scheffauer, author of "Of Both Worlds." Published by A. M. Robertson.

Carlo, made it what it is. He used to run a gambling-hell in Paris when those dens were permitted there, and licensed by the law. He learned of the intention of a big gambling syndicate to establish at Monaco a rival to the gambling-hell at Hombourg. He told his wife about it. Madame Blanc was a good business woman, and she at once advised her husband to get in ahead of them. For a number of years a sickly gambling game has been running at Monaco, but there were few players. Blanc offered to buy out the proprietors for one million seven hundred thousand francs, having previously secured from the prince a promise of a concession for a number of years. It is said that he gave them two hours in which to accept his offer. As soon as the bargain was closed, the new Casino was begun; its architect was Charles Garnier, the builder of the Paris Opéra. Blanc also erected the Hôtel de Paris, as there were no hotels near the

Casino. Prince Charles graciously gave his name to the new town, and christened it "Monte Carlo." He also lent his influence to Blanc in getting the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée company to extend its rails from Nice to Monaco. Up to that time, the gamblers had been forced to reach Monaco either by carriage or by a dirty little steamboat from Nice. Thereafter the Blanc gambling-hell went steadily ahead, until the Casino at Monaco became the centre of attraction for gamblers all over the world.

Blanc made no mistake about the character of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riff-raff of the world, he took precautions against them; he never carried any money, which fact he announced frequently and publicly. It was known everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blanc never had a penny on his person. But the old fox carried in a pocket-book a draft on red paper for several hundred thousand francs, payable to the indorsee. He feared kidnaping as much as robbery, and in case of abduction he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from him ordering it to be done.

Now old Blanc is dead, but the game still goes on. It does not make quite so much money as it used to, but it makes enough. The keen brain which directed it is now rotting in the tomb, and old Blanc's successors have not his knowledge of human nature. They have allowed the character of the place and its frequenters to deteriorate; as a result, there is not such high play, and not so many wealthy pigeons to pluck as there used to be. But still they pay large dividends, and the shares of "The Society of Sea-Baths of Monaco," as they style themselves, still sell at ten or twelve times their par value.

.

The organization of the great machine still remains

practically as it was left by old Blanc. The staff of the Casino is a large one.

The administrator-general has three collaborators, called administrators; one regulates the outside affairs, pigeon-shooting, gardens, music, etc.; the second is in charge of the treasury; the third gives his time to the gaming tables. Under him there is a director of the games, three assistant-directors, five inspectors-general, four chiefs-of-the-table at trente-et-quarante, and fourteen chiefs-of-the-table at roulette. These latter get seven hundred and five hundred francs a month, respectively. There are also two bookkeeping experts, whose business it is to go over the accounts of the administrators.

The dealers are divided into two classes: at the roulette they are called "croupiers," and at the trente-et-quarante "tailleurs." The first class receive from four hundred to six hundred francs per month, according to experience. The roulette "croupiers" receive from two hundred and fifty to four hundred francs per month, also according to experience. The apprentices in training to be "croupiers," who sit with rakes at the table-ends, receive two hundred francs per month. All the dealers are very carefully watched, both in and out of the Casino. They have easy hours, and comfortable club-rooms are provided in the Casino for them to rest in during their off hours, for they have short watches and long watches. Each trente-

et-quarante table has a chief, an under-chief, and four tailleurs. Each roulette table has a chief, an under-chief, and seven croupiers. The roulette croupiers are ordered to keep their hands spread out open upon the table between the turns. This is designed not only to give confidence to the players, but to protect the bank against its own employees. Once it was found that a croupier, who seemed inordinately fond of snuff, had a spring-bottom snuff-box; every now and then he would set it down on a gold piece, and when he took it up the gold piece was inside. Another croupier was discovered to have a sort of funnel under his collar, which ran down to a money-belt. Every now and then he would scratch his neck and every time he did so the bank lost twenty francs.

The employees of the bank are, of course, forbidden to play, as are, for that matter, all the Monegasques, or subjects of the Prince of Monaco. There are among the dealers many nationalities, French, Italians, Belgians, and Swiss predominating. It is odd to hear the different ways in which they pronounce the French sentences used in the game. For example, some say "Rien ne va plu," and others "R-r-r-rien ne va plus-s-s-s-s-s-s." Not only is the French language used at the tables, but French money as well; no foreign money is received, but there are officers in the Casino who change it for French money. The Crédit Lyonnais, the great French bank, does a large business at Monaco, but I observe that they have carefully placed their building across the frontier line, a pistol-shot from the Casino, and on their sign-board are the words: "On French soil." The directors are not averse to making money out of the Monaco gambling-hell, but they are ashamed to own a building there. I do not blame them.

**

Turning from the chiefs and the organization of the gambling syndicate, a word about the prince and the workings of the little principality may be of interest. The hereditary sovereign of Monaco is Prince Albert, son of Prince Charles. The first marriage of Prince Albert took place in 1869, when he was united to Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, in the chapel of the Palace of Monaco. The hereditary prince, Louis, is a son of this union. The marriage was not a happy one. After a long series of disputes, application was made to the Court of Rome, in 1880, to set aside the religious marriage. That accommodating pontiff, Pope Pius the Ninth, at once set aside the marriage, on the ground that the Empress Eugénie had used undue influence in bringing it about. (This may serve as a warning to other match-making ladies.) The prince then himself dissolved the civil marriage. The divorced princess at once wedded Count Tassello Festetics, a wealthy Hungarian nobleman, while Prince Albert himself married again—this time a wealthy Jewish widow, the daughter of the Banker Heine, who herself had first been married to the Duc de Richelieu. This marriage evidently had the approval of the Pope, for the religious ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Papal Nunciature at Paris. To add to this chapter of divorces, Prince Albert has recently divorced his Jewish wife, and is now, presumably, in the market for another.

Prince Albert has a military staff, composed of two aides-de-camp, an officer of ordnance, and a chief of staff. He also has a grand almoner, an honorary almoner, a chaplain, a chamberlain, several secretaries, a secretary of scientific investigations, a librarian and archivist. He has a chief of squadron, although the fleet of the principality consists only of the yacht *Princess Alice*; but since the divorce, I suppose the prince has changed her name. Other functionaries are a first honorary physician, a first physician, a consulting physician, and a physician; the last one is simply a plain physician and probably does all the work. The last of this long list of functionaries is called the "Architect Conservator of the Palaces of His Serene Highness."

Outside of the immediate suite of the prince there is a governor-general, who is a baron; next, a secretary-general of the principality; a secretary to the governor-general; a treasurer, and an auditor. Two of the most important functionaries in the principality are the "Registrar of Tobacco Sales" and the "Registrar of the Sales of Matches."

There is a municipal as well as princely government in Monaco; the little city in the little principality has a mayor, who has his secretary, and is assisted by five communal counselors. The principality also has its official newspaper, *Le Journal de Monaco*.

To take care of the spiritual needs of the principality, the prince has a monseigneur. When the prince was poor, the Bishop of Nice included Monaco as part of his diocese. In 1837, however, the prince had made so much money out of the gambling-hell that he determined to have a bishop, a diocese, and a cathedral of his own. The divorce already showed in what favor Pius the Ninth held the prince, and Leo the Thirteenth evidently also had a high regard for him, for the Holy See at once erected Monaco into a diocese, with Monseigneur Theuret as its bishop, and two vicars-general. The prince built a cathedral with a lot of money won from the gamblers at the Casino, and now the principality is armed against the gates of hell.

The prince has a supreme court with a chief jus-

tice and four associate justices. There is an advocate-general, a minister of justice, and the usual clerks and bailiffs necessary to a court. There are only four regular advocates pleading at the bar of Nice, while there are eight attorneys, of whom four are also notaries.

The army of the prince consists of sixty-six warriors, commanded by a colonel, formerly of the Sixth Line Regiment of the French army, who has under his orders a major, a captain, a first lieutenant, and a second lieutenant. The entire army is used as a guard of honor for the prince. An interesting item is that there are few Frenchmen in the ranks, nearly all of the soldiers being Italians, and many of them former pontifical zouaves.

The police consists of a chief brigadier and thirty-seven police agents. There is a force of gendarmes also, who are called "carabineers," as in Italy. There are about a score of men in this corps. The fire brigade consists of forty men. The navy is restricted. The captain of the port, with three hundred dollars a year salary, and a heavy artilleryman who has no artillery, at two hundred dollars a year, make up the list.

The Roman Catholic faith is the only one authorized at Monaco; although Protestant churches, Russian churches, and synagogues are found in many places along the Riviera, no religious structures are permitted at Monaco except those of the Roman Catholic church.

**

It was in 1856 that the first Monaco gambling syndicate opened their bank. Blanc bought them out in 1860, and the Casino was finished in 1868. Prior to that time the prince had an income of only about fifteen thousand francs a year. It was immediately after the incumbency of Blanc that his income took an upward

SMALL STEALS,
SUBSIDIES,
AND BRIBES.



Geraldine Bonner, author of "Hard Pan" and a new California novel to be published in the fall by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

turn. The money-making machine of old Blanc now supports several princely houses. It keeps Monaco running. Then Prince Roland Bonaparte married one of Blanc's daughters, and Prince Radziwill another. Prince Roland is an archaeologist and philologist, while the Prince of Monaco devotes himself to oceanography, and is very liberal in donations to geographical and kindred societies.

One of the curious ways in which the Prince of Monaco adds to his income is by coining so-called one-hundred-franc pieces, which are worth only eighty-five francs. They are about the size and appearance of our twenty-dollar piece, and many visitors to Monte Carlo take them away as souvenirs. On these souvenirs the prince makes about three dollars. Wealthy tourists can stand this little steal, but here is another and smaller steal leveled at little people. The prince issued, some time ago, copper money, or sous, not current anywhere except in his own dominions. The French, Italian, and Spanish coppers are practically token money, and pass current only in their own territories. It is true that they are occasionally accepted across the frontier, but they are thrown out at the banks, not being legal tender. Some years ago a vast amount of Monaco coppers flooded Northern Italy and Southern France. As soon as the "job" was discovered they were rejected by everybody. The banks began it, but the poor people, the marketmen, the newspaper vendors, and such small fry found themselves "stuck" with the princely coppers, and had to stand the loss. As a result, his serene highness was execrated from Lyons to Nice, from Marseilles to Genoa.

Do you wonder why such a sink of iniquity as Monte Carlo is tolerated by the people of the Riviera? The

reason is not hard to find. A stream of gold flows from the gambling-hell, which corrupts national, department, and municipal officials. Many of the French and Italian newspapers are subsidized, and those which are not subsidized are silent. Of the two leading dailies in Nice, *L'Eclair* and *Le Petit Nigois*, one is in the pay of the bank, and the other never mentions it at all. Formerly there were attempts in Nice to warn strangers against Monte Carlo. I was there about ten years ago, and I remember that the hoardings were covered with placards warning strangers against the "roulette robbery" at the Monte Carlo Casino, and of other snares set for strangers at that place. Now, however, Nice is very friendly. The Monte Carlo bank is generous to the city of Nice—it gives costly cups for Nice's yacht regatta, and it offers large prizes for the spring horse-races at Nice. It is also liberal with its money in other ways. It helps out the Nice municipality in its public works, it gives money to charitable societies and scientific bodies in Nice, and its yearly carnival subscription is a large one. Thus Nice is bribed, and its lips are sealed with a golden seal.

Not only in Nice but elsewhere in France does the generosity of the bank extend. The recent famine among the fishers of Brittany excited the sympathy of the entire French nation. The Monte Carlo bank came forward at once with a subscription of five thousand francs.

It is even hinted that gambling syndicate's money is used in the legislative chambers of France and Italy. In both countries the question of suppressing the gambling-hell has frequently come up in the Chambers. Two powerful nations, with this ulcer gnawing at their sides, could easily cauterize it. But all attempts at cure have failed—they are voted down by silent deputies, who are ashamed to talk in defense of their evil clients, but who vote for them all the same.

The great Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée railway system is also in with the Monte Carlo gamblers. As soon as its road was completed to Monaco, thirty-four years ago, it at once made special rates and sold return tickets to and from Monte Carlo; but it refused to make the same concessions to other towns along the Riviera until absolutely forced to do so only a few years ago.

Another argument for the tolerance of the gambling-hell is frequently advanced by the friends of the gamblers; it is that the prosperity of the Riviera depends on the bank. "Every one of you," say its advocates, "who own villas, mansions, hotels, or shops, are favorably affected by Monte Carlo. Were the bank to be closed to-morrow, within six months you would all be ruined." But statistics in other places do not show this. Gambling was stopped in Ems, Wiesbaden, and Hombourg shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, yet the population of Ems, which was thirty-five thousand in 1872, is nearly doubled now. All three of these pretty watering-places have thrived since gambling was stopped.

**

Elsewhere I have spoken of the careful watch maintained by the bank over its employees. But the administration is obliged to watch its customers as well as its croupiers.

Some years ago three or four Italian gamblers discovered a slight fault in a roulette wheel—it did not "turn true." They began playing the fault in the wheel, and their continued winnings excited the attention of the administration. They were watched, shadowed, their footsteps dogged; eavesdroppers were put in adjacent rooms in their hotels; and at last their secret was discovered. What did the bank do? A hasty and impulsive directorate would have kicked up a fuss about it, taxed the Italians with their crookedness, and forbidden them ever to enter the Casino. Not so the administration. They put another wheel in place of the faulty one, but with a different fault. The Italians played the old fault, and lost. They thought they had made some error, and played larger stakes to recoup their losses. They lost more. When the bank had recovered what they had won, and got all the Italians had besides, it fired them out of the Casino, and put in a true wheel.

A startling incident took place in the Casino a few years ago. One night, when the place was crowded and all the tables full, a deafening explosion was heard. The gas-jets at once went out, and the place was plunged in darkness. When lights were brought it was found that a gang of crooks, under cover of the darkness, had carried off all the money they could lay their hands on. What they took, however, was principally the bank's funds; this money is all in one place, and largely in one-thousand-franc notes. Since that time the gas-jets in the Casino have been replaced by electric lights.

It is not strange that the administration should watch its customers so carefully—among them are the vilest of the vile. In addition to crooked gamblers and thieves, there are cappers of all kinds—male and female. That women are hired to steer men against the game is denied by some, who say that the bank does not need "steerers." The answer is that even if it does not, there are plenty of harpies in Monte Carlo who prey upon reckless gamblers, who fatten upon ruin. They are usurers who are anxious to loan money at two per cent. per day to gentlemen who are hard up. The female "steerers" make

money in either event—if the newcomer wins heavily, he spends his money royally, and the woman gets some; if he loses heavily, she gets a commission for steering him to a usurer.

When a newcomer arrives who looks like a pigeon, cappers hang around him at the cafés and tell him stories of big winnings at baecarat as well as at the Casino tables. For if the cappers do not cap for the Casino, they work for other games. All sorts of things go on in the private rooms of the hotels at Monte Carlo—all sorts of games, including the "panel game." The Paris cocottes who flaunt their finery around Monte Carlo are used as the decoys; many a man has been led into snares, financial and otherwise, by these sirens. All sorts of games are played—baecarat, bridge, or poker. If the American says he plays nothing but the national game, he will find himself accommodated. And if he plays a good poker game and will not stand for cold decks, his kind friends will get his money even if they do not win it. They do not stick at drugging. Some say they do not stick at worse. There are those who believe that all of the bodies found around Monte Carlo are not those of suicides.

Incidents like this, which took place last month, are frequent: William Hatton, an Englishman, met three strangers at Monte Carlo; they got him to drink with them, lunch with them, and suggested that he should accompany them to the races at Nice, which he did. At the race-track they tried to bulldoze him into betting on certain horses, which he refused to do; but they became so threatening that he finally bet as they directed, and naturally he lost. When he had paid his bet—something like five thousand francs—they escorted him to the station at Nice, and with blood-curdling threats shipped him north to Paris. It seems incredible that any man should submit to such treatment in the midst of crowds. But it was soon explained. The unfortunate man remained in a semicomatose condition during his journey. When he reached Paris the railway officials sent him to a hospital, and there it was discovered that he had been drugged, presumably with *cocculus indicus* or stramonium.

In the drugging and robbing of this Englishman, the criminals were certainly bold. Here is another case, where the chief actor was not only bold, but brazen. One Brunard was robbed of five thousand francs at Monte Carlo. The thief was traced to the Casino. Accompanied by a French detective from Nice, Brunard went to the Casino, but the officer was refused admittance. Brunard, however, held a visitor's card; he entered and saw the thief at the roulette table, engaged in betting Brunard's money. This was too much for the robbed Brunard; his choler rose, and he denounced the gamester as a thief. The result was that the wrong man was arrested; Brunard was seized by the Casino officials, turned over to the Monaco police, conducted to the frontier, and bidden not to return.

Criminal acts are not confined to the plucking of gamesters. There are continual robberies in the streets of Monaco and Monte Carlo. Only last month a jeweler in Monte Carlo, M. Boufort, closed his shop for his eleven-o'clock breakfast. Everything is torpid at Monte Carlo in the morning hours—people play late and do not get up early; therefore, many of the shopkeepers close their shops for an hour or two before half-past twelve. While M. Boufort was in the bosom of his family taking his midday meal, some clever crooks opened his shop with skeleton keys, and stole every object of value it contained, including not only all the jewelry, but some five thousand francs in bank-notes. Altogether the loss was about fifty thousand dollars. This seems a large amount for a small jewelry shop. But while the shops at Monte Carlo are small, their stocks are costly. Their prices are of the highest and their customers' morals of the lowest.

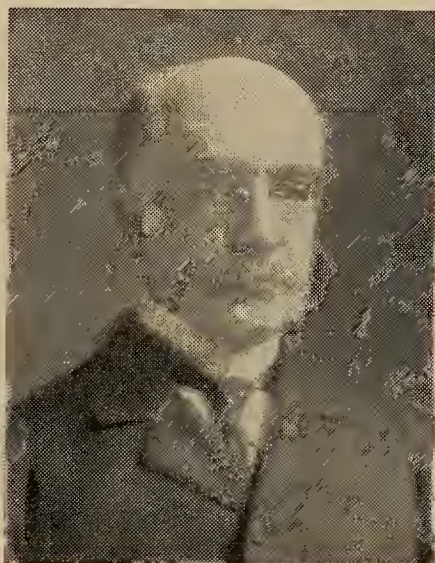
The percentage of rascality is so high among the visitors of late to Monte Carlo that the Casino officials have become much stricter in admitting people. They no longer give out visitor's tickets with the freedom of old. They will give you a ticket for one day on presentation of visiting card, but if you want one for a longer period it must be submitted to the council who examine your antecedents. So numerous have been the robberies on the streets of Monte Carlo this winter that the companies owning the big hotels in the neighborhood have taken alarm. The Riviera Palace Hotel—which is on the hill above Monte Carlo, on French territory—has recently been terrorized by the nocturnal prowlers on the steep and lonely road leading up to the hotel. Several robberies have been committed, and owing to the inadequate police of Monte Carlo, the hotel company has been obliged to put fifteen special officers on duty, to patrol the road between the hotel and the Casino.

There are many stories of suicides at Monte Carlo. The subsidized newspapers suppress all accounts of unpleasant occurrences, and gibe at the rumors of bodies found in the gardens. All the ruined gamesters do not commit suicide in the precincts of the Casino, but some of them do, while suicides among returning gamesters are numerous all along the Riviera and at more

distant points. Naturally the greater number of suicides is among the foreigners, who live far away. Not only are all Monaco subjects excluded from the Casino, but all French citizens residing in the Department of the Alpes Maritimes are also forbidden to enter there. Certain classes, including physicians, advocates, army officers, and others in the south-eastern departments are also forbidden to visit the Casino. Naturally, therefore, the greater part of the players come from elsewhere; naturally, also, the majority of the suicides are strangers. Suicide seems to be more common among the Russian, Austrian, and German gamesters; the American and English players are more phlegmatic.

It is not only in the gardens of Monte Carlo that suicides are found, but they are also frequently discovered in the public garden of Nice, and in the towns and villages of Mentone, Cannes, Villefranche, and other points along the coast. Many intending suicides avoid the precincts of the Casino. It is not always so. Sometimes a dramatic suicide will blow out his brains on the "grand staircase of honor," for it seems that at Monte Carlo there is one thing of honor—it is the staircase.

All of the Monte Carlo gamblers seem to be superstitious. One of their favorite devices is to play fortuitous numbers at roulette—such, for example, as the number of the railway carriage in which they came, or of the cab, or of the day of the month, or of the check given them in the cloak-room. Sometimes a piece of money, awkwardly tossed, will fall into one of the numbers of the wheel—at once you see players hastening to bet on this particular number. Some keep account of the numbers which came out the day before at the same table and at the same hour. Others play



John Bach McMaster, author of "Daniel Webster."
Published by the Century Company.

numbers of which they have dreamed. Some abstain from playing on a Friday, or on the thirteenth of the month; in fact, there is a heavy falling off among the players every Friday, and when Friday comes on the thirteenth of the month there are almost no players at all. The most remarkable talismans may be observed at the tables. Sometimes you will see a woman with an old horseshoe on the table before her. Another talisman that is not uncommon is a piece of rope; needless to say, it is always a piece of rope which has served to hang a human being; owing to the numerous suicides, there is no lack of hanging rope in this part of the world. Less gruesome talismans are jewels in the shape of hangman's rope, or the hump of a hunchback, or snakes, or coral horns to ward off the evil eye. The gamblers think it brings bad luck to meet a priest. One of the deputies to the legislative chamber from this department, some years ago, was a hunchback. At Monte Carlo he was at first surprised to see how closely he was followed wherever he went, and how the people seemed to press around him. The deputy's vanity for a time was tickled. But when he learned that they were merely trying to touch his hump to bring them good luck at the tables, he stayed away from Monte Carlo.

To pessimists, the scenes in the Casino must be sweet morsels. Probably there is no passion in the world more ignoble than that of gambling. "The love of money," says the good Book, "is the root of all evil." If that be true of money which one has earned or inherited, how much the more true of the gambler's thirst for money. Avarice is an unlovely vice in human beings.

"Gold, gold, gold,
Molten, beaten, hammered, and rolled,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the church-yard mould."

In the Monte Carlo Casino you see avarice in both

young and old. You see young women, with their eyes sparkling with the greed for gain, nervously fingering their diminishing piles of louis. You see old women, with the fierce thirst for gold imprinted in the many wrinkles with which their faces are seamed, fumbling over their dwindling heaps of blue bank-notes. And you sometimes see youth and age engaged in the same unlovely occupation. Years ago at Monte Carlo I once witnessed a scene which I have never forgotten. Seated on one of the divans against the wall was an old English lady, evidently lame—perhaps gouty, for she had both crutch and cane. She had a card before her on which she was pricking the results of the deals, while back and forth from the table to her two young girls of sixteen or seventeen—probably her granddaughters—carried her stakes, and reported her winnings and losses. At trente-et-quarante the deal goes rapidly, and it kept both the girls moving.

More unpleasant scenes than these take place continually in the gambling-hell. Around the tables there hang a horde of harpies, old and young—dreadful old French beldames, painted, powdered, and with juvenile smirks and smiles. These creatures are in wait for anything; to beg a louis from some lucky player—an old man; to be invited to dinner by some lucky player—a young man or an ass; to steal the stakes of some lucky player—preferably a foreigner who knows neither the game nor language. If the robbed person resents the theft and demands restitution, these creatures bespatter them with fiery, fluent, and sometimes obscene French. The chief-of-the-table sometimes interferes—not to make restitution but to restore order—but he generally sides with the thief.

The infatuation of these poor gamblers, their belief in their "systems"—these things are as amazing as they are ludicrous. If one wants to learn whether the players or the bank have the best chance, all they have to do is to look at the gorgeous Casino and the beautiful gardens. Who paid for them? The players, of course. But the running of the game itself proves the players' lack of chance. The percentage of the bank in what faro-dealers call "splits," or winning all at zero on open numbers, together with its *refait* in other ways, would beat any player or players, no matter how large their capital or how great their skill. If the bank had exactly ten millions of francs and a skillful gambler sat down with another ten millions and played against it, the bank in time would win every penny of his capital. It is as inevitable as that two and two make four.

Among the bank's advantages which the player can not beat are these:

1. *The maximum.* No one can cope with that. There is no maximum on the bank's winnings from the player.
2. *The zero.* This means a percentage to the bank of at least one and one-half per cent.
3. *Unfair odds.* On single numbers, the real odds are of course 36 to 1; the bank gives but 35. This makes three per cent. more for the bank.
4. *The personal equation.* The bank has no weaknesses, is controlled entirely by rules, and stops playing when it has lost a certain amount.

Gamblers will not listen to reason, or Monte Carlo would not exist. They credulously continue to play their "systems." When such a man as Sir Hiram Maxim points out their folly by demonstrating mathematically the inevitable winning of the bank in the long run, they tell him that he doesn't know what he is talking about. When gaming was permitted in Paris the great mathematician Arago had a dear friend who was losing his patrimony at the roulette table of Frascati. Arago did his best to convince his unfortunate friend of his folly, but the gambler had a "martingale" which he was sure would win at roulette. Arago asked him what his capital was. The friend told him. Arago then made a calculation, and proved to him that by playing the "martingale" his capital would last less than three months. It came to pass. The inexorable logic of figures proved Arago's statement to be true. The unfortunate gamester lost his ready money, but so infatuated are gamblers that he would not be convinced. He mortgaged his lands, played the proceeds on the same "martingale," and in another month was a beggar.

But it is useless to waste sympathy on the gamblers of Monte Carlo. Their folly is so incredible that they are outside the pale. They shut their eyes and ears to reason in their greed for gold. They will not heed even the epigram of the cynical M. Blanc, who founded the great fool-killer industry which relieves them of their shekels. "Sometimes," said he, "red loses, and sometimes black, but white (Blanc) always wins." "*C'est encore rouge qui perd, et encore noir, mais toujours Blanc qui gagne.*"

And M. Blanc was right.
MONTE CARLO, March 31, 1903.

The writer of the famous poem, "Little Things," beginning "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill., on Monday last. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a teacher in a school in Boston, and her purpose was to persuade her scholars of the value of little things.

LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

Notable Spring Offerings of the English Publishers.

While the spring lists of the London publishers contain the titles of quite an array of American books, there are not so many well-known authors represented as last fall. Frank Norris's posthumous novel, "The Pit," published some months ago by Grant Richards, is still the most-discussed and the best-selling American book before the English public. It is characterized by the conservative *Bookman* as a "fine and triumphant achievement that brings the reader to his feet, takes him out of himself, and leaves him at last in the realization that a big book—a bit of real literature—is in his hands." George Newnes has also brought out two other successes, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and "The Blue Flower," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, which are advertised as having reached a sale of seventy-five thousand in America.

Alfred Henry Lewis, who is practically unknown in England, has gained a host of friends through his humorous "Wolfville Days" (Isbister & Co.), the London *Daily Telegraph* going so far in its praise as to declare that "Bret Harte seems to have bequeathed his mantle to the author of this remarkable little book of sketches of life in Arizona." Richard Harding Davis's book of short stories, "Ranson's Folly," has also been welcomed by the critics. The tale which gives the volume its title, and "A Derelict," are excellent, and alone justify the production. "The Bar Sinister" and "La Lettre d'Amour" suffer by comparison with the longer stories, and to be enjoyed they should be read first, before their companions have set the standard. However, altogether, it may be said that "Ranson's Folly" will not only sustain but materially strengthen Mr. Davis's reputation on this side of the Atlantic.

Other American works of fiction which have caught the fancy of English readers are Hodder & Stoughton's five-shilling edition of Alice Hegan Rice's "Loves Mary," now in its sixth thousandth; "Mr. Munchausen," by John Kendrick Bangs (Grant Richards); G. H. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" (Methuen & Co.); Frank R. Stockton's posthumous volume of short stories, "John Gayther's Garden" (Cassell & Co.); Dora Greenwell McChesney's romance, "Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse" (John Lane); "A Pasteboard Crown," by Clara Morris and "The Son of the Wolf," by Jack London (Isbister & Co.).

Of a miscellaneous character, no American publication could more appeal to English readers than Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's charming volume on "Sundials and Roses of Yesterday." The author has a pious heart toward this home of her forefathers, and would fain persuade all Americans to feel likewise. She has shown her leaning in previous books, and in this handsome volume it is more than once conspicuous. The care and zeal and taste with which this treatise has been put together is worthy of all praise. "The Quest of Happiness," by Newell Dwight Hillis (the Macmillan Company), is also welcome. There is a freshness in the American divine's views of life and life-plans which might be imported into this country with advantage. F. Peter Dunne's "Observations of Mr. Dooley" is quoted on all sides, and a series of amusing cartoons by F. Opper, entitled "John, Jonathan, and Mr. Opper," which illustrate the commercial and political relations of John Bull and Uncle Sam, has also tickled our reviewers mightily.

Lilian Whiting's "Boston Days," I am sorry to say, has not been kindly treated in England. The *Times* finds no music in "this perpetual blowing of penny trumpets." "The authoress," it remarks in the course of a scathing review, "prints on her title-page, 'Tell men what they knew before,' so that we are not encouraged to hope even at the outset. She tells us what we knew before—only not so much—concerning Mr. Howells. She tells us what we did not know before, and never need have known at all, about a number of men and women whose profoundly insignificant sayings and doings leave us wondering that people should be so easily pleased in Boston. What does it mean? What is it all about? It is childish without being childlike, unnatural, but not artistic, exaggerated without greatness, eccentric with never a touch of originality. The fine wit of the true masters of Boston could but be moved to low laughter by the absurd, pretentious triviality of such a book. 'The story of Boston has not been less wonderful than that of old, when Moses led his people into the Promised Land.' To begin with, Moses did not lead his people into the Promised Land. To go on with—but it would be unkind, and also a waste of time to go on."

Fiction again monopolizes first place in the list of new publications. Smith, Elder & Co. have brought out Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," one of the best-selling books of the day. It has created considerable discussion, and has naturally attracted attention to the L'Espinas Letters, which are to be published at once in a cheap edition by M. Heinemann. Among the other new announcements of Smith, Elder & Co. are "Cornelius," by Mrs. De La Pasture; "The Triumph of Count Ostermann," by Graham Hope; "A Castle in Spain," by Bernard E. J.

Capes; and "The Bonnet Conspirators," by Violet A. Simpson.

Prominent in John Lane's spring offerings is Mrs. Wilfred Ward's "The Light Behind," a really fine novel. Her picture has strength and delicacy in conception and treatment, and her religious or spiritual attitude is so truly balanced that she never once leans toward the side of proselytism. The artistic grace of this attitude will be grasped when the reader at first hand appreciates the intensity of Mrs. Ward's devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Of a religious character, but entirely different in treatment, is the "Pearl Maiden," of Rider Haggard (Longmans, Green & Co.). This tale of Jerusalem is not altogether, or, indeed, mainly, concerned with religious matters, but wherever these are touched upon it is with complete, albeit passionless, reverence, aided by a very just perception of the difficulties which beset the first Christians.

Through Methuen & Co., Henry James has given us a volume of short stories. "The Better Sort," in which many readers will find his remarkable qualities better displayed than in his novels. Other excellent new publications included in Methuen's popular six-shilling list are "Lord Leonard the Luckless," by W. E. Norris; "The Red House," by E. Nesbit; "The Sword of Azrael," by R. E. Forrest; "A Free Lance of To-Day," by Hugh Clifford; "Abraham's Sacrifice," by G. Janson; "Plain and Veldt," by J. H. M. Abbott; "The Knight Punctilious," by Arthur Moore; "The Poet's Child," by Emma Brooke; and "A Stretch off the Land," by G. Stewart Bowles.

One of the two novels being prepared by Mrs. Harrison, "Lucas Malet," is entitled "The Book of the Wisdom of Damaris." I understand that she thinks the



Edwin Carlile Litsey, author of "Love Story of Abner Stone." Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

books not suitable for serial publication, and accordingly they will make their first appearance in volume form. Max Pemberton, on the other hand, who has recently been living at Brighton, is engaged upon a novel for the *Graphic*, which will come out in that publication this year. It deals with the last days of the Venetian republic and Napoleon's campaign in Italy in 1797. Bernard Capes has also completed a serial for T. P. O'Connor's weekly entitled "The Secret of the Hill." Beatrice Harraden, who came to fame with her "Ships that Pass in the Night," has written a new novel of modern life, entitled "Katherine Frenshal," which will appear as a serial story in the *Queen*. The redoubtable Mr. Crosland, I am told, is about to perpetrate a book which will, if it be in a similar vein, hardly meet with the quiet treatment accorded to "The Unspeakable Scot." His new volume is entitled "Lovely Woman," and there is much speculation as to what Mr. Crosland will make of her. I hear, too, that George Gissing's new novel is completed, and that it will be what is called a "cheerful book."

After fiction, biographies and autobiographies loom up conspicuously. The most interesting to California readers will be T. Edgar Pemberton's "Life of Bret Harte" (C. Arthur Pearson). Some writers have criticized the book on the ground that it is not, strictly speaking, a work of literature, and intimate that, with the great biographies produced by men of literary eminence and the peculiar talent for memoirs, it has no affinity. However, it only claims to be a generous heaping-up of facts about its subject, and in this respect it will be found satisfactory. Messrs. Macmillan's announcements include three biographies, "Sir George Grove," by C. L. Graves; "Bishop Westcott," by his son, the Rev. A. Westcott; and "Charlotte Yongue," by Christabel Coleridge.

Mr. Morley's "Life of W. E. Gladstone," will not be published till the autumn. Nor is it at all likely that

Lord Rowton's biography of Gladstone's great rival, Disraeli, will be published for some time, as there are many reasons which will make present publication undesirable. An official biography, however, will appear this year from the pen of Wilfrid Meynell, who has made a life-long study of Disraeli's career. Lord Wolseley, who has been cruising for two months on Sir Donald Currie's yacht, has been engaged for some time in writing his memoirs and reminiscences. He has put aside work on the concluding volume of his life of the first Duke of Marlborough until after he has completed his own memoirs.

Grant Richards will issue in the near future a new popular biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, by J. A. Hammerton, and Henry James, it is said, has nearly completed his "Life of Story," the sculptor and poet, which Messrs. Blackwood hope to publish very shortly. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, who has already published so many notes from his diaries, is to supplement them by some biographical essays, which are to be entitled "Out of the Past." Sir Mountstuart does not see his way to undertake a biography. It is a pity, for no man could write more incisively and suggestively of political life in England when Gladstone was dominant. Mr. Murray has brought out two sumptuous volumes written by Viscount Goschen on "Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer." Smith, Elder & Co. are preparing a biographical edition of Mrs. Gaskell's novels. Miss Flora Masson will write a little book on Mrs. Gaskell for the edition. Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce for early publication "Memoirs of Vailima," by Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.

The recent Boer war still has its aftermath of books and pamphlets. Next week Fisher Unwin will publish one that should arouse keen and peculiar interest. It is written by Mrs. De La Rey, wife of the famous general, and relates many adventures and hairbreadth escapes. The book is called "A Woman's Wanderings and Trials During the Anglo-Boer War." A popular edition of De Wet's "History of the Three Years' War," is also to be brought out next week by A. Constable & Co.

Some months ago a slight record of the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar expedition, entitled "Farther North Than Nansen," was published by Wilford Bell. The complete work, translated by William Le Quex, has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. It is in two volumes, and is called "On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea." Two other notable books of travel and adventure are "In the Tail of the Peacock," in which Isabel Savory describes her experiences while journeying through Morocco, and "Thirty Years in Australia," by Ada Cambridge.

A number of notable books of verse are to be published this spring. Foremost is the long-delayed volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne, which is promised soon by Messrs. Chatto Windus. Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, chiefly known, perhaps, for her sympathetic rendering of some of Maeterlinck's plays, has in preparation a new volume of verse called "Songs of Womanhood," which Grant Richards will publish. Another novelty will be a volume of verse from Israel Zangwill, who has been known to be a writer of verse, but hitherto has not published any. Its contents will be the fruit of Mr. Zangwill's muse for some years back. Lady Mary Milbanke, Byron's great-granddaughter, will also make her first appearance next month with a book of verses entitled "Fair Children," which is to be published by Messrs. Burns & Cates. Other new books of verse already issued are "Poems," by G. Leveson-Gower (William Heinemann); "Songs and Lyrics," by H. Dale (Constable & Co.); "Horæ Amoris," by R. Newmarch (E. Mathews); "Poems," by M. Olcott (John Lane); "Poems," by M. Richmond (E. Mathews); "A Book of Verses," by M. Von Boeselager (Chiswick Press); "A Life Day," by J. T. Prior (J. M. Dent); and "Dante and Beatrice," by E. Underdown (S. Sonnenschein).

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. have published a new dramatic poem by Charles Witworth Wynne, the author of "Ad Astra," entitled "David and Bathshua," and I am told that A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, has finished a book on dramatic criticism, which will be published shortly. It is sure to attract attention, for the newspapers have not yet finished discussing the exclusion of Mr. Walkley from the first performance of Henry Arthur Jones's latest drama, "The Whitewashing of Julia," which can hardly be called a great success, and promises to be remembered chiefly as "the play which the *Times* critic did not review."

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, March 30, 1903.

Colonel "Bill" Root, a frontiersman, a companion of "Buffalo Bill," and a friend of "Bill Nye" during the latter's reportorial days in Laramie, died in Salt Lake City a few weeks ago. He was about sixty years old, and when a young man, settled in Laramie. He became interested in the Laramie *Boomerang*, and took "Bill Nye" into partnership with him. This was the beginning of the latter's fame as a writer. Colonel Root had an international fame as a catcher of wild animals.

Julius Claretie, director of the Comédie Française of Paris, and member of the Academy, has accepted an invitation to visit this country in the spring of 1904 to lecture on French dramatic art and the national theatres in France, under the auspices of the Federation of French Alliances.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON THE MAN.

Gleanings from Gertrude Atherton's Latest Volume, "A Few of Hamilton's Letters."

Gertrude Atherton has followed her flexible biography, "The Conqueror," with "A Few of Hamilton's Letters," her aim being to throw as much light as possible on the man, and incidentally to justify the superlatives which she lavished on her hero in "The Conqueror." In her introduction she takes her critics to task for accusing her of too much enthusiasm, which, logically, they decide has led her to a violent partisanship and much one-sidedness. "A biography without enthusiasm," she says, "is a very poor thing. You may get the bold facts, a calm, dispassionate estimate, correct if the writer be infallible; but none of the glow and rush; and without those qualities you do not care as much for the character and fate of the subject as for the living and hitherto nameless hero of a newspaper story. To remark that to do a thing thoroughly is better than to do it half way would seem a lapse into flagrant platitudes, yet it is a truism which is oftenest forgot by critics. I wrote of Hamilton, not because I was anxious to create a prodigy, but because he was one, and compelled my enthusiasm. That he was the best brain that has given his services to this country no profound and impartial student of history pretends to deny. Even the biographers of Jefferson pay their tribute. But because the great majority of critics are unacquainted with American history they accuse me of wrongfully elevating Hamilton at the expense of his contemporaries. . . . The truth is that I do not exaggerate in a single instance, and, what is more, I exhibited his faults and weaknesses with considerable pleasure. No man can be either great or lovable without them, and had Hamilton been the dull perfection which even the much misrepresented Washington was not, he would have had to pass on and submit once more to the biographer without enthusiasm."

Mrs. Atherton groups the letters under five headings, "St. Croix," "The Army," "Law, Politics and Prosperity," "The Power Behind the Throne," and "The Duel." There are no incriminating love letters included, for the simple reason that not one to a woman but his wife has ever come to light. This leads Mrs. Atherton to speculate that perhaps he never wrote any. "When a man has the brain thoroughly to appreciate his weakness for woman," she adds, "he is often very careful of himself on paper. And Hamilton's short life was a phenomenally busy one. It is a wonder he ever found time to make love; inditing of his sentiments must surely have seemed superfluous. But his annual receipts must have been heavy."

To Elizabeth Schuyler, on October 13, 1780, before their marriage, he wrote:

I would not have you imagine, miss, that I write you so often to gratify your wishes or please your vanity; but merely to indulge myself, and to comply with that restless propensity of mind which will not be happy unless I am doing something in which you are concerned. This may seem a very idle disposition in a philosopher and a soldier, but I can plead illustrious examples in my justification. Achilles liked to have sacrificed Greece and his glory to a female captive, and Anthony lost a world for a woman. I am very sorry times are so changed as to oblige me to go to antiquity for my apology, but I confess, to the disgrace of the present time, that I have not been able to find as many who are as far gone as myself in the laudable zeal of the fair sex. I suspect, however, if others knew the charm of my sweetheart as I do, I could have a great number of competitors. I wish I could give an idea of her. You can have no conception of how sweet a girl she is. It is only in my heart that her image is truly drawn. She has a lovely form and still more lovely mind. She is all goodness, the gentlest, the dearest, the tenderest of her sex. Ah, Betsey, how I love thee!

Well, my love, here is the middle of October; a few weeks more and you are mine; a sweet reflection to me—it is so to my charmer? Do you find yourself more or less anxious for the moment to arrive as it approaches? This is a good criterion to determine the degree of your affection by. You have had an age for consideration, time enough for even a woman to know her mind in. Do you begin to repent or not? Remember you are going to do a very serious thing. For though our sex have generously given up a part of its prerogatives, and husbands have no longer the power of life and death, and the wiser husbands of former days had, yet we still retain the power of happiness and misery; and if you are prudent you will not trust the felicity of your future life to one in whom you have not good reason for implicit confidence. I give you warning—don't blame me if you make an injudicious choice—and if you should be disposed to retract, don't give me the trouble of a journey to Albany, and then do as I did a certain lady I have mentioned to you, find out the day before we are to be married that you "can't like the man"; but of all things I pray you don't make the discovery afterwards—for this would be worse than all. But I do not apprehend its being the case. I think we know each other well enough to understand each other's feelings, and to be sure our affection will not only last, but be progressive.

A fond father of twenty-five, he writes playfully in answer to Meade's inquiry about his son:

"I may assure you that your daughter, when she sees him, will not consult you about the choice, or will only do so in respect to the rules of decorum. He is truly a very fine young gentleman, the most agreeable in his conversation and manners of any I ever knew, no less remarkable for his intelligence and sweetness of temper. . . . It is agreed on all hands that he is handsome; his features are good, his eye is not only sprightly and expressive, but it is full of benignity. His attitude, in sitting, is, by connoisseurs, esteemed graceful, and he has a method of waving his hand that announces the future orator." This was the boy who, at twenty, was killed in a duel forced on him by resentment of attacks on his father.

To General Schuyler he gives this version of his misunderstanding with General Washington under date of February 18, 1781:

Since I had the pleasure of writing you last an unexpected change has taken place in my situation. I am no longer a member of the general's family. This information will surprise you, and the manner of the change will surprise you no more. Two days ago the general and I passed each other on the stairs. He told me he wanted to speak to me; I answered that I would wait upon him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary, containing an order of a pressing and interesting nature. Returning to the general, I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de La Fayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back, and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the general, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, where, accosting me in an angry tone, "Colonel Hamilton (said he), you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes; I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." I replied without petulance, but with decision, "I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." "Very well, sir (said he), if it be your choice," or something to this effect, and we separated. I sincerely believe my absence, which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes.

In less than an hour after, Tilghman came to me in the general's name, assuring me of his great confidence in my abilities, integrity, usefulness, etc., and of his desire, in a candid conversation, to heal a difference which could not have happened, but in a moment of passion. I requested Mr. Tilghman to tell him, first: That I had taken my resolution in a manner not to be revoked; second, that as a conversation could serve no other purpose than to produce ex-



Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "The Southerners."
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

planations, mutually disagreeable, though I certainly would not refuse an interview, if he desired it, yet I would be happy if he would permit me to decline it; third, that though determined to leave the family, the same principles which had kept me so long in it would continue to direct my conduct towards him when out of it; fourth, that, however, I did not wish to distress him, or the public business, by quitting him before he could derive other assistance by the return of some of the gentlemen who were absent; fifth, and that in the meantime, it depended on him, to let our behavior to each other be the same as if nothing happened. He consented to decline the conversation, and thanked me for my offer of continuing my aid in the manner I had mentioned.

I have given you so particular a detail of our difference, from the desire I have to justify myself in your opinion. Perhaps you may think I was precipitate in rejecting the overture made by the general to an accommodation. I assure you, my dear sir, it was not the effect of resentment; it was the deliberate result of maxims I had long formed for the government of my own conduct.

The remaining letters gives glimpses of Hamilton's work as lawyer, as politician, as Secretary of the Treasury, as trusted counselor of Washington and the party leaders, with only casual allusions to his somewhat strained relations with President Adams; and finally of his fatal quarrel with Burr.

The volume is supplemented with four interesting appendices—a photograph of a page of the church register of Christiansted, St. Croix, D. W. I., containing interment notice of Rachael Leonine; the deed of separation between John and Mary Fawcett, of Nevis, B. W. I., maternal grandparents of Alexander Hamilton; doggerel verses popular after Hamilton's death, and Hamilton's letter to his father describing the great West Indian hurricane of August, 1772, which was considered by local judges so interesting that it was printed in the *Royal Danish-American Gazette* of Christiansted. It was this letter, dated St. Croix, September 6, 1772, which convinced Hamilton's relatives of his ability and led them to send him to New York

for an education. Here is a specimen of this curious production, found in the Royal Library at Copenhagen:

It began about dusk, at north, and raged very violently till ten o'clock. Then ensued a sudden and unexpected interval, which lasted about an hour. Meanwhile the wind was shifting round to the south-west point from whence it returned with redoubled fury, and continued so till near three o'clock in the morning. Good God! What horror and destruction—it is impossible for me to describe—or you to form an idea of it. It seemed as if the total dissolution of nature was taking place. The roaring of the sea and wind—fiery meteors flying about in the air—the prodigious glare of almost perpetual lightning—the crash of the falling houses—and the ear-piercing shrieks of the distressed, were sufficient to strike astonishment into angels. A great part of the buildings throughout the islands are leveled to the ground—almost all the rest very much shattered—several persons killed and numbers utterly ruined—whole families running about the streets unknowing where to find a place of shelter—the sick exposed to the keenness of water and air—without a bed to lie upon—or a dry covering to their bodies—our harbor is entirely bare. In a word, misery in all its most hideous shapes, spread over the whole face of the country. A strong smell of gun powder added somewhat to the terrors of the night; and it was observed that the rain was surprisingly salt. Indeed, the water is so brackish and full of sulphur that there is hardly any drinking it.

In "The Conqueror" Mrs. Atherton described this storm, but made it begin in the early morning and hail from the southeast, where West Indian hurricanes usually form. From Hamilton's own account it will be seen that the real hurricane occurred at night, and probably formed in the Gulf of Mexico. In accounting for her mistake, Mrs. Atherton says: "There was absolutely no authority to consult, and I was obliged to construct this almost forgotten phenomenon from the abundant data of the equally tremendous hurricane of 1899. Although I knew that lightning and thunder sometimes accompany these great wind-storms, I omitted this manifestation from my description lest I strain the credulity of the Anglo-Saxon reader, always prone to scent exaggeration. It will now be seen that I did indeed 'draw it mild,' for Hamilton's hurricane had falling meteors, the most terrific accompaniment of lightning and thunder, and a prevailing smell of gunpowder—which must, in sooth, have added to the alarms of the undevout."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A FAVORITE ACTOR'S VERSES.

Life the Lover.

Could we know—ah, could we know
Whether what we might have done
Ever will have chance to grow
In the realms beyond the sun,
Then the race were lost, and won—
Lost as winter yields to spring—
Learned from limping how to run,
Learned from limping how to sing.

Life the light and Flesh the lamp,
Flame, or lantern, which is "I"—
Earth which doth the spirit cramp,
Spirit which the Earth doth fly?
Word of hate and lover's sigh
Pass they when their sound is spent?
Shall we be mere memory,
Or for sorrow or content?

This may be the journey's end—
Life and Death and passing man,
Life the lover, Death the friend,
Call for pipes and foaming can.
List awhile the song of Pan—
Life, my sweet, I love thee well!
Laugh we while I live my span.
Listen! 'tis our marriage hell!

—E. H. Sothorn in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Ideals.

I sat beneath the roses on a day . . .
And I was lonely, for the day was fair,
So made myself a God . . . a God of clay,
And sculptured every grace I thought most rare
Into the senseless mud, then knelt in prayer;

Crying, "I want! I want!" Vaguely, untaught,
Seeking the noble, beautiful and good,
As from the earth my nimble fingers wrought,
Not lips that spake, nor eyes that understood,
But eyes and lips that answered as I would!

The image mirrored all the best in me,
All things I craved to worship and adore:
Beauty and youth, hope, love and chastity,
Honor and truth . . . all these and something more

That men cry out, and kill, and hunger for;

That dearer self, that sweet companionship,
Which gaining, gladly from all Edens hurled,
Man sees a thousand beauties eye nor lip
Hath ever spoken, ever seen unfurled,
Lending a new-found glory to the world.

Kneeling I prayed, "Give me from all the earth
One woman, but one woman, who shall be
All that my starving soul would bring to birth
From this dead loam!" As though to answer me
The leaves fell wide, and one said, "I am she!"

'Twas thus she came, and morrows waxed and waned,
And for a moon I dreamed all dreams were true;
Then saw I both what I had lost and gained:
The one I prayed for, and the one I knew . . .
And my soul died within me at the view!

I sat beneath the cypress on a day . . .
And I was weary, for the day was bare,
So cried, "O, give me back my God of clay
Whereon my fancy sculptured all things fair!"
Then spake a voice that said, "Behold it there!"

There lay my broken image neath the yew,
Shattered past mending, all its beauties flown,
And my numbed fingers can not build anew
As on that day when youth's bright summer shone
O'er the poor fragments now I weep alone.

—E. H. Sothorn in *Collier's* 1894.

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David and Bathsheba, a play by Stephen Phillips.
Few of Hamilton's Letters, A, selected by Gertrude Atherton.
From the Unvarying Star, by Elsworth Lawson.
Grey Wig, The, by Israel Zangwill.
Historical Lectures, by the late Lord Acton.
History of the Confederate War, A, by George Cary Eggleston.
Kempton-Wace Letters, The, published anonymously.
People of the Whirlpool, The, by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife."
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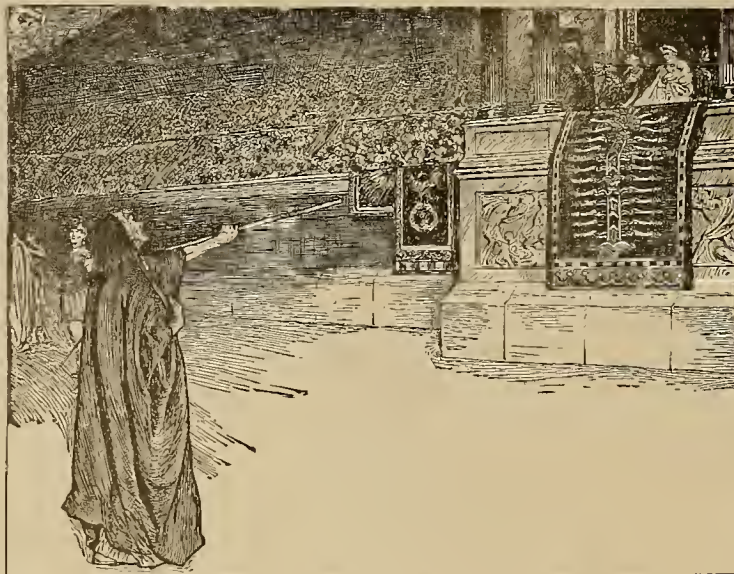


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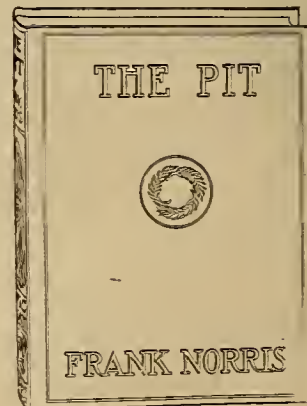
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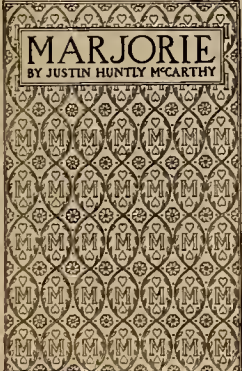
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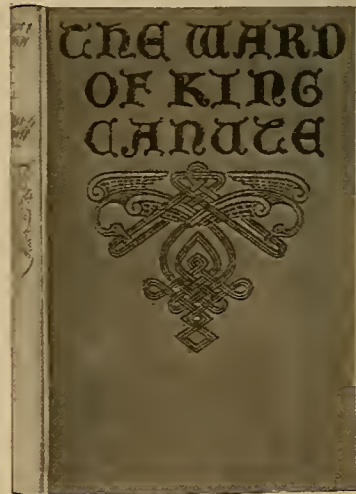


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The author did not conceive the idea of her heroine in strenuous mood. She is principally concerned in painting in light, free strokes types and surroundings that are familiar to her; for, judging from the dedication, and from her familiarity with the details of college life, it is evident that she writes from personal observation and experience. A stern censor who does not read to be amused, might be struck by the fact that Patty glides through



Jean Webster, author of "When Patty Went to College." Published by the Century Company.

college exercising her faculties of adroitness and strategy to their utmost limit, in order to evade the higher education which she is presumably seeking, and employs her brightest talents and natural acuteness with an energy that is almost praiseworthy to prevent herself from being found out by the faculty in various omissions and commissions of which she is guilty. But there is an element of earnestness in the closing chapter, which contains an out-of-door, impromptu sermon by the bishop, from whose Sunday sermon in the pulpit the ever-candid Patty avows that she has fled. The bishop's admonition and the impression made on Patty's conscience are charmingly indicated in the closing chapter without in any way deviating from the light, bright buoyancy of tone previously assumed by the author, who gives to her heroine a fund of natural gaiety and characteristic humor which will make her ecstatically appreciated by graduates and undergraduates, and will even lend a flip to the jaded spirits of the mature.

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Thenceforward events rain upon the reader thick as leaves in Vallamhrosa. Within twenty-four hours Taliaferro fights in the street his new lady-love's villainous adorer, is arrested, fined, and sentenced to leave the city. He returns in a day or two in the rôle of amateur matador, wins the applause of the populace, the attention of the emperor, the favor of Felise, not, however, the favor of Felise's father, a blue-blooded Hidalgo. At length Taliaferro enlists in the army of Maximilian, and does wondrous deeds of daring. But Maximilian's empire is tottering. The insurgents grow stronger daily. Don José, Taliaferro's rival, fights against Maximilian, at the head of an army. He even captures the beautiful Felise. But our hero, with many exciting incidents, of course recaptures her. At last, however, all is lost. Taliaferro, the haughty father of Felise, Maximilian himself, are all made prisoners. Don José's wily schemes seem about to result in the death of Taliaferro, the winning of Felise. The girl is ready to sacrifice herself to Don José to save her father's life when light dawns—the father dies of heart-failure, Don José is outwitted, and the lovers see life opening before them.

The author of this dashing novel, George Cram Cook, has depicted with considerable skill the conflict between filial devotion and religious belief on the one hand, and love upon the other, in the heart of Felise. Otherwise the novel is frankly melodramatic. The characters are but faintly sketched. The events are often highly improbable, if not impossible. The hook, as a whole, will, we think, appeal much more strongly to youthful readers than to mature ones.

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But here the tricky little god with the arrows takes one by surprise, and here the real interest of the romance begins. At the reception to General Morgan, Prescott looks over the heads of the crowd gathered to do honor to the great "Raider"—over the heads of all the beautiful Southern women assembled, even over the beautiful Helen herself, and sees a tall figure on the outskirts of the crowd draped in a long brown cloak. The hood of the cloak almost conceals the face beneath and, drawn by the suspicion she is a Northern spy, the captain follows her. The defiant courage and cool self-possession of this girl, discovered to be young and beautiful upon closer inspection, arouse the interest of young Captain Prescott. He follows her the next time for personal, as well as political, reasons, and, in order to avoid using the information he thinks he has against her as a government spy, he risks his own life and his honor as a

captain of the Confederacy by taking her through the lines within reach of the Northern camp.

When Generals Grant and Lee meet in the fateful Battle of the Wilderness and the issue of the war is decided, the beautiful Northerner finds herself again in Richmond where, with the other heart-stricken women, she goes to succor the dying and identify the dead. When Captain Prescott, who has fallen with a wound, opens his eyes and sees the beautiful Northerner bending over him, straightway there is no North nor South. But it is not until the war is over, mysteries cleared, and peace declared, that their tumultuous affairs are brought to a happy ending.



Will N. Harben, author of "The Substitute." Published by Harper & Brothers.

In this hook Mr. Altschler has achieved a notable success in making it a story of the war, not of the North, nor the South. Both sides are represented by their best valor and strength. An unbiased description of the great decisive battle is given, and no sectional spirit aroused.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Course of True Love in Georgia.

In his latest story, "The Substitute," Will N. Harben paints the remorse of an old man who hopes to atone for a crime committed in youth, by rearing and educating a poor boy and making a good man of him. This boy is a model hero. Handsome, brave, upright, and with remarkable business acumen, he succeeds in winning the love of Lydia Cranston, the daughter of the aristocrat of the village, "the only man in the town who wears kid gloves." But as the young man is unfortunate enough to have a convict father, serving his term in the State prison, it does not seem unnatural that the parents of the beautiful girl should favor the suit of the governor of Georgia, who is her equal in worldly respects. But in the little rural community of which Mr. Harben writes, there is no such thing as social caste; the religious element governs everything, and the good people can not understand why a worthy young man should not be admitted to any family. So they all take a hand in pushing his suit, and the hard-hearted father is harangued and sworn at by one ardent partisan, while another goes to the house and hears the beauty to the hedside of the hero, who has been wounded in defense of some widows' and orphans' money entrusted to his care. A third goes to Atlanta, forces his way into the private office of the governor, and, after abusing him in the strongest language known to a mountaineer of Northern Georgia, pulls and twists his ear. A policeman is within call, but the cowed governor does not dare to ask his assistance. After these timely little helps, all is smooth sailing. The convict father obligingly dies, and an autopsy proves that an old hurt in his head is responsible for all of his criminal acts. The old man, who has suffered agonies of remorse for thirty years

over the life he took in early youth, has managed in the interval to amass an enormous fortune, which goes to the good young man, thus reconciling the aristocratic Virginian to the marriage of his daughter. The story is commonplace, but the hook has a number of racy anecdotes told in the dialect of Northern Georgia. This is where Mr. Harben excels, as shown both in "The Substitute" and also in his well-known "Ahner Daniel."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Manifold Charms of Egypt.

Conspicuous among the new publications, both from the standpoint of the reader and

his illustrations, which are seventy-five in number, and all beautifully colored, are simply charming. The subjects cover almost every conceivable phase of Egyptian life and scenery as one would find it to-day.

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$6.00.

George Barr McCutcheon, author of that popular successful novel, "Graustark," has written a new story under the title "The Sherrods."

SOME OF Little, Brown & Co.'s BOOKS

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Author of "In the Country God Forgot"

A story of the present day, and its scene is San Francisco, the author's home. It deals with art, with journalism, and with human nature, and its love episodes are charming and true to life. There is much local color in the story, and a great deal of bright and epigrammatic writing. The author's previous book, "In the Country God Forgot," has been received with the utmost favor. The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says it "discloses a new writer of uncommon power." It is now in its fourth edition.

One of the Best Selling Books in the East**THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR**

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The God of His Fathers, by Jack London.
Windjammers, by Jenkins Hains.
Hard Pan, by Geraldine Bonner (a San Francisco story by a local author)

The Damnation of Theron Ware, by Frederick.
The Sowers, by Merriman.
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Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, by Doyle.
L'Aiglon, by Rostand.
Parlous Times, by Wells.
In the Palace of the King, by Crawford.
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TOWNSEND'S SPIRITED NOVEL.

New York's Newspapers and Millionaires.

Conspicuous among recent novels for intricacy of plot and absorbing interest is Edward W. Townsend's "Lees and Leaven." Though the book opens with a coal-yard scene in a little Ohio town, soon on the current of the story are drifting a pair of eloping, unforgiven lovers, a lost deed, actresses and chorus-girls, mixed with sudden death from a train-collision, miraculous escape from another train wreck, secret dishonesty, wild speculation, late suppers and loose living. Farther on in the book we have a vivid, if unflattering, picture



Author of "Lees and Leaven." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

of the office of a New York yellow journal whose identity is not hard to guess, and a portrait of Carson, the editor that makes "mighty interestin' readin'." Strange to say, Mr. Townsend's yellow journal seems to be the same one which Alan Dale described in his rather sensational novel. Only, Townsend tells how Carson likes to have reporters a bit insane, and how with one hand he filches a quarter from the three-dollar-a-week salary of a crippled girl employed to address circulars, while with the other he O. K.'s a we-love-the-laboring-man editorial. Dale, for his part, told how the reporters who wrote "strong" editorials on the vice of drunkenness always boozed up the night before. Taken together, the two books would make quite a complete and pretty picture.

The lost deed for immensely valuable iron-bearing land, which a "trust" is bound to have, brings into Mr. Townsend's delightfully written story some more or less fictitious characters of the New York financial world (and their lovely daughters and manly, but susceptible, sons, by the by). Lawyer Bannister is an achievement in character-drawing, and the old lady who says "Pish!" though she only appears once or twice, is another triumph in characterization. The central figure of the book, however, is Smiling Harry, a modern *homme qui rit*—a 1903 Gwynplaine. And is it our imagination only that sees in the virtuous but not innocent Daisy a trace of the Duchess Josiana? At any rate, the astute and intellectual Bannister ought not to have expressed amazement when he saw the handsome actress star lavishing affection on Smiling Harry, the vendor of crabs. Rather, he should have softly quoted Josiana—"A lover despised, mocked, grotesque, hideous, what extraordinary attraction! It is a taste of the fruit of bell. A base-born lover, how exquisite! To be in love with Apollo, a fine effort, forsooth!" Needless to say, the book as a whole is of the sort to attract many readers.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Ancient Rome and the Early Christians.

In his "Pearl-Maiden," H. Rider Haggard has entered a new field. In this story there is nothing of the weird, occult, or supernatural. It is a simple, straightforward tale of the followers of "the crucified man called Christ," when pagan Rome, under the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, was persecuting the new sect called Christian. If "Quo Vadis" had never been written, the "Pearl-Maiden" would have come to us with the merit of newness, and might have been read with a keener relish. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Haggard has stolen his thunder from Sienkiewicz, but the Polish writer has painted the struggle of the early Christians, the wealth and vice of ancient Rome, the scenes in the amphitheatre when the prisoners were thrown to the wild beasts, so graphically and covered the ground so thoroughly, that the book that treats of the same times must,

of necessity, follow closely in the footsteps of "Quo Vadis."

The spirit of the book, however, has a savor all its own. The faithful love between servant and master, husband and wife, lover and beloved, stands out in gratifying contrast with the darker pictures of political and religious corruption.

The beautiful Miriam, literally baptized in the blood of martyrs, loves the Roman, Marcus, but having the dying command of her parents upon her that she shall never marry outside her faith, she renounces him. The faithful servant, Nehushta, who serves mother and daughter through life, follows the Christian Miriam through countless perils as deliverer and preserver, and might, in a strict sense, be called the heroine of the story. After being stoned, imprisoned, and almost suffering martyrdom, Miriam escapes, to find that Marcus, through his love for her, although he believes her dead, has also become a follower of "the crucified man called Christ," and they are finally married.

While Mr. Haggard's romance lacks much of the originality of plot and boldness of execution that we usually expect in his works, its very simplicity and straightforwardness charm the reader.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Pride of Tellfair."

A whole-souled, thorough-going, love-story, well worth the time spent upon it, is "The Pride of Tellfair," by Elmore Elliott Peake. The leading characters, Morris Davenport and Josephine Priestly, are sterling people drawn close to life with a true and steady hand. The author has not tried to make a hero of Davenport. He is merely a representative citizen, made of common American clay, but refined and slightly glazed by his own vigorous effort. Mr. Peake even insists upon clothing his man in a checked suit and divulging the fact that he has red hair. His plot is the usual one, a Man, a Girl, and an Obstacle, but there is also much beside—politics, fast horses, and a country fair. The author's treatment of his characters is so matter-of-fact that it raises them all above the commonplace. There are no heroics in



E. E. Peake, author of "The Pride of Tellfair." Published by Harper & Brothers.

the book, no hero-poses, and no deep-dyed villain, nor has Mr. Peake tried to immortalize some special epoch of history or point a moral. His story is just a pretty romance, with no excuses, and therein is his advantage, for, after all, 'tis love that makes the world go 'round."

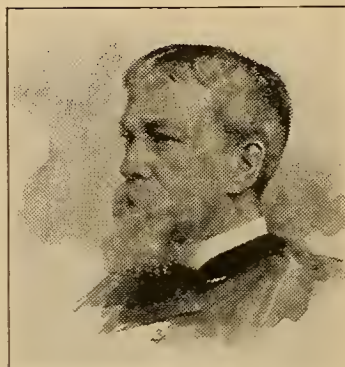
Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Circle."

The histrionic genius of a little obscure Russian Jewess, and the new and richly colored life of variety and experience which the development of her powers opens before her, is the theme of "The Circle," a recently published and already widely read novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. The favor with which the book has been received is due not alone to the nature of the story, which is somewhat out of the beaten track, but to a gift for style which the author possesses. As yet, her literary talent is not rounded out to its fullest capacity, for there are a few extravagances and improbabilities in her plot, but she possesses to a noticeable degree the ability to cast her ideas in compact, yet lucid

and graphic, form. Added to this, she has a sane and healthy outlook on life, which has imparted to the love-story in "The Circle" a pleasant and wholesome charm.

The two leading characters, and, in fact, the only female characters in the book, those of Mrs. Maxstead and Anna Solny, form a telling contrast, each to the other, with their extremes of calm, thoughtful calculation and quick, heartfelt impulse, while that of Maurice Strode is more the stereotyped woman's hero—gentle, yet manly, chivalric, devoted, and high-idealized. It should be added that, while the discovery and exploitation of Mlle. Solny's



Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of "A Comedy of Science." Published by the Century Company.

genius forms the main pivot on which the plot revolves, yet her artistic career is scarcely more than glanced at, the story turning principally on the influence that career has had on

her mind and character, and on the subsequent life of the affections.

The volume is prettily illustrated with half a dozen full-page drawings by Reginald Birch.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Our Northern Shrubs."

We have it upon the word of the publishers that ten thousand copies of Harriet L. Keeler's "Native Trees" have been sold, and we have no reason to doubt the statement. Certainly the fact testifies to a wide interest in the silva of our country, as well as to the merits of the book. Miss Keeler has now written a companion work, called "Our Northern Shrubs." It contains two hundred plates from photographs, and thirty-five illustrations from drawings, and is altogether an admirable guide to the trees of the region lying north of Mason and Dixon's line, east of the Mississippi, and south of the Canadian boundary. It would be of little use as a band-book to California shrubs. For instance, the names manzanita, mesquite, chaparral and sage do not appear in the index, and probably not in the book.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"With the Eyes of Youth" is the title of a collection of essays left by the late William Black, and soon to be published. A conversation with Carlyle is recorded in one of these papers.

Thomas Nelson Page's new novel, "Gorton Keith," the first from his pen since "Red Rock," will make its appearance in May. There will be no serial publication.

Important Books of the Spring Season

The Blue Goose

By FRANK L. NASON

"A novel of the Colorado mining district as rugged and as full of real go'd as any of the rich ore about which the drama of its action turns."

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A strikingly faithful picture of that which calls itself "Society" as it exists in our large cities. The career of a fortune-hunting Earl furnishes a bright and amusing central plot.

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Companion Volume to "The Simple Life."

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This new book indicates how the doctrines of the author's "Simple Life" can be applied to our every-day existence. Its aim is to show how peace and calm can be preserved through all the moods of doubt and despair that harass us. It is filled with the same warm love of nature and of human kind that pervades the first book, but its counsel to the heart is even more intimate and kindly.

\$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.

The Voice in the Desert

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A distinctly original story of the Arizona Desert, depicting the peculiar influence exerted by the desert upon people of different temperaments. The characters are drawn with unusual power and the story is strong and interesting.

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Lees and Leaven

A New York Story of To-Day

BY

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

Author of

"Chimmie Fadden," etc.

Several charming love-stories between the covers of one book, woven around a central story of unusual interest. A vivid and faithful picture of high and low life in New York to-day.

\$1.50.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., NEW YORK

"LOVEY MARY."

Cabbage Patch Chronicles Continued.

The several million readers of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will find "Lovey Mary" simply a continuation of Cabbage Patch chronicles, with a character or two added. Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice writes with quite as much charm as did Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan—a rather surprising thing, by the way, considering that endeavors to duplicate a success are usually rank failures. The hook has nothing that could properly be called a plot, but depends, as did "Mrs. Wiggs," upon the chief character's homely philosophy, and upon a series of more or less amusing incidents in the lives of the Patchites, among which are amateur theatricals, a "first-rate" fire, and the marriage of Miss Hazy through the kind offices of an "astrologer."

One's chief interest in a hook which, though bearing no marks of positive genius, still has an enormous sale among all classes, lies in the fact that it necessarily reflects the tastes of the American people. No person of discrimination, we think, will seriously contend that the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" is either a person of surpassing brilliancy of intellect, or of extraordinary insight into human character. Yet her book finds millions of appreciative readers, conclusive proof, to our mind, that the subject-matter and manner of treatment are such as to appeal to the masses and classes alike. What, then, are the ingredients that have gone to make up the alluring qualities of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary"? First, both stories are absolutely pure in tone. There is not in either the slightest shadow of morbidity. They are strictly stories *virginibus puerisque*. Second, the curious char-

acters, at which the reader is invited to be amused, are all on so humble an intellectual level that no person can for a moment take offense. People who know not a line of Homer's "Iliad" can still smile when that work is presented to Mrs. Wiggs, and can still feel superior. Again, who can not appreciate the humor of the playing of "Faust" by a select lot of Patchite touse-heads in the school-house? Better, by far, was Frank Norris's gentle satire on the grand opera in Chicago, but on thousands of people, who read about the Cabbage Patch play with appreciation, all Norris's wit would have been lost—would have shot over their heads. That is the secret of Mrs. Rice's success, and the point we wish to make. Every incident, every character, in her hooks are reduced to their lowest terms; they transcend the experience of no one, rich or poor, high or low. When Norris satirizes an ignorant stock-broker, how could it be expected that people more ignorant than the stock-broker should appreciate the satire? But Mrs. Rice does nothing of this sort. She holds up to be laughed at only people who can not read! Her incidents find counterparts in the experience of every little girl. Her humor is as real, and no more complex, than Mother Goose. Her system of ethics is optimistic and simple. Here is the secret of writing a popular novel—he pure, he genuine, he optimistic, he humorous, he sentimental, he conventional, but, above all, use only incidents about which everybody knows, which everybody understands.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The Murder of the Mandarin.

Vance Thompson is a rather brilliant journalist and magazine writer, but he is not so good a novelist. Cynicism and satire, a fine assortment of words which the dictionary brackets as "Rare," and a ready knowledge of the French epigrammatists will carry a journalist far; not so far a novelist. In "Spinners of Life" Mr. Thompson does, indeed, drag in the Frenchmen often, use an obsolescent word now and then, and exhibit throughout a worldly wisdom, but it does not help the hook very much. The work lacks a certain coherence that is characteristic



Illustration from "Spinners of Life," by Vance Thompson. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

good fortune from a mandarin, living in some far-away China, whom you had never seen, nor heard of, if it were necessary for you merely to touch a spot on the wall—would you touch it and kill the mandarin?" Gaffney muses over the question, decides he would touch the spot, rises to retire and sees before him a ruby-red spot on the wall, touches it in a spirit of bravado, and goes to bed. Next morning he finds himself heir to a million from an old man who, the day before, had died at sea, suddenly, with a ruby-red spot on his forehead. Here is the basis of the tale in which the "love interest" is prominent. An attempt—but not a very successful one—is made to explain the phenomenon of the ruby-red spot. The characters, all of them, are well drawn; and the conclusion may be called "happy." The scene is New York. The novel should appeal especially to those interested in telepathy, clairvoyance, etc. It is a good story, but in no way extraordinary.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Arthur Cosslett Smith and His Book.

It was rashly said in these columns some time since that the author of "Caleb West: Master Diver" was "our only literarily famous Smith." The statement was not only rash, but untrue. We might, of course, split hairs and say that Arthur Cosslett Smith is not yet exactly famous, but "The Turquoise Cup" is so certainly bound to give him soon at least a little of what passes for literary fame, that it is idle to endeavor in such a



Illustration from "The Turquoise Cup," by Arthur Cosslett Smith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

manner to justify our inaccuracy. "The Turquoise Cup," we believe, was first printed in Scribner's a year or so ago, and the fact that the interval since has not sufficed to erase recollection of it from our mind is, to us, strong evidence that the tale is a good one. That impression is confirmed by a re-reading of it.

"The Turquoise Cup," as well as the other story in the book, called "The Desert," are tales that only a man of intellectual bril-

liancy and wide experience in the world could write. An Olive Schreiner—a raw country girl—may evolve from her imagination a hook that touches the hearts of thousands, but when it comes to writing a novel of manners—to creating sophisticated characters—men and women of the world—that requires the knowledge of a cosmopolite rather than resources of imagination. And Mr. Smith has not only knowledge and sufficing imagination, but also a literary style which, for brilliancy, is seldom surpassed.

The turquoise cup, in the first story, is that in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice. A beautiful woman has made its possession the price of her hand. The impecunious English earl who loves her steals it from the treasury. An archbishop cardinal is privy to the theft. This is the bare skeleton of a complex plot that Mr. Smith handles with rare skill. "The Desert," an even more unusual tale,

concerns the Arah master of a camel caravan, a desert beauty bred to lead the life of a dancing-girl, the French commandant at Biskra on the edge of the Sahara, and Mirza the "mother" of the dancers.

The publishers have given the hook an extremely artistic binding, and there are, besides, two or three good pictures—one in colors.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Autobiography of a Beggar; Prefaced by Some Account of the Humorous Adventures and Incidents Related in the Beggars' Club," is the novel title of a hook by I. K. Friedman.

Booker T. Washington is writing a new book on the general subject of negro education in Southern schools and colleges.

A Spring Is Here A

ZOLA'S New Novel

Finished just before his death

Truth Truth Truth

Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY

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A New Novel by

MRS. WILFRID WARD

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DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

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VANDA WATHEN-BARTLETT

The Gap in the Garden

Decorative Boards. 12mo. \$1.50. Just Out. By the author of "Heart's Desire."

N. Y. Times Saturday Review: "A story which deals with supposed mental atavism. The occult is developed unknown to the dramatic personae, but perfectly visible to the reader. When a certain baleful influence is withdrawn, the characters seek their natural partners—like masqueraders at a ball when the disguises are thrown aside."

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON

"RICHARD ROSNY."

A Modernized Old-Fashioned Novel.

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has been unlucky enough never to have reached, in subsequent works, the high-water mark in merit attained in that, her most famous novel. In the greater part of her succeeding works of fiction, she adheres to similar qualities of style, atmosphere, and narrative, being particularly partial to depicting the long and patient endurance of undeserved suffering. This, indeed, speaking generally, is the main defect in her stories, and is again evident in "Richard Rosny," the latest work from her pen. There are, no doubt, a large proportion of readers that like the element of morbid suffering in fiction, and to such, "Richard Rosny" will commend itself, more especially as it bears all the familiar ear-marks of Maxwell Grey's well-known style. But the book is unduly lengthy for the story that is told, and the thread of narrative is but loosely held together. There is something exasperating, too, in the open selfishness of Richard Rosny's tribe of relations, and in the lack of spirit of the worm that so steadily refuses to turn.



James Weber Linn, author of "The Chameleon."
Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Even with the secret that Richard bides in his breast, and which, by the way, the reader does not wholly share, it is scarcely probable that he would submit with such invincible patience to the exactions, criticisms, and rank ingratitude of his step-brothers and sisters. The author, no doubt, intended this monumental patience to move the sympathies of the reader, but she does not altogether succeed in her purpose. When Richard patiently talks retrenchment, and nobody retrenches, the impatient reader longs to prick the side of his intent, and compel him to make them. When his refined, gentle, selfish little millstone of a mother talks about Richard's sordid views on the value of money, one is not amused, but irritated. In fact, it is a literary error to outrage, so frequently, the reader's sense of justice without involving some kind of reprisal on the heads of the offenders. Nevertheless, the book will probably be widely read. It has a murder, a mystery, an attempted seduction, an incipient elopement, a romantic atmosphere, and, in brief, is a modernized edition of the old-fashioned English novel.

The author gives full vein to her partiality for leisurely narrative and description, and, following her usual bent, paints pleasant pictures of rural England, and of the rustic folk whose labors make it so fair.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Subtle Short Stories.

"Tioba" is a volume containing some ten or twelve short stories, which, having pre-



John H. Whitton, author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West." Published by Little, Brown & Co.

viously appeared in different periodicals, are now gathered together, under the title of the initial tale. The author, Arthur Colton, reveals a style and fancy that are not founded

on stereotyped models. There is something unusual, even fantastic, in the play, both of imagination and humor, in the majority of these tales, which, nevertheless, are widely diverse in subject.

"Tioba" is a mountain that is a puzzling and powerful personality to the simple-hearted backwoodsman who tills the meadowlands near its base, and who tells the tale of the doings of dwellers on its lower slopes. The story does not amount to so much, but the comments and philosophizings of the narrator have a picturesqueness borrowed from the encompassing wilderness, and are full of pungent and unconscious humor.

"A Night's Lodging" is the story of a trustful, guileless old clergyman, who, retired from active work, and leading a life of gentle senile content, gives the rein to impulse one night, and goes wandering off with a wag of a tramp who has ulterior designs on a snug sum in the old man's pocket. The hobnobbing of the innocent old patriarch with a group of tramps makes good reading, the talk of the gentry of the road being particularly well done. In fact, the author has a great knack for tossing off the conversation of various types of unlettered people, which is given with easy, unforced realism and humor. His more serious tales have wider meanings, which are sometimes elusive to the more literal reader, but which will appeal to the lover of metaphysical subtleties, and to those who have a kindred sympathy with his simultaneous recognition of the spiritual and the humorous potentialities in one human creature, no matter how low or how lofty his grade in life.

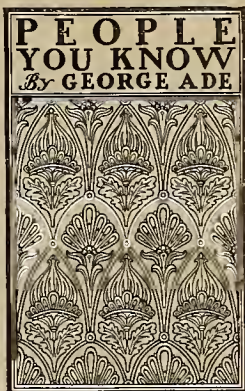
Mr. Colton is able to supplement his originality of treatment with a style that is free, graphic, and direct, simple in manner, yet unmistakably literary in quality.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The Horse in Fiction.

It is apparent that Sewell Ford, the author of "Horses Nine," is an ardent lover of horseflesh, and that his appreciation extends not only toward the ornamental or the speed qualities of his favorite equines, but that he believes the horse to be responsive to kind treatment, and very constant in his affections.

Mr. Ford's volume includes nine short stories, each a brightly written, amusing, and sometimes touching, biography of as many different horses. The titles of the stories are a study in horses names, each bearing in some



Cover Design from Harper & Brothers.

way on the disposition, appearance, or pedigree of the equine hero.

The author shows not merely a sentimental, but a thoroughly practical knowledge of his subject, and, under the guise of entertaining reading, a good deal of useful information may be absorbed about the proper way to treat horses in order to preserve as long as possible their strength, beauty, and usefulness.

It is gratifying to encounter a champion who is at once so compassionate and so strong and capable in his advocacy of these dumb, patient beasts whose beauty and strength have wrought to their own undoing. For, although Mr. Ford has loved to give a cheerful ending to his tales, it is evident that, unless the horse is accorded most skillful and merciful treatment, his time of glory is short and fleeting, and may pass away in a day. The careers of the nine subjects of Mr. Ford's stories are quite various, including that of a truck horse, one in the heavy draught service, a racer, a four-legged member of the New York mounted police force, a farm horse, a high-stepper, who drew shining rubber-tired broughams for the wealthy, and a superb stallion, who had a wild and glorious career ruling the ranges, until he was captured and tamed in inglorious captivity. This last story bears some resemblance to Ernest Seton Thompson's "Pacing Mustang," and, in the incident of the running down and capture of

Black Eagle by his cowboy pursuer, to "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," by the same author.

The volume is handsomely illustrated and pleasingly bound, containing an appropriate design on the cover.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Stockton's Posthumous Novel.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish about the end of May a novel by Frank R. Stockton, which was written by the author during the year preceding his death. It is a love-story, entitled "The Captain's Tollgate," and has for its scene that part of West Virginia in which Mr. Stockton made his home during the last years of his life. "The Captain's Tollgate" will be brought out with a memoir of Mr. Stockton, written by Mrs. Stockton. It will also have a frontispiece portrait of the author, and some views of Mr. Stockton's home in West Virginia.

From LIFE, Feb. 26, 1903

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THE STORY OF A STRIKE.

Guy Wetmore Carryl's New Book.

The struggle between capital and labor is the basis of Guy Wetmore Carryl's novel, "The Lieutenant-Governor," and the story is very well told. The scene of action is evidently the western region of Pennsylvania, thinly disguised under the name of Alleghania.

The story opens with a strike at the Rathbawne Mills, situated in Kenton City, the capital. The reader's sympathies are never for a moment with the strikers, for Peter Rathbawne, the owner of the mills, is a model proprietor, who, during the thirty years in which they have grown from a "shanty on the outskirts of Kenton City to a collection of buildings covering four solid squares filled



Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Glimpses of California." Published by Little, Brown & Co.

with modern machinery, and employing four thousand, two hundred and odd hands," has treated his employees with unexampled kindness. He has never reduced wages, has shortened hours of labor, and has even recognized the union, although he found it a bitter pill.

But when a former employee, an unprincipled agitator, stirs up discord among the workmen, Peter Rathbawne discharges the fifteen accomplices of this Michael McGrath, and is then given the choice between reinstating them or having the mills shut down by a strike. It is here that the hero of the story has his opportunity. John Borelay, the lieutenant-governor, a young man of high

aims and ardent patriotism, finds himself, for a time, in the humiliating position of being unable to lift a finger to prevent riot and bloodshed, by reason of the rascality of the governor, and his collusion with the unscrupulous instigator of the strike.

How the lieutenant-governor restores order with the loss of hut a single life, and that an unworthy one, how the young official, by force and wisdom, brings the troubles to a close makes an interesting story. Mr. Carryl's aim in this, his latest novel, is to teach the lofty motives that should characterize public officials, and the story is particularly interesting at this time when public attention has been called to the great coal strike. There is material for a longer book had the author chosen to use it. The reader feels interested in the three engaged couples, and has a desire to see more of them. All ends happily to the chime of wedding bells.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Zola's "Truth."

"Truth," besides being the last novel of Emile Zola, is his longest as well. The sheer labor of massing incident upon incident, character upon character, detail upon detail, is such as to command admiration for Zola's industry, whatever may be said of the literary merits of the book. As everybody knows, the work is a fictitious parallel of the Dreyfus case, and expresses Zola's views regarding the Roman church. Unlike other of Zola's books, "Truth" is seldom offensive from a moral point of view, and it is unquestionably a striking picture of the gross medieval superstitions of the masses, kept down and in the dark by the Roman church and other religious orders. Behind every page one feels the influence of Zola's own bitter experience still ranking. To the reader who stands apart from the great religious controversies that rack France, the novel is, however, too long, and far too polemical to have the highest interest as a work of fiction. In order to make his point regarding the beneficent condition, which would follow the elimination of the Catholic clergy as a political force, Zola presents in the penultimate chapter a picture of affairs twenty years after the conviction of the innocent Jew. In the last chapter, a charac-

ter, who, in the first chapter, was said to be thirty years of age, is "over eighty." This device of the author for getting before the reader what he hoped would come true in the Dreyfus matter about 1940 is a serious artistic fault. Evidently the translator, Mr. Vizetelly, is aware of it, for he says that he has pruned the work slightly here and there in the last part.

The meaning of the book is thus summed up by Marc Froment, the persecuted Jew's most loyal friend, where he says:

The only regret which Marc now expressed was that he had not been able to utilize that prodigious Simon affair as an admirable lesson of things, which would have instructed the masses, enlightened them like a blaze of lightning. There was the complexity of all the powerful and the oppressors, handing themselves together to crush a poor, innocent man, whose innocence imperiled the compact of human exploitation, which the great ones of the world had signed together. There were all the averted crimes of the priests, soldiers, magistrates, and ministers, and, finally, there had been the division of the country into two camps—on one hand the old authoritarian, antiquated, and condemned social order, on the other the young society of the future, free in mind already, and ever tending toward increase of truth, equity, and peace. If Simon's innocence had been recognized, the reactionary past would have been struck down at one blow.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Agnosticism."

Professor Robert Flint, of the University of Edinburgh, is the author of a notable philosophical treatise on "Agnosticism," which is a worthy successor to his previous works on "Theism," "Socialism," "Anti-Theistic Theories," etc. Professor Flint approaches his subject as one neither a gnostic nor an agnostic. He describes the former "as one who attributes to the human mind more power of attaining truth than it actually possesses," and the latter "as one who will not allow that the human mind possesses as much power of acquiring knowledge as it really has. Thus viewed," he says, "both the gnostic and the agnostic err, but in opposite directions."

After first discussing the etymology of the word agnosticism, and formulating a working definition of the theory of knowledge current under that term, the author takes up, one by one, the works of philosophical writers and

critically examines them. Among modern thinkers who wrote on the specific subject of agnosticism he criticizes Owen, Huxley, Dr. Bithell, Professors Fraser and Calderwood, Roherty, and Leslie Stephen. Again, he examines at some length Hebrew, Chinese, Greek, Roman, and medieval agnosticism. To Hume and Kant and their schools he gives elaborate discussion. It will thus be seen that the work is a most comprehensive one.

Professor Flint's work lacks an index, which defect is partially corrected by an elaborate table of contents. It contains some seven hundred pages.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

The Macmillan Company will publish the book Dorothy Menpes is getting ready for the press on "The World's Children," in which she describes the young folk of the many nations she has met in her travels. Mortimer Menpes has made one hundred illustrations in colors, which will add interest to the volume.

Thirteen stories by F. Hopkinson Smith will make up a volume entitled "The Under Dog," which Charles Scribner's Sons will issue next month.

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From the advance orders and letters of appreciation already received, there is no doubt that this will be one of the most valuable practical reference manuals for the librarian and bookseller ever brought out. The publishers have been assured that the need for such a book has been a pressing one, and that its final appearance is an important event. Over 300 hundred standard and popular collections have been indexed, comprising nearly 30,000 titles.

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SHAKESPEARE AGAIN EDITED.

The 1623 Folio in Handy Form.

The innumerable editions of the works of Shakespeare fall readily into three classes, as follows: 1. Editions prepared from the various texts, varied from all texts when the editor's judgment so inclined him, spelling modernized—such as the Globe. 2. Variorum editions, giving all the different readings, such as Furness's Variorum. 3. Editions in which the antique spelling has been preserved, and some one text (usually the 1623 folio), followed closely or exactly. Each of the above classes may in turn be divided into two (a) according as it deletes certain lines because of their indelicacy (as does Rolfe lines 218-220 in Act II, Scene ii, "Merchant of Venice"), or (b) as it retains the gross passages.



Cover Design from Harper & Brothers.

It is idle to say that any one of these various sorts of editions is abstractly "better" than the others. Each, by the very fact of its existence, proves the demand for it. The first class conceivably would best suit the needs of the general reader; the second that of the student; the third that of the person of culture, enamored of the quaint flavor that the ancient spelling gives to Shakespeare's lines.

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who are the editors of a new edition, called the First Folio, make rather large claims for their work. In the preface they infer that theirs is the first easily accessible reprint of the First Folio, whereas the fact is that several facsimiles of the First Folio are to be found in most large libraries. However, their edition, though it lacks the charm of the ancient (and it must be said, somewhat illegible) typography, is a distinctly valuable addition to editions. At least they have avoided what Horne Tooke called "the presumptuous license of dwarfish commentators." Briefly, the plan is to print in thirty or forty small volumes the exact text of the First Folio—archaic punctuation, misspelling, misprints, and all—with the insertion of passages in brackets from the Quartos where they occur, and with copious notes. "A Midsummer Nights Dreame" in the initial volume, occupies seventy-five pages, the notes and introduction, one hundred and fifty. The little book is typographically a very attractive one, and certainly low priced.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Blue Goose."

The title which Frank Lewis Nason has chosen for his book is a bit misleading. "The Blue Goose" is not an animal story. It has to do neither with "Blue Geese I Have Known" or "Fins and Wings." It is a



Cover Design from McClure, Phillips & Co.

vigorous mining-camp story of the Colorado district, with two highly interesting characters—Elise, the sixteen-year-old girl, who carries a revolver in her belt, proposes to elope with Zephyr, her old friend, and springs in wild-cat fury upon the man who threatens to marry her; and Bennie, a picturesque cook and faint philosopher. "Mention your opinion in your prayers, not to me," he says to the Eastern man who laughs at the jumble

of colors in his bouquet; "they are as God grew them. I took them all in with one sweep of my fist." And again, in praise of his friend, he says: "'Twas little white paint the Lord had when He came West, but He put two good coats of it on Zephyr's back," concluding with the argument, "you can never make a hen out of a rooster by pulling out his tail feathers." The philosophy of Bennie, the soliloquies of Zephyr, the fire of the mercurial Elise, the good faith of the "old man," are only a few of the good things covered by the spreading wings of "The Blue Goose."

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Country of Splendor and Squalor.

The magnificence of India's temples and tombs, the discomforts of her primitive railways, the gorgeousness of her religious treasuries of jewels, the dismal squalor of the hotels, the amazing diversity of native races, the Arctic frigidity of the winter climate—these are some of the things that remain dominantly in mind after reading Miss E. R. Scidmore's "Winter India."

The author of the book is an American woman of remarkable energy and independence. Her previous books treat of travel in such diverse places as Alaska, China, Japan, Java, and Borneo. She has an eager style that carries the reader swiftly along, and has learned that most difficult of all lessons—what to leave out. Consequently, "Winter India" is a most interesting popular book of travel.

Starting from Colombo, Ceylon, the route was first to Trichinopoly, then, via Tanjore and Chidambaram, to Madras, and thence to Calcutta by steamer. Leaving Calcutta, the author made a flying trip to Darjiling to view Mt. Everest, then back to the sacred country of Buddha, and from that point in order visited Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Peshawar, and went up the Khyber Pass under armed escort as far as the English Government permitted.

For the supercilious don't-dare-to-speak-to



Cover Design from the Century Company.

me English of India, Miss Scidmore came to have an utter contempt and loses no chance to show up their littleness of soul. Starting with Kipling's India in mind, she found that nowhere had she to revise her impression—rather her admiration for his master art had increased. The theosophists get several smart digs from Miss Scidmore's pen. Her description of the sacred place of Buddha, of the Taj Mahal, of the bathers at Benares, and of the Afghans at Peshawar, are all striking. Altogether the book is a successful one. It is rather odd that Miss Scidmore should start her book with an error. On the first page, second sentence, she says that "we coursed slowly along the south shore of Ceylon from Colombo westward," while, as a matter of fact, the map shows that the steamer route is along the west shore and more northerly than westerly. Evidently Miss Scidmore was, for once, "turned around."

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Cornet Strong.

The author of "Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse" could have chosen no more striking contrast than the quick-witted, warm-hearted, hot-blooded young Irishman, Fitzroy O'Neil, and Captain Standish of the Roundhead cause and conscience. The history of this grim friendship is told with the strength of a man and the heart of a woman, and in this phase alone Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney has read her title clear to the front rank of story-tellers. The Royalist and Commonwealth struggle of the seventeenth century has been the theme of innumerable novels and plays, but, we think, never has Roundhead duty been more forcefully portrayed than in the characters of Captain Nathan Standish and Cornet Strong.

The spirit of the whole story is epitomized in the soldierly wooing—"I will, you must," when within the lines of the camp, under the fitful flare of the red torchlight, Roundhead soldier and Royalist maid are united by the corseleted, spurred, Church of England priest. Of the lively heroine, who is in truth a heroine, pages of description could not tell so much as one happy line of the author, which for beauty and grace might be a verse of a song, "And after the rainbow came Eileen O'Neill."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

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Edited with notes, introductions, glossaries, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticisms, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, editors of the "Camberwell Browning." With photographic frontispieces, rubricated title-pages, and covers designed by Goodhue, typography and presswork by the DeVinne Press.

This edition goes back to, and reproduces, the famous First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation. The text is thus freed from the editorial changes of three centuries, which, however, are indicated by abundant notes. The type is modern and is set and printed by DeVinne. This is the only reprinting of the First Folio obtainable in handy form. The volumes will be sold separately, and will be issued rapidly. To be completed in 40 vols.; size, 4 1/4 x 6 1/4.

The following are now ready:

A Midsummer Nights Dreame—cloth, gilt top, 50 cents net. A Midsummer Nights Dreame—limp leather, gilt top, 75 cents net. Loves Labour's Lost—cloth, gilt top, 50 cents net. Loves Labour's Lost—limp leather, gilt top, 75 cents net. Postage, 5 cents. Send for circular.

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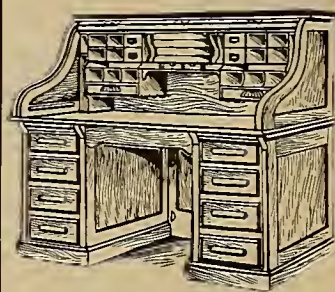
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ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH'S NOVEL.

In the Woods of Wisconsin.

Alice Prescott Smith, although for twelve years a resident of San Francisco, has many memories of a pioneer life in the lumber districts of Wisconsin to furnish her with local color for her first novel, "The Legatee." The story relates the trials of an Eastern man of intelligence and cultivation who comes from the broadening life of cities to assume control of a lumber mill left to him as an inheritance by a recently deceased uncle, who was during his lifetime exceedingly unpopular in the village. The legatee takes possession of his property and business, full of good will toward the inhabitants of the tiny lumbering village, only to encounter suspicion, dislike, and open hostility.

The author unfolds a graphically written chronicle of the small doings of a small village, displaying a man's understanding of the methods by which agitators spread disaffection and unpractical scheming among the lumbermen. When it comes to the love-story, however, the tone of the book is purely feminine, and so is the heroine in the mingled warm-heartedness, prickliness, independence, and strength of her character. She makes some demands upon the patience of the readers, but temperamental obstacles to the course of true love often add zest to the interest inspired, and no doubt many readers will enjoy the recital of the mill-owner's thorny courtship.

Mrs. Smith has an easy, agreeable style, both in narrative and dialogue, and her past experience has given her a comprehension of the character of the lumbermen, and a sympathetic tolerance of the essential narrowness of views engendered by the laborious and hedged-in lives that the reader is fain to share. She has a fine descriptive touch, and en-

hands!—There is surely a liberal orthodoxy as distinguished from—

' Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosly shed.'

as distinguished from a liberal heterodoxy on the one hand and a too conservative orthodoxy on the other." And in view of the fact that this enchanting Helen is a girl of spirit and fortune, who drives a smart dog-cart and possesses a sense of humor, the tangled hearts on the hook-cover are singularly appropriate.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Clown's Baby.

It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloons stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on;
But the clown in vain searched wildly—
The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I can not find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not very patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"
How tenderly it was said;
While a smile shone through the chalk and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"
Said the clown to pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I've a couple myself," he said;
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby!"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally—
The fair little baby king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a hold, hard face,
The talk, for miles of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the hold-faced leader chuckled.
"He wasn't a bit afraid!"
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that paid!"
—Margaret Vandegrift.

Rural North Carolina.

We have all heard the story of the tired man holding to a strap in a crowded car waiting for some one to reach his destination that he might get a seat, and how, finally, his patience exhausted, he turned to the people, and exclaimed: "Great Scott, have none of you got homes?" So, in these days, when nearly every other woman of your acquaintance is writing a book, that poor man's cry goes up with an added degree of wonder, as to who keeps house while the women folk turn out so many novels. Mrs. Mahell Shippie Clarke Pelton's "Tar-Heel Baron" is an agreeable tale, and many may be glad she has written it, but we doubt whether it was really worth while writing. It has no lasting qualities, and offers no food for reflection, although its story will entertain during the hour or two of its perusal. The plot revolves about a real, live baron reduced to the gray jeans of the North Carolina farmer. The illicit stills and moonshiners of the country, the blooded horses and daring feats of horsemanship, the soft Southern drawl of the people, the "gander-pulling" contests, all go to make up an atmosphere peculiar to that section. The baron, who is a courtly, simple-hearted gentleman, is an appealing character, and his quaint handling of the English language solves a difficulty for the dialect-writers. Some editors, we are told, are beginning to tahoo dialect stories for the reason that so many people do not appreciate the different dialects of different sections, but Mrs. Pelton's baron transposes his verbs with "just a slight twang in the turn of his tongue," which makes a pleasant, though not unpronounceable, variation to the text.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Troublesome Times in Old New York

Anything in contemporary fiction that depicts a purely American phase of life has its literary value, whether that life be of the present or the past. In "A Down-Renter's Son," the author, Ruth Hall, has chosen for the time of her story a season of agitation which swept over rural New York in the early 'forties, when hereditary tenants of farms, which were a part of large holdings from original land-grants, asserted their pro-

prietary right to the acres they tilled, and which they considered rightfully acquired by many years of occupancy handed down from father to son. Secret associations were formed to baffle the real land-owners in their attempts to eject non-paying tenants, and a sort of local rebellion swept over the agricultural sections of New York State. But the law was against the malcontents, and the holdest and most active were punished by the State authorities with a severity which effectually quenched the strength of the growing movement.

The author has described the above conditions, the mode of life among the tillers of the soil, and rural types almost with the fidelity of one who has seen what she depicts, having been assisted in her task by the vividly related chronicles of her grandmother, who, during her youth, lived in the section, and witnessed many of the incidents described in her granddaughter's book.

The characters of the story are drawn from the farming people, save for the doctor's family, which is looked up to as on a higher social plane by the rustics around. Phoebe, the doctor's pretty daughter, becomes a belle, and queens it with gentle sway among the young folks, the descriptions of whose merry-makings read like a page of American social life that is turned down forever.

The writer has been very successful in reviving the long-dead atmosphere of early American rusticity, as well as in infusing a pleasing quality of earnestness and good feeling in her simple little love-story, which, from the youth of its characters, might be almost supposed to be aimed at the tastes of juveniles were it not for qualities in it which make it pleasant and profitable reading for their elders.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Eden Phillpotts has written two new stories which will be published soon in this country. They are "The Farm of the Dagger," a story dealing with the War of 1812, and "The Golden Fetich," with some of the scenes laid in the heart of Africa.

"Written in Florence" is the title of a collection of the last poems by Hugh McCulloch, which Little, Brown & Co. have just published.



Alice Prescott Smith, author of "The Legatee,"
Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ables her readers to share her vision of the dismal little village with its lonely encompassment of dark forest and trackless lake. The book closes with a strikingly vivid description of the great forest fire of October, 1871, the details of which were furnished to the author by many of her friends of the forest district who had passed through its fearful experiences.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Two Tangled Hearts and a Star.

Elsworth Lawson has written a book which he calls "From the Unvarying Star." The cover-design shows two golden hearts mixed up together, and a quotation on the title-page from Maurice Materlinck reads: "And though we choose to right or to left of us, on the heights or in the shallows, yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star." Selected chapter-headings read: "Stephen Austin," "The Queen of the Oak," "Helen," "Stephen Makes a Friend," "Stephen and Helen," "The Storm," "A Chance Encounter," "Love's Antiphony." Is not the story told?

There is, to be sure, a bit of hy-play among other characters and much pretty description of woodland scenery and an old parish church of Saxon origin. Stephen, the young minister, is saved from being a prig by his effort, early in the action, at reading his theological statement preparatory to being ordained: "My position in the theological world, if I can be said to have gained one, is—what marvelous eyes she has!—is among the ranks of the liberal orthodox—and her

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Spring Fiction

A SUMMER IN NEW YORK

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, the author of "Chimie Fadden," has chosen the characters of this novel from a very different "set" than "Cibimie's." The Sun says: "A love-story connects his episodes, but the book is almost a guide-book to the pleasures New York affords as a summer resort. A sprightly, amusing story, with all the go of the early tales that made his reputation."
(2d impression \$1.25.)

RED-HEADED GILL

A very strange story by RYE OWEN. It tells how a splendid young Cornish gentleman came under a weird East Indian influence. The Sun says: "The author has created a charming girl, whom the reader will watch with interest to the end. She manages to transport her back into the life of her Tudor ancestress over and again naturally, and with great effect."
(2d impression. \$1.50.)

THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT OSTERMANN

Count Ostermann was the one incorruptible man in Peter the Great's court. His brave struggle to carry out Peter's reforms under the great Czar's punier successors, in a way recalls Hamilton's struggles with the Presidents that followed Washington. The Times Saturday Review says: "It is well written and interesting. . . the reader gets a good impression of Peter the Great." The Providence Journal: "The tale has an exciting plot which keeps the reader's interest."
(1.50.)

TIOBA

ARTHUR COLTON is already in the front rank of American story-tellers, and these tales add to his reputation. The Tribune says: "The eleven stories are varied and interesting. . . There is serious thought as well as good art in this book, there is individuality also, and we gladly commend it."
(With frontispiece by FROST. \$1.25.)

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS

The impressive story of a peer who made a Moloch of the truth, by W. E. NORRIS, author of "Matrimony." The London Chronicle considers it "the best book the author has written."
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An Automobile Romance, by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON, which the Springfield Republican calls "wholly new and decidedly entertaining."
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SOME NEW SPRING NOVELS.

"The New Pupil," by Raymond Jacobsen, is a bright story of school life intended for youthful readers. There are a number of good illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Like Another Helen," by Sydney C. Grier, is a romance of India in the eighteenth century. Sylvia, the heroine, like Helen of old, is carried off captive, but in this case much against her will. The novel is a straightforward story, told in the form of letters from Sylvia to her friend. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Fame for a Woman," by Cranstoun Metcalfe, has to do with a woman who wrote novels and a woman who wants to write novels. It is an interesting story of the "literary shop." The major male character is Merrick, editor of Merrick's Monthly, and




M. Imlay Taylor, author of "The Rebellion of the Princess." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

advisor of a firm of London publishers, who urges his woman client to become an "author." The minor male character is the husband of the would-be novelist. He certainly deserves the sympathy of the reader. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.20.

"The Philadelphians" is a light but agreeable novel, by Katharine Bingham, which originally appeared, we believe, in the Ladies' Home Journal. Glimpses of the "inner-innermost" circles of Philadelphia society, told in a bright, vivacious style, with here and there touches of satire and notes of pathos—such is "The Philadelphians." Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"Letters of an Actress" purports to narrate actual events, to have been written by a woman who has been on the stage for a number of years, and to describe people who do exist under other names. Some of the letters are bright, but most of them exhibit in their writer soubretish qualities that repel. Those printed toward the end of the book are decidedly vulgar. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has a rather good literary style, has turned out a romance called "The Traitors," in the manner of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda." Theos is the name of the mythical country of which Mr. Oppenheim writes. There is a revolution or



Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, author of "The Light Behind." Published by John Lane.

two, a war with Turkey, and much political intrigue. Two of the characters are Americans, one of whom, the beautiful Sara Van Vecht, eventually becomes the Queen of Theos. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"There are only five houses in Putnam place, but there are a great many trees. These are of that most genteel variety known as wine-glass elms, and stand in two decorous rows, meeting in Gothic arches above the roadway. Their great girth, their mighty branches, with the Putnam Library and the Putnam fire-engine, are exhibited to strangers as among the wonders of the town. But to the residents of the Place the trees are much

more than objects of local interest. They are, rather, distinguished citizens—nay, more than that, they are companions." Thus writes Grace Lathrop Collier in a book of real, though quiet, humor, called "Putnam Place." The doings of these quaint, old-fashioned New England folk are charmingly chronicled. The whole work breathes forth the perfume of rose-leaves, and lavender. We prescribe it as an antidote for historical-novel indigestion. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Action," which appears to be the sine qua non in historical novels, is found in the swiftest form in "Cliveden," a romance of the Revolutionary War, by Kergan West. Hero, heroine, and villain are all three familiar types to novel readers—the first two very, very good and heroic, the villain very, very bad and villainous. In spots the book has dramatic qualities. Washington and Hamilton appear in the pages, and there is a vivid picture of the Battle of Germantown. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Karl of Erbach was so peace-loving a prince that the officials of his state set him down as a coward (which did not matter so much), and the woman of his heart also thought him a craven (which mattered a great deal). At length, Karl, having set his state in order, went into battle, and returned triumphant to hear his lady say: "I know I was wrong. I know—I was very foolish—I was very cruel—I—I am very sorry." War, love, and politics are mixed equally in this tale by H. C. Bailey, and the novel, as a whole, is well written. The name of the hero gives the book its title, "Karl of Erbach." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. are about to bring out David Graham Phillips's picture of American society of to-day. "Golden Fleece" is non-committal enough, but the subtitle of the book—"The American Adventures of an English Fortune-Hunting Earl"—is sufficiently explanatory.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly bring out a novel by Alice Duer Miller under the title "The Modern Obstacle."

Book Strike Bulletins.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 2d.—(Special).—Another conference between the book operators and the book miners was held to-day, but no settlement was arrived at, and there is talk of asking President Roosevelt, who is a book miner himself as a side line, to arbitrate the dispute before the present distressing conditions become unbearable. Already the famine in historical novels has reached the point where it is impossible to buy them in ton lots, and people are purchasing by the bushel basket. In some parts of the country consumers are reduced to the bituminous subscription books from the Conkeyville district.

I visited to-day the home of a typical book miner, Mr. Booth Tarkington. The poverty of the interior was pathetic. I suppose the entire furnishings of this humble home could not have cost more than \$10,000. I found the miner in a small room on the second floor, miserably furnished. There was really nothing in it except a few Oriental rugs, some mahogany chairs and tables, a few oil paintings, and a lot of bric-à-brac. I noticed a motto in a gold frame:

"And so from hour to hour we write and write, And then from hour to hour write rot and rot; And thereby hangs a historical romance."

"This is the best I can offer you," he said, handing me a 25-cent cigar, which I regarded suspiciously. "Take a seat on that divan." I did so, and we fell to discussing the book-mining situation.

"The position of the anthracite book miners has been misstated," said Mr. Tarkington. "Our demands are for 15 per cent. of the gross selling price up to 50,000 tons, after which we demand 20 per cent. The operators wish to cut us to 10 and 15. We will not stand it. We will not mine another ton until our demands are acceded to. This is our final answer to the operators."

"How about the poetry miners? Will they unite with you, as threatened?"

"If a settlement is not effected within forty-eight hours, we are assured that the poetry miners will suspend work in a body."

Up to midnight the operators refused to give out a statement, but are expected to yield.—Chicago Tribune.

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The following table shows the financial history of THE TRADERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Chicago, Ill., during the past thirty-one years, and you will note that its growth has been continuous from the date of incorporation till the present time:

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1873	746,109 25
1874	729,963 95
1875	812,929 13
1876	824,359 13
1877	812,321 43
1878	822,735 20
1879	851,183 11
1880	942,013 16
1881	1,031,598 17
1882	1,057,217 33
1883	1,165,378 10
1884	1,161,818 02
1885	1,228,345 42
1886	1,368,271 48
1887	1,380,334 58
1888	1,345,574 75
1889	1,334,267 64
1890	1,406,406 09
1891	1,568,519 13
1892	1,608,651 64
1893	1,795,007 46
1894	1,635,629 01
1895	1,731,045 73
1896	1,747,702 45
1897	1,684,258 37
1898	1,804,054 72
1899	2,134,176 37
1900	2,285,847 06
1901	2,435,571.28
1902	2,535,070.58
1903 (January 1st Annual).	2,971,795.37

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Probably the best known daily newspaper in the United States is the New York *Sun*. Its fame it gained under the editorship of Charles A. Dana, but the paper has to-day a scarcely less brilliant staff of editorial writers than those to whom Dana was wont to refer as "the *Sun's* bright young men." The policy of the paper is, however, somewhat altered under the editorship of Mr. Laffan. There has for several months been a rumor current that the *Sun* is the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and that the views it voices are his. This rumor is again strengthened by the remarkable attack

of the *Sun* (nominally a Republican paper, of course) on President Roosevelt, following closely the decision in the Northern Securities merger case. It is said that Mr. Morgan is one of the big men in Wall Street who are "sore" on the President, and who will "down him if they can."

The *Sun's* editorial is double leaded, and headed "Might Makes Right." Simply as a piece of composition it is remarkable. Beginning, apparently, with praise of the President, it continues in a vein that, it is soon apparent, is burning satire, and the conclusion comes with the unexpectedness of a pistol shot. One hostile paper says that "nobody with any literary understanding will refuse it a place among the newspaper classics of the world," and that "its author has gifts in the line of statecraft that might excite the envy of a Machiavel or a Talleyrand."

The *Sun* frankly admits that the President is right in his conviction that his nomination for the Presidency in 1904 is an assured thing. "He has used the opportunities that he found or created, and he has used them with consummate skill and undeniable success." But, "the Presidency by election, as well as by the decree of Fate, has never passed from before his waking vision for a moment." The *Sun* with supreme artfulness insinuates, though it does not say, that the President has sought rather to do what is popular than what is right. So Mr. Roosevelt has "absorbed and sequestered every vestige of the Kansas City platform that had a shred of practical value." He has out-Bryaned Bryan. He has brought the trusts to their knees—because it is popular. He has "inflicted upon capital in one short hour of the coal strike a greater humiliation than Bryan could have visited upon it in a century." "He is the leader of the labor unions." "The President," concludes the *Sun*, "is the strong man. . . . They even compare him to Napoleon. Napoleon Bonaparte was a strong man, a man for great crises, great emergencies. Napoleon moved down the mob around the Tuilleries. But Napoleon did not incite the mob to come to the Tuilleries."

Despite the admirable skill with which the *Sun's* editorial was constructed, there is good reason to think that it will prove a boomerang. Should it become the general belief that Mr. Morgan is instigating attacks on the President, as more of a socialist than Bryan, its probable effect would be an increase in Roosevelt's strength and popularity with the people.

Who is the *Sun's* candidate for President, should Mr. Roosevelt, by some miracle, lose the support of the masses? We rather think the answer is to be found in that paper's vigorous defense of Governor Taft from the aspersions of Bellairs. The present attack, however, is probably not made in the hope of defeating Roosevelt, but only on the possibility of frightening him into a more moderate policy.

At the present time there is scarcely a paper in the United States, Democratic or Republican, with courage enough to predict the election of a Democrat to the Presidency in 1904. A recent estimate made by Republican managers puts 22 States, with a total electoral vote of 243 (239 is a majority), in the "sure" column. In the doubtful column are New York, Oregon, and California, and well-informed Republican politicians in those States are greeting this rating of "doubtful" on a Roosevelt issue with derisive hoots.

In the Berlin dispatch stating that Mormon missionaries to the number of two hundred and forty-five are to be expelled from Germany, occurs, incidentally, the information that among the converts are several policemen who were sent to observe the missionary meetings. The fact is rather a striking tribute to the potency

of the Mormon preaching, and an equally striking indication as to the credulity of German policemen. The whole incident again calls attention to the growing power of the Mormon church, and, besides, circumstances connected with it raise some very nice questions for the United States Government to decide. Both Senator Smoot and Senator Kearn, it is reported, have appealed to Secretary Hay to inquire of the German Government why American citizens, engaged in lawful occupations, have been maltreated and imprisoned, as was the case with Mormon missionaries at Olsenbruek recently. Should the State Department accede to this request, it would necessarily have to maintain that Mormon proselytizing is not an objectionable act; therefore, that Mormonism itself is unobjectionable. Should it then happen, as is possible, that the United States Senate should deny Senator Smoot a seat in Congress, the situation, from a German point of view, would surely be a very curious one.

Mormon proselytizing is by no means carried on most actively abroad. It is currently reported that since the failure of the Statehood bill there has been greatly increased Mormon activity in the Territory of Arizona, in an endeavor to secure political control before its admission as a State. In some counties the Mormons already have a majority, and where they have not young lawyer-missionaries are being sent from Utah by the church to convert and organize the people. In New Mexico and the mountain States of Idaho and Wyoming, it is stated on good authority that the Mormon population shows a constant increase. The design of the church is to attain political control throughout this region. The eleventh census shows that in Idaho the Latter Day Saints already amount to three-fifths of the total membership of all other sects. Curiously enough, practically no converts are made among the Gentile residents of Utah. To offset this, there are, on the other hand, very few apostates from the creed, and tithings are now paid with greater regularity than they have been since the days of Brigham Young. There are Mormon settlements several thousand strong in Alberta, Canada, and Chihuahua, Mexico.

Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, who has recently been studying the economic aspects of Mormonism, concludes that "the organization of the Mormons is the most nearly perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever, in any way, come in contact, excepting alone the German army"; and he is somewhat exercised over the future of the sect. The devout Mormon, of course, has no more doubt that his church will dominate this nation eventually than he has in the divine character of his prophet's revelations, and Professor Ely is sufficiently impressed with this idea to say that "as one listens to their weird and martial songs, one can not help wondering what the outcome will be."

It seems almost too good to be true that, after so many years of dissension and bitterness, the "Irish question" is at last to be settled for good and all. It seems almost impossible, when sixty-four remedial measures have all proved miserable failures, that this, the sixty-fifth, will be a brilliant success. In one respect, however, conditions are now as they have never been before. For the first time in history the Irish themselves are a unit in favor of the proposal. At the Irish Nationalist Convention, a few weeks ago, all factions were represented. "Ireland," said John Redmond on the floor of that assembly, "is united." Even Michael Davitt, socialist and extremist, indorsed the bill and recommended its passage. And now that debate has begun in the House of Commons in friendly spirit, there is no good reason to believe the bill will fail. All realize that it

THE GOVERNMENT AS LANDLORD OF IRELAND.

is now or never, that this is the unique moment that must be seized. "If the bill were rejected," said Redmond, "the Irish people would be driven back into the old hell of warring passions and conflicting hopes."

Secretary Wyndham's measure is an extremely complex one, but he is said to have presented it with such airy grace and lucidity that the Commons listened fascinated to his cataracts of figures, and at the end of an hour and a half applauded heartily. Indeed, Mr. Wyndham is easily the man of the hour in England. Roughly stated, the bill proposes that, in case of willingness of landlords holding property in Ireland to sell, and of their tenants to buy, the British Government will pay to the landlords the full price of the lands, becoming their owner, and will then lease them to the tenants at a reduced rental for a period of sixty-eight and one-half years, at the end of which time a quit-rent of one-eighth of the previous rental is continued perpetually in order to prevent subdivision, mortgaging, etc. The government thus replaces the landlord, borrowing the money from the British investor at two and three-quarters per cent. on the security of the rents received from the tenantry, and the land as guarantee. The bill contemplates the loaning of one hundred million pounds sterling; but, according to the figures of Mr. Wyndham, the ultimate cost to the British taxpayer will not be more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum. In some quarters there appears a tendency to consider Mr. Wyndham's figures too sanguine, and the already overburdened British taxpayer is said now to suffer searchings of the heart over the bill. Though England's credit is still good, that is cold comfort to holders of consols which were bought at one hundred and thirteen, but which are now worth ninety. The issue of such a quantity of bonds as is proposed will undoubtedly cause a still further decline in consols, and this is not pleasant to contemplate, especially as long as Ireland, with a population smaller than London, and one-tenth of the wealth, continues to have double the parliamentary power. Still, Englishmen are evidently ready to sacrifice much in order that industrial peace may prevail in Ireland. The opinion also seems to be strong that the measure is a long step toward Home Rule, which Irishmen have by no means relinquished, as is evidenced by the picturesque remark by William O'Brien that England might as well "try to turn honest Irish blood into red ink as to ally Ireland's desire for eventual Home Rule."

Incidental to the main question, but not less interesting, is the effect upon Irish feeling of King Edward's visit to the Pope—a visit that bids fair to be historic, and to prove a master stroke of statesmanship. When the king next visits Ireland, we shall see whether the significance of the unprecedented friendly visit of an English Protestant king to an Italian Pope has gone home to the Irish Catholic heart.

The latest advices from Colombia indicate that the opposition to the Panama Canal treaty is strengthening. This gives added point to the striking suggestion made by M. Jean Izzoula—a French writer familiar with conditions on the Isthmus—that, should Colombia fail to ratify the treaty, the thing for the State of Panama to do is to secede and become an independent republic. To the trade and industries of Panama the building of the canal will be a tremendous stimulus. It will affect but little the people of the rest of Colombia. Here is a sharp cleavage in interests, which M. Izzoula believes will result in political separation. There is, besides, plenty of precedent for such action in the history of South American states, even in that of Colombia herself; and Texas, it will be recalled, split from Mexico, not because of a numerical preponderance of Americans in the territory, but on account of the preponderance of American influence. It is perhaps not improbable that, if an independent Republic of Panama were organized, it might follow the example of Texas and ask admission to the Union. Such a programme would present many elements of attractiveness. Since Colombia would be unable to fulfill her contract, we should have to pay her no money. Questions of sovereignty over the canal route would be forever settled. We could fortify it if we pleased. The hitherto dilatory statesmen at Bogota might do worse than to see that a special session of congress is speedily called and the treaty ratified before it is everlasting too late.

According to *Bradstreet's* for April 25th, the rise of two and one-half cents an ounce in the price of silver, in the ten days previous to that date, was, at that time, attributed by Wall Street to the extensive buying of the United States for Philippine coinage. Late dispatches in the *Call*, however, intimate that the firm of Guggenheim, capitalists and owners of silver mines, is endeavoring to create a corner in silver. Needless to say, such an attempt, if it is a fact, is a matter of world-wide interest; but that the rise in price of silver is due to this firm's operations is as yet unproved. Certainly an

attempt to corner silver would be a big contract. The value of the world's production of the white metal in 1901 was \$235,008,700. To raise the price, and keep it raised, would necessitate the sequestration of a large proportion of this enormous product, requiring millions of capital even to cover the margin above what might be borrowed with the silver as security. Higher prices would stimulate production, and finally to unload without disorganizing the market would appear to require more than Napoleonic genius. To Mexico, of course, a stable price for silver would be a tremendous boon. The fluctuations in the gold value of the peso work havoc with business. One day, the merchant with an account to pay abroad mourns because of high exchange. The next, he worries because he knows his competitors can duplicate his purchases, at ten, fifteen, even twenty per cent. less than he has paid. Mexico's desire for a stable currency gives some plausibility to the suggestion that she will assist the firm of Guggenheim in its tremendous venture. The *Call* stakes its reputation on the statement that "when the Mexican Government is taken into account as a passive but powerful partner in the operation, it may be successfully (*sic*) done."

Attention is being called to the fact that the number of suicides is increasing more rapidly than is the population, not only in this country but in Europe as well. In England, for instance, nearly 30,000 persons have perished by their own hands during the last decade, and, according to the records of coroners' juries, the number has increased two hundred per cent. during the last half century. In Continental Europe an even worse condition of affairs is noted. The suicides to each million inhabitants in England number 90, in Baden it is 198, and in Saxony 392. Brussels, Berlin, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg have each a record exceeding 300, while in Paris and Vienna the number exceeds 400. Yet the increase of the tendency to suicide is not confined to the cities. In England, a comparison between the seventy-four largest towns and the remainder of the country shows a preponderance outside of the cities. In France, the annual rate has increased from 157 to 224, and in Germany there is about the same increase. In Austria the rate has increased 39, in Hungary 27, in Scotland 18, and in Ireland 8. Contrary to the general impression, suicide is most prevalent in Continental Europe among the phlegmatic Germanic people and not among the more excitable French. A startling fact is that there is an increase in the number of juvenile suicides. During the ten years from 1887 to 1897, there were 224 boys and 76 girls who committed suicide in Europe. It is hard to determine the cause of this increase of suicide both among old and young. A French investigator attributes a part of it at least to the sensational character of the modern press. He points out that, when a peculiar method of suicide is described in the papers with painstaking detail, it is almost sure to be followed by a number of close imitations. A man in Los Angeles who succeeded in his third attempt at suicide recently was found to have his pockets stuffed full of sensational newspaper accounts of suicides. The influence of such suggestion upon immature minds would justify a part of the increase of juvenile suicide being attributed to this cause. In England, a significant similarity in the proportion of male to female suicides and of males to females punished for drunkenness is pointed out. Suicide is more common among the educated than among the uneducated, among employed women than among the unemployed women, and among unemployed men than employed men.

The Western Pacific Railway Company is displaying considerable activity in the preliminary work of establishing its line. A corps of surveyors is at work between Oroville and Beckwith Pass, and another corps is determining the line between the pass and the State boundary. In this mountainous region the most difficult surveying problems of the route are encountered. A right of way has been secured through Oakland, nearly \$400,000 having been invested in adjoining property in order to secure it. A right of way has also been secured through Stockton, and a large tract of land has been purchased in this city in the neighborhood of Islais Creek. Bonds to the amount of \$6,000,000 have been floated in New York. The legislature at its recent session refused to give the company a footing on the southern water front, but by the time of the next session the work of the company will be far enough advanced to make a more favorable answer probable. The significance of all this activity lies in the fact that this company is generally regarded as organized for the purpose of getting a Western terminal for the Gould transcontinental lines.

All the San Francisco papers published on Sunday a practically identical, and alleged official, statement from the board of trustees of Stanford University, giving the reasons for the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton from his position. These reasons, as stated, were Dr. Newton's desire for a paid quartet, his preference for another organist, a question as to where Dr. Jordan should sit during the service, and some difference of opinion as to the number of leaflets required each Sunday. As Mrs. Stanford was unwilling to replace the student choir by a paid quartet, which was the main issue, Dr. Newton's resignation was tendered and accepted by Mrs. Stanford, and her action was unanimously approved by the board. But now comes Dr. Newton with a statement that the reasons given above either did not enter at all into the controversy, or were merely incidental to the real issue. The reason for Dr. Newton's resignation is therefore still unknown, and, indeed, somewhat mysterious. The tone of comment by journals in the East, where Dr. Newton is better known than here, is that of surprise that he should have resigned at all, and skepticism that the cause was popular criticism of his liberal views, since attacks made upon

him in New York were far more violent than those he has endured while in California. And it is certainly difficult to accept as valid the reasons made public by the trustees. A formal statement from Dr. Newton why he has relinquished his office after so brief, but perhaps eventful, a tenure, would greatly clarify matters.

Several weeks ago the Circuit Court decided the salt trust to be a combination in restraint of trade as defined by the Sherman law, and so granted an injunction restraining its officers from continuing the combine. The salt combine wished to do nothing illegal, so the trust was dissolved. But the combine did not want to go out of business, so in place of the combine an amalgamation was formed. The Amalgamated Company was organized to prevent a decline in the price of the forty-five thousand tons of salt the Federal Salt Company had accumulated before prices went up, and the forty thousand tons more it had accumulated under the high prices. The organizers of the Amalgamated Company are the same who formerly belonged to the Federal Salt Company, and the operations of the Amalgamated Company are the same as were the operations of the Federal Company. It remains to be seen whether the law can reach the Amalgamated Company as effectively as it reached the Federal Company.

At the last session of the legislature a law was passed providing for the establishment of a special court to try juvenile offenders. The superior judges of this city and county met last week and decided that Judge Murasky should preside over the court. A committee of citizens was also appointed to examine the various institutions for the correction and care of children. The committee consists of Andrew Davis, Fairfax H. Wheelan, Thomas W. Hickey, Joseph D. Grant, Osgood Putnam, and Miss Jessica B. Peixotto. The establishment of the court is a long step in advance, but it is unfortunate that funds are not available for a more thorough adoption of the reform. The trial should be in a different room from that in which ordinary offenders are tried, in order that all associations and suggestions may be removed, and provision should be made for the separate confinement of juvenile offenders. The first step has been taken, however, and the others will follow.

Governor Brady, of Alaska, has, from time to time, made a number of suggestions regarding the Territory over whose affairs he presides, which the *Argonaut* has found occasion to indorse. His latest suggestion, however, does not command such ready approval. He proposes that Alaska be carved into two States to be named Lincoln and Seward, in honor of the two statesmen who had most to do with making it a part of the United States. It might be suggested that any discussion of what the parts of Alaska are to be called when it is admitted as a State is a trifle premature, but there can be no harm in entering a protest against Governor Brady's suggestion at this time. There are certainly sentimental reasons in favor of the suggestion, but the sentimental reasons opposed to it are stronger. There should be more of a sentiment in favor of retaining the original Indian names than there is. In one conspicuous case on this Coast petty local jealousies have been responsible for changing the beautiful Indian name of a mountain into an uncouth Anglicized French name, and many similar cases might be cited. The area of Alaska is equal to that of the twenty-four States east of the Mississippi River, and when the time comes, a number of the country's great men may be honored without abandoning the name that is associated with the early history of the Territory.

A daily paper, calling into requisition apt alliteration's artful aid, terms the civil service commission scandal a "malodorous mess." So it seems to be. The investigation, so far, has shown that the questions used in the fire department examination were peddled about beforehand; that the examination papers for the position of milk inspector were made up in a saloon in the presence and with the assistance of half a dozen persons; that several persons connected with the examination have certainly committed perjury; and that there are irregularities in other departments yet to be investigated. The mayor has suspended proceedings until after the visit of President Roosevelt, when they will be resumed, and the matter probed to the bottom. "Whether this inquiry shall reach friend or foe," the mayor says, "it will be thorough and complete."

The *Chronicle*, in commenting upon the coming struggle between San Francisco steamer lines and the mammoth new ships of J. J. Hill, remarks: The conference between Mr. Harriman and a committee representing the merchants of this city elicited an opinion from Mr. Harriman to the effect that, without the assistance of the government freights, it would be impossible to maintain the present semi-monthly steamer service between this port and Manila. American trade with the Philippines, after five years of occupation, is too small to support a direct steamship service between Manila and any American port without the aid of government freight and fares for the maintenance of the army which we are compelled to keep there.

A correspondent writes to the *Argonaut* to ask if, in comparing national securities, the fact that some of them are taxed does not make a difference. It does. So also, probably, does the fact that some \$495,500,000 of the bonds of the United States are held by banks as a means of retaining their note circulation and public deposits. There are probably other causes affecting bond prices, but these considerations none of them, vitiate the statement that the credit of the United States is the best in the world.

THE
TEXASIZING
OF PANAMA.

A CORNER
IN
SILVER?

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

In traveling from Seville to Granada one realizes the convenience of "through trains" and main lines. From Seville to Cordova is a main line; from Cordova to Malaga is a main line; but not from Seville to Malaga, nor from Granada to Seville. The two trunk lines intersect like a Greek cross, the point of intersection being Bobadilla.

From Granada, Valencia, and the north—from Malaga, the Mediterranean, and the East—from Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, the Atlantic, and the West—from Algeiras, Gihraltar, and the South, the rails run to Bobadilla.

When a tourist is in and around London, he soon comes to the conclusion that it is almost impossible to get in or out of the big city without passing by or passing through Clapham Junction. In leaving London, Clapham seems to be the gateway to Great Britain. So Bobadilla seems to be the Clapham Junction of Southern Spain.

One of our fellow-passengers, an Englishman, was returning from Cadiz, "where," he said, "one of my ships had got in in distress—cargo on fire." He added that the damages to ship and cargo were three hundred thousand pounds. (I privately thought I would like to own a few such ships myself. He said he was surprised to find no port charges of any description; even the fire-salvors—for the ship came in with her cargo burning under battened hatches—even these men would take no pay, and all the ship-owner could do was to "huy a few thousand cigars and urge them to take a smoke with him.")

This reminded me of an old story concerning a well-known San Francisco towing firm. When one of their tow-boats found a ship in distress, their tow-boat skipper had instructions to notify her ship-master that the terms for salvage would be "Everything abaft the mainmast"—or about half of ship and cargo. If the distressed ship-master hesitated or haggled, the tow-boat skipper at once raised his demands to "Everything abaft the foremast"—or about two-thirds of ship and cargo. It is needless to remark that this tow-boat firm got rich quick. This is in strong contrast to the English merchant's experience in the Spanish port of Cadiz. I suppose he told the truth—there was no apparent motive for falsehood.

**

For a time after leaving Seville there is no picturesque scenery—one sees only a "fertile but monotonous plain. It is not until we are nearing Bobadilla that we begin to climb into the hills. After we reach Salinas the scenery becomes picturesque. In a former letter I remarked that the Seville landscape reminds one of Corot rather than of Salvador Rosa. When I wrote that, I had not seen the mountains on the road to Granada. But their stern and frowning fronts remind me irresistibly of the landscapes of Salvador Rosa. We are still in the brown mountains instead of the white, although we soon see the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Here we pass the magnificent estate of Soto de Roma, the property of the present Duke of Wellington. As a reward for his service in Spain the Iron Duke was offered the choice between the great unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth in the Alhambra, and this estate of four thousand acres. With great wisdom the duke chose the little farm. After the Battle of Salamanca, it was granted by the Cortes to the first Duke of Wellington and his heirs, and Ferdinand the Seventh confirmed the grant. It is principally planted in olive-trees and vines, and brings in to the present Duke of Wellington about twenty thousand dollars per annum.

Next we pass the town of Santafé, notable, first, because here was signed the contract with Columbus concerning his voyage to America; second, because the Spaniards spell it in one word, "Santafé," instead of, as we do, in two—"Santa Fé." And here we sweep into the famous *vega* of Granada, a plain which is celebrated even in heautiful and fertile Southern Spain for its fertility and its beauty—a smiling valley set like an emerald in the midst of sullen brown ranges of mountains, which mountains themselves are girt by the lofty white range of the Sierra Nevada, some of whose snow-clad peaks rise twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Washington Irving speaks of the Sierra Nevada around Granada as "covered with perennial snow." Joseph Pennell corrects Irving, and says he has seen the range without any snow. But Señor Valladar, author of several works on Granada, says that many of the peaks are snow-clad practically all of the time, and that two of them, Mula-Hacen and Veleta, have never in historic times been seen without a snow-cap.

This shows how difficult it is to get at the truth. But Valladar ought to know, for he lives in Granada.

**

When we reached Granada, the size of the city surprised me. As usual, I was appalled at my previous ignorance. That the province of Granada is a large and important part of Spain, I knew, but my ideas concerning the city itself were crazy. To be quite frank, I had thought of the Alhambra as an ancient Moorish pile—part palace, part fortress, and part prison; Granada I vaguely believed to be a little village at a foot—like the pretty hamlets one so often finds clinging to medieval fortresses. My surprise was great, therefore, when I found Granada to be a rich and important city. But my ideas of Granada were entirely based on Washington Irving's "Alhambra," and as he barely mentions the city, the Granada blanks in my sensorium were directly due to the blanks in his book.

Granada is, in truth, a large city for a Spanish one, having some seventy-five thousand inhabitants. It has a cathedral, university, and a hull-ring—which last gives a city a certain standing in Spain. It is very picturesquely situated on three

spurs of the Cerro del Sol. One of these is the Albaycin, once the aristocratic Moorish quarter, now occupied by gypsies; the River Darro runs between this and the Alhambra hill. The newer quarters of the city lie on the slopes of the Alcazaba and the Amuror.

The Granada cathedral, an imposing monument, is said to be the finest Renaissance building on the peninsula. It contains the most imposing royal monuments in all Spain—those to Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip of Austria, and the Infanta Johanna, whom the Spaniards call *Juana la Loca*, or "Crazy Jane." There is a crypt beneath the monuments where the custodian shows the leaden coffins, one of which contains Philip's remains which his crazy wife carried around with her continually until her death.

There stands in Granada, in the Plaza de Tovar, the imposing palace of the Duke of Abrantes. The name is not Spanish but Portuguese, and the title was conferred by Napoleon on General Junot. It is probable that this palace belongs to one of the descendants of that impetuous soldier, although he spent his light-won money like water, and left his widowed duchess to die poor. Is it not strange that in poverty-stricken Spain one should find a palace owned by the heirs of a French soldier of fortune whom Napoleon had made a duke, and a few leagues away a magnificent estate belonging to an English soldier of fortune who also had won a dukedom with his sword?

**

Granada not only has a cathedral, but a palace inhabited by an archbishop who presides over Almeria, Cartagena, Murcia, Guadix, Jaen, and Malaga, as well as Granada. If I remember aright, it is this archiepiscopal palace in which

Le Sage set the scene of the downfall of Gil Blas. It is an old story, but worth telling again, it is so good.

The picturesque and picaresque Gil Blas attracted the episcopal eye. Gil Blas was young, good-looking, quick of foot and tongue. The bishop approved of him. Gil Blas approved of the palace table and the bishop's beds. They were softer and warmer than those to which he had been used. He also liked the bishop's sermons—or said so—and his praises pleased his grace immensely. The bishop thought Gil Blas a young man of great discernment for his years, and said so. Thus both parties were pleased.

But as Sunday after Sunday passed, and as Gil Blas found himself ceaselessly praising the bishop's sermons, he feared lest his eulogies might become monotonous. He did not want to excite the bishop's suspicions. In short, Gil Blas feared to lose his job. So he determined to mingle a little gentle deprecation, a suspicion of acidity, with his next dose of honeyed flattery.

After high mass next Sunday, as they were seated at table eating truffled capon and other meagre archiepiscopal fare, the bishop observed that Gil Blas said nothing of his sermon, and remarked on his silence.

"True, your grace," responded the Machiavellian young man, "but my silence is because I fear your grace might be offended were I to say that to-day's sermon was not quite up to that of last Sunday."

The bishop stared at Gil Blas and dropped his knife and fork.

"I do not mean," that foxy person hastened to say, "that the sermon was not a grand and sublime effort. It was more than these things—it was Augustinian—it was apostolic—it was infused with piety and eloquence."

"And yet," said the bishop, in icy tones, "you are good enough to say that it is inferior to last Sunday's sermon?"

"Not very much inferior, but just a *little* hit, your grace," replied Gil Blas, who began to scent trouble.

The bishop looked attentively at the young man. "Gil Blas," said he, slowly, "I see that I have been mistaken in you. I thought you were a young man of taste and discernment. I see that you are an ass. Go to my treasurer, get what is due you, and begone."

And the holy man turned away, leaving Gil Blas to reflect on the folly of believing that flattery can be given in overdoses.

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But a truce to cathedrals, palaces, and the other guide-book sights of Granada. Let me turn to its practical side. There is a university in Granada which includes a College of Sciences, a College of Philosophy and Letters, a College of Pharmacy, a College of Civil and Notarial Law, and a College of Medicine and Surgery. This university furnishes not only instruction to students but also educators for other parts of Spain. When we were there, competitive examinations were being held among the Granada graduates to fill the chairs of psychology, ethics, and civil law, which posts were vacant in certain technical and general institutions in Cahra, in Pamplona, and in Palma, the chief city of Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles. Another active competition was going on for the chair of mercantile law, then vacant in the University of Valencia. Another Valencia vacancy was the chair of Spanish history, while still another post awaited a professor in the Institute of Sauria, that of instructor in psychology, logic, and ethics. These items will give some idea of the importance of Granada as an educational centre.

The numerous students would seem to be well organized in various ways. It was the eve of the carnival, and the students had enrolled themselves into a compact body for its celebration, under an executive committee, with honorary and active presidents. The daily papers published a list of the working committees, including the musical members, with the instruments they played, including mandolins, violins, flutes, and guitars, even down to the humble triangle.

The competitive educational spirit in this remote part of old Spain is not confined to the university examinations; I noticed advertisements in the Granada journals addressed to young men desiring positions in the Bank of Spain. This great

financial institution is housed in an enormous building at Madrid—not only enormous, but architecturally imposing. Like the Bank of England, it controls the nation's notes of issue, and it has branches all over the peninsula. The candidates' requirements were set forth in the advertisements as follows: "A knowledge of mercantile arithmetic; double-entry book-keeping; commercial correspondence; a knowledge of the Spanish commercial code; transaction of banking business; a knowledge of modern languages, while not obligatory, will be given high credits." These examinations are competitive, and the candidates with the highest percentages are given posts as clerks and accountants in the bank.

Passing from education to religion, Granada evidently takes high rank as an ecclesiastical centre. The richness of the cathedral and its annexes shows the great wealth of the diocese. How religion stands in the community is shown by the space accorded it in the daily papers. Every morning, under the heading "Religious Bulletin," there is a list of the functions to take place in the cathedral and its many chapels, as well as in the other churches of Granada. The papers also print a list of the sermons to be preached in the cathedral by the various divines.

We reached Granada immediately after a municipal election, and the walls were still covered with inflammatory placards appealing to the electors. They were much the same as in our country—in fact, I have noticed a family resemblance in election placards throughout the world. The new alcalde or mayor had just taken possession of his chair. His first act was to send a telegram to the young king saying: "In taking possession of the alcalde's chair I hasten to send to his majesty the king and to the royal family assurances of my respectful and most loyal support."

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I like to look over the advertising pages of the journals in foreign cities—they are frequently more interesting than the news pages. In glancing at the advertisements in the Granada papers I observe the announcement of a soap factory situate in a thoroughfare called "The Street of the Virgin." Its manager oddly announces that he will "teach soap-making in all its branches." Judging from the appearance of the Granada beggars I think that a course in soap-using is much more needed.

There are many advertisements of different brands of beer for sale in Granada. This rather surprised me, as I did not know its use was common in Spain. But not only is beer (*cerveza*) sold all over Granada, but beer-drinking would also seem to be fashionable, as one well café is called the *Cerveceria Inglesa* or "English Beer-Shop"—the term "beer-shop" being used like the French *brasserie*, which is a kind of café. This concern serves "drinks of all kinds, and every brand of beer." Daily it posts announcements on the café front of the ices of the day. To-day, for example, they read "Paris Cream" and "Foam of Coffee." On the bill of fare, the prices for coffee are given as follows: "Superior coffee, thirty centimos; made in the Russian coffee-pot and in the presence of the customer, forty centimos."

The Granada dailies contain no advertisements of the fine shops in the Zacatin, which is the swell shopping street of Granada. It is a short and narrow street, closed to vehicles. Its name somehow sounded to me like the street of the money-changers, or the goldsmiths, or the jewelers—in short, it had the ring of the precious metals. But I found that in the Moorish times it merely meant "the street of the rope-makers." These Zacatin shops contain attractive assortments, but the only distinctive thing they sell is lace. The rest of their stock is made up of jewelry, silverware, and trinkets imported from Paris. In short, as one so often finds in shops abroad, they sell things that come from Somewhere Else.

In the advertisements of the Granada papers I notice the time-table of the Railway Company of Southern Spain. This is most unusual in Southern Europe—when you want a time-table there you generally have to pay the railway company about five cents for it. Another thing—in Europe, the conservative communities have not bowed so obsequiously to "standard railway time" as we have in America. In some European cities, Eastern trains bring Eastern time, Western trains bring Western time, while the city does business on its own time. In Granada the railway company advertises thus: "Our trains are run on the time of Greenwich meridian, which is fifteen minutes faster than the cathedral clock which is the standard Granada time." It is to be hoped that the Granada cathedral clock furnishes more accurate time than the old cathedral in San Francisco.

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It is interesting to find in this ancient and time-worn city the same expectancy of a coming boom so characteristic of our youthful and hopeful Western towns. True, Granada is decadent.

The phylloxera has ruined her vineyards; the vast grain-fields of new countries have cut into her returns from cereal crops, and her manufacturing industries have fallen off. To quote a local writer: "Granada's most important industry, hat-manufacturing, in which there had been built up a large and important export trade, not only to all Spain but to foreign countries, has fallen into evil days. This is due to the continual strikes. These trades-union manifestations have allowed other countries to take away Granada's foreign hat-trade, and have seriously diminished her trade in Spain." The old English proverb, "as mad as a hatter," is thus strikingly exemplified in these striking Spanish hat-makers. But despite these depressing circumstances, old Granada is hopeful. She expects great returns from the sugar-beet, which has been planted with good results in the valley lands around her. The chimneys of sugar-beet factories now dot the landscape.

From the local prints I find that Granada is also hopeful of more railroads. She wants a line of rail to place her in communication with Calahonda or Almuñecar—"which are

the natural ports of Granada, and not rivals, as are Malaga or Algeiras [Gihraltar]. This is not unlike the attitude of Fresno, which looks upon San Francisco as a rival, and wants a line of rail to the coast with its own seaport somewhere near Monterey.

In this respect old Spain again resembles new California. When Granada had no railway she hoped some one would come along and build one. When some one came along and built one, she hoped that somebody else would come along and build another.

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As souvenirs, we purchased a Spanish translation of Irving's "The Alhambra," and several other hooks printed in Granada—and all very badly printed, by the same token. Typography seems to be a debased art in Spain. The old Spanish hooks that one sees with the imprimatur of a fifteenth or sixteenth century printer are admirable—the ink is rich and black, the types are clear, well-cut characters, the paper is linen fibre, honest and tough, and the sheets are strongly sewed with stout thread, and set into substantial covers enriched with handsome tooling, or good gold leaf instead of Dutch metal. The Spanish hooks of to-day are poor, shabby things; they often contain villainous wood-cuts or worse half-tones; they are printed with poor type on dingy wood-pulp paper; they have title-pages that look like patent-medicine almanacs; they have ill-proportioned head and foot-margins; the sheets are folded askew; they are badly sewn; they are put into cases with moldy paste and cold glue—in fact, they are so badly bound that a new hook will sometimes come apart in your hand. And to this low level has fallen the art preservative in Spain.

We secured some other Granada hooks printed as badly as "The Alhambra" translation—done, in fact, by the same typographers "The Señores Widow & Sons of Paulino Sahatel." That establishment prints an advertisement at the back of the "Lihro de Granada"—a collection of sentimental poems and elegant essays by the Granada Four Hundred. From this advertisement I learn that the widow and her sons "execute all kinds of typographic works, from the most simple to the most difficult"; and that they also print "devotional hooks containing chromo-lithographic pious pictures." As to these last I say nothing; piety doubtless covers had printing as charity does sin. But it is painful to see such wretched typography in works devoted to the magnificent monuments of the Moorish time.

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The translation of Irving's "The Alhambra" is entitled "Cuentos de la Alhambra, por el Cahallero Washington Irving: Version Castellana, por José Ventura Traveset." This gentleman is an "auxiliary numerary professor" in the University of Granada, whatever that may be, and his hook contains a biographical sketch of Irving by D. A. Gonzalez Garbin, who occupies the chair of classic literature in the same university. The hook is dedicated thus:

To my much loved spouse, Doña Maria del Mar Gonzalez Prats, and to the greatly loved children of my soul, José and Maria del Mar. May God heap benedictions upon them is the wish of
THE TRANSLATOR.

One of my favorite stories in Irving's charming hook is the legend of the student of Salamanca and the Enchanted Soldier. It seemed to me that it contained some of Irving's sly hits at the padres, and turning to the story in my English "Alhambra," I found this:

Padre Tomas was one of the saints of Granada. He had a pet lamb to smooth his pillow at night and bring him his chocolate in the morning. He certainly was a mirror of good if not of holy living—robust and rosy-faced.

To aid his steps in ascending the hill, he leaned gently now and then on the arm of a handmaid, evidently the pet lamb of this kindest of pastors. Ah, such a damsel! Andalus from the rose in her hair to the fairy shoe and lace-work stocking. Andalus in every undulation of the body. Ripe, melting Andalus.

Irving goes on to narrate the discovery of the enchanted treasure; how the student gets the good padre to exorcise the demons by fasting and prayer; how the padre struggles with the flesh, and his final success; how he takes a large basket of food and wine (and his pet handmaid) to the scene of the exorcism—the maid because she was a Christian virgin and proof against temptation and therefore intrusted with the task of opening the enchanted locks of the coffer with the magic seal of Solomon. The success of the exorcism, the wealth of gold and jewels before their dazzled eyes—all these things Irving sets forth with inimitable art. But does he not also describe the dreadful effect of a chaste kiss given by the padre to his pet lamb? The coffer shuts with a slam, priest, student, and maiden find themselves without the tower, while the unfortunate soldier within is doomed to mount guard again for another hundred years.

This, my favorite legend, I hastened to seek in Don José's Spanish translation. But I could not find it. It was gone—evanished like the enchanted treasure, and not a trace of it left. Evidently the worthy professor feared that Irving's story of the rosy-faced padre and his demure pet lamb might not be suited to his chaste spouse and the children of his soul.

**

The Alameda is the boulevard where the Granada aristocracy resort for their afternoon drive, and one may see here many handsome private carriages. Again I could not repress a feeling of surprise at such evidences of great wealth, in the midst of the beggary, filth, and squalor of this ancient town. From the carriages there looked out at times the fairest of Granada's helles, not seldom wearing quizzical smiles at the clouds of tourists. For the city is nearly always filled with pilgrims to the shrine of the Alhambra. I was told that many of these Granadans had never themselves inspected the beautiful pile of Arabian buildings on the hill. Odd, isn't it?—when thousands of people come thousands of miles to see the Alhambra. Yet there are thousands of Californians with

time and money enough, who have never visited the Yosemite Valley, when foreigners come tens of thousands of miles to see it. Perhaps the Granadans are not so odd after all.

But they may be pardoned for their quizzical smiles at the Alhambra pilgrims. While we were in Granada three shiploads of tourists arrived—two from Gihraltar, the third from Malaga. One of these lightning tourists told me that his party were waked at 3:30 A. M. at Gihraltar, took their train at five o'clock, traveled all day, arrived at Granada late in the afternoon—after the Alhambra gates were closed, and too late for outdoor sightseeing; got up early the next morning; were whisked through the Alhambra, whirled thence to luncheon, and were started back on their long rail journey to Gihraltar at two o'clock. I saw some of them, sad-eyed, haggard, and wan, getting into their train, and I do not wonder that the Granadans smiled. It is certainly a very curious way of traveling for pleasure.

I heard a dialogue between two of these rapid tourists. The hoasts of travelers have always amused me, above all the superior air of the man who has crossed the Atlantic twenty times when talking to him who has crossed it hut nineteen.

Tourist Sprint thus addressed Tourist Trot: "Did you go over the whole of the Alhambra?"

"Yes," replied Tourist Trot, "and the Generalife, too. Did you go there?"

"Yes," replied Tourist Sprint, sharply, "of course I did. But I hope you didn't miss the view from the Torre de la Vela. It is puffedly grand. It is—"

"Miss it!" interrupted Tourist Trot, warmly, "of course I didn't miss it. I knew all about that view before I came. Is it grand? Well, sure, it is! But say—how many times did you go to the Alhambra—hey?"

Here Tourist Sprint's countenance fell. "Well," . . . he weakly began, "you see, I—"

"I will let a red apple," said Tourist Trot, triumphantly, "that you aint heen there but once."

Tourist Sprint admitted the shameful fact.

"I supposed as much," said Tourist Trot; "you made the mistake of your life—see? Now, I hurried up my lunch, left the hotel at one o'clock, took in the Court of Lions and the Hall of the Abencerrages, and got to the train at two o'clock all right, all right. I have been to the Alhambra twice!"

Tourist Sprint looked at him with baleful eyes, and grew green with jealousy.

**

On my way to the Alhambra, I passed through three stages:

ALHAMBRA
EMOTIONS AND
EMOTIONALISM.

The first was prejudice. Ever since childhood the Alhambra and the Tower of London had been dinned into me until I grew sick to death of both. The sort of thing which produced this frame of mind in me was probably such ravings as these by George Ticknor:

The Alhambra is a name which will make my blood thrill if I live to the frosts of a century. . . . Not . . . like the quiet hallowed delight of a solitary, secret visit to the Colosseum or the Forum, where the moonbeams slept upon the wrecks of three empires and two thousand five hundred years; but as a riotous, tumultuous pleasure which will remain in my memory like a kind of sensual enjoyment.

The idea of an elderly Bostonian thus thrilling and throbbing after a two days' visit to the Alhambra runs perilously near the ludicrous. Yet that is the sort of thing I have been reading about the Alhambra ever since I could read at all. I have always believed it impossible for any group of build-ings to be as beautiful as the Alhambra is said to be. Therefore when I was nearing the famous pile, I was curious to analyze my own emotions. Well, my primary prejudice yielded to admiration—principally, however, for the exterior and the natural beauty of the surroundings. My third phase was that of repulsion again—of distaste for the defiled ruins, infested as they are with swarms of guides, beggars, touts, and tourists. My final opinion was that I would admire the Alhambra more if all the people in it were swept out with a broom.

As for the microscopic examination of the Alhambra walls, in which so many tourists riot and revel, I freely admit that they make me tired. You will see a guide showing two or three near-sighted gushers around a room in which there are "five thousand cells in the molding." Well, what of it? He further tells them that "Raphael Contreras counted one hundred and fifty-six patterns in a single room." What if he did? Furthermore, say the guides, "this is all hand-work." I do not underrate the superiority of hand-work to machine work, but when it comes to patterns like these it seems to me that machine work is superior. No human brain can design as many varied patterns as a machine; take the geometric lathe, for example, which designs the intricate patterns on bank-notes, bonds, and certificates. Take the kaleidoscope, which is used in designing patterns for carpets, cloths, and other fabrics. What human brain could devise the infinitude of patterns evolved by these two mechanical contrivances? Furthermore, the work in the Alhambra molding, beautiful as it is, is inferior to that in the magnificent mosques of Cairo. There the Arabian workmen labored in soft plaster: in the Alhambra they worked in hard. In the one case they worked as the sculptor does in the plastic clay; in the other they worked as the stone-cutter does with hammer and chisel. To my thinking the beautiful plastic moldings of the Cairene mosques are far superior to the stiffer work to be found in the Alhambra.

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On one of the walls of the Alhambra there used to be a pencil autograph of Washington Irving—at least so the guide-books say. As the room has been whitewashed several times, the autograph no longer exists. One day I heard

WASHINGTON
IRVING'S
AUTOGRAPH.

a soulful lady importuning a guide to show her this autograph; he would cheerfully have accommodated her, but there had been no autograph there since he was born. Still she was so soulful, and yearned so for the autograph, that I

wrote one myself for her in pencil near where she was searching. When the soulful lady found it she burst into such a torrent of emotional rhapsody that I felt more than repaid. These little acts of kindness as we go through the world are far too rare.

This same soulful lady subsequently pointed out to her companion a blank white wall down in Granada, which was covered with round black spots.

"Look," she cried, enthusiastically, "look at those apertures! Evidently they are shot-holes—probably made by cannon-balls fired in the wars waged by the Moorish kings with Ferdinand and Isabella. Is it not quite too interesting?"

It struck me as being so, particularly as the shot-holes were so clear and sharply defined. They seemed a little recent. So I asked our guide Juanito what the black spots were.

"Those round black spots, señor?" said he; "oh, that is a hat factory, and those are new sombreros hanging up in the sun to dry."

**

Among the various things which offend one at the Alhambra are not only the touts, guides, and beggars, hut the advertising signs. For example, as you drive up to the great gateway of the old Moorish palace, with its stone hand and key, you see such signs as these:

"PLATES DEVELOPED AND PRINTED."

"DARK ROOMS FOR THE USE OF AMATEURS."

"GROUPS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA ON MODERATE TERMS."

"VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO COMPARE PRICES AND QUALITY OF OUR GOODS BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE."

"ENTRANCE TO THE BEAUTIFUL ART ROOMS OF GARZON, PHOTOGRAPHER."

The vulgar love of the commonplace and the horrible, found wherever tourists go, seems to run riot in the Alhambra. The guides are ever pointing out to tourists the "blood-spots" in the Court of the Abencerrages—which are not blood-spots at all. The guides seem to remember only vulgar errors. For example, Washington Irving mistook the word "lindaraja" (itself a corruption of *daraxa*, a "vestibule") for the name of a Moorish maiden, "Lindaraxa." This error he has poetically preserved in his "Alhambra." None the less it is a blunder. But the guides will not have it so. They utilize the maiden Linda whom Irving coined out of nothing, and her ghost will doubtless walk the Alhambra halls forever.

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Our guide in Granada, Juan de Lara, was a handsome, cheery young chap, about twenty years old. Juan had a smile and a word for everybody. If he met an old woman on the road, she was Tio Josefa—"Aunt Josie." If he met an old man, he was Padre Juan. Even when poking fun at these venerable friends they called him "Juanito" or "Johnny"—no one ever seemed angry at him. Even the gypsies were Juanito's friends, for he took us over to the Alhaycin, or gypsy quarter, where we witnessed the famous gypsy dances about which all have heard so much. Like most of the things about which all have heard so much, they were stupid. They were not even "voluptuous," to use a Chicago phrase, and I was gratified to hear from Juan that the tourists who cross the river at night to be shocked by the "obscene dances" in the gypsy quarter of Seville, always come away with a flea in their ear. These dances are quite proper, and if the tourists express any discontent with the length of the female gypsies' skirts, the guides point significantly to the length of the scowling male gypsies' knives. In the cafés of Seville, tourists can always get imitation gypsies to give gypsy dances to their taste—such dances as are sometimes given at queer hanquets in the United States, when "Bella Fatmas" and other ladies, light in morals but heavy in adipose, perform the *danse du ventre* at the end of the hanquet for the delectation of befuddled pork-packers.

We were sincerely sorry to bid good-by to Juan—he was handsome, so happy, so young. I asked him if he had served his time in the army, and for the first time his countenance fell. He told me that he would be eligible for conscription next year. Poor devil! He will then have to spend three or four of the best years of his life acting as valet to an officer or chambermaid to a horse.

**

Those who intend to travel in Spain should be warned that they will not find English and French so generally spoken as in more frequented parts of Europe. In the big Paris hotels, and in other large cities of France, the manager always speaks English fluently, and most of his office assistants speak it well; the head-waiter always speaks English, and generally some of the waiters also. The waiter on each floor generally speaks English, and acts as interpreter to the chambermaids and valets when they do not. In Italy a similar condition of affairs prevails in the large cities, with the addition that hotel managers and hotel waiters also speak French and nearly all of them German.

In Spanish cities no such condition of affairs can be found. At Barcelona our hotel manager spoke very indifferent English and a little French; his assistant a little French and no English; the door-porter spoke English fairly well; the head-waiter spoke a very little English, and French fairly. At Madrid, the manager of the Hotel de Paris spoke English and French fairly well. At the Hotel de la Paz, the manager spoke fair English; his assistant spoke no English and very indifferent French. The housekeeper and the book-keeper (a woman) spoke French fluently, hut no English; the head-waiter spoke no English, and only a little French; the door-porter spoke no English and very indifferent French. At Cordova, the principal hotel, the Fonda Suiza, is kept by two brothers. Being Swiss they are linguists, and they spoke very good English, as well as French, German, Italian, and Spanish. At Seville the manager of the Hotel de Madrid, a

TOURISTS
TO GRANADA'S
SHRINES.

German, spoke good English as well as French and Spanish. The head-waiter spoke no English, but some French; the door-porter knew no English, and spoke very indifferent French; none of the waiters or other servants in the hotel spoke anything but Spanish. At Granada, at the Fonda Alameda in the city proper, even the hotel manager knew no English, and spoke very indifferent French; none of the other servants, including the door-porter, spoke anything but Spanish. This hotel, however, is distinctively a Spanish *fonda*; the Hotel Washington Irving, on the hill by the Alhambra, which is more frequented by tourists, has a manager who speaks English, but even there most of the servants speak only Spanish.

* *

While we were in Granada it was difficult to believe that we were in Southern Spain, the nights were so intensely cold. During the day the temperature was agreeable, and for a couple of hours after midday more than warm. But at sunset the thermometer suddenly dropped, and between midnight and dawn the temperature was Arctic. Granada itself is at quite an elevation and is surrounded by ranges of lofty mountains which at this season are snow-clad. The winds which whistle down their flanks in winter are icy enough to chill an Eskimo.

When I was a school-boy there were, among the many things I did not understand, two that were particularly incomprehensible to me. The Magnetic Pole and the Golden Number were the fatal two. The Magnetic Pole of the earth was utterly beyond me. I never knew what it was for, and I never could settle where it was. It seemed to me to be drifting around our globe like the Wandering Jew. I suppose that nowadays it must have moved off the earth completely, for I have utterly ceased to hear of it since I was a school-boy, and that is some years ago.

So with the Golden Number. I never knew exactly what it was for, except that when you multiplied or divided it by other numbers it did freakish things. For example, if you multiplied it by the age of Julius Caesar when he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, it told you the difference between the Gregorian and the Julian calendars. If you subtracted it from the bissextile it would tell you why there is no twenty-ninth of February every other four thousand years.

Or something like that—I was always a little bit hazy about the Golden Number. So with the Magnetic Pole—I never understood why it moved around. Of late years, as I say, I think that scientists have moved the Magnetic Pole off the earth, and that it is the Arctic Pole which is now moving around.

At school there was a big boy who had the next seat to me. His name was Jimmy Massey, and he was a large fat boy with pop eyes. We small boys used to call him "Pop-Eyed Jimmy" behind his back—never to his face after he had licked one small boy for this opprobrious term. Although a big boy in bulk and brawn, "Jimmy" was not big in brain—hence his position in the same class with us small boys.

One day "Jimmy" turned to me after the geography lesson and whispered:

"Will you never give it away if I tell you something?"

I promised.

"Criss cross," he demanded.

"Criss cross," I replied, solemnly.

"I'll lick you anyway if you do," he said, threateningly.

I professed my fealty.

Lowering his voice to a thick, fat whisper, Jimmy gurgled into my ear:

"I don't believe the world is round!"

I was awed, dazed. Pop-Eyed Jimmy gloomily enjoyed my stupor, and then proceeded to prove to me that the world was flat. He demonstrated it in the most convincing manner, and was only embarrassed—as have been other great prehistoric scientists before him—by failing to tell on what the flat earth rested.

Years have passed since then, and I have never heard anything of Jimmy Massey. He may be in the State's Prison, and then again he may be in politics. From his daring and untrammelled spirit I think he must have become an Arctic explorer like Nansen, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and Mr. Peary, of the North Pole. Such a Galileo would never be satisfied unless he demonstrated his belief.

I do not go so far as "Pop-Eyed Jimmy," but I freely confess I do not believe the North Pole is in the Arctic Circle. I believe that it is in Southern Europe, that it is not far from the Mediterranean, and that it lies somewhere between the Pillars of Hercules and the Golden Horn.

* *

Once I nearly froze to death in Naples. Once I piled all my overcoats and rugs and a mackintosh on top of my bed in Athens. And here in sunny Spain I for the first time became cognizant of bed-warmers and warming-pans—objects which hitherto to me had been purely literary. I had read of them in story-books, but supposed they were figments, like the Phoenix and the Dragon. Now I know that they exist, and since I have slept in these shivery Spanish beds, in these refrigerator Spanish bedrooms, in these vault-like Spanish hotels, I bless the man who invented warming-pans. As you go along the gloomy corridors of these sepulchral hotels, your foot-falls echoing through the arches above you, with a bone-searching cold rising up from the stone floor under you, you see rows of hot-water hags, coyly clad in red flannel, hanging by the awkward door-knobs of the clumsy Spanish doors. At first you say "Is this hotel occupied only by invalids?" No—you speedily find that they are not invalids, but that to prevent rigor mortis setting in during the night from the extreme cold, they take hot-water hags to bed with them.

In the larger cities of Northern Europe the landlords have been forced to heat their hotels. They did it reluctantly, but they did it. In London, Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, on the Riviera, and in some Roman hotels you now find central heating systems. Not so in the smaller hotels of Southern

Italy, of Spain, of Greece, and of the Levant. There the unfortunate tourists slowly freeze.

So I believe that the North Pole is somewhere around the Mediterranean, and when I look back over the lapse of years to Jimmy Massey and his geographical heterodoxies, I have a fellow feeling for him.

In some of these hotels you occasionally find a queer stove. It would be amusing—if you did not yourself live in the hotel—to see the miscellaneous way in which the top of the stove is used. Guests come to warm their hands, and go away leaving their gloves on the stove. They set down books, hats, flowers, and packages there. In the dining saloon the waiters put dishes of food on the stove while serving—not to heat them, but using it merely as a table. I have noticed, however, that they never leave the so-called "warm" dishes there—perhaps they fear they might get cold; or then perhaps, on the other hand, they fear they might get hot.

The landlords of these cold hotels display a touching solicitude about the stove. Every man has his weak point. Some millionaires hate to pay for postage-stamps. The landlord of a big hotel over here often spends half of his time trying to keep the servants from putting too much fuel on the fire. To prevent Americans and other pyromaniacs from meddling with the fuel they often keep the coal-bin locked. It is a touching spectacle to see a group of Americans shivering around a little stove; to see the servant enter, take out a key, and unlock the coal-bin; to see the freezing Americans grow excited as he puts two or three tea-spoonfuls of coal in the stove, and then locks the bin again; to see the gimlet eye of a Granada landlord fastened on him from the office; then to see the hapless Americans sink back into their overcoat collars, and wish they were "back home in God's country."

As an incident of the desperation to which these cold hotels drive people, I once saw in a Levantine hotel an elderly spinster seat herself in front of the stove in the men's smoking-room with her hair down, while an elderly female friend gave her a dry shampoo. To the suggestion of the scandalized servants—Mohammedan males—that she should finish this intimate toilet operation in her own room, she replied briefly that she had found the only warm place in the hotel and she proposed to finish the shampoo there. Which she did.

MORE AMUSING ADE FABLES.

Extracts from the Humorist's Latest Collection of Studies in Slang—
The Queen of May—Trials of the Vacationist—Music
that is Too Good for Household Use.

Still another batch of clever fables from the pen of the prolific George Ade has been brought out in book-form under the title "People You Know," which, the humorist explains in his preface, are the people "who live just around the corner." Mr. Ade's ability to turn out these droll skits weekly seems little short of marvelous, for already he has several volumes of "slang" fables to his credit, and yet his latest collection is as fresh and mirth-provoking as the first installments which began to appear in the papers several years ago. Nothing more entertaining than these Ade fables could be recommended to the vacationist or summer reader who does not feel equal to a long-continued serious novel, but, at odd moments, wishes to dip into a volume and be amused. One can open this collection of fables at almost any of its two hundred and twenty-four pages and be sure of at least a dozen hearty laughs.

An especially timely subject, for example, which Mr. Ade handles in his inimitable way, is the mania for house-cleaning and house-hunting which yearly seizes womenkind "when the sarsaparilla ads begin to blossom forth and the peach crop has been ruined by the late cold snaps." Of one sorely afflicted woman, to whom he has given the suggestive cognomen, "Mrs. Jump," he says.

Every Spring she found the Place she had been seeking, and gave a Grand Signal for the whole Outfit to begin packing up. Those were the bright vernal Days when Mr. Jump got all that was coming to him. Mr. Jump was a Man, therefore any old kind of a Hut suited him. For eight years before starting on his continuous Tour with Mother, he had roomed over a Drug Store.

When Mrs. Jump made her Spring Announcement that they would move to another House, her husband did a deal of Kicking, but he always went into the Wood Shed to do it. He sassed her inwardly, but not so that she could hear.

She was a Wonder at framing up Reasons for hurling the Lease back at the Landlord.

One Year she quit because the Owner papered the Upstairs with a Jay Pattern that cost only fifteen cents a Bolt. Another time the Family next door kept Chickens. Usually the Children across the Alley were not fit Associates for their own little Brood.

One Time she quit on account of a Cockroach. She saw it scoot across the Pantry, and that afternoon she headed for a Renting Agency.

Father suggested that instead of vacating in favor of the Cockroach, they offer a reward of one hundred dollars for its Capture, dead or alive, and thereby save a little Money, but she refused to listen.

If the Plumbing wasn't out of Whack, the Furnace required too much Coal, or else the Woman across the Street had been divorced too many times.

If they squatted in a low-down Neighborhood, Mrs. Jump was ashamed to give her Address to Friends in the Congregation.

If they got into a Nest of the New Rich, then Laura had the freeze-out worked on her, because Mr. Jump was on a Salary, and she had to ride on the Trolleys. So she began looking for a Street in which Intellect would successfully stack up against the good, old Collateral. And, of course, that meant a long Search.

Therefore, every May first, something Red and about the size of a Cahoose backed up to the Jumps's. Several husky Boys began throwing Things out of the Windows.

Father did a Vanishing Act. When it came to lifting one corner of a Piano or hanging Pictures he was a sad Bluff, and he knew it.

"How about Paradise?" he asked one day; "I understand that inside of the Pearly Gates each Family has Permanent Quarters. There are no Folding Beds to juggle down Back Stairways, no Picture Cords to Shorten, no Curtain Poles to saw off, no Book Cases to get jammed in Stairways. I am sure there will be no Piano Movers, for I have heard their

Language. Do you think you can be happy in the Promised Land?"

"It will depend entirely on whether or not the Rugs fit," she replied.

"Let us hope for the Best," said Mr. Jump.

Moral: The Queen of the May is usually a Woman.

The humorist thus pictures the struggles of the man with only a three weeks' vacation trying to map out a tour which would include as many inviting resorts as possible at the least possible expense:

He began to get busy with an Atlas about April first. He and his Wife figured that by keeping on the Jump they could do Niagara, Thousand Islands, Atlantic City, the Mammoth Cave, and cover the Great Lakes.

On April tenth they decided to charter a House-Boat and float down the Mississippi.

On April twentieth he heard of a Cheap Excursion to California, with a stop-over Privilege at every Station, and they began to read up on Salt Lake and Yellowstone.

On May first she flashed a Prospectus of a Northern Lake Resort, where Boats and Minnows were free and Nature was ever smiling.

By May tenth he had drawn a Blue Pencil over a Folder of the Adirondack Region, and all the Hotel Rates were set down in the Pocket Memorandum Book.

Ten days later she vetoed the Mountain Trip because she had got next to a Nantucket Establishment where Family Board was six dollars a Week, with the use of a Horse.

On June first a Friend showed him how, by making two Changes and hiring a Canoe, he could penetrate the Deep Woods, where the Foot of Man had never Trod and the Black Bass came to the surface and begged to be taken out.

On June fifteenth he and Wife packed up and did the annual Hike up to Uncle Foster's Place in Brown County, where they ate with the Hired Hand and had Greens three times a Day. There were no Screens on the Windows, but by climbing a Hill they could get a lovely View of the Pike that ran over to the County Seat.

Moral: If Summer came in the Spring there would be a lot of travel.

Mr. Ade says it is proper to enjoy the cheaper grades of art, but they should not be formally indorsed. To prove this assertion, he tells this fable:

Florine was a Lady who invariably was first over the Fence in the Mad Pursuit of culture. . . . One Evening she had a Cluster of Geniuses on hand. They were expected to Talk for a couple of Hours, so as to work up an Appetite for Neapolitan Ice-Cream and Lady Fingers. In the course of time they got around to the Topic of Modern Music. All agreed that the Music which seemed to catch on to the low-browed Public was exceedingly punk. They rather fancied "Parsifal," and were willing to concede that Wagner made good in Spots, but Mascagni they branded as a Crab. As for Victor Herbert and J. P. Sousa—back to the Water-Tanks!

A little later in the Game the Conversation began to Sag, and it was suggested that they have Something on the Piano. They gathered around the Stack of Music, and then Vomer went into the Discard, and Puccini fell to the floor unnoticed, and the Classics did not get a Hand. But they gave a Yelp of Joy when they spotted a dear little Cantata about a Coon who carried a Razor and had trouble with his Wife. They sang the chorus thirty-eight times, and the Young Lady wore out both Wrists doing Rag-Time.

Of the trials of a "full-grown girl whose folks kept tab on her," Mr. Ade says:

If Florine went to a Hop then Mother would sit up and wait for her, and one o'clock was the outside limit. . . . "Nothing doing at the Gate," she would say, warningly, as they neared home. "It's Dollars to Dumplings that the Girl Detective is peeking out to get a Line on my Conduct. She has her Ear to the Ground about four-thirds of the Time, and if any one makes a Move, then Mother is Next." . . . As soon as they had landed at the Gate, little Florine would say in loud, clear Tones that would carry as far as the Sitting-Room Window, "Oh, Mr. Gliblitz, I have had a most charming Evening, and I wish to thank you most heartily."

Whereupon the Escort, standing eight feet away, with his Concertina Hat in his Hand and the Face in the Moonlight beaming with child-like Innocence, would come back thusly: "It's awfully good of you to say that. Good Night."

After which, Mother was supposed to believe that they had been eight feet apart all Evening. But Mother was Canny and up to Snuff, with a Memory that reached back at least twenty-five years. These little One-Act Plays under the Window did not throw her off for any part of a Minute. Before Florine turned in she was Cross-Examined and required to tell with whom she had danced, and why, and how often, and what he said. Occasionally the Daughter worked the Mental Reservation. In other Words, she held out on Mother. She said that she had sat out most of the Numbers, but she admitted going through a Square Dance with the Young Man who passed the Plate at the Episcopal Church.

At which Mother would wink the Off Eye, and murmur, "Is that so?" with the Loud Pedal on the "That." Also something about being more than Seven.

However, there were many "night-blooming Harolds" who "liked Florine for Keeps, but when one of them thought of clinching with old Eagle-Eye, the Family Sleuth, he weakened." In fact, Mr. Ade says, "Florine would have remained a Dead Card if she had not gone on a Visit to a neighboring City, where she bumped into the Town Trifler."

He had a Way of proposing to every Girl the first time he met her. It always seemed to him such a cordial Send-off for a budding Friendship. Usually the Girl asked for Time, and then the two of them would Fiddle around and Fuss and Make Up, and Finally send back all the Letters, and that would be the Finish. Florine fooled the foxy Philanderer. The Moment he came at her with the Marriage Talk she took a firm Hold, and said: "You're on! Get your license to-morrow morning. Then cut all the Telegraph Wires and burn the Railroad Bridges."

They were Married, and, strange as it may appear, Mother immediately resigned her Job as Policeman, and said: "Thank goodness, I've got you Married Off! Now you can do as you please."

A few of the other amusing characters whom Mr. Ade introduces are "The Attenuated Attorney Who Rang in the Associate Counsel," "The Man Who Had a True Friend to Steer Him Along," "The Young Napoleon Who Went Back to the Store on Monday Morning," "The Patient Toiler Who Got It in the Usual Place," "The Samaritan Who Got Paralysis of the Helping Hand," "The Married Couple that Went to Housekeeping and Began to Find Out Things," and "The Self-Made Hezekiah and His Message of Hope to this Year's Crop of Graduates." Not a little enjoyment of the book must also be credited to the happy illustrations of E. J. McCutcheon and others which supplement the text.

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A GAME OF MIRACLES.

The Story of a Picture that Spoke.

When Captain Adams, U. S. V., assumed military control of San Enrique, the aristocracy, consisting of a few Spaniards and many *mestizos*, received him with open arms. The captain was pleased with the prospect. His regiment had been ordered from the more arduous campaign in Luzon to recuperate and at the same time to restrain the inhabitants of Negro Island from emulating their more pugnacious brethren. The regiment needed a rest badly, and as the captain strolled through the town of San Enrique, he felt certain that his company's task would not be irksome. Cheerful brown faces grinned at him from the doorways of the yellow *nipa* huts, and now and then he caught a glimpse of a fairer countenance at the window of one of the larger houses.

In the evening he visited the *mestizo* presidente, and paid compliments in rather unique Spanish to the official's very stout wife and rather pretty daughters. Presently he was set before an excellent dinner and genuine champagne. There were other guests, and when the dishes were cleared away, cards were produced and the gathering, male and female, sat down to play *monte*, the chief amusement of the Filipino aristocracy. It is never played entirely for amusement, however, and in the course of an hour Captain Adams had before him *pesos* and notes to the extent of several hundred. Then came Padre Patricio, the Jesuit, who was spiritual guardian of San Enrique.

The assemblage rose respectfully when he entered, but he graciously motioned them to be seated. He was excessively cordial to the captain. "Too damned good-natured," thought the captain, sulkily. He was annoyed because the padre looked very well-fed, while he was many pounds underweight from work and semistarvation.

The captain's irritation increased when his pile of *pesos* began to diminish, and a pile rapidly accumulated before the representative of the church. Wherefore the officer began to watch him intently.

"Pardon, padre," said Captain Adams, quietly; "I believe that some of the cards have fallen into your lap."

A look of bland surprise came over the smooth, round face. "*Mira!*" he said in soft astonishment; "it is so," and he drew four cards from his lap and restored them to the pack. Two more dropped out of the loose sleeve of his black robe. "How careless I am," he said.

Some of the girls smiled; the padre was so absent-minded.

"In some parts of America they shoot people for carelessness at cards," observed the captain. A murmur of astonished interest rose.

"That is very foolish, is it not?" inquired the padre, gently. "I think that it is best to play all games quietly."

"Our dear padre," began the presidente, "is so absorbed in holy thoughts that he often—"

Padre Patricio shot a glance toward the civil head which caused that power to check himself abruptly. The military head noted the little pantomime with mingled indignation and amusement, but turned to answer a number of questions from a feminine neighbor.

Back in his quarters that evening, the captain pondered over the situation. "I wish that I had let Father Pat alone," he thought. "This is a nice, quiet, comic-opera town, and I have my chance to get the reputation of an *At* administrator. Of course, the boys could hold them if they broke, but as the colonel said, 'We're here to pacify them, not to wallop them.' It's the devil to have both lieutenants in the hospital when a fellow needs some one to chat with. Well, I'll see Jimmie in the morning, and hold a council of war. I see trouble, Father Pat."

"Jimmie" Bates, the first sergeant, strode into the captain's room early the next morning, and, saluting with a flourish, reported, "Comp'ny all present, excepting two drunk."

"Very well, sit down Jimmie," said the officer. The sergeant sat on a trunk, waiting attentively. "Do you think Wolcott is trustworthy?"

"Wolcott" was a bullet-headed little Filipino, so-called because he bore some resemblance to a negro pugilist of that name. He had been employed as kitchen help by the company before the capture of Manila, and had come to be regarded as indispensable. "Wolcott is the only square 'gu gu' in the Philippines," replied the sergeant.

"Well, I want him to do a little secret-service work. I want him to hang around the church whenever there is anything going on there. And tell him to pretend to all the Filipinos he meets that he don't care a rap about us. Don't tell any of the men that I expect any mix-up, but see that not more than a squad is out of hail of the barracks at a time. See that Pop [the hugler] goes to bed sober every night till further notice, understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, saluting.

Captain Adams put his men through a half-hour of snappy skirmish drill that morning, on the plaza outside the barracks. To wind it up he charged them for two hundred yards against an imaginary foe. As the day was burning hot, the men grumbled, wondering why their commander "made fools out of them." But the captain noted with great satisfaction that a crowd of curious natives were decidedly impressed by the charge, which was as he intended.

When the three powers—military, civil, and ecclesiastical—met accidentally at the little café near the presidente's house, they elevated glasses of brandy and soda in unison to the "Salute." Never were there three powers on such harmonious terms.

But three nights later the first sergeant dragged a breathless Wolcott into the captain's room, and attempted to restore him to a state of coherence with kicks, vigorously applied.

"Give him a chance, sergeant," ordered the captain, and the "non-com" desisted.

Wolcott sprawled for a while on the floor, trembling violently. "Well, well, *Porque?* Speak, damn it!"

The Filipino lifted a face that was a mask of terror. "*Espera capitan!*" he gasped. "Wolcott mucho cold feet—picture in church speak—me see—me hear—say *Americano* ladrones—mucho malo—tell Filipinos kill *Americanos*—me—oh, mucho cold feet." He clasped the sergeant's knees, whereupon the soldier promptly administered another kick.

"Were there many Filipinos there?" demanded the captain.

"Si," replied Wolcott. "Picture say kill *Americanos*—me see—me hear. Many Filipinos say: '*Si, Americanos malo—kill.*' Padre say: '*Si—in the night when they sleep!*'"

"Where is the picture, Wolcott?" inquired the officer.

"Top of altar," replied the Filipino. "Big picture—San José and Angeles. San José—he talk—me see—me hear."

The captain detached his sword and scabbard from his belt. He drew the army-revolver from the holster, and making sure that it was loaded, replaced it.

"Lock Wolcott in here, Jimmie," he ordered, sharply. "Tell the men to have their rifles and belts within reach of their arms. See that the sergeant of the guard has all his men where they belong. I don't think that there will be any trouble, but I want everything ready. Now, I'm going to the church. If you hear a shot, get the company there as quickly as the Lord will let you."

The captain strode through the door and hurried out into the street. He darted swiftly across into the shadow of the market-place. Skirting the silent *nipa* huts, he made his way through a little banana grove to the rear of the church.

He stole up to the sacristy door, and tried it. It was open and he was about to burst in, but he paused and dropping on one knee began to unlace his boot.

"It is best to play every game quietly, as Father Pat said," he muttered, grimly.

The sacristy was deserted. A confused heap of rich vestments was scattered on the table and the one oil-lamp glittered on the heavy gold embroidery. No voice came through the half-opened door that led out to the altar, but the unintelligible murmur of a voice somewhere above the ceiling brought a triumphant light to the captain's eyes.

He noted with joy a flight of stairs that led upward, and in an instant he was creeping in the direction of the voice.

A door barred his way, but it was unlocked. Slowly and carefully the officer moved it backward. He could now hear the voice distinctly, saying, in Spanish: "The Americans are heretics and children of the devil. All those who are friendly to them will meet their fate, eternal damnation."

Captain Adams saw a Filipino with his face pressed closely to the opposite wall of the room. Tiptoeing across he grasped the speaker firmly by the throat, and thrusting his knee against the fellow's back brought him to the ground. The American realized that there was little time to be wasted. Holding the prisoner by the throat with one hand, he whirled his right fist down behind the man's ear, quieting him effectively.

The captain sprang to his feet and glanced through the crevice into the well-lighted church. Three or four hundred excited faces were gazing at that spot. Padre Patricio was standing close to the altar rail, and he also was gazing upward.

The captain laughed a short, reckless laugh. He was a Western man, one of the sort who feel the sense of humor strongest in the time of danger. Gathering in a deep breath he put his mouth to the aperture, and cried: "Vamos, Padre Patricio. The devil is coming." Then he added gleefully in English: "The house is pinched!"

There was a chorus of wild yells, and a thunder of bare feet on the floor below. The captain looked and saw the tangled mob of frightened Filipinos swarming madly through the doors. In the thickest of the confused mass, fighting his way like a maniac, was the stout and gorgeous figure of Padre Patricio.

The captain sank back to the floor, convulsed with laughter. In a few moments the church was silent and deserted.

"To think that history gives the Jesuit order credit for diabolical ingenuity!" chuckled the captain. "Well, the drinks are on Father Pat. And—" the idea seemed an inspiration—"by Jove, I'll make him buy them." BERNARD BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1903.

The body of Jingo—once the biggest elephant in captivity, and who recently died at sea of a broken heart—was sighted seven hundreds miles east of Cape Race by the British steamer *Colorado* on April 17th. Over a month after it had been thrown overboard from the *Georgic*. At the time of Jingo's death he was being transported from Liverpool to New York.

ROOSEVELT'S WESTERN TRIP.

Notable Tours of Some of His Predecessors.

It is interesting to contrast President Roosevelt's record-breaking ten weeks' Western tour, during which he will have passed through twenty-two States and two Territories, with the first unpretentious journey of Andrew Johnson, who introduced the custom of Presidential tours. Before his administration, American Presidents seldom left the capital city, unless it was for a flying trip of a purely personal nature to Philadelphia, New York, or some other point near by, and these trips were not attended by any special ceremony, nor were they widely advertised. So new was the idea of a Presidential tour (says the *Chicago Journal*), that when Johnson proposed it and made his plans for what was afterward known as his "swing around the circle," the entire country talked about it, and opinion was pretty well divided as to the propriety of the thing, it being known that Johnson's purpose was to attempt to allay, in some degree, the bitter feeling which had grown out of his reconstruction policy, and which at length culminated in an attempt at impeachment. The idea that the President was at liberty to use the immense prestige of his high office for partisan or personal purposes did not set well on the average American mind.

The opposition which Johnson encountered in his violation of the proprieties, as they were understood in his day, prevented his immediate successors from following his example. Grant made no trips. Hayes went for a trip to his old home in Ohio, and while there accepted an invitation to visit Detroit, where he made an address. Before returning to Washington he stopped at half a dozen different places, making speeches and meeting the people, but all this was an afterthought.

Garfield, during the few months he was in office, was not out of Washington. He was at the Pennsylvania depot one morning in early July, 1881, to take a train for Baltimore when he fell by the assassin's bullet. Arthur, who succeeded him, left no record of tours of any sort, his occasional absences from Washington being due to calls of a private business character to New York.

The first long trip ever undertaken by a President was made by Cleveland in the fall of 1883, during his first term, shortly after his marriage. Johnson's "swing around the circle" was confined to the country east of the Alleghenies and north of Maryland and West Virginia. It lasted only a few days, and the total mileage was very small, compared with what later Presidents have done. Cleveland went as far west as the Missouri River and as far north as the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota. He touched at Omaha, St. Joseph, and Kansas City on the Missouri, and then crossed the State to St. Louis, from which point he returned to Washington by the Ohio River route, making frequent stops. On the way west by the northerly route he visited Chicago, Milwaukee, and the chief cities of Ohio and Indiana. He was away from Washington about three weeks, and covered about twenty-five hundred miles.

This long trip was the only one of consequence made by him as President, during either of his terms. He went occasionally on hunting and fishing trips to the rivers and bays near the coast and within easy reach of Washington, but on these occasions he was invisible to the public.

President Harrison took up the Presidential junket where it had been left off by Cleveland during the latter's first term, and added to it both in the number of miles traveled and in the number and importance of speeches made. The Harrison junket—there was but one of them—was a memorable one in several ways. In the first place, it revealed the President to the country as one of the most eloquent, forceful, and tactful short-speechmakers of its entire history. It also showed a desire on the part of the people to see the President in person, and to hear from his own lips a non-partisan discussion of the questions of the day. A radical change in public sentiment as it had existed at the time of Johnson came about, seemingly in a single day, and the country accepted as a matter of course and as one of its rights that which had been so severely criticised just after the great Civil War.

It is to President McKinley that credit is due for the full development of the Presidential tour. Departing from Johnson's model, he planned it along non-partisan lines, and in each of the long journeys which he made over the country he was simply the chief executive of a great people, going from place to place, for the purpose of stimulating in the public a loftier patriotism and drawing useful lessons for the nation's present and prospective greatness. McKinley traveled on his three most important tours more miles than all of his predecessors combined, and was seen by more people. The first of his long tours was from Washington to Chicago, thence to Minnesota and the Dakotas, and thence back to Washington by way of Kansas City and St. Louis. The second was that remarkable tour of the South, during which he said so many things which served to help men to forget the bitterness growing out of the great civil strife. The third was only partially completed. It was to have included the entire Pacific Coast, the journey out by a southerly and thence journeyed back by a northerly route. This tour, it will be remembered, was abandoned in this city owing to the sudden and serious illness of Mrs. McKinley.

NEW YORK'S WINTER PLAYS.

Geraldine Bonner Reviews Some of the Notable Productions of the Past Gotham Season—Moor Players Who Outshone Stars—How the West is Buokooed.

The winter is over and gone, the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, and all New York is beginning to turn its eyes and its thoughts countryward. One of the signs of the times is that the good plays are one by one ending their seasons. Most of the stars are on the road, a few have stopped altogether, and are already rusticated, while a belated handful are playing out the last few weeks of their engagements in town. May will still be young, as months go, when New York will be given over to comic opera and vaudeville, and the serious drama will be laid aside till next October.

Just at this tag end of the theatrical year one or two new things were tried, either as stop-gaps between winter and spring engagements, or because they were not ready sooner. One of these is Augustus Thomas's comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket." This caught on instantly, and from the first night was an assured success. After "Imprudence"—one of the best pieces of its kind given in New York in many a day—it is the comedy hit of the year. Discussing it in cold blood is impossible. It is the frothiest of absurdities, but it has the element that makes laughter, and one or two legitimate studies of character. There is a Western family in it that is delightfully true to life—a real *genre* picture. But the hit of the piece, the *raison d'être* of its success, is Laurence d'Orsay, a new English actor, as the hero.

I don't know anything about Laurence d'Orsay. I never heard his name before this, and, if I am not mistaken, I think he has been blushing unseen among his more successful *confrères*. There is a story that Augustus Thomas saw him one day at the Players' Club, and asked him then and there if he would take the leading rôle in the comedy he was just completing. Gossip goes on to say that D'Orsay modestly refused, stating he was not an actor for leading rôles, but, finally, being pressed, accepted, with the result that he has made the piece. The Earl of Pawtucket is a simple-minded, well-bred, haw-haw, English nobleman of the accepted type that we have seen on the stage since the days of Lord Dundreary. But in this particular play the incidents that surround him are peculiarly adapted to throw out his humorous side, and, as he is acted by Laurence d'Orsay, he is certainly one of the most delightful, absurd, lovable, and but slightly exaggerated figures on the New York stage.

Without him the play would drop to the level of quantities of other bright farce-comedies which have not much in them, and rely for their success on over-drawn situations moving to the tune of smart dialogue. I am curious to see whether they will take him on tour when they go. Since the breaking up of the old stock companies there has been a strongly marked tendency here in New York to send out metropolitan successes with several of their best actors not in the cast. This is done in a careful way, and almost invariably fools the West, where the company anticipates making a long tour. The star is generally there to figure on the play-bills and fill the house. It is some apparently subsidiary actor who is withdrawn, and in many cases these are the actors who have made the piece.

"Iris," for example, was given here successfully, with Virginia Harned in the leading part. Virginia Harned was poor, so poor that only the sensational nature of the drama and the brilliant acting of Oscar Asch, a man imported from England to play Freddie Maldonado, made "Iris" go. When the New York season was over Asch was quietly returned to Beerbohm Tree, and, if I am not mistaken, supplanted by Edwin Stevens. An actress who saw the play somewhere on the road, told me Stevens's acting of the terrible final scene, where Iris's lover turns her out, was so grotesque, so perfectly ludicrous, that the whole house burst into guffaws of laughter. It was Asch's rendition of this scene which had lifted "Iris" from the level of a coarse and sordid "problem play" indifferently rendered to a noteworthy performance that thinking men and women could enjoy.

Many of this year's successes have depended not on the star but on a secondary character. If "The Darling of the Gods" goes on the road without George Arliss as Sakkuri, it will be shorn of the one piece of fine acting the performance can show. I have intended several times to write of this "Drama of Old Japan," as they call it, though it appears to be quite modern, and then always been deflected from my purpose by something of newer or more startling interest. The piece ought to interest Californians, as Blanche Bates is the acknowledged star, has what actors call a rôle that has lots of "fat," and is generally conceded to have added to her reputation as a dramatic and romantic actress.

The fact is she has very little opportunity of acting, though she is constantly on the stage and constantly talking. I sat next a man at dinner the other evening who professed to know something of modern Japan, and he characterized "The Darling of the Gods" as "a Belasco fake." The plot, he said, was simply a series of old situations revamped, and arranged in a new setting. Historically, the play was absurd, for the incident upon which it was founded—the emperor's edict against the Samurai—occurred in 1875, when Japan was already partly modernized. It is certain that nearly everybody who has seen it regards it as a picture

of mediæval life, in which a prime minister with a red-hot torture chamber in his cellar was fitting and normal, and the "removal" of princely guests who happened to be in the way, a thing to be expected. I myself thought I was looking upon a drama of historic antiquity, when suddenly I was rudely shaken from my dream by hearing one of the characters allude to the telegraph.

But the question of historical anachronisms has nothing to do with the value of a play as a dramatic entertainment for the public. "The Darling of the Gods" is eminently successful from the latter point of view. It is, without question, an old and rather cheap story done over and moving against a magnificent background. It leaves a series of pictures in the mind which are exceedingly beautiful, ending with a glimpse of the lovers meeting one another after a thousand years of separation in a cold and cloudy paradise. Incidents are crowded into every scene, the action is breathless, the spectator carried from event to event with a feverish rush. The point in the whole piece which is least considered, is the characters of the individuals concerned. There is no attempt at the indicating or specializing of temperaments. The people are simply lay figures moving against a picturesque background.

Arliss, by his consummate cleverness, has imbued the wicked prime minister with sinister life. His is the one successfully vitalized characterization in the piece. Miss Bates, even if Yo San were a real young girl, is miscast. She is an actress with a splendid vitality and color, a brilliant and dashing personality. Yo San is meant to be in the dawn of a flower-like girlhood, with no religion but love, an ethereal and exquisite pagan just awakening to life. Miss Bates is not only too mature in appearance, but she has not that fragile and delicate art which can lend to Yo San's naïve utterances the charm and sweet silliness of youth. She has not that dainty fineness of touch that makes, say, Annie Russell's and Fay Davis's young-girl portrayals instinct with an innocent loveliness, fragrant and fresh as a morning rose.

At least two other plays this winter owe half their success to secondary characters. "Imprudence," which is generally conceded to be one of the best comedies given in New York for years, was well-acted throughout, but the palm was unquestionably borne off by Jeffreys Lewis. Where Jeffreys Lewis has been hiding herself for the last fifteen years I don't know. She certainly had dropped out of sight as far as the American stage went. I had a vague idea that she was dead. Suddenly she re-appeared, took a second-rate part in "Imprudence," and made the comedy hit of the winter; an absolutely undisputed hit, until D'Orsay's Earl of Pawtucket appeared on the scene.

As far as looks go she is fat and middle-aged, with a prominent double-chin, and little of her old handsomeness left. But she was funny; she was irresistible. The house finally roared at everything she said. She was running over with the real spirits of comedy, which is something that the actress rarely includes in her bag of tricks. Faversham was the leading man, with his name in big letters on the bills. But Faversham was nothing beside her. The fascinating "Favvy," as the New York girls call him, is a favorite here. He can act a little bit, just enough to say his lines nicely, is very good looking, and wears his clothes with an air that John Drew can not rival. As a serious player he does not amount to much, but he has the manners, voice, and appearance of a gentleman, which is the main reason for his popularity.

Of the plays made from books, "The Eternal City" certainly showed but one good piece of acting. This was Frederic de Belleville's as Count Bonelli, the clever and unscrupulous minister. I have a rooted aversion to dramatized novels. Unless a master-hand has done the stage arranging they are apt to be the most slovenly, half-baked, incoherent productions on the stage. The majority of them can not be followed unless a previous reading of the book has furnished one with a key. The case of "The Eternal City" was worse than usual, because one did not discover till the play was nearly over that the action is supposed to take place a little in advance of the present time, and because Miss Viola Allen, who is a stickler for the proprieties, refused to act Roma till that unregenerate young woman was purified of all her wickedness, and the friendship between her and Bonelli represented as a relation of the most perfect conventionality. As Roma and Bonelli retained an attitude of the warmest sentiment toward one another, varied occasionally by quarrels, in which the minister placated the young lady's rage by telling her he would marry her as soon as his wife would kindly consent to die, the spectator was decidedly mystified and in the dark as to what was the situation.

With the whole play thus dislocated by Miss Allen's determination to represent only ladies of unspotted reputation, the piece lost all coherence and value, and the star herself acted with a mechanical dryness very different from what she can do when she is properly cast in a congenial environment. She has grown very thin and looks quite fragile and delicate. This, added to the fact that she wore a black wig, made her appear unlike herself. If it had not been for De Belleville's Bonelli the whole performance would have been dull and feeble. Morgan as the socialist leader looked a common, coarse tough, and made no attempt to act. Even Holland's Pope, which was so widely advertised, was poor, appearing to be an exceedingly stagey old

man, with a perpetual look of savage ill-humor on his face.

Outside Oscar Asch and Laurence d'Orsay, the most notable new-comers of the season were Fay Davis and Mary Shaw. The former is an American girl, who has made her name in London. She is something quite original, exceedingly talented, and possessed of great personal charm. Having only seen her in one play, it is hard to speak generally of her capabilities. In that one piece her performance was distinguished by remarkable simplicity and naturalness. Of her curiously charming individuality everybody speaks. It is impossible to analyze it; one only feels that she is "an awfully nice girl." As to her looks, she is of the fashionable toothpick slenderness, not very pretty, but essentially the lady. She has a curious voice, husky and sweet, a voice that, like Ethel Barrymore's, has about it nothing suggestive of the stage.

Mary Shaw is an entirely different proposition. She is older, weightier, more of a personality. Her Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" was one of the most intellectual and noteworthy performances given in New York this winter. That it had power to attract house after house in a play so replete with the horrible as "Ghosts," is sufficient testimony to its universal merit. Mary Shaw is quite without beauty. I am not sure that she is not plain—as plain at least as a woman can be who has so large and powerful a brain. But she is an actress, a person of feeling and insight, who studies her work from the heart outward. That was what made her Mrs. Alving so remarkable. It was not done by the light of stage tradition. It was done from the study of human nature. GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

If President Loubet returns the visit which King Edward has just paid him, it will be the first act of the kind by a chief of the state in France since Napoleon the Third and his consort visited England in April, 1855, during the Crimean War.

Major-General Baden-Powell, "the hero of Mafeking," recently appointed chief of cavalry of the British army, has returned to England after a visit to the United States to study American cavalry tactics and methods. In order that he might accomplish his purpose with as little publicity and ceremony as possible, he traveled incognito and unofficially.

An insurance company has just issued to Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker, a policy for \$1,000,000. Mr. Wanamaker filed his application several weeks ago, and it was approved after the customary medical examination. The premium on the policy is \$30,000 a year. This makes Mr. Wanamaker one of the most heavily insured private individuals in the world.

At Newburgh, N. Y., last week, Mark Twain tried to have the court reduce the assessment of \$50,000 on his summer house in Tarrytown, for which he paid only \$45,000. The case was sent to a Poughkeepsie lawyer to hear and determine, and he thought the humorist ought to pay on an assessment of \$50,000, or \$5,000 more than he had paid for the property. The court confirmed the assessment. It was acknowledged that the humorist had not expended any cash in improvements, but a witness testified that Mark had been offered \$50,000 for the property and had refused it.

King Christian the Ninth of Denmark, who has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, can boast of as large a progeny as any living monarch. His family consists of six children, thirty-two grandchildren, and twenty-seven great-grandchildren. The king's eldest son, Crown Prince Frederick, is married to a princess of Sweden, the oldest daughter of the late King Charles the Fifteenth. One of his daughters is the Dowager Empress of Russia, the mother of the present Czar. Another daughter is Queen Alexandra of England. His second son, the King of Greece, is married to a cousin of the Czar, and his third daughter, Princess Thyra, is the Duchess of Cumberland. His youngest son's wife is Princess Marie of Bourbon-Orleans, a daughter of the Duke of Chartres, who served as an aid-de-camp to General McClellan in the Antietam campaign.

James Smithson, Englishman, who founded the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, died in Genoa, in 1829, and was buried there. The cemetery wherein his bones lie has been abandoned, and the land is to be used as a stone-quarry. All the bodies in it are to be removed. The regents of the Smithsonian propose that James Smithson's remains shall be brought to this country and re-interred in the grounds of the institution which is so noble a monument to its founder. James Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh Smithson, who became Duke of Northumberland. From the family of his mother, a well-born woman, he inherited a fortune. He became a noted scientist with a strong political preference for republican institutions. He never married, and when he died left nearly all his estate "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The money, which amounted to \$524,800, was sent to the United States in 1835, and the institution was established by Congress in 1846.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English View of Russian Affairs.

One of the chief merits of Wirt Gerrare's work on "Greater Russia" is its contemporaneity. The conditions described have almost the freshness of newspaper correspondence, since the work is brought well down into 1902. What Mr. Gerrare says of the openings for capital, the gold-mining situation, the Manchurian railway (over which he traveled in disguise), and the Chinese invasion of Siberia, will be new to all general readers.

Let us note a few of the interesting items in the book. The Baku oil fields, Mr. Gerrare thinks, must within a few years be exhausted. Borings to a depth of two thousand feet have proved barren; at higher levels than eleven hundred and twenty feet no "gushers" have been struck; the limits of the oil area are now practically known. The present prosperity of textile industries and other manufactures is due to the high protective tariff. About this Mr. Gerrare has no doubts. But only in this respect does Russia resemble America. In the United States the individual takes the initiative; in Russia, the state. The condition of the Russian peasants is wretched; their lot indeed is little better than when they were serfs. In Siberia the distance from the centre of officialdom conduces to greater freedom and independence among the people. The great Siberian railway, Mr. Gerrare thinks, or rather, knows, is a poorly built road. Ordinary trains make from twelve to seventeen miles an hour. The express (the best train) makes twenty. No better time can be expected for some years. The rails are light, the sleepers thin and soft, the track very crooked, the embankments too steep. Contractors did the Czar out of thousands of roubles. One man built his embankment in winter out of snow and earth; when the thaws came the whole road sank four feet—and the contractor had already got his pay. The express train from the west to Irkutsk is a royal one—the best in Europe. Beyond Irkutsk it is fairly good. The scenery is unremarkable.

In general the author thinks Siberia a very ordinary country, capable of great future development, but far from equal to Canada. East of Baikal he considers the better half, but this will be a Chinaman's country, since the Chinaman is superior to the Russian peasant, and can not be kept from entering the country from Mongolia. This is distinctly a new idea, and a very striking one. Mr. Gerrare confirms the views of others regarding Russia's intentions to remain supreme in Manchuria. Some of his predictions are borne out by recent events. As to openings for capital in Siberia, they are slight. The policy of the government is to reserve all mineral deposits for government exploitation, and to discourage private enterprise. There are now only a dozen or so English and Americans employed in interior Siberia. Flattering to Western pride is the statement that in Eastern Siberia the American and English view of things is what interests the people. "By America," says Mr. Gerrare. "California is meant—it is San Francisco rather than New York that appeals to the Siberian trader."

The book contains many illustrations, and, in general, impresses the reader with the good judgment and knowledge of Mr. Gerrare.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

"William Ellery Channing."

The name of William Ellery Channing is indissolubly connected with the birth and rise of the Unitarian Church. While he was pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston he gained, through his extraordinary personal saintliness and loftiness of ideals, a fame not only throughout this country, but in Europe. His sermons were translated into French and German, and Jules Simon said of him: "It is as the adviser of the people that Channing has attained to an unprecedented sublimity and efficacy." His present biographer, John White Chadwick, remarks that Channing's "Baltimore sermon," wherein he outlined the principles of the sect which came to be known as Unitarian, was not exceeded in circulation by any other American publication up to 1830. Yet despite these evidences of Channing's influence on the thought of his time, his works are now little read and less studied. Dr. Chadwick's scholarly biography marks a distinct revival of interest in this famous clergyman.

One of the principles to which Dr. Chadwick held, which sets him apart from other men of the time, was his distinct antipathy

to "movements." He believed that progress should come by the advance of individual units, not by tightly bound alliances or the massing of people in parties. In such parties, he thought, all the finer intellectual distinctions were destroyed and lost. Thus he disapproved the anti-slavery movement, though he himself had a profound hatred for slaveholding; and he long resisted the crystallization of Unitarianism into a sect. His character was marked, also, by his own too great devotion to "Moral Excellence." He was deficient in human sympathy and experience in living. He was a product of the sheltered life. His delicate physique cut him off from those temptations of his fellow-men, which, had they been his, might have made him more tolerant. "Better fed," says Chadwick, bluntly, "he would have been a better man."

The biography, as a whole, is an admirable piece of work, and adds greatly to the reputation of Dr. Chadwick, whose scholarly reviews of other men's books have made his name a familiar one to most readers.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Call of the Wild" is the title of Jack London's Klondike story, to be issued by the Macmillan Company early in the summer.

The forthcoming posthumous novel by Frank R. Stockton, "The Captain's Toll Gate," is to be supplemented with a memoir and a bibliography of his works by Mrs. Stockton. The frontispiece will be an etched portrait of Stockton, especially prepared for the book, and there will also be other illustrations, among them several views of Mr. Stockton's homes in New Jersey and West Virginia.

Maurice Hewlett's new romance is built up round the fascinating figure of Mary of Scotland. It is to appear first as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

The first volume of "On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea," the Duke of the Abruzzi's account of his great Arctic expedition, which came nearer to the North Pole than even Nansen did, is to be brought out this month.

Irving Bacheller's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," which has just been published, introduces James A. Garfield in one scene, and Edwin Forrest in another. His hero is an old clock tinker.

The Macmillan Company have just published a story of ante-hellum days by William Garrott Brown, entitled "A Gentleman of the South: A Memory of the Black Belt."

Charles Eghert Craddock, in her new novel, "A Spectre of Power," makes the Tennessee Mountains the scene of a love-story in the eighteenth century, when French and English were struggling against each other to obtain the territory of the Cherokees.

A second hook of fairy tales by Mrs. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, is announced for publication this fall.

Definite arrangements have been made, it is stated by the Macmillan Company, for the publication in this country of John Morley's "The Life of William Gladstone." October 2d next is given as the probable date of issue. The work will be brought out in three volumes, with portraits and many other illustrations.

Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," will appear as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It will afterward be published in book-form by D. Appleton & Co.

In the story which the ingenious H. G. Wells is preparing is described a new food which makes everybody who eats it grow to a gigantic size.

Wilfrid Meynell's "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" will be published by D. Appleton & Co. in this country.

The first volume of thirty-eight of Charles Scribner's Sons "Library of Art" will be Charles Holyrod's "Michael Angelo Buonarroti."

Turkey is "looking up" as the provider of literature. Poetry, short stories, and novels are coming out in rapid succession, and some of these works are to be translated into French. Achmet Midhat is mentioned as the most popular novelist.

Edna Lyall, in an essay upon Mrs. Gaskell, written in 1897, mentioned that, owing to her unpleasant experiences in connection with her biography of Charlotte Brontë, and the violent attacks to which that work gave rise, Mrs. Gaskell had determined that no record of her own life should be written, and had instructed her family to that effect. Up to the present time her wishes have been re-

spected, but the difficulty has apparently been surmounted in some way, for a "Life of Mrs. Gaskell," by Clement Shorter, is announced as one of the forthcoming volumes in the English Men of Letters Series.

"The People of the Whirlpool" is the title of a novel to be published by the Macmillan Company early in June. It is by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife."

"The Under Dog," a new hook by F. Hopkinson Smith, consisting of thirteen short stories, will soon be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

A Mile With Me.

O who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!
—Henry van Dyke in the Outlook.

The City at Night.

Night has a thousand mysteries, not least
This of a mighty City as it lies
With thought self-centered, introspective eyes
That views its own mirror of work or feast,
Its pain and crime, its love and hope and truth,
Its holy joy and its unhappy ruth.
It sees no outer beauty of the night,
No royal stars that tread a stately dance,
No glory of the heavens spread about.
Turned ever inward is the city's sight,
Like men tense-spoken at a game of chance
Unconscious of eternity without.
—Louise Morgan Still in New Metropolitan.

O Summer Moon!

O mournful golden summer Moon,
Where are the nights that thou hast known?
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?
Once pale Acantha's pensive tune,
So long ago, to thee was blown;
O mournful golden summer Moon!
And Hero, sorrowing all too soon,
To thee her passion once did moan;
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?
Once Sappho some dear night in June
Sang all her love to thee alone,
O mournful golden summer Moon!
And once did sea-born Venus swoon
In tender love O times unknown!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn?
But gone is each sad kisses' boon;
And all those lips—are now as stone!
Where are Love's vanished roses strewn,
O mournful golden summer Moon?
—Arthur Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

The Morning Summoos.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on
the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample
heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts and the
hardy on the plains
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through
winter-sluggish veins:
Then the summons of the morning like a bugle
moves the blood,
Then the soul of men grows larger like a flower
from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half
divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the laggards
into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars
rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better
thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and trans-
pierced by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture
of the strong!

—Richard Burton in Atlantic Monthly.

A writer in the *Bookman* gives this list of the worst ten hooks in English that he has read through, confining himself to hooks whose authors might have been expected to do better: "Philip" (Thackeray), "Joan of Arc" (Mark Twain), "Alton Locke" (Kingsley), "Scottish Chiefs" (Porter), "Alywin" (Watts-Dunton), "Daniel Deronda" (Eliot), "Lothair" (Disraeli), "Clarissa Harlowe" (Richardson), "The Blithedale Romance" (Hawthorne), and "Hyperion" (Longfellow).

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LITERARY NOTES.

George Moore on Ireland's Troubles.

In "The Untilled Field" George Moore has diverged somewhat from the fictional line made familiar in "Evelyn Innes" and "Esther Waters." In this last hook his pen dwells less persistently, and, may we say? less affectionately, on Zolaesque features of life. He has almost relinquished, for the nonce, the illumination by his peculiar and indisputable skill of the grosser and baser passions of mankind and womankind. He has turned, in short, from the morbid to the moral, from long novels to short stories, from England to Ireland.

Mr. Moore has very strong ideas about the Irish people, and equally strong ones about the Irish priests. The woes of the former he is inclined to lay at the door of the latter. The priest, to his mind, is sapping the strength of Ireland by "puritanical Catholicism." The priest is drying up the springs of joy in the Irish heart by a cold and cheerless religion, which impels the Irishman either to emigrate or to accept the inevitable and enter the priesthood, and which brings the spirited Irishwoman to face the like alternatives of emigration or the nunnery. These views are at least original, and therefore present a somewhat hetero-basis than most sociological theories for elaboration in fictional form. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the hook has too much "purpose" to appeal strongly to the general reader. Many of the so-called stories are rather detached sketches of Irish life without definite plot, and even vivid portraits of the various kinds of priests which inhabit Ireland, and which infallibly appear in every story, can not redeem some of the tales from dullness.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Men of England.

Justin McCarthy has certainly the knowledge necessary to draw lifelike pen portraits of men prominent in British political life. Whether his own immersion in English politics, and his position as opponent or ally of the men of whom he writes, permit him to be quite fair to all of them in his recent volume is another question. Certainly the sketch of Chamberlain, to whom Mr. McCarthy refers as "Pushful Joe," could scarcely be called an "appreciation," being devoted chiefly to Chamberlain's instantaneous flop from radicalism to conservatism, and his abandonment of the Irish Home Rule party. At least Mr. McCarthy is not superstitious. The biographical essays in "British Political Portraits" number exactly thirteen, and are as follows: Arthur J. Balfour, the present premier, for whom McCarthy predicts a short tenure of that office; Lord Salisbury; Lord Rosebery, the luckiest man in England; Chamberlain, upon whose alleged insincerity of character Mr. McCarthy expatiates; Henry Labouchère, editor of *Truth*, and the wittiest speaker in the House of Commons; John Morley, scholar, author, and statesman; the Earl of Aberdeen, who is little known in this country; John Burns, the foremost representative of workingmen in England; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; John E. Redmond, the Irish leader; Sir William Harcourt; James Bryce; and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Mr. McCarthy's pen portraits lack a little in vividness. He is given to reciting in bald fashion the position of the various leaders in the political life of England at various times, which, however accurate they may be, convey but little impression of a man's personality to the average American reader, for whom the hook is intended. In other words, the sketches partake more of the character of those in a formal biographical dictionary than they do of articles which, by anecdotes and vivid description, aim to present graphically striking individualities.

Published by the Outlook Company, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

New Publications.

"What Shall I Do to Be Saved," by E. E. Byrum, is published by the Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

"Edward Reynolds" is a profoundly unremarkable story by William L. Lillibridge. Published by the Grafton Press, New York; price, \$1.50.

"An Irish Sketch-Book" is the most recent volume of the new Dent Edition of the works of Thackeray, of which Walter Jerrold is the competent editor, and Charles E. Brock the able illustrator. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"How to Play Base-Ball," by "Connie Mack," otherwise Cornelius McGillicuddy

(there a nickname was necessary!) contains a mass of information on esoteric points in the great national American game, and, besides, numerous pictures of star players. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, paper, 25 cents.

"The Tramp's Handbook" is a small volume written by Harry Pascoe, an Englishman, with view to furnishing amateur long-distance pedestrians with practical information on how to set up tents, build fires, pack kits, etc. It applies to English conditions, but may possibly contain hints valuable to California campers. Published by John Lane, New York.

We are not at all sure that the author of a hook of indiscreet confessions, called "The American Diary of a Japanese Girl," is a Japanese, or even that the author is of the feminine gender. At any rate, the hook is of no particular value. It is both frivolous and flippant. The drawings in color by Genjiro Yeto far surpass the text in interest. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.60.

The title-page to Professor Harold W. Fairbanks's little hook on "California" sets forth that it is intended as a supplementary reader to Tarr & McMurry's geographies. For such use, or as a general reading-hook in any of the grammar grades, the book should prove very satisfactory. It contains a large number of pictures representing characteristic California scenes, and is well and simply written. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Quite the most interesting things in an alleged novel, called "The Quest of Polly Locke," are the frontispiece portrait of the rather pretty young author, and the specimen of her unique chirography underneath it. We make this inscription out to read Zoë Anderson Norris. The hook itself is apparently an essay at satire, but it lacks much of being successful enough to be worth reading. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York.

The small brochure, by Justin Huntly McCarthy, on "François Villon," consists of about thirty pages of English translations of Villon's poems—mostly the versions of Payne and Swinburne—and ten pages of text by the author. Mr. McCarthy, however, finds ten pages sufficient space in which to defend Villon from his defamers, such as Stevenson, and to point out the many admirable qualities in the all too few fragments of poems, by this sad, mad, bad, glad brother, that have come down to us. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

The wolves in "The Holland Wolves," an historical novel, by J. Breckenridge Ellis, are not real ones; they are the gigantic wielders of tremendous swords, whom Philip the Second turned loose on Holland in the late decades of the sixteenth century. The hook has the usual characteristics of historical novels, but is rather superior in style to most of them, and marks a distinct advance over previous hooks by Mr. Ellis. The Kinneys have furnished the work with a number of interesting pictures. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A dictionary big enough to contain all the words that the most of us don't know how to pronounce is too big to handle—that is, if it fulfill its other functions besides. So that is the reason why W. H. P. Pyffe's little hook, "7,000 Words Often Mispronounced," has passed through fifty-eight editions, and has now been enlarged and re-christened as "10,000 Words Often Mispronounced." The directions given by the author are explicit, and the work has probably fewer faults than any other of similar scope to be had. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

One of the most satisfying volumes ever written about Japan is Alice Morse Bacon's "Japanese Girls and Women." The hook was first published ten years ago, and now appears in a new, revised, and enlarged edition, beautifully bound in hluish-green silk, and incased in a handsome box. The illustrations include twelve plates in color, and forty-two outline drawings, most of which are from the skillful hand of the Tokio artist, Keishu Takenouchi. Though Mrs. Bacon describes minutely the life of a Japanese from girlhood to old age, her style is never wearisome. She writes throughout clearly and delightfully. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$4.00.

The second volume of a pretty little series of hooks, called the Lover's Library, is entitled "Love Songs from the Greek." The

translations of all the lyrics are by Jane Minot Sedgwick, who has given them English form at once graceful and simple. The publishers, somewhat strangely, have not thought it worth while to state the sources from which they have derived any of these songs. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents.

James Creelman, self-appointed precipitator and conductor of the war with Spain, has named his first novel with sanguinary appropriateness—it is called "Eagle Blood." This is its plot: A noble but impecunious Englishman, too virtuous to marry for money, comes to America, becomes a reporter, meets the good and beautiful Helen, but is lured away from her by a passionate adventuress, Barbara Baird. He fortuitously becomes the editor of a yellow journal and goes to the Philippines where, in stress of battle, he learns to love above all things the Stars and Stripes. Meanwhile, the husband of Barbara Baird turns up and murders her. The Englishman (now, however, naturalized) is then free to marry the good and virtuous Helen, who has waited for him all this time—and he promptly does so. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Death of Paul du Chaillu.

Paul Belleron du Chaillu, the author, explorer, and original discoverer of the pigmies of equatorial Africa, died in St. Petersburg, on April 30th, from the effects of paralysis. He was the son of an African trader, and in early childhood began that world-wandering which death only could stop. He was born in New Orleans on July 21, 1835, and when little more than a baby in arms he was taken to West Africa, whither he frequently returned in childhood and youth. An acquaintance with many of the tribes, and a knowledge of many of the languages and dialects thus acquired, laid the foundation of his later success as an explorer. Having studied in Paris and spent three years in America, he returned to Africa, where he spent four years exploring what was then an unknown region. He accumulated much valuable information about the natives, discovered the gorilla, and secured several of these animals, and shot and stuffed two thousand wild birds and one thousand wild beasts. In this first expedition he traveled on foot over eight thousand miles, going inland nearly eight hundred miles.

An account of his travels he published in a hook entitled "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa." A sharp controversy arose as to the truthfulness of this work, which was much ridiculed. Therefore, in order to vindicate himself he again visited Africa in 1863, and remained for two years. It was during this trip he discovered the Obongo pigmies, and spent much time among the Patouin, or Fan, cannibals. On his return he wrote of his second journey under the title of "A Journey to Ashango Land." Later he went on the lecture platform and published a series of stories of his travels, written especially for the young. Among them were: "Stories of the Gorilla Country," "Wild Life Under the Equator," "Lost in the Jungle," "My Apingi Kingdom," and "The Country of the Dwarfs."

In 1872-3 he made an extended visit to Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Lapland, which resulted in the publication of "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "The Viking Age," and "Ivor the Viking." Other works from his pen are "The Land of the Long Night," and "The World of the Great Forest." At his death Mr. du Chaillu was making a thorough study of the Russian Empire, upon which work he had been engaged about eighteen months.

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The dramatic version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" that is being presented at the Grand Opera House this week is, while suffering from the faults incident to the majority of book dramatizations, infinitely superior to that in which Joseph Haworth played the well-known dual rôle during his recent star engagement at the same house. The interpolated stuff in the other version, which was apparently inserted from an amiable delusion that it would lighten the gloom, consisted of nothing more nor less than large patches of bald idiocy. In the play that Mr. Emmet Corrigan has chosen, the playwright has had the good sense to stick as closely to the text and incidents of the book as was possible. Thus, one's taste and good sense are not outraged by the contrast of perfunctory and weak-kneed dialogue with Stevenson's polished and impressive diction.

It is inevitable that the melodramatic, rather than the imaginative, element should predominate, when this famous story of psychological terror is transferred to the stage, and the actors in the strange and terrible scenes portrayed so powerfully by Stevenson appear before us clothed in prosaic flesh and blood. For one thing, the horror inspired by Hyde's appearance is of a different quality. In the book, the beholder experiences an instinctive shrinking from embodied evil, and no two agreed in describing the repellent features of Dr. Jekyll's evil familiar. In the play, the spectator tastes the sensational moment with critical enjoyment, not forgetting to gaze with eager curiosity upon the actor at the moment of metamorphosis, in order to discover just how skillfully and illusively he makes the change, and to note each item in the quickly assumed make-up of Hyde. The change comes suddenly in the first act, and with such a sense of unpreparedness that even the seasoned subject is surprised into a thrill of horror.

Mr. Corrigan achieves the transformation with great skill and rapidity. At one moment the erring scientist is before us—a man of gentle, melancholy refinement, perceptibly drooping under the weight of some secret grief. In the next, he is a crouching, jeering fiend, hideous and evil to look upon, seizing in a ruffian grasp the delicate woman so loved and cherished by his better self, and, with beast like fury, trampling the venerable head of the vicar in the dust. Thus, almost at once, we are launched full tide into a comprehension of Dr. Jekyll's secret and fearful destiny.

At the first start of horror, the illusion is strong, and the effect produced by the leerjng, distorted face, the couchant head, with its coarse, bristling mane, the apish dwarf-like figure, and the ceaseless, evil, mocking laughter, is a sufficiently faithful reflection of that described in the original story. It is inevitable, however, that the frequent presence of Hyde on the stage should lessen the sense of horror inspired at first sight of him. He becomes more like the children's bogie man, and one has too much opportunity to discover that his face, while hideous to behold, has not in the flesh the haunting malignity that the fancy readily conjures up while reading the book.

Stevenson's elaborate and careful working out of his strange fancy is, to a considerable extent, sacrificed in the dramatized form. Nevertheless, save for introducing a love-affair into Dr. Jekyll's troubled destiny, there is a commendably faithful adherence to the general structure of scenes and plot. This is accomplished only by considerable scene-shifting, and by one or two lengthy but necessary monologues of a narrative nature.

Mr. Corrigan is an actor of parts, and remarkably flexible in his methods. He has the mobile features, the changeable voice, and the physical adaptability which are particularly necessary in character parts. The dexterity with which he simultaneously turns up the back of his wig into a disfiguring mane, slips the similitude of a set of wolfish jagged teeth into his mouth, and buttons Dr. Jekyll's decorously setting coat into a reckless and abandoned-looking garment that a

Third Street tailor would blush to father, is worthy of a prestidigitator.

Herschell Mayall, for the nonce, renounced the joys of romantic heroics and was merely Lawyer Utterson, the shocked and saddened friend of Dr. Jekyll. Miss Stoddard, blonde and pretty in her black dress, was, as the instrument of filial vengeance, rather declamatory, a mannerism that she is falling into. That deep, depressed bass which Gilbert Gardner always contributes to the legitimate came very appropriately from Dr. Lanyon in the dark and horror-haunted chamber where the retransformation took place.

It was much more of an undertaking to drop the impish lineaments of Hyde and assume the calm dignity of the man of science. The aid of darkness had to be invoked at the critical moment, but the effect was not lessened thereby, and in the final laboratory scene the change was so expeditiously accomplished that the spectator experienced an unexpected thrill when the dying demon shed his hateful lineaments at the last moment.

In lively contrast to, and as a sort of antidote against, the series of chills left creeping down the spine after seeing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," they are running "The Man from Mexico" at the Alcazar, and making something of it. The piece, to be sure, is too reminiscent of Willie Collier, one of the most genuinely funny comedians on the American stage, to stand out very well against its own past reputation. One realizes that the part of Fitzhugh calls for more spontaneous humor than a stock comedian like Bacon is able to supply. Nevertheless, there are such continual gusts of apparently unpremeditated absurdity in the situations of the piece, that one is frequently surprised into the unreasoning laughter that is called forth by farce. This is particularly noticeable in the series of scenes at the penitentiary. In the last act, on the return of Fitzhugh from his problematical Mexican trip, the scene, though undeniably funny, seems considerably worked up and lacking in the irrepressible humor that is so necessary to make it go. However, Bacon's *dégage* manner of dropping casual comments over Fitzhugh's tangled affairs is, while not exactly novel, amusing enough to carry him through. The comedian whose brow is never wet with honest sweat is all the more successful from his coolness and aplomb.

The deputy and the waiter were instrumental in assisting at the fun in the warden's office, and there was a cloud of good-looking youths floating airily through numerous light rôles, whose presence no doubt occasioned much joyful flutter to the susceptible hearts of matinee maidenhood. "The Man from Mexico" is the kind of piece that presupposes no comedy talent on the part of the actresses that play in it. They are expected to look pretty, dress well, and to impersonate fetching women who know not the depths of masculine guile, and who believe implicitly everything the men of their families tell them. All they have to do in the acting line is to open their eyes very wide, purse their lips up very small, and occasionally look innocently puzzled when they are befogged in a cloud of lies contributed by the ingenious Mexican tourist and his male confederates.

Bertha Creighton as Mrs. Fitzhugh has her little triumph in the Spanish dance. Eleanor Gordon races through a small but breathless part with what skill she may, and Oza Waldrop coquets prettily with her audience in a rôle as tiny as herself. Louise Allen, or Mrs. Willie Collier, to give her her proper name, who, as Mrs. Fitzhugh, was formerly regarded as a necessary but not particularly desirable appendage to the ever-lively Willie, and who, through her past experiences as a dancer, shines particularly in the last act of this play, is now having her little time of triumph at Weber & Fields' in New York. They assert in the New York papers that in her turn at the famous vaudeville house she outstrips her husband in the favor accorded to her by the audience. Hard to believe, but pleasant to think so. One likes to see a couple in the ever-shifting world of players stick to their marital chains and jog along together through the years—in spite of matrimonial jars. And if the less favored one has an occasional streak of good luck to help balance the overweight on the other side, so much the better.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Colonel Asa Philip Stanford, a brother of the late Senator Leland Stanford, died in New York on Wednesday, at the age of eighty-one. He was one of the first settlers at Sacramento, and at one time was said to be possessed of considerable wealth.

Retirement of Maurice Grau.

The farewell performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 27th netted Maurice Grau over fourteen thousand dollars. In the afternoon of the same day a silver loving cup was presented to the retiring *impresario* by the singers, the stage hands, and the directors of the opera company. The cup was a large bowl of Martelli silver, embossed with scenes from "Rigoletto," "Faust," and "Siegfried," in high relief, and supported by three Rhine maidens rising from shells and lilies. Between them are a lyre, a harp, and a scroll of music. When Mr. Grau completed his speech of thanks, the presentation meeting resided itself into a veritable kissing bee. Mmes. Sembrich and Eames flew forward and occupied each cheek. Fritz Scheff, who was late, stood on her tiptoes and kissed the *impresario's* forehead. Mme. Schumann-Heink hovered in the offing awaiting her turn, while Mme. Gadski was so badly jostled in the rush that she retired to the background. Mr. Grau is said to have seen her retiring, and called out: "Come here, Mme. Gadski, and you too, Mme. Reuss-Belce—all of you come." Nordica only was absent, being detained in Pittsburg by illness. The papers declare that many of the male singers were so overcome at parting with Grau that they followed the example of the women, and kissed their beloved *impresario*, causing Fritz Scheff to declare they were violating a female prerogative.

Directly opposite the stand where President Roosevelt addressed the people of Albuquerque, N. M., on Tuesday, was a tableau representing New Mexico appealing for admission to the Union, forty-five little girls dressed in white representing the States, while one of them on the outside of a gate, at which stood Uncle Sam, represented New Mexico. The President said that when New Mexico had a little more irrigation there would be nothing the matter with the little maid on the outside.

David Belasco's "Du Barry" was produced for the first time in Germany at the Theatre Des Westens in Berlin on Saturday last, with Frau Odilon, of Vienna, in the title-rôle. According to the dispatches, the play was splendidly staged, but it was not considered a success, and was greeted with much hissing. The critics scored the play unmercifully.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, May 10th. Strenuous vaudeville! James J. Corbett, Fisher and Carroll; Julie Ring; Kennedy and Rooney; Melville and Stetson; Harding and Ah Sid; Mlle. Olive; the Biograph; and last week of the Lytton-Gerald Company.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of Mary Mannering.

Mary Mannering, at the head of an excellent company, which includes, among other favorites, Arthur Byron and Mrs. Whiffin, will present one of Clyde Fitch's latest plays, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. It is described as a wholesome comedy, telling a love-story, pure and simple, of the fidelity of an American girl, with a will of her own, to a much misunderstood Hungarian nobleman. The staging of the play is said to be very novel and realistic, especially the picture of life on the ocean waves, as represented in the first act. Of this scene, the Boston Transcript says:

"What, with its scenic devices and its groupings and the doings and sayings of its oddly assorted living freight, one is almost fooled into thinking himself upon an ocean-liner, and when the steamer gives a wicked lurch, as it does every now and then, only the strongest, sea-accustomed stomach can help rolling in sympathy. The 'business' that Mr. Fitch has put into this act is wonderfully neat. It is made up of many little things, as a matter of course, but each detail is so well attended to without offense to proportion, and all the various details are so skillfully combined, that the composite effect is strikingly exact. All three of the other settings are gratifying examples of stage art, two interiors and a garden scene; but for effectiveness as well as for originality, it is the scene aboardship which will live in the memory, and of itself is worth going to see."

Edwin Stevens in "Wang."

After an absence of three years in the East, Edwin Stevens will re-appear at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night in an elaborate revival of the tuneful comic opera, "Wang," which was first presented here by De Wolf Hopper. The remainder of the cast will include Ferris Hartman as the keeper of the royal elephant; Edward Webb as the innkeeper and the dancing-master; Arthur Cunningham as the French colonel; Caro Roma as the Widow Frimousse; Bertha Davis as Marie; Annie Myers as the Prince of Siam; Oscar Lee as the young lieutenant; and Frances Gibson as the elder daughter. There will be several pretty stage settings, some gorgeous new costumes, and a number of precocious little tots will figure in the "Baby" song.

James J. Corbett at the Orpheum.

The once champion heavyweight prize-fighter, James J. Corbett, will be the bright particular star at the Orpheum next week, and, as he has a host of friends and admirers in San Francisco, he is sure of a rousing welcome. He does not appear in the rôle of pugilist, but in a monologue act, in which he relates stories of his unique experiences in the ring and the many notabilities and queer characters he has met in the course of his many tours in the United States and abroad. He is said to have an easy, off-hand way of telling his stories that captivates his audiences from the start. The other new-comers are Fisher and Carroll, eccentric comedians; Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney, novel dancers (Miss Rooney is a daughter of the old-time favorite, Pat Rooney); and Julie Ring, a charming comedienne. Emily Lytton, William Gerald, and their company will continue their amusing farce, "He, She, and It"; Janet Melville and Evie Stetson will sing new songs; and Harding and Ah Sid, the "clown and the Chinaman," Mlle. Olive, the dainty juggler, and the biograph, with a complete change of motion pictures, will complete the bill.

Walter E. Perkins at the Grand.

Edward Corrigan will appear for the last time in his weird performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night, and next week Walter E. Perkins will give the initial production in this city of a comedy entitled "Jerome." When he was last here, two years ago, Mr. Perkins became a great favorite, and displayed his versatility in several well-known comedies. His new play is an adaptation from Mary E. Wilkins's novel, and is said to contain several really humorous situations. Mr. Perkins plays the part of Jerome Edwards, in which he has been highly praised in the East.

At Fischer's Theatre.

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee" has started on what promises to be another prosperous run at Fischer's Theatre. It is a pleasing concoction of hurlesque, topical songs, catchy music, and pretty dances, and affords the three comedians, Kolb, Dill, and Bernard, an opportunity to appear at their best. The other hits of the evening are the travesty on the "Florodora" sextet, the new song "Glory," and the yodel song in the Swiss mountain scene, which serves as a striking finale. Of the old songs, "My Blushing Rosey" comes in for many encores. "Twirly-Whirly," which is now running to crowded houses at Weber & Field's in New York, is to be the next attraction.

Clyde Fitch's "Lover's Lane."

Clyde Fitch's rural comedy, "Lover's Lane," will be produced at the Alcazar Theatre with Ernest Hastings as the young clergyman who scandalizes his parishoners by liberal views; George Osbourne as the jolly store-keeper; Bertha Creighton as the languishing school-mistress; Oza Waldrop as "Simplicity John-

son," the twelve-year-old tom-boy; and Frank Bacon and Fanny Young as the old couple in love at seventy. Mr. Fitch's play introduces several other quaint types of Down-East character, such as the gossiping choir singers, the zealous purity crusaders, the harsh deacon, the local opera-house manager, who posts his own bills and leads his own orchestra, and a brood of happy children, who figure in the school recess scene. Three pretty stage pictures are promised, representing the parsonage, the village street, and the lane of lovers, the scenic artist having succeeded admirably, we are told, in making a strong contrast between an apple orchard in spring blossom and in autumn leafage.

Death of Dr. Doyle.

Dr. C. W. Doyle, the well-known author and physician, died at his home in Santa Cruz on Saturday, May 2d, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-one. It was in December, 1898, that Dr. Doyle scored his first literary success, when he won the Argonaut short-story prize of one hundred dollars for his Chinese tale, "The Seats of Judgment." A few months later, his first volume, "The Taming of the Jungle," was published. It was made up of a collection of graphic sketches of life in India—relating the adventures of Ram Deen, a Padhan, who drove the mail cart in its final stage to Kaladoongie—and enjoyed an excellent sale. This was followed by a series of Chinese stories—including "The Seats of Judgment"—which was entitled "The Shadow of Quong Lung."

Dr. Frank Kingsley Ainsworth, who has been appointed the new chief surgeon for the Southern Pacific Company's army of thirty thousand employees, is a native of Vermont and about forty-five years of age. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1878, and took his doctor's degree from the College of the City of New York in 1879. He has been chief surgeon for some time of the Sisters' Hospital at Los Angeles, and latterly he has been chief surgeon of the hospital department of the Huntington electric lines, with headquarters in Los Angeles. This latest office he will probably resign, along with his connection with the Sisters' Hospital. The office of chief surgeon of the Southern Pacific is supposed to carry a salary of about fifteen thousand dollars per annum.

An interesting auction of ninety-eight beautiful residence lots on Parnassus Heights is to take place at the new salesrooms of Baldwin & Howell, 25 Post Street, on Thursday next. The land to be sold lies between the Affiliated Colleges and Golden Gate Park, and every inducement is offered the prospective purchaser—the location is admirable, the streets sewered, gas and water mains laid, streets bituminized, and sidewalks laid. Those desirous of erecting a home away from the bustle and roar of the city, and those anxious to secure a good real-estate investment should attend this public auction, for all the lots not disposed of on Thursday are to be sold only at private sale.

According to the London dispatches Miss Gladys Crocker, daughter of Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, formerly Amy Crocker, of San Francisco, was married at noon on Tuesday in St. Clement's Church on Strand, to Mr. Powers Gouraud, of London. Rev. J. S. Pennington, vicar of St. Clement's, performed the ceremony. Mr. Gouraud is a son of Colonel B. E. Gouraud, one of the first successful American promoters in England, and a brother of the bride's mother's husband.

A trip over the Mt. Tamalpais Railway is one of the most instructive and enjoyable of excursions, revealing the grandest panorama of ocean, cities, towns, bays, valleys, and mountains in California. The Tavern is less than two hours by boat and rail from San Francisco, and the trip offers an inexpensive and pleasant day's outing.

Luigi Arditi, the noted musical conductor and composer, who visited San Francisco during the famous Patti seasons, died in London on Saturday last at the age of eighty-one.

Mrs. Marion Wagner, wife of Dr. Henry L. Wagner, and eldest daughter of the late Hall McAllister, died on Monday at her residence, 1407 Jones Street.

Concerts of Antonia Dolores (Trebelli).

Mlle. Antonia Dolores will arrive here from Australia on Friday next, and on Wednesday night, May 20th, she will give her first concert at the Alhambra Theatre. The opening programme will include "The Prayer" from Puccini's "La Tosca"; the "Shadow Dance" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"; recitative and aria, "Let Me Wander," by Handel; besides songs by Rosa, Scarlatti, Buononcini, Rubinstein, Liza Lehmann, Paladile, Massenet, and others. By special request the artist will also sing "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," by Bishop, with flute obligato played by Louis Neubauer, of the Tivoli orchestra. Mr. Robert Clarence Newell, the well-known pianist, will play a number of novelties, including variations on an original theme by Pachulski, and numbers by the young Russian composers Grodzky and Arensky. This concert will be for the benefit of the building fund of the California Club, and the ladies of the club are using every effort to make the affair a tremendous success.

On Saturday afternoon, May 23d, the popular singer will give her only matinee concert, and on Sunday night she will be heard in a grand farewell sacred concert. The sale of seats opens on Monday, May 18th. The prices will be \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50 cents.

"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; SPRING STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, 726 Market St.

—DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, DENTIST, PHELAN Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 866 Market St.)

At the first banquet, given by the citizens of the City of Chicago to

President Roosevelt

on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2d, the only wine used was

RUINART BRUT '93

The President's Wine

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO., Importers

213 MARKET STREET,

Telephone Exchange 313

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VARNEY W. GASKILL, Special Agent

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

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INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital .. \$3,000,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserve .. 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.

Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. A. PONTA-TOWSKI, First Vice-President. HORACE L. HILL, Second Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus .. \$ 2,372,880.66
Capital actually paid up in cash .. 1,000,000.00
Deposits January, 1903. 33,011,485.15

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LYON; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOOD-FELLOW.

Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlhardt, L. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1903. \$32,139,037
Paid-up Capital .. 1,000,000
Reserve Fund .. 241,132
Contingent Fund .. 555,769

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Asst. Cashier. R. M. WEICH, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Paid-up capital, surplus, and undivided profits .. \$ 500,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1903. 4,017,812.52
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK .. President
S. L. ABBOT, JR. Vice-President
FRED W. RAY .. Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP .. \$600,000

Charles Carpy .. President
Arthur Legallet .. Vice-President
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Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL .. \$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS .. 4,292,163.58
April 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD .. President
CHARLES R. BISHOP .. Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON .. Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON .. President
SAM H. DANIELS .. Assistant Cashier
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CHARLES R. BISHOP .. President, Farout & Co.
ANTOINETTE BOREL .. Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK .. Williams, Dimond & Co.
GEO. E. GOODMAN .. Banker
ADAM GRANT .. Murphy, Grant & Co.
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WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided

Profits .. \$12,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

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BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

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Cash Capital .. \$1,000,000
Cash Assets .. 4,734,701
Surplus to Policy-Holders .. 2,203,635

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.
411 California Street.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital .. \$13,000,000.00
Paid in .. 2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund .. 300,000.00
Monthly Income Over .. 100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME Call on or Write E.C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY 124 Sansome Street SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Are you going to make a Will?

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CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus .. \$1,288,550.43

Total Assets .. 6,415,683.87

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

Such a slaughter of nobility as has lately taken place in Italy has not happened since the bloody days of the French Revolution. Fortunately this last massacre was bloodless. The heraldic office of the Kingdom of Italy has been overhauling the rolls of the nobility and every claim to hereditary rank has been scrutinized by experts, historians, genealogists, and jurists, with the result that a large number of marquises, counts, and even princes, have received notice that they are merely commoners. The entire "Black" nobility (those which owe their rank to the popes) have been struck off the list; likewise the great (meaning numerous) nobility created by the kings of Naples. Another large class which has suffered is that which owes its rank to the numerous deposed and fugitive sovereigns of the Bourbon family, whose titles are now legally extinct. It seems that the King of the Two Sicilies, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the four sovereign dukes of Parma, Modena, Calabria, and Este, the Prince of Benevento, and others have thought that they could at least create nobles. Henceforth it will be all the more necessary for indulgent American fathers to examine carefully the titles of all Italian nobles who come to this country in search of heiresses.

Only the other day, the Marquis Arthur de Mayo Durrazzo, of Naples, arrived in New York bent on finding an American whose father is willing to pay a good stiff price to have a marquis in the family. The Marquis Durrazzo is amusingly frank. He has not only advertised in the New York Herald for the purpose of making the object of his visit known, but he has willingly explained his desires to interviewers. "You see," he said to one of the reporters, "I am young and would like a beautiful bride with a large dowry." Even a marquis can hardly be censured for nurturing such an ambition. When asked if \$100,000 would be a satisfactory dowry, the noble marquis very properly refused to commit himself. It would do, he intimated, if that was the best America had to offer, "but," he sadly said, "it is not much return for the honor my title brings. My family is nearly 650 years old." "Let us hope the excellent marquis may not have to return to Naples with a mere \$100,000 beauty and the idea that Americans are niggardly," remarks the Chicago Record-Herald. "Think of a marquis whose family is nearly 650 years old going for a paltry \$100,000. It is scandalous. If New York has no money to pay for marquises whose families are old enough to be sufficiently decayed, let the nobleman visit other American cities. The honor of our country is at stake, but we do not fear the outcome. It is up to the rich fathers of our beautiful maidens to demonstrate that they are still game, and there is little doubt that some one of them will respond to the entire satisfaction of the delightful marquis."

Borax in reasonable quantities is not injurious to health. As used by American packers in the preservation of meats it is altogether harmless. Any objection by Germany or other foreign countries to American food products on the ground that borax has been used in their preparation is a futile and foolish objection. Such are the conclusions reached from Dr. Wiley's valuable experiments upon a dozen young men who have boarded for months at the expense of the government in Washington, D. C. The story that they emerged from the experiments with perfect pink complexions, due to the borax, however, has been promptly denied, although it will be difficult to convince the public that this is not a fact, for the newspapers have taken a keen delight in spreading this amusing story. They announced that these government boarders came through the ordeal with complexions such as society belles might envy. They were delicate, seductive, unrivaled, beautiful. They were the complexions of the healthy, laughing babe—of the peach when it starts ripening, of the little maid in school. Cartoonists like E. J. McCutcheon, and humorists like S. E. Kiser and F. Peter Dunne took up the pink complexion and spread its fame. Manufacturers of cosmetics were alert, and the suggestion of the cartoonist that there might soon be in existence a borax complexion powder factory as big as a packing house and a grain elevator merged, at one time bade fair to be actually realized. If there is a woman in the country who did not secretly wonder how much virtue there might be in borax for the complexion she is either too old to care about such things or too busy with her bread-making and her babies—a

model woman in President Roosevelt's eyes—to read the newspapers. In attempting to destroy all these fond illusions, Walter Wellman says: "Boracic acid will not put the bloom upon Sarah Jane's cheeks. It will not rejuvenate and beautify Araminta's jowls. At any rate, it has done nothing of the sort for Dr. Wiley's young men. They are no pinker than they were before they tackled his scientific regimen. If there is any difference at all—and that is barely noticeable—it is to be ascribed to the fact that they have better health than they enjoyed while inmates of Washington boarding-houses. Scientific fare is better than unscientific. Regularity of food and habits beats irregularity. But it is going to be a very difficult matter to convince the women of the United States that borax is not an advance agent of pink complexions. Every day from fifty to one hundred letters making inquiry about this new dermatological discovery pour in upon the bureau of chemistry, and Dr. Wiley has found it necessary to have prepared a printed blank to mail to all these anxious correspondents. The sum and substance of the blank, stated in polite and even scientific language, is as follows: 'Nothing doing with borax in the complexion line. It's all a fake.'"

In London the other day, a man was sitting in a comfortably full street-car when a lady entered and broke the law by hanging in pathetic desperation to the end of one of the straps, which, although provided for the use of passengers, are not tolerated by the police or magistrates of the British metropolis. Gallantry supervened. The man rose from his seat and relieved the lady from the necessity of breaking the law, but by doing so he broke it himself. Then the policemen entered, and all those standing were ejected, and the man was forced to walk home. On the way any number of crowded cars passed him which refused to take him on, and so he walked, cursing the position that medieval chivalry gave women. But his injuries were not yet over. He received a summons and was haled before a magistrate in a police court, together with others. The conductor explained the situation, and told how it was only politeness that made the prisoner break the law, but it was all of no avail to him. The magistrate sentenced him to pay a fine of three shillings and two shillings for cost, and an embittered misogynist left the court, declaring that next time he would keep on reading his paper and let the women grapple with the straps.

Maxim, the proprietor of the famous Frivolous, an all-night Paris restaurant, in the Rue Royale, known to all American and English visitors, and whose chief business was done in the three hours after midnight, has bought the Embassadeurs and the Alcazar, two famous places in the Champs-Élysées. Hitherto these have been open-air music-halls, but Maxim intends to transform the Embassadeurs into a theatre and the Alcazar into a restaurant. The price paid for both properties is about two hundred thousand dollars. Maxim, who used to be head-waiter at Weber's, made a large fortune in the past decade, mostly out of Americans and Englishmen. The Marquis de Dion says that he, the Prince de Sagan, and Max Lebaudy, son of the sugar magnate, assisted in opening Maxim's, thereby making the place famous. Lebaudy is dead, De Sagan is bankrupt, and De Dion has gone into trade, while Maxim has become enormously rich. Maxim's fortune is an indication of the lavishness with which foreigners spend their money in Paris.

Commenting on the withdrawal of General Corbin's name from the Metropolitan Club of Washington, D. C., and the indiscreet attitude of the general's friends, Harper's Weekly says: "No high-spirited man can desire to join a club where he learns that he is not wanted by at least a fraction of its members. A club can not be bullied or browbeaten into opening its doors. It can not be compelled to set forth the reasons for its inhospitable attitude, and it is sometimes imprudent to challenge their production. The wise course is to let the matter drop. It appears, however, that some army officers, who are real or professed friends of General Corbin's, propose to discipline the Metropolitan Club, for declining to admit the adjutant-general, by tendering their resignations. That would be a very foolish performance, for the resignations might be accepted. Nobody would be a gainer, and the number of losers would be multiplied. In clubland it is a fundamental principle that a man's club, like his house, is his castle, and nobody has a right to take offense at being excluded therefrom. Admission, like kissing, goes by favor. No doubt,

if General Corbin's friends are numerous enough and rich enough, they might migrate in a body, and try to start a rival organization. There is a legend that certain New York capitalists, deeming themselves aggrieved by the refusal of the Union Club to admit a candidate supported by them, proceeded to start the Metropolitan Club, now quartered in the white marble edifice on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street. That has proved rather an expensive performance, and we doubt whether a similar experiment will ever be made in Washington."

The ladies of Paris have resolved to protect the eyes of their poodles and other dogs accompanying them on automobiles with motor goggles. The appearance of spectacled fox-terriers in well-fitting overcoats, with little pockets for the handkerchief, sitting by the side of their owners, causes much amusement for Parisians.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Albert Frank & Co.'s New Quarters.

Albert Frank & Co., general advertising agents, have removed their offices from the Empire Building to the Broad Exchange Building, No. 25 Broad Street. This change of location was made necessary to obtain more room to transact the steadily increasing volume of business of the company. The new offices occupy a floor space of over three thousand feet, or nearly twice the area of the old ones, and have been fitted up with all of the latest office facilities and improvements that are essential for the rapid dispatch and accurate handling of business. The new location is in the heart of the financial district, to the requirements of which Albert Frank & Co. give special attention. It is also easily accessible for the numerous transportation, insurance, and other corporations that intrust their advertising to this well-known concern.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 6, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup 3%.....	3,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	107 3/4
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	24,000	@ 107 1/2-107 3/4	108 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 1/2	111
Los An. Lighting				
Gtd. 5%.....	2,000	@ 103 1/2	105	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	7,000	@ 113 1/4	117 1/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	34,000	@ 121 1/4	121 1/2
N. Pac. C. R. 5%.....	3,000	@ 110 1/4	110 1/2
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	15,000	@ 101 1/4	101 1/2	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	2,000	@ 114 1/4-114 1/2	114 1/2
Oakland Transit Con				
5%.....	2,000	@ 105-105 1/2	106
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%.....	8,000	@ 110	109 1/2	111 1/2
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry				
5%.....	9,000	@ 103 1/4	103 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1909	2,000	@ 111 1/4	111 1/2	
S. P. of Ariz. 6% 1910	10,000	@ 112 1/4	112 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	13,000	@ 107 1/4-107 1/2	107 1/2
S. V. Water 4 1/2 2d.....	2,000	@ 101 1/4-101 1/2	100	
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.....	55	@ 58 1/2-59 1/2	58 1/2	
Spring Valley.....	140	@ 83 1/2-84 1/2	84 1/2	
		BANKS.		
Anglo Cal.....	125	@ 99 1/4	99	100
		POWERS.		
Giant Con.....	755	@ 70-72	71 1/2	71 3/4
Vigorit.....	775	@ 3 1/4-3 3/4	3	3 1/4
		SUGARS.		
Hawaiian C. & S.....	335	@ 46	46 1/2	47
Hutchinson.....	110	@ 15 1/2-15 3/4	15 1/2	16
Malakewell S. Co.....	30	@ 27 1/4-27 1/2	27	28
Pauuhau S. Co.....	185	@ 17 1/2-17 3/4	17 1/2	
		TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.		
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,000	@ 54-61 1/2	61	61 1/2
		GAS & ELECTRIC.		
Pacific Gas.....	1,155	@ 36 1/2-43 1/2	43 1/2	43 3/4
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,443	@ 52-61 1/2	61 1/2	61 3/4
S. F. Gaslight Co.....	25	@ 4 1/2		
		MISCELLANEOUS.		
Alaska Packers.....	60	@ 154 1/2-156	154	157
Oceanic S. Co.....	240	@ 8 1/2-9 1/2	8 1/2	10
Pac. C. Borax.....	50	@ 166	166	

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the light and power stocks, about 4,625 shares changing hands. On buying orders San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up nine and one-half points to 61 1/2; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, seven and one-quarter points to 43 1/2, and at the close were in good demand with small offerings; San Francisco Gas and Electric, 61 1/2 bid; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, 43 1/2 bid.

The sugars were quiet with narrow fluctuations. Spring Valley Water has been steady with no change in price.

Giant Powder on sales of 750 shares sold up to 72, a gain of three and one-half points, closing at 71 1/2 bid, 71 3/4 asked.

Alaska Packers sold up one and one-half points to 156 on sales of 60 shares.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes itching or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itchy, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 5c. in stamps. FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Fevers, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLIMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y. (Mention this paper.)

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THE HERALD is without question the best advertising medium in the County of Alameda.

BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, FRECKLES AND TAN.

How to Remove Them.

How to Make the Skin Beautiful.



There is no remedy which will restore the complexion as quickly as Mme. A. Rupprecht's Face Bleach. Thousands of patrons afflicted with most miserable skins have been delighted with its use. Many skins covered with pimples, freckles, wrinkles, eczematous eruptions (itching, burning and annoying), sallowness, brown patches and blackheads have been quickly changed to bright, beautiful complexions. Skin troubles which have baffled the most eminent physicians have been cured promptly, and many have expressed their profoundest thanks for my wonderful Face Bleach.

This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required), \$5.00.

Book, "How to be Beautiful," mailed for 6c.

MME. A. RUPPRECHT, 6 EAST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"And what is your opinion of Mrs. Humphry Ward?" an enthusiastic American hostess once asked of an English literary lady of world-wide distinction. The visitor politely made an effort to recall the name, and then answered with half-closed eyes and weary intonations: "I'm told she is a very industrious woman."

When the friends of the rival claimants of the discovery of anæsthesia were proposing monuments for each other, Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested that all should unite in erecting a single memorial, with a central group symbolizing painless surgery, a statue of Jackson on one side, a statue of Morton on the other, and the inscription beneath: "To E(i)ther."

The Empress Eugénie was never really popular with the French, not even during the first years of the Second Empire, before she began to meddle with affairs of state, and in many incisive ways the Parisians heaped ridicule upon her. A curious little pamphlet with text and illustrations about the new empress was sold in Paris at the time of her marriage. This pamphlet was entirely complimentary and harmless. The biting humor of it was on the title-page, which the vendors went about crying in the streets: "The portrait and virtues of the empress, all for two sous!"

In New York the other day, ten-year-old Annie Cody dropped the nickel her mother had given her to "he good all day" in the janitor's apartments of a double tenement. She lit a match and crawled under the bed to find it, and through her carelessness, the bed caught fire and the flames soon shot up the airshaft. A neighbor rescued Annie and her smaller sister, the tenants poured out in alarm, a dozen engines came, and the fire was put out after doing damage to the extent of twenty-three hundred dollars. However, the loss was not all in vain, for Annie found her nickel.

In opening his speech at a banquet in New York recently, Robert G. Ogden indicated the mental strain under which he had been laboring until he was called upon to speak by relating this amusing instance of the power of the imagination. "When I came into this room it seemed to me I was getting into a very warm place," he said; "my feeling of discomfort was very much increased when I saw myself seated, by your very courteous committee, right next to a large steam radiator. As the perspiration began to form on me in drops I began to doubt the judgment of your committee. Feeling that something must be done, I resolved to call attention to the extravagant use of fuel by means of a little pantomime. I laid my hands upon the offending heater, and, to my great surprise, as well as relief, I found it stone cold."

To demonstrate the vanity of the Filipino, a Manila reader of the *Argonaut* cites this curious instance: A wealthy Mestizo-Chino Filipino, who was recently the complainant in a civil cause before the Court of First Instance, on losing, appealed to the supreme court. His native lawyer prepared an elaborate bill of exceptions, which, however, did not prevent the decision of the court going against him. Disgusted with Filipino legal talent, he approached one of the most prominent American attorneys in Manila, and asked him to look the case through carefully to see if he could possibly find some way of bringing it before the Supreme Court of the United States. He ended the interview by saying that he did not mind the cost nor care much if the decision went against him. His principle object was to be the first Filipino to have a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and to have a good excuse to offer his friends when he made his contemplated trip to Washington, D. C., this coming fall.

In his later years, although he was wholly blind, the late Dr. Milburn, better known as "the blind chaplain of the Senate," traveled about considerably alone. On one occasion, he was going from Washington, D. C., to Charleston, and on arriving at Baltimore he asked a young man with whom he had been talking on the way to guide him to the boat landing. After the train stopped, and he had been standing in the station for some time, he discovered that his fellow-traveler had left him in the lurch. Disliking to ask any one else for a helping hand, he managed by in-

quiry and groping his way to reach the pier, and, thinking the boat was at the further end, he started to walk thither. Suddenly he was caught by a strong hand and pulled back. "Cum, cum, my darlint, what air ye doin'?" Air ye goin' to trow yourself off the dock? Oi sec. Yer been takin' a drap too much. Cum wid me. I'll fetch a curridge fer ye. I'll drive ye to hotel and put ye to bed. You'll be all right in the mornin'." Had it not been for the good heart of Patrick O'Donohue, an honest cah driver of the city of Baltimore, Dr. Milburn would doubtless have ended his life long ago in the waters of the Chesapeake.

German comic papers have given unusual attention to American subjects lately. The *Lustige Blaetter* represents Admiral Dewey getting a trumpet labeled "Jingoism" forced down his throat by a blow from a club held by a hand labeled "Roosevelt." The *Kladderatsch* recently had a page depicting the change that has come over Germany's diplomatic relations with Uncle Sam since the advent of Baron Speck von Sternberg and his American wife. The latter is represented as sweeping out the old-fashioned diplomatists of the Hollehen régime, while her husband enjoys his cigarette and an American newspaper.

White House Notes.

A most charming incident took place at the White House to-day. It was raining, and little Quentin, the President's youngest son, was kept in with a cold. He was badly in need of amusement, and suddenly he remembered his recent visit to the Smithsonian, and the skeleton of the Dinosaur he had seen there. Of course, it was impossible for him to go out in the rain, but he insisted that it would not hurt the Dinosaur to be brought to him. At first there was a disposition to refuse him, and an attempt was made to divert his attention with a steam roller in the East Room; but some of the masons employed about the place saw the wistful look in the boy's eyes, and offered to take down the side of the building to let the Dinosaur in. It was almost pathetic to see how grateful Quentin was. When the skeleton arrived, he climbed up and sat astride on a rib.

"It's good for the blues to look at him," said one of the masons, as he wiped the mortar from his trowel.

The British ambassador called at the White House to-day, it having been erroneously reported that the President had returned. Kermit spied him as he was going away.

"Hi," said the boy, "you want to see my father?"

The ambassador said that such was the intent of his call.

"Well, you can't," said Kermit, pleasantly; "he's out in Yellowstone Park, riding. Do you want to see how he rides?" and the spirited boy came with a running leap, landing on the ambassador's back.

"Get up, there," he shouted, and it was really a beautiful sight, the ambassador of an empire trotting away toward the gate, with the boy on his back pulling his ears to make him go faster.—*New York Evening Post*.

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Every Wednesday at 10 A. M., from New York,
Philadelphia.....May 13 | New York.....May 27
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Streets sewered; side sewers run to all lots; gas and water mains laid; separate service to every lot; streets bituminized; sidewalks laid; street work fully paid for and accepted by the city; no further expense to purchasers of these lots.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Coptic.....Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic.....Saturday, June 27
Doric.....Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila).....Tuesday, August 18

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
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Nippon Maru.....Saturday, May 16
America Maru.....Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila.)

Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, July 7
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, May 14, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda for Honolulu only, May 23, 1903, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, June 4, 1903, at 10 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bro. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San Francisco.



Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skaguay, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5.
Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., May 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, June 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31, June 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneme.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., May 5, 12, 19, 26, June 2.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
Ticket Office, 4, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).
Freight Office, 10 Market St.

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SOCIETY.

In Aid of the Infants' Shelter.

A charming outdoor fête is being planned for next Saturday, May 16th, at Fort Mason, for the benefit of the building fund of the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter. Mrs. C. H. Wilson, who is chairman of the fête committee, will have the cooperation of a number of well-known society women in providing entertainment for the thousands of visitors, especially little folks, who are sure to be attracted to Fort Mason.

Mrs. C. C. Gross will be at the head of the ice-cream booth, and her assistants will be Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Charles R. Havens, Mrs. Frank Ames, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Hugh Whipple, Mrs. Elliott Goodrich, Mrs. Harry Gray, Miss Annette Edwards, Miss Emily Fish, Miss Helen Wright, Miss Josephine Lindley, Miss Susie McNab, and Miss Jessie McNab. Miss Daisy Burns, Miss Lucille Levy, Miss Louise Heppner, Miss Christine Judah, Miss Ethel Hendy, and Miss Mabel Hendy will assist Mrs. A. M. Burns and Mrs. George Smith in the candy booth.

Mrs. Jean J. Mackinley will have charge of the fish-pond and grab-bag, her assistants being Mrs. J. R. Hanify, Mrs. George M. Perine, Mrs. John H. Perine, Mrs. Charles M. Green, Mrs. Hartland Law, and Miss Louise Sussman.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse will oversee the decorating, and Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore will direct the vaudeville show.

Mrs. William M. Pierson will see that the guests are provided with luncheon, and Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Denigan, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. George F. Richardson, Mrs. John Martin, Mrs. Rehka Jennings, Mrs. Charles Warren, Mrs. Harland Law, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Lawrence Pierson, and Mrs. Linda H. Bryan will aid her.

Mrs. Lawrence I. Pierson and a number of pretty girls have charge of several automobiles which will run up Van Ness Avenue from Fort Mason.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Genevieve Carolan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, and Mr. Harry Poett, son of Mr. Alfred Poett, of Santa Barbara, and a brother of Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, of San Mateo.

The engagement is announced of Miss Violet I. Fife, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife, and Mr. Laurence Edmond Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have sent out invitations for a dinner in Monday, complimentary to Miss Olive Holbrook, and Mr. Silas Palmer. Mr. Harry Holbrook will give a theatre-party in their honor on Tuesday. Miss Holbrook's cousin, Miss Flora Elmore, of Oregon, by the way, is to be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, and Miss Bernie Drown. Mr. Sidney Palmer will be best man, and Mr. Frank King, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. Harry Holbrook will serve as ushers.

The Misses Brigham gave a luncheon on Wednesday at their residence on Broadway in honor of Miss Maud Bourn, at which they entertained Miss Hobbs, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Grace Taylor, and Miss Emily Wilson.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur were tendered a brilliant reception in the hop-room of the Presidio Club on Tuesday by the officers of the post and their guests, the officers and ladies of the bay posts. Those who assisted in receiving were Colonel Edmund Rice, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rice, Colonel Charles A. Coolidge, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge, Colonel George S. Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes, and Lieutenant-Colonel Louis F. Garrard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Garrard.

Mrs. Irving Lundborg and Miss Jean Cliff gave a tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Lohse and Mrs. Frank R. Wells, at Linda Vista Heights, Oakland. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William Cliff, Mrs. Lee Cole Burnham, Mrs. Maxwell Taft, Mrs. John Clay Hampton, Mrs. Frederick Cliff, Mrs. Frederick Cutting, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Alice Knowles, Miss Ruth Knowles, Miss Claire Chabot, Miss Bessie Palmer, Mrs. J. W. Knowles, Mrs. John Howard, Miss Sue Bixby, Miss Ethel Crellin, Mrs. Montell Taylor, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Mrs. Beach Soule, and Miss Anita Lohse.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur, accompanied by Captain Parker W. West, aid-de-camp, will leave here early in June to attend the West Point graduating exercises, which take place on June 10th. The general's son, Douglas MacArthur, who has been at the head of his class almost continually since he entered West Point Military Academy in 1899, will be graduated, and then entitled to a four months' leave of absence before he reports for duty in the army. He will return here with his parents to spend his vacation at Fort Mason.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Reginald K. Smith, U. S. N., son-in-law of the late Irving M. Scott, has sent in his resignation to the Navy Department. Dr. Smith visited the Pacific Coast first on the cruiser *Philadelphio* seven years ago; he was later transferred to the *Baltimore*, and was on her in the Battle of Manila Bay. He is a son of the late Captain J. C. W. Smith, who led the Sixteenth Alabama in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Major William L. Kneeder, U. S. A., at present stationed at San Diego, has been ordered to Monterey to act as chief surgeon until the arrival of Major Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., about July 1st.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday.

Brigadier-General Charles F. Humphry, U. S. A., the new quartermaster-general of the army, is expected to arrive from Manila on the transport *Sherman*, due here on May 20th.

Major George H. Roach, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who is on his way to the Philippine Islands to join his regiment there, has been assigned to temporary duty at the depot of recruit instruction at the Presidio until June 1st, when he will sail for Manila.

Colonel Robert L. Meade, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Meade have been guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Entertaining the President.

At Redlands on Thursday morning, President Roosevelt and his party were welcomed by Governor Pardee to California, and already Redlands, San Bernardino, Riverside, Case Blanco, Claremont, Pasadena, and Los Angeles have received the chief executive with open hands, and showered on him their choicest blooms and most generous hospitality. To-day (Saturday) the President will visit Ventura, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo. Sunday will be spent quietly at Del Monte, and on Monday Pajaro, Santa Cruz, and San José will do honor to the distinguished visitor. On the morning of May 12th the President will stop at Palo Alto and Burlingame, and will arrive at San Francisco early in the afternoon. The remainder of that day, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 13th and 14th, will be spent in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley.

The arrival of the President in San Francisco on Tuesday afternoon will be a gala occasion, Mayor Schmitz having declared a half holiday so that every one will have an opportunity to assist in giving the chief executive an enthusiastic welcome. The President will be received by the executive committee at Third and Townsend Streets, escorted to his carriage, and will then take his place in the military procession, which will start at half after two o'clock and move up Third to Market, thence pass along Montgomery, Sutter, and Kearny Streets back to Market again, and out to Van Ness Avenue, where the President will review the procession. At four o'clock the Young Men's Christian Association building will be dedicated, and at five o'clock he will attend the reception by the president of the general reception committee, United States military and naval officers, and foreign consular service.

At eight o'clock he will be the guest of honor at a banquet given by the citizens' executive committee. The list of toasts and speakers on this occasion will be as follows: "Welcome to the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast," M. H. de Young, president of the citizens' committee; "Greeting from the Municipality," Mayor Eugene Schmitz; "The Golden State Greets Our President," Governor George C. Pardee; "Our Guest's Reply," President Roosevelt; "Our Army," General Arthur MacArthur; "Our Navy," Secretary of the Navy W. H. Moody; "The President and His Alma Mater," Fairfax H. Wheelan, President Roosevelt and Mr. Wheelan having been in the class '80 at Harvard.

Wednesday will be an equally strenuous day for the President. At half after nine o'clock he will be given a reception by the Native Sons of the Golden West and California Pioneers. Then he will proceed from Mason Street to O'Farrell and out O'Farrell Street to Van Ness Avenue, where he will be saluted by the children of all the public and private schools of San Francisco. This will be followed by a drive through Golden Gate Park to the Ocean Beach, then to the Cliff House, where lunch will be had with the executive committee. In the afternoon he will visit the meeting of the veterans of the Spanish war and the Grand Army Encampment. In the evening he will drive through Market Street to Mechanics' Pavilion, where a public reception will be held, and an address given by the President.

Thursday morning the dedication of the naval monument at Union Square will take place, after which the Presidential party and the military escort will proceed down Post Street to Kearny, to Market, and down to East Street, and thence to the United States transport dock, where at ten minutes to ten the steamer *Golden Gate* will carry him away, and he will arrive at the Oakland Mole at 10:10. The Berkeley station will be reached at 10:30, and the pavilion on the university

grounds at 10:45. At 11:45 President Roosevelt will have finished his address to the assemblage at the university, and at 12 o'clock he will be entertained at President Wheeler's residence, where luncheon will be served. At one o'clock he will leave President Wheeler's house and a special car will take him to Oakland. The Oakland exercises will be concluded in time to permit him to be aboard the *Poult Jones* at four o'clock, and this swift little naval vessel will take him to Mare Island.

The President will return to San Francisco early in the evening, as at eight o'clock the banquet to be given him by the Union League Club is to begin. It will take place in the grill-room of the Palace Hotel. Colonel George H. Pippy will preside, and John F. Davis, of Amador, will deliver the address of welcome on behalf of the club. The President will then respond, and addresses by Governor Pardee and United States Senator Perkins will follow. Admiral Glass has been chosen to speak for the navy, and General MacArthur is to talk for the army. M. H. de Young is on the list for remarks as president of the citizens' committee.

During the President's visit the streets, the City Hall, and the Ferry building will be brilliantly illuminated with thousands of incandescent lights.

California and the Riviera.

The question of climate seems to be a burning one in other places than in California. A reference to the Riviera climate in a recent letter from Nice to the *Argonaut* by Mr. Hart has caused some comment in the newspapers of Southern California and of Mexico. "An *Argonaut* Reader" sent us a note concerning the matter not long ago, and in last week's *Argonaut* Dr. Thomas Linn, a prominent physician of Nice, replies to the statement of "An *Argonaut* Reader." Further down will be found a note in rebuttal from "An *Argonaut* Reader" who now appends the initials "A. V. F."

The newspapers of Southern California were much tickled over Mr. Hart's comments on the Riviera climate. The *Riverside Press*, for example, copied them in full, remarking: "The only wise suggestion that can be offered to the tourists who go to the Riviera is to come to Southern California. And they are coming more and more every year."

The San Diego *Union* also copied Mr. Hart's reflections, commenting that the Riviera is a "chilly Paradise," and adding: "It is high time to drop comparisons between Southern Europe and Southern California."

The Mexican *Herald*, in copying Mr. Hart's Riviera letters, spoke so appreciatively of them, that, in his absence, we venture to reprint some of its praise. The *Herald* said:

"A recent traveler abroad, Jerome A. Hart, of the vivacious and always interesting *Argonaut* (one of the best journals, by the way, printed anywhere), is writing to his paper some most informing letters. He is a gentleman, a bon vivant, and a linguist, and what people used to call, in the eighteenth century, a man of taste. We always accept without question his narrations of travel. He is a man who sees clearly, puts down his impressions frankly, and is a kindly gentleman, and an ornament to the order of tourists. Concerning the Riviera, Mr. Hart says: 'It must be admitted that at times it is a little frosty.' [The *Herald* then reproduces at length portions of Mr. Hart's letter, and continues:] 'The far-famed Riviera climate is not to be compared with the climate of such places as Oaxaca, Chapala, Cuernavaca, Guadalajara, Jalapa, Orizaba, or Patzcuaro. Over on the Riviera people have been alternately chilled and artificially warmed all winter and during the early spring. Mr. Hart exposes the lies about the one climate which Europeans regard as delightful in winter time. We are not claiming for the Valley of Mexico that it is the ideal winter climate; it is a good climate, but not at all the best in Mexico. But the towns and cities we have enumerated have a climate that would give the Riviera something really to boast of. Yet it is the best that Europe knows; fashion has placed its seal upon the Riviera.'"

Fierce as are the climatic quarrels between the Riviera towns, similar dissensions are not unknown out here in the Western hemisphere. Nearly all of our boom towns think that they have a very good climate, and that other towns have a very bad one. However, to return to the *Argonaut* reader, who first commented on the Riviera letter, and thereby brought about a reply from Dr. Linn; "A. V. F." writes as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5, 1903. EDITORS ARGONAUT: If you will kindly publish this communication you will give Dr. Linn the information concerning snowfall at Nice that he seems to desire. But first let me call attention to the following statement of Dr. Linn: "I have lived here [in Nice, presumably] for fourteen years, and never saw snow at all for the last seven years and then only once." Any one searching for knowledge in this matter would, I think, find it very difficult to construe these lines and give them any kind of a satisfactory meaning. Is it that Dr. Linn's weather memory goes back only seven years? Is it intentional, or quite accidental, that Dr. Linn specifies the last seven years out of a fourteen years' residence?

Memories are proverbially treacherous. I would not even trust my own, but I find recorded in my diary the facts that, during the winter of 1894 and 5, snow fell in Nice three times in January, twice in February, and once in March.

Of this last snowfall I quote from my diary: "May 5th.—This morning, for the sixth time this winter, we look out upon the palms and orange-trees in our garden, laden with snow, but the sun came out bright and warm, and by ten o'clock it was all gone;" but let me add, that on the other five occasions, I tested long enough for the inhabitants to use their kodaks without any of the burry that Dr. Linn speaks of.

Yours truly, A. V. F.

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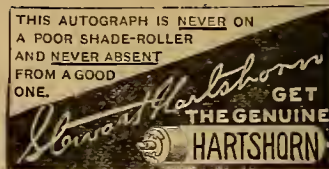
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, accompanied by her daughters, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Miss Smith, and Miss Bertha Smith, sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mrs. Whittell and Miss Whittell have returned from Europe, and have taken a cottage at Burlingame for the summer.

Dr. Morton Gibbons, whose marriage to Miss Mary Stuhls will take place in Chicago on Tuesday, departed for the East last week accompanied by his brother, Dr. Walter Gibbons, who will officiate as best man.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott are en route home from their trip abroad.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and her sister, Miss Taylor, will shortly leave for the East. They will spend the summer at Buzzard's Bay with their parents.

Mr. Homer S. King, president of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Bank, has departed for New York on a business trip. He is accompanied by Mrs. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst (née Willson), who sailed for Europe on their wedding journey last week, expect to make an automobile tour of Northern Italy, and in about six weeks they will be joined by Mrs. Phebe Hearst, who will sail from New York on May 26th. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst will return to this country in August, and will make their home in New York.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett is expected home this week from her trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley, who have purchased a residence at Santa Barbara, will spend the summer months there.

Mrs. George Thorndike Folsom leaves on Tuesday for New York and Europe.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has been spending a few days with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at her country place in Sonoma County.

Miss Bertha Dolheer and Miss Warren have been visiting friends in Mendocino County. Miss Dolheer will soon go to Coronado, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from their visit East.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Miss Edith Findley are expected to return to New York this week, after an absence of some months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Townsend, after a visit of seven weeks in San Francisco, leave for the East to-day (Saturday) via the Santa Fé. They expect to spend several days in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and will make a short stay in Chicago before proceeding to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kip and Miss Mary Kip have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Guy L. Edie at their quarters at Columbus Barracks. They will all return in July, Dr. Edie having recently been ordered to Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. Earl E. Brownell arrived in New York from Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Alice Rutherford, and Miss Emma Rutherford are making a short stay at "Darlington," their New Jersey country place, before sailing for Europe.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave were in Genoa when last heard from.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne are visiting the Towne ranch in Bakersfield.

Mr. John G. Follanshee arrived from the East early in the week, and is registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Baker (née Kirtledge) have returned from their Eastern trip, and are residing at 2103 California Street.

Mrs. P. M. Luson, of San José, has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George A. Crux, at 2115 Baker Street during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin left town last week for their country place in Ross Valley, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis have departed on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Davenport, of Chicago, who has been visiting friends in California recently, is a daughter of W. B. Davenport, formerly of San Francisco, and a well-known member of the Bohemian Club. He is now division freight and passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul Railway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer and Misses Meyer visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt will close her apartments on Pacific Avenue the first of next month, and open her country place in Burlingame for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. Clarence G. Follis has returned from the East, and is registered at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Lucie King is expected home next week from Coronado, where she has been visiting Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Mr. Richard Hovey, whose engagement to Miss Grace Garoutte was recently announced, has departed for Shasta County, where he has timber interests, and will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mahelle Toy are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Miss Florence Ives, Miss Alice Hoffman,

Miss Sara Drum, Miss Edith Cheseborough, Mrs. Sherwood, and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown were in Los Angeles during the week to attend the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenie Hawes were in Venice when last heard from. They will soon visit Buda-Pesth and Vienna, and then travel in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren have been visiting Redding during the week.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Mr. Edward Barron, who have been spending the winter in Washington, D. C., will soon open their country place at Mayfield for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fife and family will pass the summer at their country place near Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy K. Belden were guests at the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Mr. H. M. Yerrington came down from Carson for a few days early in the week, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Van Wyck and Miss Van Wyck have been visiting Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Linda H. Bryan is visiting her uncle, Mr. H. Corey, of Salinas, for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Jackson (née Church) have returned from their wedding journey to Southern California, and are residing at 2827 Broderick Street.

Dr. and Mrs. George Franklin Shiels, who have been occupying apartments at the Palace Hotel, will spend the summer months at San Mateo, where they have taken the Howard residence.

Mrs. Richard Tobin, Miss Ethel Tobin, and Miss Gately were in New York last week.

Chief Justice W. H. Beatty and Mrs. Beatty were guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Miss Laura Bosqui is visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. Milian Soule, who recently returned from the Orient, have taken apartments at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Streets.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mrs. M. Mathews and daughter, of Eureka, Mr. R. A. Cooke, of Portland, Or., Mrs. L. M. Jacobs, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prince, and Mrs. Henry A. Williams.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. George J. Smart, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wanamaker, of Pasadena, Mrs. Pierce Underwood and Miss Dorothy Underwood, of Chicago, Mr. G. S. Stanford, of Washington, and Mr. F. W. Wilson, of Liverpool.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stout, Dr. and Mrs. C. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunphy, Mrs. James Alger, Miss M. Alger, Dr. Kate I. Howard, Mrs. E. D. Bullard, Mrs. A. F. Talbert, Miss Marie Van Mehr, Mr. C. G. Hooper, Mr. James Hill, Mr. H. F. Crahtree, and Mr. H. H. Egbert.

William Waterhouse Dimond, eldest son of the late General William H. Dimond, died in Honolulu on April 23d, from the effects of diphtheria and pleuro-pneumonia. He was in his forty-first year, and is survived by a widow, a son, and a daughter.

The city council of Montreal has rescinded a resolution adopted in April, 1902, accepting an offer of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Andrew Carnegie for a library building.

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Senator Hanna is said to have predicted that Grover Cleveland will be nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency next year. The senator certainly seems to voice the opinion of the great number of political observers who have watched the growth of the Cleveland boom

with keenest interest. The movement was first started several months ago by the New York *World*, a paper which has, in the past, bitterly opposed the ex-President. It was pointed out by the *World*, in a series of long and vigorous editorials, that, in its opinion, Cleveland was the only man who could possibly win either the nomination or the election in 1904. Many papers replied to the *World* that Cleveland was disliked in the South, and that he could not draw the support of the Southern delegates from Gorman, or even Parker, of New York. This appeared to be one of the strongest objections to Cleveland; but not long afterward, seemingly guided by providence, Mr. Cleveland delivered a speech in New York on the negro problem, which greatly pleased the South, and, apparently, has not offended the North. It has indisputably increased Mr. Cleveland's popularity with the Southern people, though, of course, it may not have assured their support to Cleveland over Mr. Gorman.

The Cleveland boom launched by the *World* is not believed to have been inspired by him. The previous attacks of that paper preclude the idea that its advocacy of his candidacy could have been undertaken either with his knowledge or consent. Quite different is the case of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which began a two-column editorial leader two weeks ago by saying: "Millions of Americans again desire to make Grover Cleveland President of the United States. He is to-day regarded as the only man who could beat Theodore Roosevelt." The editor of the *Eagle* is St. Clair McKelway, who is one of Mr. Cleveland's closest friends. It is not believed that he would urge the Democratic party to make Mr. Cleveland its nominee without the consent of that distinguished gentleman, or, at least, without the knowledge that Mr. Cleveland would accept. Thus the present boom seems not to be in danger of collapse through a flat refusal to run from the Sage of Princeton.

Bryan, of course, will fight Cleveland's candidacy with all his strength. It is even said that, if Cleveland should be nominated, Mr. Bryan would advise his followers to vote for Roosevelt, thus giving Cleveland a dose of his own medicine. In 1896, it will be remembered, Cleveland advised gold-money Democrats not to "fire in the air" by voting for Palmer, but to vote for McKinley, and make each vote count double. Bryan proposes now to get even, and it is a grave question with Cleveland Democrats whether, with Bryan unreconciled, Cleveland can be nominated, much less elected. "Mr. Bryan," says the *Oregonian*, "will have to be much older and feebler than he is to-day before a Democratic President can be elected in spite of him." "Does any one suppose," says the New York *Herald*, "that any Democrat can be elected who did not vote for Bryan?"

Some light is thrown on the relative strength of Cleveland and Bryan by the proceedings at St. Louis. In 1896 and 1900 Missouri went for Bryan. Yet the directors of the St. Louis Fair not only did not invite Bryan to speak at the fair opening, but they failed to ask him to sit upon the platform with the scores of distinguished guests, among the most highly honored of whom were Cleveland and Roosevelt. And not only did the Missourians not seem to be aggrieved at this honoring of Cleveland and neglect of Bryan, but when Cleveland was presented by Senator Carter as "the most distinguished private citizen in the world," the assemblage of fifty thousand people cheered him tumultuously—and exactly as long as they cheered President Roosevelt. At every station between Princeton and St. Louis people were at the station to greet the ex-President. In Cumberland they shouted "Four years more of Grover." Cumberland is in Maryland, and Maryland is the home of Gorman. And since then,

the report has come from Pennsylvania that ten thousand Democrats have joined in a movement to urge Cleveland's nomination.

As for the tradition that no man shall have a third term as President of the United States, it certainly seems, from the current discussion, to have weakened its hold, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Cleveland has been out of office for eight years. And it is pointed out that, despite the popular opinion to the contrary, Washington refused a third term, not because he deemed it dangerous, but because he desired to escape the heavy burden of public life and retire to Mt. Vernon.

The issue would seem to be quite as important as the man—but not so according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*. That paper solves the question at a stroke—"Cleveland would be the platform." Waiving this naive suggestion for the moment, it may be pointed out that the Democratic chances of success at the present time appear to lie in a solid South and in a few Northern States, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The programme of the Cleveland Democrats necessarily includes the capture of the support of the "financial interests," which are now said to be afraid of Roosevelt. But this would mean that no tariff-smashing plank could find place in the Democratic platform, since between tariff-reform and Mr. Roosevelt's alleged radicalism, the "financial interests" would surely prefer the latter. The New York *Sun* says so, and the *Sun* ought to know. Again, as the *Sun* remarks, "if there are any votes in shaking a mailed fist at 'trust tyranny,' Mr. Roosevelt has garnered them." This leaves nothing but the Philippine question, and the prospects of making that a vital issue are very slight. It would indeed be curious if the *Eagle* should prove right after all, and Mr. Cleveland should combine in his single person both candidate and platform. "His career and character," says the Brooklyn paper, "would be the guarantee of the restoration of repose, of strength, of consistency, of dignity, of wisdom, and of trained experience to the chief magistracy."

A year ago the name Joseph W. Folk was without significance to the country at large. The last "Who's Who?" knew it not. The portrait of its owner was in no gallery of distinguished Americans. Now, the name of Circuit Attorney Folk is a familiar one throughout the United States. People know Polk as a man of singular determination, great ability, and absolute honesty, who has single-handed brought to bay in St. Louis a boodle ring that has no parallel, even in corrupt American municipal politics, since the days of Boss Tweed. And now, so astonished are the good citizens of St. Louis that a circuit attorney should do his simple duty, that they have tendered him a fifteen-thousand-dollar house as a mark of appreciation. The offer was generous, but it was not a proper one, and Mr. Folk has declined to accept the gift. "I have done," he says, "no more than my duty; no more than my oath of office requires, and can not accept any remuneration other than the salary allowed me as circuit attorney." The sentiment is creditable to its author, for the offer was a tempting one, and Mr. Folk might have accepted it without incurring severe criticism, or impairing his usefulness. But he did not, and the fact strengthens the already high opinion the public have of St. Louis's courageous circuit attorney.

There ought to be a moral in the story of Folk. There is an idea abroad these days that, in order to succeed, a man must be smooth and foxy and worm his way upward to the goal. Mr. Folk did not do that.

to-day he is a national figure. The bankers, lawyers, corporation managers, and politicians of St. Louis who did, are many of them to-day under sentence to the penitentiary. A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who says he never saw Folk, and doesn't even know his first name, declares that he is the man whom the Democrats should nominate for President next fall. The suggestion, though novel, may not be an altogether idle one. But at any rate, the story of Folk should be an inspiration to the young man in politics. There are many rotten municipalities in the United States; there are far too few Folks.

The flowery fields of California have greatly pleased our nature-loving President. But other flowers have bloomed about him. The perennial, vari-colored flowers of rhetoric, which grow so very luxuriantly in Californian bosoms, and blossom so fragrantly on Californian lips, have filled his every waking moment. Yet no less sincere than the President's own straight-flung words and few are the many which have caracoled and riocheted about his devoted head since he has been within our borders.

But Golden State oratory aside, we all of us like Theodore Roosevelt. We like him better since we have seen him than we did before. We can not doubt that he likes us. We know that what is vital to us—irrigation and the preservation of our forests—is of concern to him. We like him as man, admire him as soldier, and honor him as President. He has been an inspiration to our young men and young women. Age has renewed its confidence in his sincerity, integrity, and uprightness. Then, too, we may pride ourselves on the fact that there have been few hitches and no accidents to mar his journey. His stay in San Francisco was a glorious success. The struggles of competing little-great men have not been, thus far, so fierce as to cause him discomfort. And particularly is California pleased with the modest dignity with which her governor has borne himself. He has not allowed the slights of small people to disturb his serenity, nor has he sought to hold the centre of the stage or deflect the rays of the lime-light. Altogether, the President seems to have had a good time, and California is proud, and pleased, and honored that it is so.

The Pennsylvania judges who, last fall, decided that the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Philadelphia, was a commercial and pseudo-medical institution, not a spiritual one, have been supported in their decision by the supreme court of the State, which now finally refuses the "church" a charter. In its findings, the court says that "it was the duty of the court below to refuse charter if, in the exercise of sound legal discretion, he found its purpose, in whole or in part, included anything injurious to the community," and that, "under the law of Pennsylvania, we are satisfied that there was no abuse of sound legal discretion in refusing the application for a charter." It is worthy of note that, in their appeal, the Eddyites explicitly stated that, when incorporated, they would do only what they were already permitted to do as individuals. As the court holds that their incorporation would be injurious to the community, it follows, upon the Christian Scientists' own argument, that their present practices are likewise injurious to the community. If they are injurious to the community in Pennsylvania, certainly they are equally so in other States.

The *Springfield Republican*, a reputable and usually accurate paper, makes, on its own responsibility, the following statement regarding General Leonard Wood:

In January, 1900, the *North American Review* printed an article on "American Misgovernment in Cuba," by Lieutenant James E. Runcie, in which General Brooke's administration was severely criticised and condemned. . . . Wood succeeded Brooke as governor-general at about that time, and the magazine article certainly helped Americans to regard the change as one that made for the better. Now, Lieutenant Runcie was merely the nominal author of that article; the real and responsible author was Leonard Wood, whose subordinate Runcie then was. The manuscript was revised by Wood, and was corrected by Wood in that officer's handwriting.

The *New York Tribune*, commenting on this statement, says: "If this charge is true, General Wood ought to be court-martialed." It is only fair to say that, subsequently, the *Republican* has cited as its authority the Havana correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, whom that paper characterizes as "very trustworthy." So the charge that Wood, shielding himself under the name of a subordinate, attacked in the public prints an officer whom he was succeeding, now rests solely upon this correspondent's word. It remains to be seen whether he will "make good."

The industrial commission, headed by Mr. Alfred Mosely, which visited the United States recently on a tour of investigation, has published its report in a quarto volume of three hundred pages. Notoriously, opinions differ, and those of the British workmen making up the commission are no exception to the rule. Delegate Cummings, for example, thinks that gambling, pleasure-seeking, and a restless spirit make Americans prematurely old and increase insanity, and that we have, as a nation, a "generally unhealthy look!" Another delegate, a blast furnaceman, saw things quite differently. He says that "we looked in vain for the extraordinarily 'hustling' of which we had so often read," and that workmen, on being questioned, were found, to his surprise, to be older than they looked. Despite these and many other contradictions, it was pretty generally agreed that the American workman is better paid, fed, housed, and clothed than

his British brother. It was acknowledged, too, that employers here are more enterprising and generous, and that the machinery is much better. That the American workman excels the Briton was, however, denied. James Cox, the delegate for the British iron and steel workers, criticises the workmanship in government buildings very harshly. Of the new post-office building in Chicago he says that any third-rate municipality in England would have got the structure finished in four years instead of eight. A bricklayer delegate says our bricklayers scamp their work. A plasterer found the plastering bad even in the White House. W. C. Stedman, representing the Parliamentary committee, declared that the British workman can not be beaten in the world for solid and well-finished work. "The workmen," he said, "who have built up American industries are largely Britishers. Most of the inventions in American workshops come from men hailing from the old country. Let us adopt modern methods, and England will hold her own in the commercial rivalry of the world."

Mr. Elbert Cutler, a post-graduate student at Yale, has made a study of lynchings in the United States during the last 21 years. His paper is interesting. It shows, in the first place, the fallacy of the idea that most of the victims of Judge Lynch are negroes. Of the 3,233 lynchings that took place in the country between January 1, 1882, and January 1, 1903, about three-eighths, or 1,256, were white persons, 105 not stated, and 1,872 negroes. This gives a yearly average of 89 colored, and 59 white, persons. Of the total it is surprising to note that 61 were women, the negroes numbering 38. This is one of the most striking facts brought out, for the execution of a woman is not only so abhorrent that the death penalty is now seldom imposed by the courts, but it seems an exceedingly rare occurrence for the summary execution of a woman to be chronicled in the public prints. However, Mr. Cutler's figures are undoubtedly correct. Of the total number of negroes lynched, only 35 per cent. suffered for the crime of rape—a smaller proportion than is generally supposed. The digest of the paper which has reached us does not state, however, whether combined outrage and murder is included in the list under the former or the latter heading. In the South, very curiously, the months of January, February, August, and November, are marked by few lynchings. The most occur in December, when the holiday season incites the negroes to idleness and festivities that result in violent crimes. White men lynched for rape constitute 16 per cent. of the total.

Mr. Cutler's statistics are more interesting than the deductions he draws. It is, however, somewhat significant that few lynchings occur in States where murderers are promptly tried, convicted, and sentenced, and that the number of lynchings, since 1892, has shown a steady decrease. Perhaps the strongest deterrent to the excesses of mobs that has yet been found is a law making the county responsible in damages to the family of the victim.

We discussed in these columns a few weeks ago what might happen should Japan succeed in her task, already begun, of rousing China from her ancient slothfulness, and making of her a mighty military power. We suggested that for the white races to permit the yellow races to combine might be a fatal mistake. *Harper's Weekly*, speaking of the Manchurian question, says:

There is another point of view from which it behooves us, as representatives of the white race, to consider the matter. If the Russians are expelled from Manchuria, it is certain that the Japanese will take their place. Once planted in Manchuria, the Japanese will inevitably become preponderant in Northern China, and eventually masters of the Chinese Empire. Thenceforward, the four hundred and fifty millions of the yellow race, consolidated, organized, invigorated, enlightened, and directed by the Japanese, will constitute a source of tremendous peril to the rest of the civilized world. Should Russia, on the other hand, be permitted, through the occupation of Manchuria, to interpose herself between the two sections of the yellow race, the political fusion of those sections might be averted. We hold that the interests of mankind are vitally concerned in the erection of barriers to the acquirement of ascendancy by the yellow race. We have read history in vain if we have forgotten that European civilization has been four times threatened with extinction at the hands of Mongol peoples. Those earlier invasions would seem insignificant if compared with the danger that would threaten us should the hundreds of millions of Chinese be trained and led by a Japanese Napoleon.

The *Oakland Tribune* says that Alameda County has three well-beloved sons who would make first-rate Republican Vice-Presidents, namely, George C. Pardee, George C. Perkins, and Victor H. Metcalf. If all the other counties of all the other States are similarly prolific, the news that Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, is a veritable candidate has come none too soon to head off the general rush. According to reports from Washington, the senator has been suspected for some time of nursing such an ambition, but has not openly committed himself until very recently. In a private letter to an Eastern Republican editor, which has been quietly shown to a number of leading Republicans in Washington (according to the correspondents), Mr. Beveridge says that he is a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination, and adds that his candidacy is approved by the President and other Republican leaders. Fairbanks, the other Indiana senator, is said especially to favor Beveridge's candidacy, as they do not get along well together, and the vacancy left by Beveridge in the Senate could be filled by some one more acceptable to Fairbanks and his supporters.

During the month of April the value of merchandise sent from this port to foreign countries was \$2,932,988. For the corresponding month of last year the official figures were \$2,718,862, and for 1901 they were \$2,372,513. The official figures for these two years, however, fall short of the actual total of exports, since the record does

not include the Hawaiian trade. This trade probably was equal to the average between 1900 and 1903, which was \$867,193. When we add this figure to the totals for 1901 and 1902, it shows a slight falling off for this year. This is partly accounted for by the fact that there was but one shipment to Europe—a cargo of lumber. No grain was cleared from the port during the month. In April of last year the exports to the United Kingdom were valued at \$1,343,239, or just about one-half of the total exports. It is clear that there must have been an increase elsewhere, and this was the case. Shipments to China and Hong Kong were valued at \$524,925; to Japan and Korea, \$276,322; to India, \$21,600; and to the Philippines, \$114,976. This is a good showing for the Oriental trade, and a decided increase over the figures for last year. To South Africa the exports were valued at \$286,376; to Australia, \$181,356. The trade with Atlantic ports by way of the Cape amounted to \$245,479—a clear gain, since there was none at all during April of last year. Thus, while the foreign trade has lost slightly in total amount, it has gained in variety.

After thirty years of agitation and twenty years of legislation against the coming of Chinese laborers into this country, the labor organizations have decided that there is a more effective method of restriction. Exclusion laws have always been unsatisfactory, because Eastern sentiment against exclusion has prevented the enactment of sufficiently stringent laws. Moreover, the defects of the laws that were passed have been intensified by the half-hearted manner in which they have been enforced in some places. A writer in the *Labor Clarion*, the official organ of the trades-unions in this city, points out the changed attitude of organized labor. Formerly the antagonism was expressed by acts of personal violence and abuse—a policy which, however much it might worry the Chinese themselves, gained no new supporters of the exclusion policy. The labor unions, in their struggles against capital, however, have discovered a weapon they are using effectively against the Chinese. This is the boycott. The Broom-makers' Union, for instance, has organized a campaign against those who handle Chinese-made brooms. One firm has been boycotted, while, on the other hand, a number of dealers have signed agreements to handle none but union-made goods. Other trades are adopting the same tactics, and the Chinese laundrymen, against whom the policy was first enforced, admit that their business has been seriously injured. It is predicted by the unionists that, with only the usual semi-active enforcement of restrictive laws, they can now make business so unprofitable for Chinese that they will stay away.

California is a large State, and it is only natural that big things should be produced here. The largest oil pipe line in the world is the latest production of this kind. The pipe is not the longest, for in the Eastern States there are several longer, but they have a smaller diameter. Nor is it the largest in diameter, for there are several as large or larger. It is to the combination of length and diameter that this line owes its distinction. This line extends from the Kern County oil fields to tide water at Point Richmond, a distance of two hundred and eighty miles. The problem of carrying oil through a pipe line at all in this State was a serious one. The Eastern oil is a light one, and flows almost as easily as water. The California oil, on the other hand, is very heavy and, as was picturesquely remarked, "it would take a week for a barrel-full to trickle downstairs." The Standard Oil Company, however, was determined to handle the output of the Kern oil fields, and a pipe line was necessary to avoid the heavy expense of railway freights. The problem was solved by the application of heat. When slightly heated the oil flows readily, and all that was necessary was to heat it and keep it heated. This is to be done—for though the line is finished, it is not yet in operation—by passing the oil through small pipes inclosed in a boiler filled with steam. This, with a coating of the pipes to prevent the escape of heat, will enable it to flow twenty-eight miles, when the heating process is to be renewed. There are therefore ten pumping and heating stations along the line. The oil has already been pumped to the third station successfully, and though there have been rumors of failure, engineers predict that it will not be long before the entire line is in operation.

Something of the flavor of the early-day politics was imparted to the meeting of the "Democratic League" held at Pioneer Hall last week. The meeting was for the purpose of fostering harmony, but the brand of harmony exhibited there was of some peculiar Democratic variety. The daily papers, with their customary genius for vivid description, declared that the horses broke away from the carts and both went careering madly around the streets—the carts being presumably automobiles—with cowboys belonging to rancher Hearst madly trying to round them up. What really happened was an old-time Democratic rumpus. In order to insure the desired harmony, the managers of the affair had prepared a slate, containing the names of their own faction, and proceeded to read it off in the most approved manner. The followers of the other factions entered a protest, which was voiced by Mr. Livernash. He said he also was in favor of harmony, and then proceeded to exemplify his idea of harmony by characterizing the officers of the new organization as "Buckley lambs." Mr. Livernash was finally suppressed and left the hall, while the harmonizers completed their programme.

Oregon has a referendum law. The last legislature voted five hundred thousand dollars for the Lewis and Clark Fair. The labor unions fear that the fair will bring cheap labor to Portland. Therefore, the trades council has formally resolved to invoke the referendum and defeat the appropriation.

ALONG THE CORNICHE ROAD.

By Jerome A. Hart.

One of the finest drives in the world is along that part of the Corniche Road which runs from Nice to Mentone. The best route to follow, considering the prevailing wind, is to drive west by the upper road, returning by the lower. This fine road runs all the way from Nice to Genoa, and American millionaires, Russian plutocrats, and foreign princes often drive the whole distance, in four-in-hand coaches or automobiles. Lesser mortals must be satisfied with shorter drives in ordinary carriages. But even the short trip of about twenty miles from Nice to Mentone is a delightful one.

Leaving Nice by the upper Corniche Road, you speedily pass the park of Mont Gros Observatory. This observatory was given to the University of Paris by Millionaire Bischoffsheim in 1899; with grounds and buildings, his total gifts amount to about eight millions of francs. The observatory possesses a thirty-inch reflector, one of the finest telescopes of the world. There are fifteen buildings connected with it, each of which is isolated. There are some forty hectares of ground in the park, which is surrounded by an imposing stone wall. In our country the cost of such a wall alone would stagger the average millionaire. One of the buildings in the park is the magnetic pavilion, which is to be removed, as the proximity of numerous electric trams had so disturbed the earth-currents, I was told, as to render it useless for purposes of observation.

Californians who visit our own Lick Observatory are always struck by the excellent road winding up Mt. Hamilton, which highway was constructed by the people of Santa Clara County. We are all proud of that road, but although a loyal Californian, I am forced to admit that our Mt. Hamilton road to the Lick Observatory does not compare with the Corniche Road by the Nice Observatory.

This magnificent highway winds over the chain of lesser Alps which plunge abruptly from the higher Alps to the sea. First it skirts the northern side of the lesser mountains; there in the shade, even at this season, one sees frost on the ground, while to the left, parallel with the lower ridge, run the peaks of the Maritime Alps, covered with snow. But every now and again we wind out of the shadow and around some flank of the mountains to the southern side, where it is sunny and warm, and where on the terraces you see peas, beans, asparagus, and flowers growing in the open air. This floriculture may seem æsthetic on the part of Riviera peasants. Not so. The peasants grow the vegetables to eat. The flowers they do not grow for ornament—their children run after carriages with them, and use them as a means of gathering coppers. For twenty miles there was a continual string of hare-legged heggars chasing us with their flowers. But the heggars of the French Riviera are less adroit than the Italian ones. In Italy the carriage-chasing heggars always post themselves at the top of a hill and chase the carriage down till they get to the foot of the grade, when they walk back. These foolish French heggars have not reached this pitch of skill—they frequently chase you for a long way up hill, thus losing their wind as well as their time.

This mountain side for many miles is carefully terraced. As in many cases nothing is planted there but olive-trees, I could not quite understand what the work was done for. I suppose that it was partly to have a level place on which the olives would fall when they were gathered, otherwise the hills are so steep that when the trees were shaken the olives would run furiously down the hills into the sea like the swine in Scripture.

Since I was last on the Corniche, about ten years ago, I find that many of the roads and paths over the mountains have been made forbidden ground to travelers. Mt. Agel and Tête de Chien, both of which afford magnificent views and formerly were open to tourists, are now forbidden. Warning placards or locked gates bar the way, and if you are bold enough to ignore the placards, soldiers will soon stop you unless you have a pass. Everywhere you see fortifications erected on strategic points. Everywhere you see such signs as these:

"MILITARY ROAD."

"PASSAGE FORBIDDEN."

"ANY PERSON TRAVELING OVER THIS ROAD WITHOUT A PASS WILL BE SUBJECT TO THE LAW CONCERNING SPYING."

Every half-mile or so you pass little posts of chasseurs or artillerymen. Some of the artillery posts seem to have their quarters hollowed out of the solid rock as an annex to the casemates. We passed one post where the soldiers were taking their midday breakfast. They had their table laid in the brilliant sunshine outside the gloomy casemates. We stopped to rest the horses for a moment. We saluted the warriors, who returned our greeting with gravity. When we resumed our journey the coachman informed us that these artillerymen have a much easier time than the soldiers in the city garrisons; that they have very little to do; that therefore they ought to be happy, but were generally grave; that living in these small posts in the mountains made them all "un peu triste"—a little melancholy. I am inclined to think that he was right.

It is interesting to know that most of the soldiers one sees in the Maritime Alps were born in that department. The French war office has found that in the Alpine districts of France it is necessary to draft conscripts who do not come from the plains. The plain dwellers do not possess the requisite expansive power of lungs—in short, their bellows are deficient. They can neither climb mountains so well nor

is their wind so good as that of the men who are horn mountaineers. Thus, in the Department of the Alps Maritimes, in which Nice is situated, the Alpine troops nearly all come from this department, or from the Hautes Alpes, the Basses Alpes, or other mountain departments.

There are special corps in the French army—among them the Chasseurs Alpins and the Artillerie de Forteresse—who serve only in the mountains. A similar state of affairs exists in the Italian army. The frontier runs only a few miles from Mentone, and while driving near there you frequently see small squads of the Alpine troops of both armies. They wear a special uniform and are fine bodies of men.

As our horses stood for a few minutes in the road by the artillery post, they were enveloped in volumes of vapor. One of the peculiarities of the Riviera air is that with a temperature of barely 60 Fahrenheit you will see horses exhaling vapor with dry skins. I have no doubt that humans as well as horses exhale with equal freedom in this peculiar climate.

Our road winds over the mountains past the ancient and now deserted village of Eze, a heap of mediæval ruins crowning a lofty calcareous crag; past La Turbie, a picturesque little village with a Roman ruin, up to which runs a funicular railway from Monte Carlo. Here we stop to take some photographs. It is a curious little place, made up partly of the natives, partly of a small colony of English people who spend the winter there, and partly of the gilded and improper persons who come up from Monte Carlo to take luncheon at the excellent restaurant there. Here our road goes down the mountain, and we soon pass through the old town of Roquebrune. This is one of the few Riviera towns remaining unchanged—there is no foreign colony there, and none of the usual pensions, hotels, and restaurants to be found all along the Riviera.

Soon after leaving Roquebrune, we encounter a military band practicing in the woods. They are recruits; as handsmen they are novices, and in their musical efforts they display more enthusiasm than skill. As I listen to these blasts of brazen melody blown by these leather-lunged young mountaineers, before which the birds affrighted flee and the very leaves shrivel and fall from the olive-trees, I can not help but admire the consideration of their commander in sending them out into the woods to practice. Think of listening to them in barracks in Mentone across the street from your hotel.

The barracks at Mentone are handsome, substantial buildings of stone covered with red tiles. They not only possess the air of solidity which all military buildings should have, but they are architecturally handsome as well. There is a quarry of good building stone on Angel Island in San Francisco harbor, and there are plenty of ways and means by which to erect permanent stone buildings at the Presidio. But owing to politics and political demagogues, we must huy lumber at high prices and put up temporary wooden buildings. So the Republic of France, no larger than the State of California, has handsomer barracks for her soldiers than the Republic of the United States of America, which is as large as all of Occidental Europe.

Along the Riviera from Nice to Mentone there is a continuous string of villas on both sides of the road. I know of nothing like it unless it be the eighteen miles between Naples and Pompeii. But along the shores of the Bay of Naples the thrifty Neapolitan aristocracy lease the fronts of their properties for shops, while they themselves occupy the back-yards. None the less, it is only fair to say that the back-yards at times are very beautiful, seen as they are through the archways as you drive by. These archways are framed in filthy shops where fruitful mothers fry fish with one hand and rock the baby with the other. There is no race-suicide there. To see a handsome and well-appointed carriage, a smug and clean-shaven coachman on the box, with two trimly liveried footmen behind, inside two howling swells whose pedigree runs back to the Crusades—to see such a rig drive out of one of these villa entrances, in the midst of dirty shops, dirtier shop-keepers, dirtiest babies, and fish-frying mothers, all of whom smell to heaven—this is indeed a curious sight. It seems to me that the Neapolitan villas are wrong side out. If I owned one of them, I would put the villa in the front-yard and the shops, the mothers, and the odoriferous babies in the back-yard.

Along the Riviera, the villa-owners do not defile their premises with shops. It is true that there are plenty of shops in the Riviera villages, but none in front of the villas. Many of the Riviera villas are owned by rich English, American, and Russian visitors, who care more for their comfort than they do for their coin.

Few things perplex people more than choosing names for country places. Therefore a list of a few of the Riviera villa names may be interesting even if not suggestive:

Villa St. Louis,	Villa la Pergola,	Villa Vista Bella,
Casa Rossa,	Villa Stella Bella,	Villa Prince de Galles,
Villa Himalaya,	Villa les Palmiers,	Villa Citronniers,
Villa les Mugnets,	Villa des Réves,	Villa mes Délices,
Villa Lisette,	Villa Sans-Souci,	Villa des Hirondelles,
Villa du Sole,	Villa des Fleurs,	Villa Iberia,
Villa Casa Palma,	Villa Belle Rive,	Villa Montfleuri,
Villa Stella,	Maison Isola,	Villa du Cap,
Casa Mare,	Villa des Ananas,	Villa Cabbe,
Villa Pathmos,	Villa Fanny,	Villa la Pointe,
Villa la Vista,	Villa Claire,	Villa de la Porte Roque,
Vallon Solitaire,	Villa des Eglantines,	Villa Victoria,
Villa Georgina,	Villa Carlotta,	Villa du Rond-Point,
Villa l'Abri,	Villa Monplaisir,	Villa Bignon,
Villa Terza,	Villa Mandarine,	Villa Felicità.

From the foregoing list it will be seen that these villa names divide themselves naturally into groups—after flowers or trees, like "Mugnets" and "Palmiers," after women's names, like "Fanny" or "Georgina," after royal persons, like

"Victoria" and "Prince de Galles," and after natural landmarks, like "Vallon Solitaire."

Mentone is a pretty little town with a marked English tinge to its colony. It has a fine quay, not unlike the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, but smaller. Owing to the way the mountains curve around the town, it is said to have the mildest climate on the Riviera. Here we take the lower Corniche Road to return to Nice by way of Monte Carlo and Monaco. This road is livelier than the upper road, being much more frequented. American farmers and other road-users will smile to know that this magnificent highway runs for a couple of hundred miles along the coast; that it is guarded with stone parapets practically all the way; that in particularly had places the parapets are crowned with iron fences about three feet high; that it is carried over gullies and streams on magnificent stone bridges as good as those of the railways in our country; that at times it pierces the spurs of the mountains with long and lofty tunnels; incredible as it may seem, they have bored tunnels through the solid rock for a wagon road; as if to flout the practical American, they have sometimes cut the rocky portal of the tunnel into ornamental shapes. Fancy spending such an amount of money on a mere wagon road! Fancy boring tunnels for it to run through solid rock! Above all fancy making ornamental doors to the tunnel!

There are other things about the Corniche Road that excite the contempt of the practical American mind. As a national highway it is under the Minister of Roads and Bridges, one of the French Cabinet officers. Like all the national highways, it is divided into sections of a few hundred kilometres. Each section is in charge of a section man who spends his entire time patrolling the road and mending it as soon as a break appears. He has all the necessary tools, while along the roadside are little piles of broken rock, pulverized to different degrees of fineness, with which to repair breaks at once. He is like a street sweeper on a city block, and on the block beyond him there is a man to attend to the next section. As I saw these poor purblind Frenchmen carefully mending little holes in the road—holes which we would leave alone until they developed into gullies and then "mend them next winter"—I could not but feel proud of the superior methods of my country.

Another piece of French folly was this: Every half-mile we would encounter a small two-wheeled sprinkling-cart about the size of a barrel, drawn by a lad. This at once provokes Americans to roars of laughter; it is such small business and so ridiculous, don't you know, to sprinkle a road two hundred miles long with a sprinkler the size of a barrel. True, this barrel was stamped "Villefranche," which is a little town, and further back there was one stamped "Mentone" which is also not a large place. All along the road there are many barrels. But we do better in our country. When the roads near a small town need sprinkling, the supervisors try to raise the money—and fail. They try to buy a big sprinkling-cart which, with horses and all, will cost about two thousand dollars—and fail. Then the citizens try to raise the money by subscription—and fail. Then the county papers take it up and try to raise the money—and fail. Then all hands hemoan the lack of public spirit and go to work to get the sprinkling-cart—and fail. Here the small towns get sprinkling-carts and do it by hand. It's true the operator is only an eighteen-year-old boy, but in many of the small towns in our country the same boy would be loafing round the corner grocery chewing tobacco. However, a two-horse sprinkling-cart is a more imposing sight; perhaps the American way is the better way.

Shortly after leaving Mentone we find ourselves approaching Monte Carlo. It is always easy to tell when you are approaching that nasty little place. Monte Carlo is the apotheosis of everything that is vulgar and everything that is rich.

The most striking indications of the proximity of Monte Carlo are the appearance on the Corniche Road of some of the Monte Carlo ladies. Ladies loling in victorias—with their fat feet in high-heeled shoes cocked up on cushions—with their fat bodies pinched in tight corsets—with their greedy and insolent eyes leering over their haggard eyelids—sometimes with a shaven poodle—sometimes with the hoish foolish face of a gilded youth in the carriage beside them—sometimes alone, and on the lookout for such a youth or some other pigeon to pluck.

We pass through Monte Carlo; we pass through Monaco; we reach a bridge. On one side a sign-board says: "PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO"; on the other: "REPUBLIC OF FRANCE." I breathe more freely when we cross it. For if France is not so free nor so clean a republic as our own, it is at least so clean and so free that it will not allow a gambling-hell like that of Monte Carlo to defile its soil.

Let these remarks might seem humptious republicanism, I will add that there are two little republics in Europe, San Marino and Andorra, which deserve high praise. They are poor little places, mere scraps of rocky soil on the flanks of mountains. But poor as are their people, they have repeatedly refused offers from gambling-hells to sell their hithright for a mess of gambler's pottage. These poor little republics have refused money which was greedily grasped at by his Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco, head of the ancient royal House of Grimaldi.

One of the striking features of the Corniche Road is the number of autos. On the lower road they dash by you almost every minute. All the communes along the Riviera are, like the municipality of Nice, somewhat lenient in their treatment of scorching automobilists. This, added to the excellence of the Corniche Road, makes it a favorite

speeding-ground for the automobilists. So numerous are they that nowadays the drivers of horse vehicles feel their way along the road with great caution; like the autos many of these vehicles have pneumatic horns, which their drivers sound continually to warn the automobilists of their approach.

All along the road one sees elaborate sign-posts for the guidance of automobile drivers. Most of them are cast-iron plates mounted on stone monuments. The warnings on them read something like this:

"STEEP DESCENT WITH SHARP TURN TO THE RIGHT."
"STEEP ASCENT WITH TURN TO THE LEFT."
"DIFFICULT DESCENT WITH DOUBLE CURVE—DANGER!"

All over France the roads are elaborately mapped and marked for the guidance of bicycle riders. The great cycle club, the "Touring Club de France," found that by appealing to human vanity it was easy to pay for these guide-posts; they cost on an average twenty francs, or about four dollars. Any man paying for a post had his name placed on it. Thus he was handed down to posterity as a bicycle benefactor. A similar procedure has been successful with the automobilists. Their posts cost one hundred francs, but they are coming forward with cheerful altruism, and the posts are going up all over the French highways.

The popularity of the auto sport has led to a complete set of new fashions both for men and women. During the winter the auto amateurs naturally wear very heavy garments, preferably furs. Many wear coats made of leather—not so heavy as the fur coats, yet very effective as wind-breakers. These leather coats are so useful that they have come to be used in other forms of outdoor sport; many horsemen, for example, use them when riding in the bitter wintry days of the European "spring." Another garment which is popular among the male automobilists is the "trouser-cover." This is something like a steamer or railway rug, but is bifurcated and provided with hooks and eyes, so arranged that a man can wrap it around his legs and fasten it about his waist so that it looks like a pair of heavy overalls. These garments are made of light cloth, khaki, canvas, leather, or furs.

Another masculine costume is a sort of robe reaching to the feet. Like the "trouser-cover," its lower half can be separated in the middle and made into a bifurcated garment. An automobilist wearing this rig can jump out of his machine into mud or snow without the embarrassment of a heavy overcoat dangling around his knees. All of these garments are made up in leather as well as in other materials. They are none of them cheap. For example, the bifurcated robe in light cheviot costs about \$50; in heavy wool, \$70; in "fine American box-calf leather," \$100; in the same leather japanned, \$120; in poulain fur, \$120; in marmotte, \$160; in wolf skin, \$170; in *rat gondin*, \$240; and in *loutre*, \$400. The "trouser-cover" alone costs in ordinary plaids about \$20; in sheepskin, \$25; in American box-calf leather, \$35; in wild-cat fur, \$45; in neutria or *rat gondin*, about \$60; in marmotte, about \$80; in beaver, \$160.

The auto-tailors also provide many costumes for women automobilists. The ladies also wear handsome furs at fabulous prices. One costume we saw a Russian lady wearing was in Canada fox-skin, the collars and revers in white Siberian fox with natural heads and diamond eyes; it would be difficult to guess at its price; the same style of garment in the cheapest kind of fur is quoted by the auto-tailors at \$150. These tailors furnish complete costumes of various kinds of furs—one, for example, was a jacket in white poulain and a skirt in beaver; another costume was one made entirely of opossum skin. The tailors also furnish for women chauffeurs a warm garment like a gymnasium tunic and tights, but with long legs and sleeves, fastening tightly at ankles and wrists; over these any light costume may be worn, the under-tights obviating the necessity for heavy furs. Another novelty the auto-tailors provide for women is a sort of sack skirt, closed at the bottom like a bag and fastened at the waist by clasps; the fair auto-driver, when inside of this skirt sack, is protected from wind, snow, rain, dust, or cold; it can be unfastened and laid aside in a second. A number of small auto accessories are sold for the convenience of auto-drivers of both sexes. Among these are gloves with a slit in the palm, so that the fingers of the hand may be instantly freed from the glove-fingers, if necessity arises. Another is a foot-cover, something like a lady's carriage boot, but with the foot thrust in from behind; it was originally intended merely to protect the chauffeur's foot from the rain, but turned out to be an excellent foot-warmer as well. Women suffered much from cold feet in automobilism, so this device has been a boon to them. Another form of foot covering is a high fur boot which springs open at the back and has no heel; thus it can be kicked off instantly, and yet affords protection against the elements; these boots are made either of leather or fur.

The various kinds of goggles are legion. Men wear them more than women do, for, although they are almost indispensable, they are extremely disfiguring. Women have substituted for them a Caucasian head-covering called a "bachelik." The auto-tailors say that, after searching everywhere for the dustiest place on the planet, they decided it was the Caucasus, and therefore borrowed the head-gear of the women there. In France it is called a "bachelik," in England an "auto-coif." The "bachelik" comes in various forms; probably the jauntiest somewhat resembles the large veils women used sometimes to wear on dusty drives, drawn over their hats and tied around their necks. It is a sort of

hood, so to say, the open front of the hood being replaced by a square panel of isinglass. Thus the wearer can see clearly, and still her eyes are protected from the dust. The "bachelik" is made of pongee, silk, linen, or other material.

Such are the novel fashions, such the curiously attired figures that one sees dashing by every moment on the Corniche Road. You see men in heavy fur coats and caps, looking like Russian coachmen; men in leather coats, and men in rubber coats; all wear goggles. The women are attired in furs, in heavy plaids, or in leather coats like the men; some few of them prefer the "bachelik" or some similar jaunty head-gear. As you drive along the road, these enormous machines roar by you in an apparently endless stream. Altogether, considering the number of horse vehicles you pass yourself, those which pass you, those which you meet, and the auto vehicles which pass you and the many that you meet, it is probable that there is no non-urban highway in the world where one will meet so many men and women in rapid motion as on the Corniche Road between Nice and Monte Carlo.

Not only is the Corniche Road given up to sporadic automobilism, but automobile races are also permitted there. Nice is one of the few remaining cities in France which permit reckless automobilism. Elsewhere the municipal authorities and the communal officials have imposed restrictions on speed. But Nice is frequented by such large numbers of rich men with their swift machines, and they spend such amounts of money in the city and around it, that the authorities are reluctant to restrain their reckless driving. Hence one finds machines driven at greater speed in and around Nice than in any European city with which I am familiar. Accidents, therefore, are not uncommon. At the opening of the automobile spring race meeting this year a fatal accident took place. This is the second by which the Corniche race-course has been bathed in blood. The first took place on March 21, 1900, when a French chauffeur, one William Bauer, was instantly killed at nine hundred metres from the start on the Corniche Road. The spot is at a sharp turning in the road not far from the Riquier Barracks. This turn is almost at a right angle, and from there the road leads up at a stiff grade; hence chauffeurs are in the habit of taking the turn at a rapid rate of speed, in order to give them the impetus necessary to carry them up the hill. Bauer attempted this, but on making the turn his machine was overturned by its great speed and he was dashed against the parapet and killed. After this accident the Automobile Club of Nice took precautions against its repetition, and a parapet was made much higher than the old one.

But even this precaution was useless. Yesterday a fatal accident took place at exactly the same spot. Four chauffeurs had left the starting point at three-minute intervals. The fifth to depart was Count Zborowski. He was driving an eighty-horse-power Mercedes. Those who preceded him were running their machines around the turn at the third speed, the fourth being the highest. Count Zborowski, however, let out his auto, and was running at the fourth speed, which, with his machine, would be at the rate of about one hundred kilos per hour. This terrific speed was too great to turn the corner safely, and although he did his utmost he was unable to overcome the centrifugal force. The machine crashed into the stone parapet, Count Zborowski was also hurled against the parapet, while his companion, Baron Pallanges, was hurled over the machine and into the road. The spectators hastened to the scene, where they found the auto a mass of scrap iron and the two inanimate bodies. The road was dripping with blood, and with gasoline from the ruptured tanks. There was nothing to be done for Count Zborowski. His skull was fractured and his brains dashed all over the road. Baron Pallanges was still breathing, and was carried to the hospital. There it was found that he had received bad wounds and injuries, but not fatal ones. Countess Zborowski was waiting for her husband at La Turbie, the end of the course, the little village above Monte Carlo. There they were to take luncheon together with some friends.

The races began at nine o'clock in the morning, and the accident took place a few minutes after nine in the presence of a large crowd. Nice is a great place for photographers; a few weeks ago, when the Crown Princess of Saxony and her lover, Giron, were on the Riviera, snap-shots of them were on sale in Nice the day after their arrival. At twelve o'clock on the day of Zborowski's death, large photographs of the smashed auto, the two bodies, and the bloody road were on sale in the arcade at the Place Masséna, surrounded by a morbid crowd.

The little harbor of Villefranche is one of the prettiest along the Riviera. What makes it even more attractive to Americans is that it is the headquarters of our fleet in the Mediterranean. One may be certain to see there the American flag. There is always at least one American ship of war stationed at Villefranche. The other day there were three American ships of war in the harbor, the *Cincinnati*, the *Chicago*, and the *Machias*. The stars and stripes were also to be seen floating from two beautiful yachts, the *Veruna*, belonging to Mrs. Robert Goellet, and the *Lysistrata*, belonging to James Gordon Bennett. Beside them lay another steam yacht from which floated the banner of the Turks, the crescent and star. This was the *Mach-alah*, the owner of which is Prince Hasan Aziz.

What a strong contrast between these beautiful white steam yachts, resting on the water like aquatic birds, and those sooty war engines yonder, forging their way through the water. Slowly steaming past the headlands that define the harbor of Villefranche was a long line of grim, black ships of war. This was a French fleet going through squadron evolutions. They kept a distance of some hundreds of yards

apart—or cables lengths, mariners would probably say—and marched in files of two, in files of four, marched obliquely, and wheeled "into company front."

Dusk was dropping from the Alpine heights down over the beautiful bay as the line of black warships doubled the headland and steamed toward the west. As they rounded the point into the gathering darkness, I heard a crash, and then the startled cries of men sounding distinctly over the smooth water. I remained in ignorance of what had happened until I saw some paragraphs in the Marseilles papers some days later. Even then I did not know what ships had come to grief, for the French dailies mentioned not only a collision between the battle-ships *Bouvet* and *Gaulois*, but another, in which a dispatch-boat called the *Vedette* was sunk by a torpedo-boat.

It is not odd that the picture of the *Victoria* disaster rose before me vividly again. I have always regarded that as one of the most striking stories of the sea I ever heard—a fine ship commanded by a crazy man, going to certain destruction; her officers standing at their stations, powerless to save either the ship or themselves; her crew drawn up in line on the port side; the sea coming up to their feet as she heeled to starboard; the unfortunate marines, sentries, stokers, and coal-passers, held by duty at their posts deep down in the bowels of the ship, ignorant of what was taking place, and doomed to drown, without a struggle, like rats in a trap; the awful death of those who leaped over her stern, cut to pieces on the bloody blades of her whirling screws, which were lifted far out of water as she went down by the head. These things rose up before me when I saw the grim ships of the French squadron doubling the headland to the west of Villefranche. No wonder I thought of the sinking of the *Victoria* with all her men, when I heard the ominous crash come floating back over the waters of the peaceful bay.

VILLEFRANCHE, April, 1903.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Why Does He Love Me So?

I know not why he loves me so,
I do not care or seek to know,
But filled with ecstasy divine,
Enjoy the thought that he is mine.

Perchance he sees some loveliness
I am not conscious I possess;
And faults another might decry
Are charms to his discerning eye.

He praises not in words alone,
But daily is his homage shown,
In thoughtful acts and kindly care
That mark his presence everywhere.

And yet, so liberal is Love,
Like to the sun that shines above,
He finds occasion to deplore
His lack of power to give me more.

Oh! sweet attentions, such as these,
From loving hearts, intent to please—
What are they but the breath of life
To mother, sister, sweetheart, wife?

And I, who have no special grace,
Not Juno's form, nor Clytie's face,
Count it a joy such friend to know,
And wonder why he loves me so.

—Josephine Pollard.

Why Doesn't He Love Her More?

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might have asked for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lessons of duty out;
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee!
You require your bread should be always good,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars
And pure as heaven your soul!
You require a cook for your mutton and beef—
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirt—
I want a man and a king!
A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say, it is very good!
I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride!
I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you can not do this, a laundress, a cook,
You can hire, with little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.—Anon.

The Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public, an order having been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fire and light-proof safe. This decision has been reached as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences, recently in session in New York, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose attention had been called to the sad state of the famous document. Most of the text of the Declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign. The document from time to time will be photographed in order to measure as nearly as possible the result of the protective steps.

ARDITI'S "REMINISCENCES."

The Famous Conductor's Association with Adelina Patti—Success of His Valse, "Il Bacio"—Anecdotes of Emma Nevada, Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and Alboni.

Luigi Arditi, the last of the old school of Italian opera conductors, who died in London on May 1st, will always be associated in the mind of the American public with Adelina Patti, many of whose performances in this country he conducted. Their first meeting occurred in New York in the early 'fifties when the famous *diva* was only a child of eight. She was in the habit of going to the hotel at which the conductor was staying to eat the excellent macaroni prepared by an Italian chef of renown. One day her mother, Mme. Salvador Patti, visited Arditi's rooms to have him listen to Adelina's voice, and the event is thus chronicled in the maestro's gossipy "Reminiscences," published in 1896:

Bottesini and I were highly amused to see the air of importance with which the tiny songstress first selected a comfortable seat for her doll in such proximity that she was able to see her while singing, and then, having said, "Là ma bonne petite, attends que ta maman te chante quelque chose de jolies," she demurely placed her music on the piano, and asked me to accompany her in the rondo of "Sonnambula." How am I to give an adequate description of the effect which that child's miraculous notes produced upon our enchanted senses? Perhaps if I say that both Bottesini and I wept genuine tears of emotion—tears which were the outcome of the original and never-to-be-forgotten impression her voice made when it first stirred our innermost feelings—that may, in some slight measure, convince my readers of the extraordinary vocal power and beauty of which little Adelina was, at that tender age, possessed. We were simply amazed, nay, electrified, at the well-nigh perfect manner in which she delivered some of the most difficult and varied arias without the slightest effort or self-consciousness.

Some of the *diva's* childish traits are recorded:

Little Adelina's vivacity when quite a tiny girl was remarkable. Nothing ever escaped her notice, and if she observed curious mannerisms in any one, years afterward she would remember them and imitate them perfectly. She could enter the room as bright as a ray of sunshine, all smiles and sweetness; but if any one had had the misfortune to ruffle the pretty brows, or thwart My Lady Willful, her dark eyes would flash, her tiny fist would contract with anger, and clouds would speedily gather across the surface of her laughing face, and burst forth in torrents of tears almost as quickly as a flash of lightning. I remember, one day, Mme. Salvador Patti came to consult me with regard to the score of an opera that was in my possession. My little enchantress had accompanied her mother as far as the door, but there she lingered irresolutely, looking as though she were "angry with the whole house." Although I was not aware that I had in any way vexed her, she suddenly conceived the notion of venting her ire on me. I was seated at my desk, pouring forth an effusion of music to a young lady of whom I was deeply enamored at the time, and had valiantly struggled through and reached the last bars of the dedication in question, when, without further ado, she ran up to my table, raised herself on tiptoe, and turned the instand completely over on my manuscript, exclaiming in a quick, peevish tone, "Cosa fai tu brutto?" The burst of temper was all over in a moment (so, indeed, was my manuscript), and after the satisfaction of having carefully watched the ink trickle leisurely on to my landlady's carpet, she smiled roguishly, showing her white teeth, and danced out of the room, looking back at me, her dark, lustrous eyes full of lurking mischief, as though nothing whatever had happened, despite her mother's profuse and reiterated apologies.

An account is given of Adelina Patti's family:

I was intimately acquainted with Adelina Patti's family. Her amiable and talented sisters—Amalia, Clothilde, and Carlotta, who respectively married Maurice Strakosch, Thorne, and the Chevalier de Munk—were all accomplished artists; while her brothers—Ettore, Nicolo, Carlo, and Antonio—were devoted to music, Carlo having as a child studied the violin with me, and having at the age of twenty become leader at the New Orleans Opera House, afterward at New York and the Waterfield Opera House, St. Louis.

Patti's first appearance in London is described:

When she appeared at Covent Garden on the memorable night of May 14, 1861, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," she was, comparatively speaking, unknown in London. The reports which had reached the English public about her successes in America were looked upon as exaggerated and extravagant; and I really believe that upon the occasion on which she first laid the foundation-stone of the pedestal upon which she has reigned ever since there were not twenty people in the house who knew that Adelina Patti was a singer of more than ordinary merit. I, however, had heard her sing in America, and had witnessed the scenes of extraordinary triumph in which her vocal efforts had been received, cheered, and clamored for; I had seen the child grow up into a beautiful girl; I had noted the improvements which her voice had undergone, and the rich and rapid development of her faultless register that was about to come upon the British public as a revelation. . . . A very few people who had been present at the hurried and shortened rehearsals knew what was to follow; but nothing was known of Patti's antecedents, her name having appeared only four days in advance of her debut, and without a single remark in the advertisements. There was no heralding of trumpets, no fluttering anticipations, no stir in musical circles, no sensational outlook whatsoever to announce the advent of one of the world's greater singers. She came, she sang, and she conquered. The surprise she caused after the first recitative of Amina was indescribable; and by the time she had reached a passage *di bravoura*, and had put all her soulful notes into the final rondo, "Ah, non giungo!" the house rose in a roar of enthusiasm that may be chronicled as unprecedented.

Arditi claims that the great contralto singer, Alboni, was responsible for the fact that his bald head, known to more than one generation of opera-goers, was not covered by a wig. It seems she had a superstition against a wig, and when in New York in 1850 he attempted to cover his shining pate, she clutched it off his head one day in the singers' waiting-room and threw it to the other end of the apartment. Arditi afterward wore the wig furtively at home, and it was the first object which met his wife's eyes when she unpacked the portmanteau which he had taken on his honeymoon. At one time, according to the maestro, he went to a bank in New York to cash a check, but the cashier declared that he must be identified, as he did not know him. "Have you ever been to the opera?" asked Arditi.

The reply was in the affirmative. "Then," retorted the conductor, turning around, taking off his hat, and showing the back of his bald head, "look at that." He got his money at once.

Another of Alboni's superstitions was the number thirteen. Arditi writes:

Once, on the occasion of our first visit to Chicago—a very small and insignificant town in those days, colonized, as far as I could judge, largely by pigs—we arrived late, and just in time to retire for the night. A great quantity of luggage had been sent on by train in advance, and our business manager had secured a bedroom at the hotel for Alboni. The proprietor had been informed of madame's painful superstitions, and had been implored not to give her room number thirteen. As it happened, however, room number thirteen was the only empty and suitable apartment for the prima donna on that particular occasion; and, in order that she should not become aware of this unlucky act, the hotel manager caused a piece of paper to be carefully and deftly gummed over the painted number outside her bedroom door. All went smoothly at first. Alboni was ushered into her room, her boxes were unpacked by her maid, and she was served with supper preparatory to going to bed. Suddenly she started up, agitated by the thought that it would be just as well to know the number of her room. She picked up a candle and peered out into the darkness of the corridor to reconnoitre. In a far shorter time than it takes me to write these lines the house was in a fearful uproar, bells were ringing, and the hotel people and guests rushing about in a state of panic, thinking that they were about to be burned alive in their beds. Alboni was discovered standing in front of her door in the attitude of a tragedy queen, with the candle in one hand and the fatal piece of paper bearing the fictitious number in the other. And, what is more, she was not to be beaten. No persuasion on earth would induce her to rest quietly in number thirteen. No one could resist her pleading eyes and piteous face; so finally an elderly gentleman was politely but firmly asked to give up his room, which had to be thoroughly rearranged, while he stood about shivering and discomfited, awaiting the signal to take possession of the room bearing the fatal number.

The melody of the famous valse, "Il Bacio," was first conceived while the composer was on a tour in Ireland in 1859. It was one evening when he was in company with his wife and Piccolomini, the Tuscan prima donna, that the air first came into his head:

I sat myself down to the piano, while my fingers strayed almost unconsciously over the notes. I played a little "air to myself, and Piccolomini, who was chatting to my wife, looked up quickly, and said: "What is that you are playing? It is charming. Please note it down, or you will forget it." I did so on an envelope, merely jotting down a few notes, and then thrust the paper into my pocket. From that moment to the following year I thought no more of the tune. Piccolomini had gone to America in the meanwhile, and it had been a promise on my part that I would compose a song for her to sing at the first concert in England on her return from the States. Time flew with amazing rapidity, and although Piccolomini was on the point of returning to London, I had not as yet composed the promised song. There was no time to be lost, and I found myself in a fix for want of words, as well as of an inspiration. A happy thought occurred to me. The very thing! Why not hunt up those notes which I had jotted down on an old envelope in the previous year in Dublin?

And so he did, with what success the world knows. The history of the words is also given:

The words were written for me on the very day on which I began to arrange the music. A high baritone of the name of Aldighieri, and a very excellent singer to boot, was practicing with me one morning, and I told him that I was greatly in need of words for my song. "I will write you some verses if you will give me an idea," he answered, promptly: "what subject would you like?" Virginia, who was sewing at the other end of the room, answered ere I had time to think of anything, and said: "Why not write about a kiss. There's a good subject for you!" Aldighieri thought the idea an excellent one, and forthwith set to work and wrote the words to "Il Bacio," which have since become famous.

As with most famous songs, "Il Bacio" brought little pecuniary profit to the composer:

Although I was fortunate in "hitting off" the public taste so conspicuously with regard to this song, incredible as it may seem, I sold "Il Bacio" to the firm of Cramer, together with three other compositions, for the sum of fifty pounds. From that day to this I have never increased my orrify to the extent of sixpence in connection with that song. Flaxland, of the Place de la Madeleine, who gave four hundred francs for the French copyright, made a fortune of four hundred thousand francs out of the transaction, and boasts that the beautiful business house he was able to build in Paris was the outcome of the enormous profits he derived from my composition, while I heard lately that the copper-plates and copyright of "Il Bacio" were sold a few years ago in London for the sum of six hundred and forty pounds.

Arditi says that once in Philadelphia his "Il Bacio" figured in a very funny incident:

I was walking through the "Quaker City" one afternoon, when I heard my poor "Il Bacio" valse being played in such a drawing, funeral tempo, on a decrepit hand-organ, that I made a rush for the wretch who was massacring my music, and remonstrated with him vehemently. He coolly told me that if I did not approve of the tempo I could play it myself, with which impertinent suggestion I immediately complied. At that moment I espied one or two members of our company, who were strolling in my direction, and seizing the handle of the organ I began to grind out the air to their intense astonishment, coupled with roars of laughter. By that time a crowd had collected round us, and I was being looked upon as a harmless musical lunatic, who had escaped from his keeper. I was not to be thwarted, however, so I played the tune to the bitter end, and then sauntered on, despite the shouts and comments of the crowd.

Arditi pays this high tribute to Colonel Mapleson's power of managing his artists, "and, what is better, his creditors":

I have known prime donne to enter his office infuriated, vowing they would not depart from his presence without a "little check," or hard cash, and these same irate ladies would sally forth, after waiting his leisure for some considerable time, with their angry looks transformed to absolute serenity, and actually feeling, to all appearance, as though Mapleson were conferring a considerable favor upon them by continuing to owe them their hard-earned salaries. His manner was quite irresistible; there never lived the man whose suave, gentle air in calming the irrepressible creditor was more conspicuous or effective. To do him every justice, he paid his debts when he had money; but when the safe was empty, he knew how to rid himself of tiresome and embarrassing duns with remarkable graciousness and admirable tact, never letting people into the secret of his financial difficulties, or allowing them to depart uneasy at heart with regard to

the sum he owed to them. This was an art in itself; but a fact of far greater importance is that Mapleson was a musician.

In 1884 Mapleson came to America with a notable company, of which Patti and Gerster were members, and Arditi, as usual, was conductor. It was on this tour that the company came to San Francisco and made a sensation, which is still well remembered here. Arditi thus briefly chronicles it:

The next notable event of that year was our visit to San Francisco. Words fail me to give an adequate description of the sensation caused there by Patti and Gerster, or of the impression made upon those members of the company who were visiting that lovely country for the first time. . . . Suffice it to say at present that money was almost being coined by Mapleson; so great was the rush for tickets by the musically mad enthusiasts, that they literally scattered it about, paying blindly any price merely to be accorded standing-room, if nothing else. As a matter of fact, the money accumulated so quickly that each night it had to be placed in sacks and slung over the backs of trusty porters, to be delivered to the bank.

The famous "Emma Nevada Night" is thus alluded to:

Emma Nevada made her debut in San Francisco in 1885. Being a Californian, the receipts on the occasion of her first appearance on the stage in her own country may be said to have reached the height of a "Patti night." When first she was seen, the people roared and shouted so wildly, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, that the poor little lady was quite overpowered and could hardly control her emotion.

Among the exciting events of the trip was an earthquake, which greatly alarmed everybody:

It occurred one morning while most of our company were still at the Palace Hotel. The most curious fact in connection with it as regards myself was that I happened to be descending in a lift at the time, and felt absolutely nothing whatever of the shock. When I came out of the lift, I found everybody rushing about in a great state of agitation, looking as though they were scared to death; and on inquiring the reason of the alarm, I was informed that the vibration had been terribly intense, lasting for about eight to ten seconds, and that the earthquake had been an unusually severe one, even for San Francisco. Mapleson told us a good story apropos of the manager, whom he met immediately afterwards. "Nervous?" inquired the latter, laconically (he was used to such panics). "Rather," answered Mapleson, emphatically. "Well, you need not be," pursued the landlord, cheerfully, "for my hotel is earthquake-proof, as well as fire-proof!" We ascertained later that the building practically lay in a gigantic swing, and that no amount of earthquake could in any way affect the equanimity of "the Palace."

Grisi and Mario were on intimate terms with Arditi and his wife, and we are told much of the lady's jealousy of her husband. Among the stories concerning them there is one of a certain performance they gave in Washington:

It was during my first long stay in America, and our company was announced for one night, during a terribly cold winter, at Washington. Shall I ever forget the bitter cold of that season? It was as though we had suddenly been transported to the Arctic regions; and the theatre in which we had our performance was as inadequate to cope with the frost as though we had fixed up a summer tent for the purpose. "Norma" was the opera, and Grisi, instead of appearing in her traditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a huge fur cloak in which she was huddled up almost to her eyes. The house only really rose to the occasion with loud bursts of laughter when Mario made his entrance holding a coachman's umbrella over his head—he, as Pollio, being confronted by Norman in their tragical meeting—under which prosaic safeguards both artists cowered while singing their grand duo. The roof of the theatre had given way under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, and its coating of ice, melting under the heat of the gas, was streaming down on the artists.

Mme. Lablache, who was noted for her extravagant dressing, we are told, was once, at the eleventh hour, asked to sing the rôle of Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," in lieu of a lady who had been suddenly taken ill:

Mme. Lablache, being unable to wear the stage robe that had been provided for that part, elected to wear one of her own private dresses (a very handsome and costly one). Brignoli, the tenor, who impersonated Don Ottavio, had a very bad habit of continually expectorating while singing, so much so as to cause Mme. Lablache grave anxiety as to the possible fate of her beautiful gown. During the famous trio, Mme. Lablache watched Brignoli very anxiously, and finally, unable to contain her fears any longer, she whispered to him in a voice full of appeal: "Voyons, mon cher ami, ne pourriez vous pas, une fois par hasard, cracher sur la robe de Donna Elvira?"

Arditi, in his first trip to this country, met and married a Virginia girl, Miss Warick, of Richmond. His son, Luigi, Jr., is also a musician of great ability. His reputation was acquired with extraordinary suddenness. At a large concert in Dublin, where Patti was advertised to sing, she failed to appear. The audience had to be pacified, and as a forlorn hope, young Luigi was sent on the stage to play the piano. In spite of the most unfavorable circumstances, he scored a great triumph.

In one of Mr. H. C. Merwin's essays, entitled "Recent Impressions of the English," he remarks that in respect to mental activity, England bears the same relation to Scotland that it does to the United States. "Both in Scotland and the United States, the average of intelligence is far higher than it is in England; but I think we must admit that in the nobler departments of intellectual achievements, we also are as yet inferior to the English. It is the same in respect to oratory. The average of the speaking in the House of Commons is lower than it is in the American House of Representatives, but the best English speakers surpass the best American speakers." Mr. Merwin refers merely to the abstract and higher branches. When it comes to applied science and practical art, he finds the American superior. In surgery we are probably on a par with the English. In civil or mechanical engineering, we excel, and we are infinitely superior in trade, in mechanics, and in manufactures.

NEW YORK IN SPRINGTIME.

The Vacation Question—Country Houses Becoming More Popular—
The Education of Girls—Public Schools Tabooed—East-
ern and Western Women Compared.

The spring is beginning to come, and the New York winter, with all its means of gayeties—of theatres, of balls, of new people being introduced, of new pictures being exhibited, of debutantes coming out into society, and seasoned veterans of many fields retiring into matrimony—is at an end. There is a lull in the life of the city's rich, previous to the summer's flitting. New Yorkers, no matter what they may say or what pose they may take, do not like the country until it is arrayed in all its young beauty of fresh leaf and blossom. A frost-nipped lawn, the bare boughs of trees against a wintry sky, have no charm for them. While the country is in this state they prefer the bustling Avenue, the soft coal fire, the shaded lamp of the urban life.

Spring has come early this year. In the little park upon which I live every twig of every tree has a frilled garniture of green. A few days ago these sprouts were emerald points, as though some one with a green-dyed paint brush had lightly touched the end of each branch. Then there were two days of soft, dreamy sunshine, and all the emerald tips expanded into small, crumpled leaves. Those on the horse chestnuts are already quite large, seeming hourly to shake themselves out into a daintier amplitude, though they are still limp and crumpled as a piece of silk might be with being tightly folded away.

There is nothing in California like the miraele and beauty of this coming of spring. We have had days steeped in sunshine, when the whole of nature seems concentrating itself upon the work of efflorescence, when bud and leaf and grass-blade are being wooed out of their sheaths by the still, incircling warmth. These are days of inspiration, when the unattainable seems easy. People turn out of the houses by hundreds and thousands and crowd the parks. Under the frail shadows of the first scanty foliage every bench is full. The air has a crystal quality of thin clearness, and, still and sun-charged, it is vibrant with the cries of children playing round the fountains and flower-beds. The other day, sitting on one of these benches, a young Jew boy, who looked as if he might be a mechanic's apprentice or an inferior shop-man, sat down beside me and wrote on the back of a letter two short poems. The several lines of which I read over his shoulder—a fact of which he was aware and seemed to find quite pleasing—was on that particular park in the spring-time, and seemed to me to possess grace and sweetness. I wanted to read it all, but I did not like to ask him, though I am sure he would have been pleased to death.

It is at this season that the fashionable element begins to flit. A large percentage go to Europe. A lot of Americans now go over for the London season, as they might run down to Philadelphia for an assembly ball. Numbers of rich women go to Paris for three or four weeks to get their clothes. Alone with a maid, or sometimes with an obliging husband in tow, they "run across" to their hotel on the Place Vendôme or the Champs-Élysées—spend a feverish week or two shopping on the Rue de la Prie, and then turn their faces homeward, with a stack of trunks and a temporarily flattened purse. These ladies will tell you that, when all's said and done, Paris, as far as clothes go, is still on top of the heap. *Il n'y a qu'un Paris* when it comes to a question of beautiful wearing apparel.

The well-to-do people, with their own or rented country places, begin to leave the city early in May. Every year a large number of families give up the summer hotel and take their own house, or hire somebody else's. As a rule, this lot of the city's prosperous citizens spends about six months in the country, inhabiting every form of dwelling-place, from a palace in Newport or on the Hudson, to a bungalow built for a thousand dollars in the wooded depths of the Catskills, on the salmon rivers of Canada, or on the rock-ribbed coast of New England. The practice of leaving the pretentious elegancies of city life far behind in summer is growing on every hand. Outside the Newport world, the New York householder is tending more and more toward a simplification of his summer. The fashion of building temporary homes in wild and secluded spots, and there living an outdoor existence, with a few visiting friends for society, is enormously on the increase, especially among the class whose incomes range at from ten to twenty thousand a year.

The only objection to this withdrawal into the heart of nature is the education of children—girl children, especially. The New Yorker is exceedingly exercised on this question. One hears on every side theories as to the right way of teaching the young idea how to shoot, particularly the young female idea. The education of his sons does not seem to be so disturbing a thought to the anxious parent. That is more or less all arranged and decided. The boy goes to a good day school when he is little, a good preparatory school when he is in the stage of early teens, and college when he is a man grown. It is all mapped out and made easy, provided the Old Man has the money to pay the very stiff bills.

But the girl—that treasure of the American home—is a very different matter with her!

In their idolizing love of their woman-child, the New York parents will not hear of a boarding-school till

she is well advanced in her teens, and a great many of them will never allow a daughter to leave the parental roof-tree to seek her education at any stage. There are a few of the successful girls' schools deemed worthy of being intrusted with the education of the family treasure, and these are besieged with applicants. The girl generally enters the day department at about twelve, escorted to and from by her nurse, till she is a woman in long dresses, when, for a last year or two, she may enter the boarding department to be "finished."

The custom that still prevails in the West of invoking the services of the public-school department to educate the children of the well-to-do, has long been abandoned here. I never heard of the girl of parents of the most moderate circumstances going to a public school. The parents fear the contact of the child of the lower orders, as a coarsening influence on their own child. The daughter of the lady of leisure must not learn the language or point of view of the daughter of the laboring woman. The line of demarcation between these two worlds becomes every day deeper. They never rub elbows here as they might in the West, where the laboring woman's husband may strike a mine, and ride in his carriage, spattering with mud the man who once derided him. This form of poetic justice no longer obtains in the East. The laborer generally stays the laborer, and though his girl goes up a rung higher on the ladder, she does not get much beyond the "young-lady-who-plays-the-piano" stage.

Some families have tried to solve the problem by employing a governess in the English fashion. For some reason or other, the governess has never been a popular institution in this country. It may be that the American man, when thoroughly domesticated, can not endure the thought of a stranger at his board. I know I have more than once heard him put down his foot with quite a crash and absolutely rebel at the governess suggestion. I am inclined to think that the real reason is that women who are competent will not take the governess position unless tempted by a sumptuous salary. They prefer setting up schools for themselves, or going into journalism, or starting "classes." I had a friend who graduated at twenty-two from a woman's college, sweeping every honor before her. She immediately was offered the position of what was called "tutor" to a very rich girl of sixteen. Her salary was as large as would have been given to a man of similar attainments. Her work was to complete the education of the sixteen-year-old heiress.

Women of such calibre are snapped up by the millionaire part of the community to fit the little millionairesses for the great world. The woman who has just the small stock of education necessary for a lady to scramble along on, is wanted by nobody. The thirty-dollar-a-month resident governess is almost unknown in this country, except as a sort of nurse of very little children.

This concern about the mental development of their girls has risen from the fact that American women, despite their natural cleverness, are accused by Europeans of being poorly educated. To the proud parents, who think their daughters the brightest jewels in the nation's crown, this is a bitter pill to swallow. Nevertheless, it is partly true. Outside the girls who are the graduates of colleges, New York women are not highly educated. And the society part of the community rarely goes to college. A college woman is next thing to a club-woman, in the eye of fashion: one is close to the pale and the other outside it. The society ideal is accomplishment rather than information. The parents of this world want their girl to speak one, or more languages—not in a stumbling school-girl way, but fluently, so that she can converse intelligently with the denizens of different countries. They want her to be brilliant, so that she may fill creditably any position; and above all things, to be able to talk well, not to chatter or be a bore.

A woman of my acquaintance, middle-aged and exceedingly cultured, had a class of the *fine fleur* of the aristocracy this winter, that she was instructing in the history of the Greek drama. She told me that their type of mind and mental attitude was very curious. They knew absolutely nothing—as far as book-learning went were illiterate—but were mentally alert to an unusual degree, very responsive to the beautiful and noble, and peculiarly alive to the romance or emotionalism of any story or situation; that, in fact, they had the fresh and delicately receptive minds of intelligent children whom it is a pleasure to teach, and who learn by intuitive sympathy rather than by ambition or natural love of study.

When it comes to a comparison of the education of Western and Eastern women of this class, I should say the former knew more, had acquired more, and the latter were more naturally brilliant. For instance, the Western woman of society is rarely a good talker. I mean the sort of talker that one listens to with pleasure, looks forward to meeting, because she is full of wit, humor, sympathy. There are women of this kind in California and the Far West, but they are not usually society women. In New York society it is an obligation of the woman's to interest, to be amusing, to learn to do her share of the entertaining. If she is simply a chatterer—a person who talks carelessly on trivial personal matters—or is dull and heavy, no one will want to have her at their entertainments where men will complain at having to sit next her at dinner, and dances will see her glued partnerless to her chair.

This fierce training makes the New York woman of

fashion an always fair and sometimes quite remarkable conversationalist. Her talk may not be rich with a top-dressing of general information, but it will have the charm of brightness if not actual wit. The Western woman is not trained in the same way. Society is small, its recruits few. Even if she does not scintillate with the light of the Aurora Borealis she will not go quite to the wall. So she is content to educate herself, carefully and laboriously to amass knowledge and read books, sometimes acquiring an amount of information that is quite surprising to one accustomed to the Eastern girls' witty frivolity.

NEW YORK, May 6, 1903. GERALDINE BONNER.

AT THE WINDOW.

A Lonely Old Woman's Strange Flirtation.

Often, on returning to my apartment late at night, I saw a lighted window across the little garden which separates my house from its neighbors. Sometimes the window stood open, and in the dim light I could see the graceful outlines of a woman's form—a woman leaning on the sill, looking out.

One night in April, when the fair unknown was at the window, I raised my hat, and received a bow in return. My heart was thrilled. I seemed to discern a marvelous charm in the face which was shaded by the folds of a lace scarf thrown carelessly over the head. After this I saluted the lady every night, and always received the same slow, graceful bow in return.

From that time on my heart was filled with thoughts of my neighbor; she became dearer to me every night. Soon we began to communicate in a sign language which I had learned from an old uncle, and which, by a strange chance, she knew better than I.

At the outset, she exacted the most perfect discretion and a promise not to seek to know who she was until the moment when she herself chose to reveal her identity. I solemnly promised, and our intimacy began. She responded only by degrees to my ardor, showing a curiosity at first which was gradually succeeded by a warmer feeling. Finally, one night in September, her heart yielded entirely, though at a distance. Oh, that September night, with its silvery ships on an ethereal sea, its round lamp shaded by veils of tulle blown aside by the western breeze, its trees rustling like the drapery of goddesses!

Autumn passed, then winter, and the idyl was still an idyl. In vain I supplicated, offering my life itself for an interview. It was denied me under the pretext of a sort of vow which she could not yet break. When spring came I was on the verge of madness; I grew thin and pale, with no interest in any hour except the one in which the loved form appeared at the window. And yet that was an hour of grief and despair, of vain entreaties and torturing passion.

One night the light in her window did not appear, and the next night it was still dark. Full of anxiety, I sat watching for hours, haunted by the most melancholy presentiments. On the morning of the third day, I received a letter, asking me to call at the office of a lawyer who was entirely unknown to me. Instinct told me that I was at last to hear news of my love. I responded to the summons at once, and was received in an old-fashioned office by a stout gentleman, who informed me that I was sole heir of Mlle. V—, a client of his, who had died a few days before.

"The fortune is in real estate and bonds," remarked the notary; "it amounts to about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. As to the will, it is incontestable; it was made under my personal direction. There is also a letter which I was bidden to deliver to you personally."

I took the envelope, and stammered, in a trembling voice: "I will return for details later."

He bowed deferentially, and I went away in an excited frame of mind. I secluded myself in a corner of a café to read the message from the dead. It ran as follows:

"Forgive a lonely old woman for owing to you the only happiness of her life. Plain in feature and proud in disposition, I have never been able to care for any of the men who have sought my love; all of them repelled me by their coarseness and hypocrisy. So I have reached the age of seventy with a heart full of tenderness, and without ever having had the divine joy of thinking of a human being as a believer thinks of his God. You have at last given me that ineffable pleasure; thanks to you, I have enjoyed a year of ecstasy. I am satisfied now, for I have lived, and, in my last hour, it is my greatest hope that you will treasure a slight remembrance of your poor friend at the window."

—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of J. H. Rosny by H. Twitchell.

In view of the many statements that have appeared respecting the price of the newly discovered metal, radium, the *Westminster Gazette* points out the fact that in Professor and Mme. Curie's laboratory in Paris, at the Ecole de Physique et de Chimie Industrielle, there is a tiny tube of chemically pure chloride of radium. This, M. Curie declares, is the only sample of it in a pure state that exists in the whole world. It is about the size of a buckshot, and contains less than 3-100th of a gramme. M. Curie told an interviewer that it had any value that one wishes to give it, but that \$25,000 would not buy it. It was with this sample that radium proved itself to be a new element, for it showed no lines in the spectroscopic other than those characteristic of the metal. Many London medical men are anxious to try the effects of radium radiations on pathogenic micro-organisms.

HUMORS OF THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

Farical Ceremonies at St. Louis—Chicago's Code of Etiquette—Kansas City and the Cabmen's Union.

From almost every city in which President Roosevelt has been entertained come stories of amusing incidents which marked his stay—ludicrous instances of mismanagement and blunders in the arrangements, tales of woe of disgruntled ministers, who were not given an opportunity to preach a sermon in his honor; sarcastic remarks of disgusted society and political leaders, who failed to figure prominently in the ceremonies; and characteristic anecdotes showing the President's democratic tastes, his spontaneous humor, and his tact in facing all emergencies.

Perhaps the grossest piece of mismanagement during the whole tour was the dedication ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, which were held in the Liberal Arts Building, a vast amphitheatre, crowded with something like sixty thousand people anxious to hear the speeches of President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland. It was with great difficulty that a way could be cleared for the chief executive through the tens and tens of thousands of enthusiastic spectators so that he might reach the little 10 x 18 platform. Says one writer who witnessed the memorable scene:

All the notabilities who figured in the ceremonies were landed upon the platform with a hurly-hurly rush, like a football push through the centre. One of them brought ex-President Grover Cleveland, smiling philosophically, in on its crest; another landed Senator Hanna, Commissioner Thomas H. Carter and President Francis came in on another.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Cleveland got into a corner and were seated. A new wave of humanity broke and Secretary Root stepped out of it. Secretary Hitchcock climbed in from somewhere over a railing. A great cry went out for a gavel. There was no gavel. A detective broke the handle from his umbrella and handed it up. Mr. Francis pounded with it vigorously upon the rail. Nobody on the stand, even, could hear a sound.

"Gratifying exercise for Mr. Francis," observed the President to Mr. Cleveland, "but not impressive."

Mr. Cleveland shook his head and laughed, silently.

"There's a man out here," announced a St. Louis detective, "says his name is Potter and has a right to come in. Does it go?"

"The hishop, hy George!" exclaimed the President, roaring with laughter.

Bishop Potter was brought in, lugging his own black suit-case, in which was his Cambridge University robe, which he donned.

Mr. Francis pounded some more with the umbrella handle.

"Make way for the governor of New York State," howled a volunteer master of ceremonies. Nobody made way. There was nothing left for him to do but hutt in. He did. He squeezed in between the secret service men, and discovered, somewhat to his surprise, apparently, that no seat was there for him.

"Governors sit on the floor," announced an anonymous voice. Governor Odell, who seemed somewhat dazed by the way things were going, promptly sat on the floor between the feet of Secretary Root and Mr. Hanna. General Corbin got in. Governor Yates, of Illinois, got as far as the secret service row, and stopped. So did Governor Bailey, of Kansas. Chief of Police Kiely found himself stepping heavily on the feet of a large, pleasant-faced man in the aisle back of the platform. He apologized.

"Don't mind. It's all right," said the trampled one, sweetly, "I'm only a poor little governor." It was Wells, of Utah.

There were fifteen other governors around somewhere, but nobody knew where they were.

The President discovered Governor Odell sitting at Senator Hanna's feet. "Pleased to see you, at last, sitting at the feet of Gamaliel in earnest," he said. Governor Odell forced a smile.

Finally, when President Francis concluded that order was not to be obtained with a broken umbrella handle, he called on ex-Senator Carter to preside, and the ceremonies began:

Senator Carter made a speech which not a soul heard, and in pantomime introduced Cardinal Gibbons. The spiritual dignity of the cardinal, the sight of the red cap on his head, quieted the people a little, and a few words of what he said could be heard. When he reached the Lord's Prayer a great volume of voices went up. Those on the platform could hear President Roosevelt's and ex-President Cleveland's voices above that of the cardinal.

While President Francis was speaking the sun came out, and the great harn-like structure became as light as day. Above the continuous, surf-like shouting of the crowd rose a tremendous cheer of greeting to the flood of yellow light.

The cheering when Mr. Francis introduced the President lasted fully ninety seconds before the President began to talk. He followed his usual tactics, and got upon the rail of the inclosure, a somewhat precarious Presidential perch, but one on which he was fully visible to the whole multitude. This occasioned another ninety-second cheer.

At one point in his speech, which was delivered with the whole power of his lungs, and was heard at least forty feet away, some of the people down in front caught a phrase or two and began to applaud. This chance for an outburst was taken up by the crowd and spread all over the hall.

The President turned to Mr. Francis and yelled down at him: "That wasn't for the sun, anyway."

Mr. Francis howed his acknowledgments with mock humility, and the speech went on. The crowd broke in with another tremendous cheer.

"Gratifying," commented the President, in a shout to those behind him, "but not over-intelligent."

When ex-President Cleveland rose the cheering was every bit as big as it had been for the President, and lasted just as long—ninety seconds.

Mr. Cleveland, who had agreed with the President earlier that the whole performance was a great farce as far as oratory was concerned, read doggedly and rapidly through his manuscript, in spite of the fact that his voice was by no means equal to one-hundredth of the task imposed upon it. Then, after Bishop Potter and Bishop Hendricks had prayed and pronounced the benediction, the guests were taken out through a stiffly held line of United States infantry, which had been brought into the hall by the hack way to prevent a repetition of the entrance rushes.

As a parting remembrance of the general system of entertainment in St. Louis, the laundry of the President and of all his guests was held because the Monticello Hotel folks refused to receive and pay for it, and there was no member of the party around to rescue it. The last few hours in St. Louis saw the President's messenger scurrying around in wild haste trying to find that laundry. One of them, Dulany, got left in St. Louis in the effort.

Chicago did not attain great popularity with the great mass of the membership of the Presidential party either. They said that they didn't understand the Chicago code of etiquette:

For instance, one of them was entering the Auditorium one evening when a large, red-faced prominent citizen, who was at the door, reached out and grabbed him and shook him violently.

"Who are you?" demanded the red-faced man; "what are you doing in here?"

"I am a member of the Presidential party," said the young man, with meekness.

"Oh, hell," roared the Chicago man; "go on in. Go on. But you're not any member of the party, just the same."

The young man rose in his wrath and came back and put his nose very close to the nose of the red-faced gentleman of Chicago, and said, very deliberately and calmly: "You are a double-dyed, forked-tongued liar," or words to that effect.

He acknowledged afterward that he expected to be knocked down and thrown out. But he wasn't. Instead, the committeeman howled low, and said most sweetly, if somewhat breathlessly: "I heg your pardon, sir. I heg your pardon. I was wrong, and you were right. You are very welcome, sir."

At Sharon Springs, Kansas, Roosevelt spent a quiet Sunday. He walked to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he listened to the sermon preached by Dr. William Carter:

The President saw that Annie Bracken and Myrtle Coates, two little girls who had come in fifteen miles, were standing in the aisle beside his pew. He at once ushered them into the pew, and shared his prayer-book with them. They blushed a little, but otherwise there was not the slightest indication that they realized with whom they were sitting. After church, the President had an impromptu reception for the congregation, shaking hands with every man, woman, and child in it. They were good, stalwart Americans, some of them made out of transatlantic material, whose broad red faces glowed with embarrassment and pride as they shook the President's hand. Not a few of them had on red, white, and blue neckties in simple symbolism of the patriotic nature of the occasion. One small boy was taken by the fist by the President, and immediately began to pull away, twisting his head right and left as though looking for somebody.

"Here," said the President, "who are you looking for?"

"President," said the boy, panting hard, and still pulling.

"Well, I'm the President," said Mr. Roosevelt.

The boy's sun-haked face grew sadder still. He looked as though he had been galvanized. It was the President who had to pull to get away this time.

One of the last to come up was a small girl, who put out her brown right arm with some diffidence. The President looked at her closely. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the small one, withdrawing the small arm and putting her finger in her mouth.

"I thought so," said the President, laughing; "I know there are only about two hundred people here, and yet I am sure I have shaken hands with at least eight hundred."

In Kansas City, there was very nearly a strike among the hackmen who drove the carriages in which the President and his party were taken through the streets. Mrs. Armour had offered the committee her best

carriage and her coachman for the use of President Roosevelt and Governor Dockery. The coachman is not a union man. The Coachmen's Union met and informed the committee that unless a union hack and coachman were selected to carry the President they would all strike, and there would accordingly be no hacks in town for the entertainment of the distinguished guests. The committee showed fight at once, and its members arranged to use their own carriages and act as drivers themselves. Then the union folks threatened to write to the President. Rather than have the President embarrassed, Mrs. Armour withdrew the offer of her carriage.

OLD FAVORITES.

Among the literary treasures which figured in the sale of the Peter Gilsey collection in New York recently, were relics of the late Adah Isaacs Menken, the actress, poetess, and beauty, who many years ago traveled through the country on "her shape," as the saying was then. Her only play was called "Mazeppa," and her rôle was to appear in silk tights, looking entirely nude; thus clad, or unclad, she was hound to the hack of an untamed steed, which then proceeded to climb a sky-piercing mountain at the back of the stage. The Menken traced a broad and comet-like streak across the United States. She had affairs with many men, some of whom she even married, when she had time. One of her husbands was Orpheus C. Kerr, a well-known humorous writer of the post-hellum days. Another was John C. Heenan, the champion prize-fighter. Wherever she went she carried fear and trembling to quiet homes. The most docile and well-trained husbands would lie holdly and glyhly in order to go and see "Mazeppa" surreptitiously. Timorous wives turned out in droves to see her whirl along the street or park behind her fast horses, for she drove like Jehu, son of Nimshi. At last she wearied of husbands and lovers, left the United States, and went to Europe, where she harked in the smiles of many notabilities, among others the elder Dumas. In the Gilsey collection, disposed of recently, were letters, photographs, and poems said to prove that the actress wrote the poem, "Infelix," which, published many years ago in a New York paper, attracted much attention. The verses are as follows:

"INFELIX."

Where is the promise of my years
Once written on my brow—
Ere errors, agonies, and fears
Brought with them all that speak in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
Where sleeps that promise now?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours
Still, still to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and Evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of Sorrow and Despair.

I look along the columned years,
And see Life's riven fane
Just where it fell—amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose moaning sneers
Forever hiss within my ears
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain—
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls fame's fever in the brain,
And hides earth's tumult cease.

Myself? Alas for theme so poor!—
A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A homeless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here!

—Adah Isaacs Menken.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, died in New York on Tuesday, at the age of seventy-eight. Among his most notable volumes were "Adventures in Fairyland," "Life of Humboldt," "Songs of Summer," "The King's Bell," "The Book of the East," "Abraham Lincoln: a Horatian Ode," "Putman, the Brave," "A Century After," "Life of Washington Irving," "The Lion's Cub, and Other Verses," and "Under the Evening Lamp." Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Drew Barstow, who was also a poet and novelist, died last August, and their son, Lorimer Stoddard—who was a promising dramatist, and scored a great hit with his version of "Vanity Fair," in which Mrs. Fiske appeared here—died of consumption a few years ago.

When Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company is ready to begin another season's work, there will be another leading actress at its head in place of Margaret Anglin, as well as a new leading actor in place of Charles Richman, who resigned to become a star. Miss Anglin is to act in London for a season, and will then come back to New York as a

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edward Henry Vizetelly, the once well-known author and war correspondent, died last month at the age of fifty-four, in the Whitechapel Infirmary, London. He was the eldest son of the late Henry Vizetelly, the London publisher, and brother of Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, the well-known English translator of Zola.

The honorary degree of LL. D., recently conferred on James McNeill Whistler, the painter, by the University of Glasgow, is the second honor which this distinguished and resolute artist has received from Scotland, as the Royal Scottish Academy elected him an honorary member a few months ago. These are his only official British honors, although he has lived in London at least half of his long life.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles has grown exceedingly wary of late in the matter of public utterance. He is never interviewed nowadays. Even when he makes a speech on so harmless and peaceful a topic as good roads, he now takes good care to read his address from manuscript. At the St. Louis good roads convention last week, nearly all the speakers spoke without notes, but when General Miles arose he unrolled some crackling sheets of paper with a grim smile, which was instantly understood, remarking by way of apology that, on the whole, he preferred not to trust himself to extemporaneous speech, even on the subject of roads.

James Whitcomb Riley, the popular author and poet, confesses to a fondness for social life, but says he feels at a disadvantage at social gatherings; that people are disappointed in him. "I don't see well, or remember names. Therefore I'm an ungainly member of society. I have been catching the next train for so many years that I have had but little time to devote to the social side of life, and am, in consequence, a confirmed novice in all the gentler graces. Only a few evenings since, somewhere, I pronounced 'don't you' with the 'ch' sound to it, and—Well! You must imagine, for I can't describe, the overwhelming, suffocating sense of my humiliation when my attention was drawn to it. And horror on horror's head! the same evening I was detected in the act of pronouncing programme just as the word is spelled!"

Commenting on the attempt of "Charlie" Murphy, the new Tammany Boss, to oust him as leader of the Ninth District, in New York, "Big Bill" Devery says: "If them guys that compose that executive committee think that they have closed the doors again me they'll find themselves mistaken. I'm goin' ter fight every square inch of ground they stand on fer to win my legal and just rights, if it takes every cent I possess to do it. Murphy is workin' harder than all the rest of the bunch to keep me out. He's the instigator of the whole dirty little scheme, but it aint goin' to work on your uncle. The temporary straight flush of success Murphy's havin' in keepin' me out is makin' him chesier than ever, but I'll make him feel like a hag o' sawdust afore I get through with him. He thinks that he's his anchor out to stay on Fourteenth Street, but it's caught in a sandhank an' he doesn't know it. Murphy's chesiness has made me more determined than ever to get my seat in the executive committee. I've gone too far now in this business, an I aint goin' ter let myself be downed by nobody—not me; that's not Bill Devery."

Much as the public at large respects and likes Mrs. Roosevelt, her fondest admirer is undoubtedly the President himself. Tausley Streator, in the May *Good Housekeeping*, relates that at one of the White House musicales he said to the President that it was wonderful how much Mrs. Roosevelt could do socially, and to how large a number she was able to extend White House hospitality; and the President looked pleased, and replied: "Yes, whatever people may think of the President, I suppose it is pretty generally known that Mrs. Roosevelt makes a good mistress of the White House. I like her entertainments myself. Now, this musicale is just the sort of thing we all enjoy—it gives pleasure to her friends and is dignified in its entertaining. But," he added, "Mrs. Roosevelt is as good a mother as can be found—a good mother to six children, giving them her time and thought. Yet, busy as she is in always attending to them herself, she manages to give me some time, too. Now, to-day she rode with me an hour and a half. She is a conscientious mother, let me tell you, with a heart full of love, always thinking of what is best for the children."

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Daskam's Clever Short Stories.

Those of us who have venerated the name of Josephine Dodge Daskam find it something of an effort to accommodate ourselves to plain Josephine Daskam, which two words only, it is officially announced, will appear in the future books by this brilliant young woman. She has dodged the Dodge, and it seems scarcely worth while; for, judging by the graces of person revealed by the frontispiece portrait to her latest book, and the graces of mind revealed by the book itself, it can not possibly be very long before a catastrophe shall occur which will leave her devoted readers nothing familiar but the Josephine.

"Middle Aged Love Stories" are old favorites to all readers of *Scribner's*. "In the Valley of the Shadow," "A Philanthropist," "A Reversion to Type," "A Hope Deferred," "The Courting of Lady Jane," "Julia the Apostate," "Mrs. Dud's Sister," which make up this book, have all appeared in that magazine. There is little to choose among them in merit. All are marked by sane and infectious humor. All have a commonness and unaffectedness that is truly American. They have sentiment without sentimentality; the spirit that pervades them is womanly, never womanish. Somehow, they seem profoundly characteristic of contemporary American life. Though Miss Daskam is a New Englander, she is far broader than her contemporaries of the New England school. Neither is she warped into the "provincialism" so characteristic of New York writers. Her stories reveal an attitude toward life far removed from that of the woman suffragist, but she is equally as far removed from the clinging-vine type. The shams and hypocrisies of "artistic" circles excite her amusement. She loves to celebrate the homely virtues. It is these things that set "Middle Aged Love Stories" and, in a degree, Miss Daskam's previous books, in a niche by themselves among contemporary short stories. Of their kind they are the best short stories of the year.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Accounts and Bread.

If a resounding title tacked to a name counts for anything, Charles Waldo Haskins's little book on "How to Keep Household Accounts" should be a good one; for Mr. Haskins, per the book-wrapper, was "Dean and Professor of Auditing and of the History of Accountancy in the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance, of New York University." The account-keeping directions seem, indeed, to be simple and explicit, and the book should prove serviceable to housewives. We note, however, one remarkable thing. Mr. Haskins presents on page forty-three a paradigmatic journal-page from a family account. The economic status of the family in question is amply indicated by the entries: "Salary, \$40.00." "Rent, \$40.00." "Week's washing, \$2.00." Their stomachic capacity for bread is what excites our amazement; for, on January 2, 1903, this remarkable family purchased and consumed eighty cents' worth of the staff of life; the following day, with unabated voracity, they tackled sixteen loaves more. This held 'em for awhile, and not until the seventh did they buy bread again: then they raided a bakery and returned with ninety-five cents' worth. Mrs. Haskins, if a Mrs. Haskins there be, could, we opine, have given even this professor of auditing and the history of accountancy a few helpful pointers on the buying of bread.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00 net.

French Law for Foreigners.

The English-speaking traveler in France, who prefers not to be browbeaten and imposed upon, will find the "Manual of French Law," of H. Cleveland Cox, a valuable book. It defines the stranger's rights and liabilities in France, and should prove a bulwark against unscrupulous persons who would trade upon his supposed ignorance. The arrangement is alphabetical, rendering information upon almost any subject easily accessible. For instance, under *Dressmakers*, the conditions governing the rights of customers to refuse ill-fitting garments are stated, and the interesting case of a certain Mme. Gianacis, who ordered dresses to the amount of 3,395 francs, is set forth. This lady, finding it, after many tryings-on and numerous delays, the dresses ordered still did not fit, refused to receive them. The dressmaker, nevertheless, sent them on with bill in full, and on refusal of payment, attached Mme. Gianacis's entire wardrobe. Mme. Gianacis,

in order to save her wardrobe, was obliged to pay the 3,395 francs over to the court officer. But when the case was heard in court, the judge not only ordered the 3,395 francs refunded to Mme. Gianacis, but mulcted the dressmaker in a good round sum for damages, and assessed upon her the court costs. He held that when a woman customer goes to a dressmaker who claims expertness, she has a right to demand well-fitting garments, within a reasonable time, and without tedious alterations. The book gives valuable information of this sort on several hundred subjects—from *Accidents to Wills*.

Published by Brentano's, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Stewart Edward White is at work on another volume to be called "The Silent Places." Like "The Conjuror's House," it will deal with the fur traders of the Hudson Bay Company, but on the side of the forest life instead of the life at the posts. In addition, he has just completed a series of seventeen papers, which are appearing weekly in the *Outlook*, under the general title of "The Forest." They will be published in book-form this autumn.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published a volume of stories by the late Bret Harte under the title "Trent's Trust, and Other Stories." The title story takes up about half the book.

E. F. Benson's next novel is to be a picture of life in a cathedral town called "An Act in a Backwater."

Bayard Tuckerman is preparing a biography of General Philip Schuyler, major-general in the American Revolution. It will be based for the most part on General Schuyler's papers and letter books and on the Gates papers belonging to the New York Historical Society, and on the archives of the State Department in Washington.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has dedicated his new romance, "Marjorie," to his friend, Anthony Hope.

George Ade has turned from slang and comic-opera librettos to write a volume of short stories, which will be entitled "In Babel," Babel being Chicago.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four," the first of the Little Novels by Favorite Authors Series, is promised for May 13th by the Macmillan Company. The material for his novel he gathered while at Harvard. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard," a semi-ghost story, will follow a week later.

"The Modern Obstacle" is the title of Alice Duer Miller's new novel announced for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Graham Hope, author of the lately published romance, "The Triumph of Count Ostermann," is Miss Jessie Hope, of Oxford, sister of Adrian Hope, who is well known in London as a philanthropist. An earlier novel by Miss Hope is "The Cardinal and His Conscience."

"The Silesian Horseherd" is the title of the volume in which is to be published the translation of the religious controversy which the late Max Müller carried on with an American correspondent. It was published in a German version in Germany some years ago.

English aristocracy is going in for literature with enthusiasm. The latest recruit is Lady Helen Forbes, the only sister of Lord Craven, who married Miss Bradley Martin. Lady Helen has a novel ready for publication, and believes it is unusual enough in theme to make a sensation.

"The Roman Road" is the title of a volume of three stories by "Zack." The book takes its title from the first novelette, "The Roman Road," which is the story of an English manor and its inmates. The other two are "The Balance" and "The Thoughtful Ones."

"Round Anvil Rock" is the title of Nancy Huston Banks's new novel of Kentucky of a century or more ago, and not "Around Anvil Rock," as has been announced. The Macmillan Company publish the book.

The contents of two of the volumes in the complete edition of the works of the late Frank Norris, which will be published in the fall, will be entirely new. Besides "The Responsibilities of the Novelist and Other Literary Essays," there will be a story which is described as a complete epic of the wheat in miniature. It is entitled "A Deal in Wheat and Other Stories of the New and Old West." In a few thousand words Mr. Norris deals

with the history of a wheat crop from the separate sides of grower, broker, and consumer, as he had intended to do on a larger scale in his trilogy, "The Octopus," "The Pit," and "The Wolf."

The Macmillan Company has published an "Index and Epitome of the Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Sidney Lee. This volume forms a summary guide to the vast and varied contents of the dictionary and its supplementary volumes.

The Countess of Warwick has just completed an elaborately illustrated two-volume book on "Warwick Castle and Its Earls," which will soon be published in this country.

Laurence Hutton's sympathetic volume, "Literary Landmarks of Oxford," with illustrations by Herbert Railton, is to have an English edition bearing the imprint of Grant Richards.

Literary Naval Officers.

Quite a few naval officers, who have abandoned the sea, have recently followed literary pursuits. Some have been very successful, while others, who became convinced that the pen is mightier than the sword, have failed to make themselves felt in the new field they adopted. The works of Captain A. T. Mahan are recognized as standards on nautical questions the world over. Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hohnson's graphic account of "The Sinking of the *Merrimac*" enjoyed a great success just after the Spanish-American War, and showed that he had an easy literary style, which will doubtless stand him in good stead now that he is no longer an active officer. Winston Churchill was of the class of 1894, and his successful novel, "Richard Carvel," is more or less founded on the knowledge of maritime life which he acquired at Annapolis. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose sea novels are so highly praised, is a graduate of the class of 1883. Park Benjamin, Jr., has written a history of the United States Naval Academy and many other creditable works. He was graduated in the class of 1867 with Remey, Wainwright, Belknap, and Clover. James Douglas Jerrold Kelley, a graduate of the class of 1868, who was appointed at large, and Joseph Louis Stickney, who was of the graduating class of one year earlier, are both noted for the completeness of detail of their naval articles and fleet discussions. Mr. Stickney was a correspondent during the late war with Spain, and was with Dewey during the fight at Manila. Commander Kelley, as he is better known, has launched into the sea of wireless telegraphy, in addition to his journalistic work, and is one of the officials of the Marconi Company.

Schnsucht.

[Long years ago a young German physician in the service of Russia was stationed at Sibir. In the early 'fifties he came to California, and, meeting with some misfortune, became disheartened and died. A little poem, of which the following is a paraphrase, was found in a letter addressed to him by his sweetheart in the Fatherland. In translating it for publication I betray no confidence, as the vigil is long since over.—L. H. F.]

I lie upon the ground alone,
Above the stars are burning;
No written word, no uttered moan,
My very tears can not make known
How I for thee am yearning.

The world is wide, and you and I
Ten thousand miles asunder,
Can only stretch our arms and cry
Across the sea with sob and sigh,
Is there no hope I wonder?

I wait our trysting tree beside,
My eyelids wet with weeping,
Ah, He who made the world so wide,
Hath never dreamed what might betide
Two hearts their vigils keeping.

—Lucius H. Foote.

Sir Henry Irving's production of "Dante," at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, has brought out quite a flood of Dante literature in England. Dr. Moore, whose labors in this direction are well known, and who has done so much to revive the interest now felt in the great Italian poet, has in hand a third volume of "Studies on Dante," which will be issued soon. Messrs. Cassell are also preparing a very fine art edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which will be illustrated by five of the original drawings by Gustave Doré.

A new weekly magazine is to be started this month in Chicago, which will be called *Christendom*, and will be modeled on the lines of the *Independent* and the *Outlook*. William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, is understood to be the moving spirit in the enterprise, and Professor Shailer Mathews, of the same institution, will be editor.

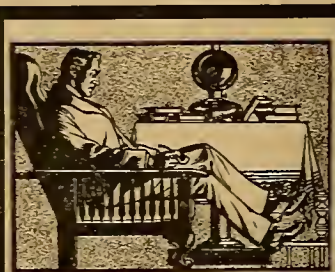
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LITERARY NOTES.

Complete Works of the "Mad Philosopher."

There is something curiously fascinating about the philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche. Here was a man who, during his life, wrote scores of books which nobody read; who, solitary, wandered over the face of the earth, thinking and writing prodigiously; who, while still young, went mad, and who died insane; and yet about whose life and work books are continually appearing in his own country, Germany, in France, and even in England, and whose influence is continually growing throughout the world. We reviewed in these columns recently a biography in English of this mad philosopher, and now comes "The Dawn of Day," one of a dozen volumes which, when all published, will form the English edition of his works. This book—translated by Johanna Volz—is made up of disconnected, headed paragraphs, each containing some concrete, and often very striking, thought. Most of them reflect light on the doctrines of "slave morality," the "überman," and the "eternal recurrence of the universe," which are the main tenets of Nietzsche's system—if system it may be called.

By his doctrine of "slave morality," Nietzsche endeavored to show that Christianity rests upon a false basis. In the olden times, he said, the morality of the strong prevailed. The masters called good that which to them was good. The virtues which they honored most were courage, strength, beauty, pride, self-confidence, success. The things which they considered evil were humility, self-abnegation, weakness, wretchedness, ugliness, failure, sympathy. The poor, the weak, the wretched, the "slaves," on the other hand, called good that which to them was good. Sympathy, by which the more lowly and abject among them were made stronger, and the hounds of class strengthened, was an honored virtue. The pride, the courage, the self-confidence of the ruling and oppressing class were considered by the "slaves" to be vices. Condemning pride, they honored humility; condemning strength and its rude exercise, they honored gentleness; condemning robust joy in life and the grasping of its good, they honored asceticism and self-sacrifice. And "slave morality," says Nietzsche, has prevailed over "master morality" in Christendom, and to this he ascribes all our woes. He himself celebrates the glory of the aristocrat—the strong man. He denies that there is virtue in sympathy. "Sympathy preserves what is ripe for extinction." It is antagonistic to the law of the survival of the fittest. "It is the conservator of all misery," the "chief instrument for the promotion of decadence." He believes in strengthening the strong, not in helping the weak.

The works of Nietzsche are clearly not milk for babies; but the mature and thoughtful mind will find in them much that stimulates. They take a man out of the rut of conventional thinking, and give him momentary glimpses of unexplored realms of which he may never before have dreamed.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

"The Reflections of a Lonely Man."

The advertisement on the wrapper of the anonymous "Reflections of a Lonely Man" mysteriously says that "the reader will regret the modesty that takes refuge behind initials, because he will find himself much interested in the strong personality and keen mind which are evident in these pages." Perhaps. But the mystery might be deeper, darker, and more profound were not the initials in question A. C. M. and the publisher A. C. McClurg. Possibly it is only a coincidence, but it is certainly a curious one.

The Lonely Man who figures in this book is not a very robust individual. The soliloquies, which form its contents, are gentle, not strenuous, ones. The Lonely Man sits in a shadowy room, by a cheerful fireplace, and lets his thoughts wander at will among many and diverse subjects. He discusses with himself the "vantage ground of loneliness." He philosophizes about hooks, doctors, idealism, language, government. He devotes a whole evening to musing upon the "search for satisfaction," and another to "the release from pain." His philosophy, as we say, is not robust, but there is in his meditations much good sense, some humor, and a great deal of sentiment. One quotation will perhaps suffice. The Lonely Man has sat himself down by his fire, has lighted his briar pipe, and settled his teeth comfortably into the familiar indentations. He muses:

The pleasure of smoking is largely a matter of imagination. Of all the physical pleasures,

it seems to be the most delicate, refined, and intellectual. It appeals to all the senses. The eye is gratified by the wreaths and columns and spirals of smoke as they gracefully float in ever-changing forms upward toward the ceiling, and trace their delicate and evanescent frescoes on the walls. This is a beauty of figure, color, and motion. In the outlines there is nothing that could offend the most æsthetic taste, and there is an indefiniteness that allows the imagination free play to see in the fleeting traceries what images it will. There are no glaring colors here to offend the artist's eye; there are no clumsy movements to disturb the dreamer's soul. It has all the charm of the impalpable, the impermanent, and the indefinite.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"The Republic of Plato: Book III," in an English translation by Alexander Kerr, professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin, is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, paper, 15 cents.

The doctor's thesis of William A. Rawles, Ph. D., now assistant professor of economics at Indiana University, is entitled "Centralizing Tendencies in the Administration of Indiana." The work is published by the Columbia University Press: The Macmillan Company, agents, New York.

"Mary Neville," a novel, by A. F. Slade, is sub-titled, "The History of a Woman Who Attempted Too Much." The "too much" was the task of reforming an intermittent drunkard by marrying him. The story is well told; it is even interesting; but the theme is a painful one, and the hook can scarcely be recommended to the reader in search of enjoyment. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Stillman Gott," by Edwin Day Sibley, is a hook after the model of "David Harum" and "Ehen Holden," and portrays a "farmer and fisherman"—a type of character, says the author, to be found in any town on the coast of Maine from Kittery to Eastport. The novel lacks, however, the wit and humor that have made the other hooks of this class popular, while throughout the diction betrays the 'prentice hand. Published by John S. Brooks & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Olive Thorne Miller, who has written so many interesting books about birds, has added to the list another entitled "True Bird Stories from My Notebooks." The work is intended for youthful reading, and is well illustrated from drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. It will emphasize to the child the fact that each species of bird has its own habits and peculiarities, and that each individual of the species is as much a character as persons are. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00 net.

To the Master Musicians' Series, edited by Frederic J. Crowst, has been added a volume on "Mozart," by Eustace J. Breakspere. Unfortunately, Mr. Breakspere has not the enthusiasm or the inspiration to give the volume any particular distinction, nor has he any suggestive views of his own to present. Nevertheless, he has arranged the facts methodically, and stated them clearly, giving in a volume of three hundred pages a full account of Mozart's life. There are several illustrations. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

It is a good sign that books on the care of children and nursing are multiplying. Recently we have had occasion to notice in these columns several such works. Probably every one of them has saved the lives of children or adults. We are now in receipt of a thoroughly revised third edition of "The Care of the Baby: A Manual For Mothers and Nurses," by J. P. Crozier Griffith, M. D., clinical professor of the diseases of children in the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. The hook is well printed, contains a number of illustrations, and the directions are explicit and practical. It is one of the best of many. Published by W. B. Saunders & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

The ideal American hero, one who rises from log-cabin to mansion by sterling qualities of heart and mind, is portrayed in "The Whirlwind," by Rupert Hughes. John Mead's boyhood, indeed, reminds one of Lincoln's. Mead was a lean ragged boy, son of a washer-woman and the "village drunkard"; he grew up into a lank youth, ugly of face and witty of speech; he enlisted and fought through the Civil War; and later he became a great lawyer, a member of Congress, and was mentioned for the Presidency. The love-story of the hook is unusual. John Mead loves two women—one sweet, noble, and self-sacrificing, whom he marries; the other of bewitching

beauty, whose charms he is never able to resist even after his youth is past, and his children are growing up about him. Three times beautiful Alahama June crosses his path, and the last time it is a tragedy. Yet he is forgiven of his wife, who knows the weaknesses of his great heart. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

The address on public schools and what they have failed to do, which President Eliot, of Harvard, delivered before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association last autumn, is now published in hook-form, under the title "More Money for the Public Schools." So wide was the publicity given the address at the time that Dr. Eliot's views need not be summarized here. The hook is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

To speak of the evangelization of the Moslems these days provokes a smile; yet while such a propaganda may not now excite approval, the personality of Raymond Lull, the great thirteenth-century missionary to the Saracens, is an interesting study. He was in many respects a wonderful man, and Dr. Zwemer, himself a missionary in Mohammedan countries, is particularly fitted to write a sketch of his life. The hook, entitled "Raymond Lull," is supplemented with a partial bibliography of Lull's works, containing some three hundred titles. In a note prefacing this biography, Dr. Zwemer quotes authority for the statement that Lull's works in Latin, Catalanian, and Arabic numbered in all four thousand. One thousand were still extant in the fifteenth century. Evidently the Moslems are not to be converted by the tract method anyway. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Some Literary Centenaries.

The May magazines contain many interesting articles celebrating the Emerson centenary. Among the most notable are "Emerson as a Religious Influence," by Dr. George A. Gordon (*Atlantic Monthly*); "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by W. Robertson Nicoll (*North American Review*); "Emerson the Individualist," by Benjamin de Casseres (*Bookman*); "Emerson: The Teacher and the Man," by Moncure D. Conway (in the *Critic*, which is really an Emerson number, containing, besides the article mentioned, "Ralph Waldo Emerson as I Knew Him," by Julia Ward Howe; "Emerson and Contemporary Poets," by F. B. Sanborn; "Emerson: Skeptic and Pessimist," by Benjamin de Casseres, and "The Modern Emerson," by Edith Baker Brown); "The Emerson Centenary," by Thomas W. Higginson (*Success*); "Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903," by Hamilton Wright Mahie (*Harper's Magazine*). The *Century Magazine* contains some well-considered remarks on "Our Inheritance in Emerson," under "Topics of the Times."

In England, the Bulwer-Lytton centenary is attracting attention. Says one writer: "If the publishers' ledgers could be examined there is no doubt it would be found that the sales of Lytton's novels were for some years something colossal. Even to-day publishers are vying with one another in the re-issue of his stories, no fewer than three editions of 'The Last Days of Pompeii' having come out quite recently."

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During a recent unbosoming of himself before a private club at Harvard, composed of young students of the contemporary drama, Clyde Fitch declared his conviction that the primary functions of the theatre include neither preaching nor educating "The drama," he says, "is an art, and its function is to please, to delight. Yet underneath all, a good play will always have a meaning—there must be a philosophy under it all."

Following up this suggestion, after seeing "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," the meaning seems to be clear: always trust the instinct of a girl in love. Let friends, relatives, and guardians bring to an heirless almost uncontrovertible proof that the European nobleman who, after two week's acquaintance, is besieging her affections, is a fortune-hunter, a rascal, and a *roué*; yet, if her woman's intuition tells her that her friends are mistaken, she may safely ignore reason, and, following the guidance of her emotions, come out all right.

I fear, indeed, that the stubbornness of Mr. Fitch's impracticable Geraldine would, in real life, be viewed merely as one of the ever-to-be-expected manifestations of the eternally silly feminine. On the stage, however, we are expected to sympathize with, admire, and exalt the illogical faith that, by sheer luck, is justified. However, one need never take Mr. Fitch's plays seriously. They are as light and ephemeral as the bubble and froth on the surface of a wave. Emotion, as well as comedy, plays a subsidiary part to artfully calculated effects—and to slight, though clever, social sketches.

After seeing the play, Mr. Fitch's conception of what constitutes the most essential qualification of a playwright recurs to the mind. "An inborn dramatic instinct," he considers, "is the first essential. After that an intuitive perception of dramatic movement and effect as distinguished from the method of the novelist." Apparently following out this idea, which is entirely logical, Mr. Fitch proceeds to place his personages in scenes and amid action which are absolutely extrinsic to the essential events and emotions, with which they play a kind of a see-saw.

Thus, in the first act, we see the deck of an Atlantic liner, with its rows of lounging and seasick passengers, and its occasional flittings of stewards, waiters, and deck pedestrians. The lurchings and the stewards, having had their turn, make their exit. Enter drama, in the shape of a flirtation; a sentimental flirtation with roses, glances, and a serenade. Curtain.

In act two, drama retires in favor of what Mr. Fitch considers "dramatic movement and effect." The fair traveler having reached her home, several dozens of trunks are brought in and distributed over the floor space in such a way as to necessitate walking, sitting, standing, tea-drinking, and the reception of guests all on top of the trunks. The idea is good, but carried out to attenuation, and one's admiration for it can not hear up through an entire act, more especially as the conversation is as fugitive and dislocated as the locomotion of Geraldine's guests. The spectator begins to have a desire to have "something doing." At this point, exit the trunk-men; enter drama. The count turns up and a love avowal, a mysterious obstacle to matrimony, and a haughty ejectment of the lover, materialize in rapid succession.

In the next act, drama having had its turn, a game of bridge is pushed to the fore, and the love-story waits its turn. Bridge retires, love-story re-appears. And so it goes on, until, in spite of the temporary diversion afforded by Mr. Fitch's employment of adventitious aids in his dramas, one can not fail to observe how much he is obliged to depend upon them. Take away from "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" the ship, the lurchings, the stewards, the dinner-trays, the deck flirtations, the trunks, the game of bridge, and all the bustle and superficial effects separable from the real story, and the play is a poor, thin trifle that would not even make a curtain-raiser. This defect in Mr. Fitch's art is at once his strength and his weakness. His strength, for

it has given him vogue. It catches the fancy of the commonplace spectator to see his commonplace life, his commonplace actions, his commonplace pursuits thus glorified by prominent actors.

But while Mr. Fitch has the ability thus pleasantly and superficially to divert his audience, he rarely, almost never, reaches below the superficial emotions. It was the same in "Captain Jinks," in "Nathan Hale," in "The Moth and the Flame." I saw all three of these plays done by poor companies, and each merely exhibited the intrinsic weakness of the play, giving the spectator an evening of melancholy and yawns.

It is most essential that Clyde Fitch's plays, to be at all endurable, should be played by first-class, smart, wide-awake, well-groomed, expensively dressed, attractive players. The scenery and settings, too, call for expense, for there is nothing vital in the pieces themselves to atone for other deficiencies. Yet I have seen one of Frawley's lightest weight companies give an exceedingly spirited and interesting performance of "Lord and Lady Algy." The present company at the Grand Opera House were quite able to give a vital and well-rounded presentation of the characters in "Hedda Gabler," while the Alcazar company, with material such as "The Rogue's Comedy," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," or "Madame Butterfly," have done work that could put to the blush many of the less notable companies at the Columbia. In all of these cases, there was so good a foundation that the second-class player was stimulated to bring forth the best that was in him.

In spite of Mr. Fitch's undeniable talent, it is of so circumscribed an order that, unless he had gained the ear of the leading Eastern managers, and a consequent certainty of first-class acting talent and of lavish financial outlay in producing the practical details upon which he so constantly relies, his name and fame would be much less widely disseminated. His is not the Drama for the People, but for the prosperous classes, who enjoy seeing upon the stage a replica of their own idle, amusement-seeking lives.

It is always perfectly apparent that Mr. Fitch, in his prolific production of plays (he tosses off something like half a dozen annually), fits in his plot and character to realistic scenes and effects previously outlined in his clever craftsman's brain. This kind of work pays enormously, and he is now the best-known, best-paid, and most deeply engaged dramatist in the United States. At present, he is drawing from his own labors the income of a millionaire. Yet, if he were to die to-morrow, his work is of so ephemeral a character that in ten, possibly five, years, he would be forgotten.

His piece is being presented at the Columbia by an excellent company, of which Mary Mannering is the star. She has changed since we saw her last, and her gain in weight has lessened the radiant girlish prettiness which has made her one of the notable beauties of the American stage. Her smile, always too frequent, has become more mechanical. It is, indeed, so much of a fixed mannerism as occasionally to intrude upon outbursts of emotion. Miss Mannering, however, is quite at home in the shallow little love-scenes which Clyde Fitch so dauntlessly handles in his plays; and in them the caressing inflections of her pretty English voice, backed up by the attractive sincerity of Arthur Byron's love-making, make these sentimental episodes sufficiently telling. Mr. Byron does excellent work as the count, and with his mustache and tiny imperial, and the foreign cut of his hair (or wig), succeeds admirably in obliterating his inborn Americanism. His rôle, too, gives him an opportunity to display a very neatly worked out accent, and the dashing impetuosity of the foreigner attacking "the English," and the rapid roll of novel inflections, was so well done as to make him an extremely credible Hungarian.

Miss Amy Ricard, another very talented member of the company, develops all the humor, the freshness, and the genuine unspoiled quality in the nature of Vi Thompson, the daughter of a Western millionaire. Miss Ricard, in a dozen ways, with provocative glances from a pair of very expressive eyes, with numerous girly-girly motions of her slender figure, with flickerings of coy meanings across her flexible lips, and with inimitable inflections and trailings of her voice, contrives to paint in miniature all the processes of the flirting American girl subjugating the unresisting male. She has the quality of humor, unusual in a woman, and all the more welcome from its rarity.

Mrs. Whiffen, as a prosperous matron, was an attractive element in the picture of fash-

ionable life, of which several smartly gowned women constituted highly decorative details.

Mr. Fitch possesses a fund of gentle, inoffensive cynicism, which he frequently turns to account in his brief sketches of social life, and each of these pretty butterflies, flitting through Mrs. Wrighton's drawing-rooms, is in herself a sort of thumb-nail sketch illustrating the dainty whims and foibles of society women.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Poe's Growsome Story Acted in Paris.

The London *Era* thus describes the latest dramatic sensation of the French capital—André de Lorde's one-act nightmare, "Le System du Docteur Gaudran," founded on Edgar Poe's growsome story:

Two journalists come to Dr. Gaudran's private lunatic asylum. There is nobody in the doctor's consulting room, but from an adjoining apartment issue dismal moans. A tall, pale gentleman enters, faultlessly dressed, with the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, and introduces himself as the doctor. The journalists begin the interview. Their conversation, however, is interrupted by a shriek. "It's all right," says the kind doctor, "only a lunatic under treatment. He is in the next apartment. Excuse me a moment." He disappears, and the noise ceases. The journalists begin to feel uncomfortable. The doctor returns, and the conversation proceeds. Once more the door opens, several of the doctor's colleagues enter and sit down. Two or three ladies also make their appearance, and all behave in a curious manner. Meanwhile, it has grown dark; we hear the pattering of the rain, followed by a heavy thunder clap. Then comes the catastrophe. The lunatics, disguised as doctors and keepers, rush about the place. One crows like a cock, another barks under the table, a third tries to climb the wall and hangs on to the looking glass, and when the journalists make for the door, the mad crowd grow desperate, and murder is in the air. In this supreme moment the keepers, who have been locked in, come upon the scene, and the lunatics are got under control. But once more we hear the same pitiful moan, and the doctor—this time the real one—is revealed to us as a bleeding mass, and the drama is at an end.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the "Day and Night With the Elks," to be held at the Chutes on Wednesday, May 27th, when there will be many special features, including a novel display of Japanese "day fireworks" in the afternoon, and a beautiful pyrotechnic display at night.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Mary Mannering in Fitch's Comedy.

Mary Mannering has scored such a decided success in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," that the management of the Columbia Theatre has decided to continue it during the entire three weeks of her engagement, instead of devoting the last week to the new Ramsey Morris play, as at first announced. There will be no Sunday night performances during Miss Mannering's stay, but special Wednesday matinees are announced. E. H. Sothern, in Justin Huntly McCarthy's stirring play, "If I Were King," will be the net attraction. Mr. Sothern, since his last visit here ten years ago, has come to be regarded as one of our foremost romantic actors, and his company, which numbers nearly a hundred—there are thirty-two speaking parts in "If I Were King"—contains some notable actors. His leading lady is Cecilia Loftus, who has had an interesting stage career. In London, when only a slip of a girl, she attracted attention as a mimic of celebrities, and first came to this country to join Augustin Daly's company in support of Ada Rehan. But she was not a success on the legitimate stage, and so drifted back to vaudeville, where, as "Cissie" Loftus, she scored a great hit with her impersonations. Then Sothern engaged her for his leading lady, and this time she proved a success. She supported Modjeska for a time in several Shakespearean productions, and last year she acted Ellen Terry's rôle with Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, in London. In the East, she has established herself as a favorite, and on Mr. Sothern's opening night, it is predicted that she will share the honors with the star, Justin Huntly McCarthy, the author of "If I Were King," by the way, was Miss Loftus's husband, but they are now divorced.

"On the Quiet" at the Grand.

For his second week, Walter E. Perkins will appear at the Grand Opera House in the amusing comedy, "On the Quiet," written for Willie Collier by Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas's comedy is one of the best things in a light vein he ever produced. It contains a bit of chaff here, a wisp of jaunty mischief there, and a whole fountain of bubble and sparkle. The plot briefly summarized is this: Agnes Colt has inherited a great fortune from her father, and Robert Ridgeway, a student at Yale College, falls in love with her. If she marries without the consent of her brother she will lose a large portion of her patrimony. Ridgeway marries her, and they try to keep the marriage a secret. It takes three acts to tell how it is done, and the complications are of the most laughable description, but in the end the coveted consent is gained. The scene of the last act is placed on the schooner-yacht *Coryphæe*, which, under full sail, is crossing Long Island Sound.

White Whittlesey's Return.

The patrons of the Alcazar Theatre will have an opportunity to welcome back one of their greatest favorites, White Whittlesey, on Monday night, when "Heartsease," hitherto identified with Henry Miller, will be given an elaborate production. The play is by J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein, and tells the story of a young composer, whose opera is stolen by his rival in order to win the hand of an aristocratic young lady, Margaret Neville. The dénouement, where Eric Temple enters the foyer of Covent Garden, recognizes the airs of his own composition, and accuses the villain of the theft of his work, is a powerful climax, and will give Mr. Whittlesey an excellent opportunity for some forceful acting. The play calls for several dainty stage settings, and the costumes of a century ago, with the sweeping gowns, the powdered wigs and beauty-patches, are very effective.

Edwin Stevens in "Wang."

"Wang," with Edwin Stevens in the rôle of the regent of Siam, has proved a great magnet at the Tivoli Opera House, and as a result the tuneful opera will be continued for another week. The tall comedian is unflinching in his efforts to please, and that his work is appreciated is evidenced by the enthusiastic encores with which all his songs and witty lines are received. Ferris Hartman and the royal elephant come in for many laughs, especially in the scene where the slay beast gets away with the immense schooner of beer. Among the other favorites who figure prominently in the cast are Annie Myers, Caro Roma, Bertha Davis, Frances Gibson, Edward Webb, Arthur Cunningham, and Oscar Lee. Sousa's great success, "El Capitan," is to be the next production at the Tivoli.

At the Orpheum.

The Whitney brothers, well known as the composers of the "Mosquito's Parade" march and other light and popular music, will present a musical act at the Orpheum next week abounding in novelties, including a musical staircase, a collection of water pitchers from which "Mr. Dooley" is extracted, a base-burner in full blast filled with chimes, and xylophones concealed in black-boards. Other new-comers are the brothers Freydo, who have the reputation of being among the most expert and clever acrobats in all Europe; Martini and Max Millien, the former an expert conjurer, whose tricks are cleverly exposed by his partner; and Adeline Birchler, a pleasing contralto. Those retained from this week's bill are James J. Corbett, who has proved a delightful raconteur, his anecdotes of the ring being all well chosen and enter-

taining; Fisher and Carroll, the eccentric comedians; Julie Ring, the charming comedienne; Kennedy and Rooney, the eccentric dancers; and the biography.

Fischer's Successful Revival.

Although "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is showing no signs of waning popularity, the company is actively rehearsing the next Weber & Fields burlesque, "Twirly-Whirly." This has been running all winter in New York, with Willie Collier, Louise Allen, Peter Dailey, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, and a constellation of other popular stars in the cast. One of the big hits in the show is the antics of an airship, in which the three comedians, Kolb, Dill, and Bernard, will make their entrance.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

Nat Goodwin is to try Bottom, the Weaver, again in an elaborate revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in October.

Yvette Guilbert has completely recovered from her late illness, and is at present arranging for her forthcoming visit to London. "Les Demi-Vieilles," Yvette's first literary venture, has proved an enormous success financially, and another work from her pen, of a more serious nature, is announced for early publication.

It has been announced that Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner are to play together next fall in repertoire under the management of Leibler & Co. The plays will include "The Taming of the Shrew," with Miss Rehan as Katherine and Mr. Skinner as Petruchio; "The Merchant of Venice," Miss Rehan playing Portia and Mr. Skinner, Shylock; and "The School for Scandal," with Miss Rehan as Lady Teazle and Mr. Skinner as Charles Surface. The costumes and scenery used by Augustin Daly in his production of these plays are now the property of Miss Rehan, and will be used in the Rehan-Skinner reproduction. Their tour will begin about October 20th, and run for twenty-five weeks, taking in the larger cities.

The students of Santa Clara College are making elaborate preparations for a revival of Clay M. Greene's Passion Play, "Nazareth." The production is being staged under the direction of Martin V. Merle, the well-known actor, who has been at the college for three months preparing and rehearsing the boys for this great spectacle. Aside from the drama itself, there is a chorus of sixty voices, to render the sacred music which has been arranged for the play. The dates of the performances are as follows: Monday evening, May 25th; Tuesday evening, May 26th; Thursday evening, May 28th; and two special matinees on Tuesday, May 26th, and Wednesday, May 27th. Special trains will be run to Santa Clara on the nights and days of the performances. The production will be in the immense college theatre in Santa Clara.

Jefferson de Angelis, the comedian, had a distressing experience with the anthracite breaker boys at Shenandoah, Penn., recently. The comedian was booked to play there, but when he inspected the theatre, which is a big ramshackle building, he was disgusted. The gallery represents two-thirds of the seating capacity of the house, and it is a rule to charge only twenty-five cents admission to it. To this Mr. De Angelis objected; so when the doors were opened it was announced that the gallery admission would be fifty cents. The gallery gods, most of whom were breaker boys, at once held a meeting and decided to boycott the performance. About three hundred strong they lined up outside the theatre and tried to dissuade everybody who came along from entering. As a result, the gallery was empty, and the rest of the house, was only partly filled.

Arif Savay, the editor of the *Iconoclast*, and high priest of the Amritist Society, of which that paper is the official organ, will deliver a series of lectures in this city on interesting topics. The first will be given at the Alhambra Theatre on Sunday night, May 17th, when the subject will be "Success." This lecture will be free to the public, and tickets can be had on application to the office of the society, room 306, Parrott Building, at Kohler & Chase's, and at the theatre on

the evening of the lecture. There will be no collection taken up, nor fee of any kind, as this lecture is simply given to introduce Mr. Savay to our public. The remaining lectures will be delivered on Sunday nights at Steinway Hall, and the prices for these will be one dollar for a course of three, and general admission fifty cents. The subjects of these lectures will be announced later.

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VANITY FAIR.

In view of the extraordinary happenings at the dedication ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, it is doubtful if the diplomatic corps will be eager to visit St. Louis in a hurry. It seems that, after sitting for several hours in the cold wind which made St. Louis anything but comfortable, watching the great procession, the diplomatic guests of the St. Louis Exposition were invited by members of the reception committee to retire to a tent in the rear of the reviewing stand for luncheon. But they had been preceded by residents of the city, members of various clubs, and others, and only the most strenuous effort resulted in the acquisition of a meagre sandwich and, in rare instances, a cup of chilly coffee. The inconvenience, however, was received in good part, and attributed to the inexperience of the hosts, but when, on the next day, the local press charged that the inadequacy of the President's luncheon was due to the fact that "the diplomats raided the tent," the indignation of the latter knew no bounds. That there was raiding of the luncheon tent none could deny, but that the diplomats were responsible for it was untrue. A luncheon far more elaborate than the occasion demanded was supplied, but the extent of the menu was more than offset by a woeful lack of quantity and the wholly inadequate number of waiters. The latter, finding their services so greatly in demand, positively refused to heed any request unaccompanied by a generous tip, and before the President and the guests who surrounded him were at liberty to leave the reviewing stand, the supply of eatables was almost exhausted.

On the day following the dedication proper, a formal luncheon in honor of the diplomatic guests was given. At the table of honor were seated President Francis, the ambassadors, including those of Italy, France, and Mexico. Signora Des Planches, and a considerable number of officials and local celebrities. Further down the banquet hall were seated the ministers, and still further the *chefs d'affaires*, first secretaries, and *attachés*. In a remote corner, unrecognized by a majority of those present, including many exposition officials, sat "Uncle Joe" Cannon, next Speaker of the House of Representatives. With his usual good nature, Representative Cannon made no demur, but the indignation of the ministers and lesser diplomats who were compelled to yield the *pas* to "the huncher, the haker, and the candlestick maker," as one of them expressed it, while concealed from the hosts of the occasion, found vent in wrathful assurances made to one another later that they would not again trust themselves to the St. Louis conception of etiquette.

The climax of the humblers which the diplomatic corps construed as humiliating came on the evening of the same day when a reception was given in their honor at the St. Louis Club. The cards to this affair invited guests to meet the members of the diplomatic corps, but in reality President Francis and his pseudo court held a levee which the diplomats were permitted to attend. On their arrival at the club they were ushered into cloak-rooms on the first floor, and there detained until all had arrived, and the "receiving party," including President Francis, the officials of the exposition, and a number of persons, whose names could not be ascertained, were ready. Then, and then only, the foreign guests were permitted to ascend the long staircase to the reception parlors. On their arrival there, they were, to their great chagrin, compelled to cross the wide chamber to a point where stood Mr. Pierce the third Assistant Secretary of State, who announced the name of each, and then the guests were sent down the long receiving line, shaking the hands extended to them as they passed. Some of the diplomats present regarded the humblers made as purely an evidence of provincialism, and were willing to forgive them, but it is said that few will again visit St. Louis officially unless assured that some one competent to supervise the affairs which they are expected to attend is placed in charge.

The laundry-workers' strike in Chicago recently played havoc with the hotels and restaurants. Places which have always prided themselves upon a plentiful supply of clean linen for their guests, were obliged to resort to all sorts of ruses to make a presentable appearance. Paper napkins were used at more than one large down-town café, and table cloths were turned and twisted to

conceal unseemly stains. In some of the hotels, bolts of unhemmed linen were hastily purchased to spread upon the beds in place of sheets, and in the barber-shops the "hot towel" was dispensed with. "I never saw such a run on dark-colored 'soft' shirts as there has been to-day," said the manager of one department-store. "One man came in and asked for half a dozen shirts, 'the kind they can wash at home,' he said, and finally picked out six of gray flannel, that will not show even Chicago dirt." Stores where collars and cuffs of the rubber and celluloid variety are sold, report that their stocks are nearly exhausted by the unprecedented demand.

An ingenious official in Washington, an assistant secretary to the district commission, who, by way of recreation and amusement, is a student of the statistics and causation of suicide, has reached the interesting conclusion that many cases of self-destruction are due to eating strawberries out of season. "Suicides," he says, "are more frequent in the spring than at any other time. There must be some reason for it, and some time ago I suggested that strawberries were to blame. Investigations I have made have confirmed me in my opinion. Eating strawberries out of season invariably produces mental depression, and it is when people are in low spirits that they think of suicide, and kill themselves. I do not believe there would be so many suicides if people would not eat strawberries until they are ripe at home."

Once more the serenity of the Methodist institution north of Chicago is disturbed, and as usual by co-eds (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*). Four girls went into Chicago the other evening to see the circus, and they went with four young men. They succeeded in their full design by means of a key to the dormitory which, unknown to the faculty, seems to be the common property of the young ladies who reside there. They got back all right, but earlier in the evening they had been missed. They told fibs about where they had been, not because they were afraid to tell that they had been to the circus, but because they were in honor bound not to tell about the key. Consequently, they told their matron that they had stayed the night with friends in Evanston. Now the faculty is debating whether to expel them for going to the circus without permission, or for having a key which did not belong to them, or for telling fibs in order to keep the key.

"If it was not for my wife's objection," declared Senator Hanna to the students of the Ohio State University at Columbus, O., recently, "I would fill my offices with girl stenographers, rather than employ men. They are more industrious, brighter, quicker, and a great deal safer—besides, I like them. I must plead guilty to that inclination." This unexpected burst of candor was received by the senator's auditors with a burst of applause, the co-eds present being especially enthusiastic. When Mrs. Hanna was interviewed on the subject, she is said to have remarked: "I am afraid that Mr. Hanna became a little bit excited if he made the statement credited to him at Columbus. Two or three hundred pretty college girls are bound to have some influence."

The twelfth annual spectacular saturnalia of the art students of Paris, the famous *Salon des Quatre Arts*, in which the leading painters, sculptors, and members of all the *ateliers* of the four arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving combine their forces, recently came off at the *Elysées Montmartre*, and, according to the *New York Tribune's* Paris correspondent, was a huge success. The subject selected this year by the committee was that of the Middle Ages, and fully a thousand art students and eight hundred female models participated in the hall. The students of the *Atelier Bonnat* made a great hit with their cavalcade entitled "The Gridiron of Hell," borne by twelve stout painters, upon which twisting and grilling were twelve nude models personifying condemned souls. The cortege of the return of the age of the Crusaders, gloriously got up by the students of the *Atelier Barrias*, was greeted with shrieks of delight. The Academy Julian constructed a huge Gothic gate, inside which was a town, the inhabitants impersonated by twenty-five female models, of from eighteen to twenty-two years old, and at a given signal a storming party of knights attacked the fortress and enacted the most realistic scenes of loot, pillage, and capture, which characterized the terrible days of the *Jacquerie* insurrection.

About eighty American art students came in a body from the Latin Quarter, all, of course, in medieval costumes. Among the prominent painters and sculptors present were François Flameng, Paul Chabas, Bonnat, Laurens, and Ferrier in exquisite costumes. A golden cloth dress, worn by Jules Roques, who personified a Venetian merchant, represented a value of \$2,000. Twelve members of the French Academy put in a glorious appearance at the hall in magnificent costumes, and toward four o'clock in the morning hurst forth into a frantic cakewalk. A heavy of the prettiest Parisian actresses, including Marthe Regnier, Mariette Sully, and Marcelle Lender, also took part in the medieval festivities. Most notable among the Parisian professional beauties who were present was Liane de Pougy, whose costume consisted of a jeweled facsimile of the "Ceinture de Chastité" in the Cluny Museum. The frisky American art students, as knights errant, scored a brilliant success, and following the example set by venerable Academicians, executed an old Virginia cakewalk with eight models of the Julian Academy, got up to represent Bertrade de Montfort and her attendant handmaids, Bertrade being the most beautiful woman of France, who deserted her husband to elope with Philip the First.

One of Mme. Humbert's creditors, a green-grocer, recently put in a claim for the sum of seven hundred dollars for goods supplied during the period of three months. One item in the account has attracted special attention at the Palais de Justice; it is a charge of one hundred and fifteen dollars for a cherry-tree, ordered by Mme. Humbert in the month of January, and which caused, it appears, no little sensation, as it was brought into her dining-room, covered with cherries, on the occasion of one of her celebrated dinner-parties.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 13, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	1,000	@ 107 3/4			107 1/2	108
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 114 1/4			116	117 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	7,000	@ 121 1/4			121	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 100 1/4			101 1/2	102
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	1,000	@ 124 1/4			124 1/2	125 1/2
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%.....	29,000	@ 111 1/4-112 1/2			112 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 122 1/4			121 1/2	122 1/2
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 110 1/2			11 1/2	
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1905 Series B.....	1,000	@ 105			104 1/2	105
S. P. of Cal. 6% 1906 Series A.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2			107	107 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	4,000	@ 100 1/2			100	101
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	9,000	@ 100 1/2			100 1/2	100 3/4
	Shares.		Stocks.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa.....	115	@ 58 1/2-58 3/4			58	59
Spring Valley.....	101	@ 84 1/2			84	84 1/2
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Anglo Cal.....	75	@ 99 1/2			99 1/2	
Bank of California.....	113	@ 600			600	650
Mercantile Trust Co.....	150	@ 250			250	
German S. & L.....	2	@ 2,275			2,250	
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Giant Co.....	200	@ 70-71 1/2			71	
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian C. & S.....	655	@ 46 1/2-47			46 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	20	@ 13 1/2			14	
Hutchinson.....	405	@ 15-15 1/2			15 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	10	@ 7			5	9
Makaweli S. Co.....	5	@ 27			26 1/2	
Paahau S. Co.....	100	@ 17 1/2-17 3/4			17 3/4	
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,345	@ 54-54 1/2			54 1/2	55 1/2
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gas.....	20	@ 4 1/2			4 1/2	
Mutual Electric.....	600	@ 8-9			9	
Pacific Gas.....	1,280	@ 38-43			38	38 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	2,335	@ 55-55 1/2			55 1/2	55 3/4
	Shares.		Bonds.		Closed.	
					Bid.	Asked.
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	45	@ 92			92 1/2	93
Oceanic S. Co.....	10	@ 9			8 1/2	10

The gas stocks sold off from five points to seven points, the latter in San Francisco Gas and Electric, which opened at 62, and sold down to 55, closing at 55 1/2 bid, 55 3/4 asked.

Pacific Gas Improvement Company sold off five points to 38, closing at 38 bid, 38 1/2 asked.

The sugars have been quiet, with no change in price.

Giant Powder on sales of 200 shares sold off one point to 70, closing at 71 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 145 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little hoy in his night dress was on his knees, saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his feet. He stood it as long as he could, and then said: "Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffin' out of Nellie."

Visitors to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition next year will find that St. Louis has a code of slang all its own. For example, a person who is spoken of here as a "dead one" is in St. Louis a "crape." The St. Louis version of the expression "the real thing" for a pretty girl is "a swell doll." A "crown guy" is a policeman, a "gitney" is a nickel, and "Mug's Landing" is the Union Station.

John Coates, the English singer, once met a countryman in the gallery at Covent Garden, London, when "Lohengrin" was being sung. As soon as the curtain fell, he was asked all about the story. The tenor explained, expatiating on the Holy Grail, until his listener, a broad-faced Yorkshireman, seemed quite satisfied. In the second act the stage is dark, and some one came in with a lamp in hand. As he peered into all the corners the huclic gentleman became very much excited. He nudged his neighbor violently, and asked in a husky whisper: "Is he looking for the Holy Grail?"

J. T. Trowbridge, in the course of his reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly*, tells this story of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow: One afternoon, in the years of which I am writing, I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from Dr. Holmes. "What a delightful man he is!" said he; "but he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache." When I inquired the cause, he replied: "The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for a length of time a headache is the penalty."

Heffelfinger, the once famous kicker of the Yale football team, to whom President Roosevelt offered a place on the Civil Service Commission, was recently in Washington, D. C., looking over the ground. It is said that on learning the duties which would fall to him as a member of the commission, he was sorely disappointed, and went back to his home in Minneapolis with the President's offer still under advisement. Speaking of his disappointment, he said: "When I came down here I thought my job as civil service commissioner would be finding out infractions of the law and kicking people out of the government service. Now I find that most of my work would be getting people into office. There's no fun in that. I'd rather kick them out."

During the heat of the recent troubles in Venezuela, when the coast was blockaded and starvation was staring fifty per cent. of the people in the face, Stephen Bonsal was surprised to find President Castro enjoying himself at a picnic at La Victoria, where champagne was flowing like water. "I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye," he says. "I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. 'But why should you wonder?' said Castro, noting my surprise; 'our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed he the Monroe Doctrine, our rôle is finished, and the fighting must be done by *el tio Samuel*. All the papers in the case I have given to your minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney.' 'Yes, *viva la Doctrina*," *Monroey*!" exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muletter whom Castro has made secretary of the treasury, "it spares us sleepless nights, and gives us time for picnics."

A well-known English lady novelist, whose enemies accuse her of taking herself somewhat too seriously, was entertaining a party of her friends, and conversation ran largely upon her new book. One young man in the circle had not read the work. "Accordingly, on rising from the table, and by way of abstracting himself from the talkers who were still worrying their conversational bone," says the *London Outlook*, "he fixed his eyes on a female portrait which adorned the drawing-room wall. Coming softly behind him, the lady novelist significantly said, 'I

think I know what you are thinking—that that picture reminds you of Fredericka.' 'Of Fredericka,' replied the young man, blankly, 'what Fredericka?' 'My Fredericka,' returned the novelist, with surprise, for her latest heroine bore that name. Then the unbeliever pulled himself together. 'No,' said he, with a judicial head shake, 'that is not my notion of your Fredericka.' And he plumed himself on having got well out of the hubble. But it was yet early for self-gratulation. 'Come, then,' returned his hostess, seductively, 'come and sit down here beside me, and you shall tell me what your notion of my Fredericka is.'

Wirt Gerrare, in his volume on "Greater Russia," says that in the Czar's country one may not call another a fool—there is a Scriptural injunction against that, and it is consequently a legal offense, too. Not long ago, a "vint" player called his partner a fool for needlessly trumping their trick. The offended man brought his accuser before the court. The culprit pleaded provocation, and, knowing that the judge would be a passionate follower of the national game, explained the matter in detail. The judge became interested; got excited as the particulars of the play were given. "I took the trick with my queen, and, instead of throwing away, my partner played the king!" shouted the abuser. "The fool!" said the judge; "ah-hem—next case."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Letter-Perfect.

A girl who was awfully y's
Met an old man with love in his i's.
He fell on his knees
And said, "Marry me, please."
She soon did o. k. that lively old j
On account of his x's and v's.

—Judge.

A Hustling Histrionicus.

Swat,
And out of the glittering social grot
Of the very Fitchiest, fetchingest lot,
Stirred in the scorching society pot,
Hot,
He plucks a wild, weird name and a plot;
Whiz!
Through all the scenic mysteries,
The gayly appareled fantasies,
Likewise the dramatic unities,
He shoves his pen till he makes it sizz.
Biff!
Act I.—Act II.—Act III. as if
The thing were a cigarette to whiff.
Slambang
The word goes out to the Broadway gang:
Hooray,
Clyde Fitch has written another play.

—New York Sun.

A Song of the Yankee.

If you chance to sail uncharted seas,
An unknown shore to gain—
It's ten to one when you reach the land,
A naked native is on the sand
With an Elgin timepiece in his hand,
Or a sardine tin from Maine;
And under a spreading cocoa tree
There stands a trader's tent,
Where a lonely stranger is selling clocks,
And Springfield guns and Stamford locks,
Jack-knives and liniment.
He hails from Maine or from Lake Champlain,
Or, maybe, from Salem, Mass.
His face is lean, and his wit is keen,
And his eye lets nothing pass.
In an unmade land or a desert sand
'Tis his especial pride
To do odd jobs for Providence,
And help himself on the side.

The Yankee inherits a deal of craft
From his stern faced Pilgrim sires,
Who learned restraint, though they suffered
much,
And dwelt in peace with the crabbed Dutch,
And taught the wilderness at their touch,
To yield what a man requires.
And the mission spirit will drive some Yanks
Wherever a man can roam—
While others, with delicate skill, design
Wooden nutmegs and hams of pine,
To sell to the folks at home.
He's from Gansett Bay, or Portsmouth way,
Or maybe from Hartford, Conn.
No thief that's made, in any shade,
Can steal what his eye is on.
Where the world is raw, each lantern jaw
Is chewing it into shape—
Then give God thanks, that his bony Yanks
Are scattered from Cape to Cape.
—Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

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The Making of American Citizens.

J. Lewis Donovan, who has charge of the issuing of citizens' papers in the office of United States Commissioner Shields in New York, tells some queer stories of his dealings with men of different nations who want to become citizens. His patience is tried by the Italians. They are intensely eager for citizen's papers, and resort to all sorts of tricks to secure them. When they take the oath of allegiance before United States Commissioner Shields, all the formal questions require answers in the affirmative. This has simplified matters for their instructors. The candidates for citizenship, most of whom have not been in the country long enough to understand more than a word or two of English, are told to answer "yes" or "sure" to every question put to them.

Occasionally, however, when Commissioner Shields suspects that a candidate is unworthy, he does not show it in his demeanor, but just changes the questions. Not long ago (according to the *New York Sun*) he asked a candidate:

"Do you renounce allegiance to the King of Italy?"

"Sure," answered the Italian.

"Will you take up arms against our President?"

"Sure," came the reply, with a promptness and a note of sincerity indicating long practice.

"Will you trample upon the American flag?"

"Sure."

"Will you sack and burn Washington?"

"Sure."

"Will you gloat over the nation's ruin?"

"Sure."

At this point, when the candidate thought all was well, the commissioner sprang up and shouted: "Get out of here, you unworthy fellow," which so frightened the terrified Italian that he bolted for the door without attempting to find out just wherein he had failed to follow the leaders who had schooled him so carefully.



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Philadelphia... May 31 | New York... June 17, 10 am

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Westerland... May 23 | Liverpool... June 6
Belgium... May 30 | New York... June 13

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis... May 29, 3 am | Minneapolis... June 13, 7:30 am
Minneapolis... June 3, 3 pm | Minneapolis... June 20, 9 am

New York—London, via Southampton.
Marquette... May 23, 9 am | Minneapolis... June 19, 9 am
Manitou... June 5, 9 am

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Rydnam... June 3 | Rotterdam... June 17

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Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
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Kronland... June 6 | Finland... June 20

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Armenian... May 26, 6 am | Oceanic... June 3, noon

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Celtic... May 29, 7:30 am | Teutonic... June 10, noon

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,
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and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Coptic... Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic... Saturday, June 27

Doric... Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila)... Tuesday, August 18

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
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America Maru... Thursday, June 11

(Calling at Manila.)
Hongkong Maru... Tuesday, July 7

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S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
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16, 21, 26, 31, June 5. Change to company's
steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett,
Whitcomb—11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16,
21, 26, 31, June 5. Change at Seattle to this company's
steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Ta-
coma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1300 P. M., May 4, 10, 16, 22, 28, June 3.

Corona, 1300 P. M., May 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31, June 6.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo).
San Diego, and Santa Barbara.

Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro).
Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon, Cay-
uco, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and
Hueneme.

Cosco Bay, 9 A. M., May 5, 13, 21, 29, June 6.

Ramona, 9 A. M., May 1, 9, 17.

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PARIS, FRANCE.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Tobin, and Mr. Aloysius J. Welch, son of Mrs. Andrew Welch, and a brother of Mrs. Eugene Lent.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Hyman, daughter of Mr. M. Hyman, to Mr. Max C. Greenberg.

The wedding of Miss Olive Holbrook, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Holbrook, and Mr. Silas Palmer will take place on Wednesday, June 2d, at Trinity Chapel, Menlo Park. Miss Flora Elmore, of Oregon, will be her cousin's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, and Miss Bernice Drown. Mr. Sidney Palmer will be best man, and Mr. Frank King, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. Harry Holbrook will serve as ushers.

Mrs. I. C. Moore announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Paula Moore, to Dr. Francis William S. Wickstead. The wedding took place in London on Saturday, May 9th.

The wedding of Miss Marion Alanna Marmon, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Joseph A. O'Sullivan, of San Francisco, took place in Paris on April 25th. The civil marriage was performed on April 23d at the Mairie of the Sixteenth Arrondissement, without which ceremony no marriage in France is legal.

The wedding of Miss Mary Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Christian Stubbs, and Dr. Morton Raymond Gibbons took place in Chicago on Tuesday evening, May 12th, at the bride's home, 620 Dearborn Avenue. The ceremony was performed at half after nine o'clock by Bishop Hamilton, of San Francisco, assisted by Rev. John Thompson, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago. Miss Helen Stubbs, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Dr. Walter Gibbons acted as his brother's best man. Dr. and Mrs. Gibbons will come to California on their wedding journey, and will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Mary Olney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, and Mr. Louis de F. Bartlett, will be solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Prospect Street, Oakland, on Wednesday, June 3d. Rev. Charles R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, will perform the ceremony. Miss Ethel Olney will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Thomas Olney will act as best man.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner on Monday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Olive Holbrook and Mr. Silas Palmer. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Costigan, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Harry Wright, Mr. Dennis Seales, Mr. Howard P. Veeder, Mr. George Whipple, and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook.

Miss Ada Russell, whose engagement to Mr. George Webster was recently announced, was the guest of honor on Monday evening at a dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger. Others at table were Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Miss Emma McMillan, Miss Muriel Steele, Miss Wingate, Lieutenant Daly, Dr. F. W. Vowinckle, Mr. George Webster, Mr. George Daly, Mr. Dalton Harrison, and Mr. George Coffey.

Miss Olive Holbrook and Mr. Silas Palmer were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King on Wednesday evening. Besides the members of the bridal party, those at table were Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Helen Dean.

Miss Genevieve Carolan and Mr. Harry Poett were guests of honor at a theatre-party of sixteen on Wednesday evening, given by Mrs. E. J. McCutchen. After the play the party were entertained at supper in the Palace Grill.

Mr. Harry Holbrook gave a theatre-party on Tuesday evening, complimentary to Miss Olive Holbrook and Mr. Silas Palmer. His other guests included Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss McCormick, of Salt Lake, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Carrie Ayers, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Mr. Grear, Dr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton.

The new list of officers of the Pacific-Union Club, who have just been elected, are Mr. James W. Byrne, president; Mr. Wakefield Baker, vice-president; Mr. George A. Pope, secretary; Mr. Timothy Hopkins, treasurer; Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. F. W. Van Sicklen,

Mr. W. S. Keyes, and Mr. C. S. Givens, directors. The work, by the way, of removing the buildings at the north-east corner of Post and Stockton, the site of the new home of the Pacific-Union Club, is progressing rapidly.

President Roosevelt's Visit.

President Roosevelt has certainly every reason to be pleased with the handsome reception given him during his brief stay in San Francisco. The arrangements for his entertainment were excellent, the weather all that could be desired, the street decorations beautiful, the night illuminations brilliant, and the tremendous crowds good-natured and orderly. Above all, the President enjoyed perfect health and was so enthusiastic and anxious to afford the people every opportunity to hear and see him, that, with the exception of a few minor changes, the official programme was carried out to the letter from the time of his entry into the city on Tuesday until his departure on Thursday night, immediately after the banquet tendered him by the Union League Club. This was in striking contrast to the visit of President McKinley, two years ago, when, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley, most of the entertainments arranged in his honor had to be abandoned.

Among the notable functions given in honor of the distinguished visitor was the "golden banquet" at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, when the citizens' executive committee entertained him. The list of toasts and speakers on this occasion was as follows: "Welcome to the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast," M. H. de Young, president of the citizens' committee; "Greeting from the Municipality," Mayor Eugene Schmitz; "The Golden State Greets Our President," Governor George C. Pardee; "Our Guest's Reply," President Roosevelt; "Our Army," General Arthur MacArthur; "Our Navy," Secretary of the Navy W. H. Moody; "The President and His Alma Mater," Fairfax H. Wheelan.

Throughout the banquet, a grand orchestra of specially selected musicians, under the direction of Henry Heyman, rendered the following programme: "The President's March," Herbert; "To Thee," Czibulka; selections, Tannhäuser; Wagner; serenade, Titi; march, "American Citizen," E. E. Schmitz; waltz, "Be Joyful," Strauss; national airs, Gilmore; canzonetta, "Violets," Wright; selections, "Aida," Verdi; popular airs, Foster; and march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa. Interspersed were numerous popular airs, several of which were suggested by President Roosevelt.

On Wednesday, the President was given a luncheon at the Cliff House. Others at table were Secretary Moody, Rear-Admiral Louis Kempf, Mayor Schmitz, General Arthur MacArthur, Dr. Rixey, Secretary Loeb, Secretary Barnes, General Dickinson, Mr. M. H. de Young, Admiral Bickford, of the British navy, Captain McCalla, Colonel West, President Woodward, Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Station. Lieutenant Philip Andrews, Lieutenant Simon P. Fullinwider, Captain John J. Hunter, commanding flagship *New York*, Commander William P. Porter, Commander Charles P. Perkins of the *Boston*, Commander Vincendon L. Coffman of the *Wyoming*, Commander Chauncey Thomas of the *Bennington*, Commander Thomas S. Phelps of the *Marblehead*, Lieutenant Powers Symington, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. A. A. Watkins, and Mr. W. W. Montague.

In the evening, the President dined informally with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their California Street residence. Others at table were Secretary Moody, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Governor and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Colonel George H. Pippy, Miss Belle O'Connor, Miss Helen de Young, Mrs. Deane, Miss Deane, and Miss Constance de Young. After the exercises at the Mechanics' Pavilion, the Presidential party were given an informal reception at the Bohemian Club.

The closing event of the President's visit was the banquet given in his honor at the Palace Hotel by the Union League Club on Thursday evening. Colonel George H. Pippy acted as toastmaster, and John F. Davis, of Amador, delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the club. The President then responded, and addresses by Governor Pardee, Senator Perkins, Secretary Moody, General MacArthur, and Mr. M. H. de Young followed.

To-day (Saturday) the President is enjoying the beauties of Yosemite Valley, where he will remain for four days, visiting the points of interest under the guidance of John Muir. On Tuesday morning the President will enter Nevada, stopping at Reno and Carson. That evening he will return to California for a few hours' stop at Sacramento. On Wednesday morning he will be at Redding and Sisson, and later in the day cross the line into Ashland, Or., en route to Salem and Portland.

"You see it all from Mt. Tamalpais," is one of the striking remarks repeated often by visitors. It is a luxurious, inexpensive, and enchanting ride to the summit of the mountain, over the crookedest railroad in the world, and the Tavern of Tamalpais, at the end, is an excellent place for rest and refreshment.

The third team match between the men of the San Francisco and the Oakland Golf Clubs, the first two having resulted in a tie, will be played to-day (Saturday) on the links of the Burlingame Country Club.

San Rafael House for Rent.

House of eleven rooms and three baths, just outside of Hotel Rafael gate, for rent for the summer. For particulars apply Box 55, Argonaut office.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) Concerts.

The first of the Trebelli concerts will take place next Wednesday at the Albambra Theatre, when an especially interesting and varied programme will be rendered. It will begin with a group of Italian songs—"Star Vicino," by Salvatore Rosa; "Se Florindo," by Scarlatti; and "Per la Gloria," by Buononcini. The songs in English will include "May Dew," by Bennett; "The Tear," by Rubinstein; and "Oh! Tell Me Nightingale," by Liza Lehmann. French composers will be represented by a Russian song of Paladile's, and a serenade by Massenet. The operatic numbers are a recitative and aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba"; the "Shadow Dance," from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"; and the prayer from "La Tosca," by Puccini. By special request, the beautiful English song, "Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, played by Louis Neubauer, of the Tivoli orchestra, has been added to the programme. The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay's & Co.'s, where tickets may be purchased for all three concerts. The Saturday afternoon concert will be the only matinee at which Mlle. Dolores will sing in this city. The Sunday night concert will be devoted to sacred music and special request numbers.

Last Loring Club Concert.

The last concert of the present season of the Loring Club will be given in the Theatre Republic on the evening of Thursday, May 21st. The club has specially engaged Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli), who, in addition to singing the important solo part in Schubert's "The Almighty," which is written for soprano solo and male voice chorus, with the accompaniments of orchestra, piano, and organ, will also sing three groups of songs. Other numbers in the programme will be one of the principal choruses for two male voice choirs from Mendelssohn's "Oedipus at Colonus," C. Harford Lloyd's "Longbeards' Saga," for male voice chorus, with piano obligato, and three compositions to be presented for the first time to a San Francisco audience—"The Troubadour's Serenade," by Rudolph Wagner, the incidental solo in which will be sung by Dr. Schalkhammer; the "Tally Ho" chorus from Benedict's opera, "The Lily of Killarney"; and a chorus from Schubert's "The Wandering Violinist," the violin obligato in which will be played by Mr. B. Jaulus.

A Pasmore Concert.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore will give a pupils' invitation concert at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on Wednesday evening. The programme embraces songs by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Massenet, arias by Handel and Meyerbeer, and part-songs by Garrett Arthur Tichenberger and John Harraden Pratt, also "The Night," by Rheinberger, with flute, violin, viola, cello, and piano accompaniment. Those participating will be Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mr. A. E. Nowlan, Mrs. Charles C. Hughes, Mrs. Edith Phelps Collins, Miss Beulah George, Miss Anne Moore, Mrs. Arthur Fichenscher, Mr. Frank Figone, Miss Lida Benedict, Mrs. L. A. Larsen, Miss Anna Obermuller, Mrs. J. Bardilini, and Miss Louise Smith. Mary Pasmore, violin; Dorothy Pasmore, cello; Mr. Elias M. Hecht, flute; Mr. Feodor Mauman, viola, will assist Rheinberger in the number. Susan Pasmore will accompany. The chorus is composed of twenty-one voices chosen from among Mr. Pasmore's best pupils.

Promenade Concert at the Art Institute.

The annual reception of the Associated Alumni of the University of California was held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Wednesday evening, when an orchestral promenade concert was given under the direction of Henry Heyman. Following was the programme:

"The President's March," Herbert; overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "My Beauty's Bower," Bendix; waltz, "Vienna Woods," Strauss; song, "Violets," Wright; selections, "Aida," Verdi; college songs, Tobani; intermezzo, "Orizaba," Dewey; song, "For All Eternity," Mascheroni; selections, "King Dodo," Luders; waltz, "Spring Flowers," Johannsen; and march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

Sacred Music at St. Dominic's.

A programme of sacred music will be given at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, May 17th, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, organist and director of the choir. The following numbers will be rendered:

Organ solo, Fantasia in E-flat, Best; aria, "The Lord is Risen," Sullivan, Miss Jessica Seymour; organ solo, "Legend of St. Francis d'Assisi" (St. Francis preaches to the birds), Liszt; solo, "Gens duce Splendida" (Hora Novissima), Parker, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; Easter music from Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," with solos by Mrs. B. Apple, at benediction, "O Salutaris," Detnir; "Tantum Ergo," Faure; concluding voluntary, March in D, Best.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society will be given at the Albambra Theatre on Monday evening under the direction of Giulio Minetti. Miss Frieda P. Foote, violinist, and Canton M. Salomon, baritone, will assist.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George B. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Joseph S. Tohin and Mr. Thomas Magee departed on Thursday for the Yosemite Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Costigan left this week for the East, en route to Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle Brownell (née Pierce), who recently returned to New York from Europe, will spend the summer in Baltimore. They do not expect to return to San Francisco until late in the autumn.

Miss Therese Morgan and Miss Ella Morgan will spend part of the summer at Monterey.

Mrs. William Herrin and her daughters, Miss Katherine Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin, will spend several weeks at Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag have gone to San Rafael for the summer months.

Captain Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., retired, and Mr. James D. Phelan have gone into the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were in Carlsbad when last heard from. They are expected home about the first of July.

The Baroness von Schroeder and family and Baron and Baroness A. von Schroeder are sojourning at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington have taken a house in Piedmont for the summer.

Judge and Mrs. J. F. Finn leave for New York to-day (Saturday). They expect to spend the summer months in the East, and in the fall will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Miss Bertie Bruce were in San José last week.

Judge and Mrs. Carey Van Fleet have been traveling in Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, who have returned from Santa Barbara, are in Oakland, stopping at the Moffitt home on Webster Street.

Miss Elsa Cook has returned from her visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman have joined Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes have gone to Santa Barbara for a short visit.

Mr. E. H. Harriman departed for the East on Tuesday, after a stay of several weeks here.

Miss Edith Findley, who recently arrived in New York, has been visiting Mrs. Theodore Payne in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cary Friedlander were at Santa Barbara during the week.

Mr. William J. Dingee, whose residence on Washington Street has been in the hands of workmen for many months, has purchased the Moses Hopkins property in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Winifred Burdge, and Miss Evelyn Ellis will leave for the East this week to spend the summer months at their country place at Shelter Island. They will not return to this Coast until the fall.

A party including Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, Miss Russell, Lieutenant Wallace M. Craigie, U. S. A., Ensign Albert McCarthy, U. S. N., and Mr. Van Hamilton Demig visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is making an extended stay in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. W. W. Sherwood and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Dimond, and Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Scott will spend the summer at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells were guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe will spend the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Helen de Young expect to leave soon on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Francis Jolliffe will leave for a visit to Del Monte early next week.

Mrs. William H. Burtch is visiting her mother, Mrs. Tripler.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, and Mr. Allan St. John Bowie made a short visit to Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at her villa in Napa Valley last week.

Mrs. John Coxon Klein, who has been visiting Mrs. Mead at Byron Hot Springs, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby and her daughter, Miss Annie Selby, have been spending the months of April and May in Rome.

Mrs. S. Louise Bee leaves next week for the East, where she will pass the summer months.

Mr. William Giselman was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Dr. and Mrs. Gardner P. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Ramsdell, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higgins.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stolp, Mr. D. A. Proctor, Dr. Roeder and Mr. W. Leimert, of Oakland, Mr. Daniel J. McCuskey, of New York, Mr. John F. Beale, of Belvedere, Mr. James L. McCulloch, Mr. John Perry, Jr., Mr. H. D. Hawks, Mr. M. Parsons, and Mr. Edmond Godchaux.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Banderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Fowle, Miss Helen Fowle, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Starr, Mrs. C. P. Draper, Dr. Kate I. Howard, Miss T. L. Herd, Mr. T. W. Petty, Mr. James W. Stevens, Mr. A. W. Johnson, Mr. Herbert A. Kidder, and Mr. A. S. Darrow.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General J. B. Rawles, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Rawles and family have left the Presidio, and are now occupying the residence of Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trille on Fillmore Street for the summer months.

Major H. G. Gale, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is expected here soon, en route to the Philippines, where he has just been ordered to duty in the inspector-general's branch of the service.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, wife of Commander McCrackin, U. S. N., who has been ordered East, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. McPherson, before her departure.

Captain Frank McIntyre, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., early this week.

Major H. H. Ludlow, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been appointed commander at Fort Miley, has reported for duty at that post.

Major Augustus P. Blocksom, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his regiment at Fort Meyer, Va.

Commander Hamilton Hutchins, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the navy-yard, League Island, Pa., and ordered to the Asiatic Station via the steamer *Siberia*, which sails from San Francisco on May 26th.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Holland*, and ordered to New Suffolk, L. I., for temporary duty. Later he will come to San Francisco to command the *Grampus*, and take charge of the *Pike* in reserve.

Lieutenant Willis P. Coleman, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Angel Island, leaves shortly to join his company at Madison Barracks, New York.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio during the past year, has been ordered to West Point for duty there.

The will of R. G. Sneath has been filed at Redwood City by the clerk of the superior court. The instrument, which is dated July 10, 1901, is in the handwriting of the deceased. He disposes of his estate as follows: To his son, G. R. Sneath, he gives 2,600 shares of the capital stock of the Jersey Farm Company, and to the widow, Hattie Ann Sneath, he bequeaths 2,400 shares of the capital stock in the same corporation. He makes no direct provision for his other two children, H. J. Sneath and Minnie L. Dillingham, wife of the United States consul to New Zealand. In case of the death of his wife, her shares are to be divided equally among these latter children. In explanation of his failure to provide for them, it is stated that it would divide the estate too much, and that their mother would make ample provisions for them. The shares in the Jersey company comprise the estate. Before his death, it is said, he disposed of the remainder of his property. The Jersey farm, which comprises 3,000 acres, is said to be worth at least \$500,000.

Andrew B. McCreery has added \$7,500 to his gift of \$35,000 to meet the lowest bid for the construction of the branch Free Public Library Building on the school lot on Sixteenth Street, just off Market, between Noe and Sanchez. Mr. McCreery's original gift of \$25,000 was made April 10, 1902, but a month later was increased to the extent of \$10,000, and this latest donation swells the total to \$42,500. The building will be of brick and stone, with slate roof, two stories, including basement, and have a frontage of sixty feet on Sixteenth Street by seventy in depth. The lot is full fifty-vara, affording ample space for ornamental grounds.

To Rent—Furnished.

Pacific Heights residence. A corner residence, furnished, on Broadway Street, to rent for the summer. Will rent for three to six months. Fine marine view. No steep hills. Cars to two car lines. Nine rooms. Rent very reasonable. Box 60, Argonaut.

Received ex S. S. China

a large assortment of Netsukie Purses, the finest ever imported. A. Hirschman, 712 Market Street, 25 Geary Street.

— AN OLD-FASHIONED TODDY—EITHER HOT OR cold—is a great drink if made of Jesse Moore Whisky. A little sugar, a little water, then the pure stuff—"Jesse Moore" Whisky.

The Conveniences of the Palace Hotel

In the centre of the hotel is the famous court, and off of this are the equally famous grill rooms. For your convenience telephone and telegraph offices, writing and reading rooms, barber-shop, billiard-parlor, carriage-office, news stand, and typewriter offices are directly off the court. Outside—the wholesale and shopping district, theatres, clubs, banks, and railroad offices are a step from the entrance.

TENNIS
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YOU AUTO GO AND SPEND THE SUMMER AT THE HOTEL VENDOME NEW QUARTERS FOR AUTOMOBILES

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HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

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Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Sixteen trains daily each way. Open all the year.

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R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

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Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.

Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily at 8 A. M., 10 A. M., and 4 P. M.

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H. R. WARNER, Manager,
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Laundry on 12th Street, between Howard and Folsom.

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Work called for and delivered free of charge.

Wedding Glassware from Dorflinger's



will always be found to be the embodiment of the highest style of skill in workmanship, and beauty and grace in design, while not more costly than commonplace glass without name.

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San Francisco

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO
(Main Line, Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7.25P
7.00A	Vacaville, Windsor, Ramsey, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	7.25P
7.30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo	7.25P
7.30A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen, Junction, Bakersfield	7.25P
8.00A	Delta, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico	7.55P
8.00A	Atlantic Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	10.25A
8.30A	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen, Junction, Bakersfield	7.55P
8.30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4.25P
8.30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	4.25P
9.00A	Martinez and Way Stations	5.55P
10.00A	Vallejo	12.25P
10.00A	Crescent City Express, Eastbound—Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans, (Westbound arrives at Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	4.30P
10.00A	The Overland Limited—Denver, Omaha, Chicago	5.25P
12.00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3.25P
11.00P	Sacramento River Steamers	11.00P
3.30P	Benicia, Windsor, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10.55A
3.30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.55P
4.00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9.25A
4.00P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	10.25A
4.30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.55A
5.00P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, connections, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, carries Golden State Limited Sleeper Sundays and Wednesdays until April 30	8.55A
5.00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans	12.25P
5.30P	Niles, San Jose Local	7.25A
6.00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10.25A
6.00P	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	4.25P
7.00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	8.25A
7.00P	Vallejo	11.25A
7.00P	Sacramento, Truckee, Reno and Intermediate Stations	7.55A
8.05P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8.55A
9.10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11.55A
11.25P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	12.25P

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.45A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	18.05P
8.15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5.50P
12.15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Alameda, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10.50A
4.15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos (on Saturday and Sunday only) runs through to Santa Cruz, connects at Felton for Boulder Creek, Monday only from Santa Cruz	18.50A

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
To OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—16:00 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—16:00 P.M.
To SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	FROM APRIL 5, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.10A	San Jose and Way Stations	7.30P
7.40A	San Jose and Way Stations	6.30P
7.40A	New Alameda	7.40P
7.45A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	18.30P
8.00A	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Santa Lucia, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, Sanguis, Los Angeles, (Connection from Santa Cruz and Monterey)	10.45P
9.00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4.10P
10.30A	San Jose and Way Stations	1.20P
11.30A	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	5.30P
11.30P	San Jose and Way Stations	7.00P
12.00P	San Jose and Way Stations	10.00A
13.00P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12.15P
3.30P	Burlingame, San Jose, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8.36A
4.30P	San Jose, Los Gatos and Principal Way Stations	11.04A
5.30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	19.00A
6.15P	San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	15.45A
7.00P	San Jose and Way Stations	6.38A
8.00P	Sunset Limited—San Jose, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York, (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	8.25A
11.45P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19.45P
11.45P	San Jose and Way Stations	19.45P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.
X Daily and Sunday only.
* Stops at all stations on Sunday.
† Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.
§ Saturday only.

d Connects at Goshen Jc. with trains for Hanford, Visalia, Ar. Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger.

e v i Coast Line.

f T Tuesday and Friday.

m Arrive via Niles.

n Daily except Sunday.

o To San Joaquin Valley.

p Stops Santa Clara sound bound only. Connects, except Sunday, for all points Narrow Gauge.

The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 89. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The three causes: "Congratulate me, old chap; I'm the happiest man on earth to-day." "Engaged, married, or divorced?"—*Life*.

It is now deemed probable that the average man never gets entirely rid of the microbes that are kicked into him when he is a baby.—*Puck*.

"Try one of our new sofas," said the man in the furniture shop; "they're very healthy. Every one is stuffed with a new breakfast food."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mrs. Gramercy—"Do you think it was an intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrich?" Mrs. Pork—"Why, no, my dear. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude."—*Puck*.

"How is your youngest daughter getting on with her music?" "Splendidly," answered Mr. Cumrox; "her instructor says that she plays Mozart in a way that Mozart himself would never have dreamed of."—*Washington Star*.

To its detriment: "One thing can be said about our opera-houses," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "too much attention seems to have been given to the acoustic properties of the boxes."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

All day: "Her novel is not one of the ephemeral successes." "Indeed?" "Oh, yes. It was published before nine o'clock in the morning, and was not completely forgotten until quite a hit after six o'clock in the evening."—*Life*.

The owner—"See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully! The porter—"I'll look out for it, sir. I know a man who let one fall on his toes last month, and he aint out of the hospital yet."—*Town and Country*.

Salesman (recommending blue necktie with large pink spots): "But wouldn't you like one like that? I'm selling a lot of them this year." *Sorcastic customer*—"Indeed! Very clever of you, I'm sure."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Justly punished: "What was that awful shriek I just heard?" asked the author, nervously. "That," explained the stage manager, as he hurried toward the door, "was the star in the death scene. The audience has got him."—*Town Topics*.

Safety in numbers: *Brannigan*—"Come home, an' tek supper wid me, Flannigan." *Flannigan*—"Shure, it's past yer supper time, now; yer wife'll be mad as a hatter." *Brannigan*—"That's just it; she can't lick the two of us."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"I recall a remark that General Grant made to me once at dinner," said boastful Woody Graft, "which was most characteristic of the man." "I think I can guess what it was," said Pepprey. "What?" "Keep the change for yourself, my man."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Little Clarence—"Pa, what is a volcano?" Mr. Calipers—"A volcano, my son, is a cramped and feverish mountain which helches forth fire, smoke, lava, statistics, adjectives, and 'copy' for the magazines for two years or more after the first eruption, and heggars description every time it is described."—*Puck*.

Its softening influence: Mrs. Mohool—"Shure, that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' made a good hoy out av me Micky." Mrs. O'Toole—"Oim glad to hear that." Mrs. Mohool—"Yis, ut gave him a tander heart. Phoy, wud yes hlave ut, whin he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that lafted whin Little Eva doied."—*Chicago News*.

Better thus: "Don't you think," asked the anxious young playwright after the first performance, "that I might have improved it some by putting it in three instead of four acts?" "Well, no," the critic replied; "I hardly think so. The curtain wouldn't be down as much in that case as it is now."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Algy was not particular: There was company at tea, and little Algernon felt that it was an occasion upon which he might assert himself. "Ma," he remarked, holding up his bread and butter in scorn, "can't I have some jam on this?" "What?" ejaculated his economical mamma; "jam on butter? No, indeed; certainly not!" "Oh, I don't care about it being on the butter," said Algy, calmly; "put it on the other side!"—*Answers*.

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the jim-jams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire taxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—*South-Western World*.

A children's remedy that has stood the test of use for over fifty years is worth trying. Steedman's Soothing Powders have stood that test.

The second day out: *Sailor* (shouting)—"Man overboard!" *Newlywed* (groaning)—"Lucky dog!"—*Puck*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC

RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.
WEEK DAVS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.45, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, and 11.30 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p.m.

SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a.m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAVS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a.m.; 12.50, 1.40, 2.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p.m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a.m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p.m.

† Except Saturdays.

Leave	In Effect	Arrive
San Francisco.	May 3, 1903.	San Francisco.
Week Days.	Destination.	Sun. days.
7.30 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	7.45 a.m.
8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	12.20 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	2.20 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	3.20 p.m.
3.40 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	7.25 p.m.

7.30 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	7.45 a.m.	7.45 a.m.
8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.40 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.20 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	12.20 p.m.	12.20 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	2.20 p.m.	2.20 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	3.20 p.m.	3.20 p.m.
3.40 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	7.25 p.m.	7.25 p.m.

7.30 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	7.45 a.m.	7.45 a.m.
8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.40 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.20 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	12.20 p.m.	12.20 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	2.20 p.m.	2.20 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	3.20 p.m.	3.20 p.m.
3.40 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	7.25 p.m.	7.25 p.m.

7.30 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	7.45 a.m.	7.45 a.m.
8.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	8.40 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	10.20 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.20 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	12.20 p.m.	12.20 p.m.
1.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	2.20 p.m.	2.20 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	3.20 p.m.	3.20 p.m.
3.40 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.
6.20 p.m.	6.20 p.m.	7.25 p.m.	7.25 p.m.

STAGES connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geysers for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Boonville and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendon City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Caberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

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New Overland Service

From San Francisco to Chicago. Three fast trains every day. Time—less than three days. Route—Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railways.

Leave San Francisco 8 a.m., 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. Through trains to Union Passenger Station, Chicago. Tickets, berths or information at

635 Market Street, C. L. CANFIELD, SAN FRANCISCO. General Agent.

"MISSOURI PACIFIC LIMITED"

AN IDEAL TRAIN FOR SCENERY AND SERVICE.

Through sleepers daily San Francisco to St. Louis, via Rio Grande Scenic Route and Missouri Pacific Railway. The best dining-car service, new equipment

Secure sleeping-car reservation and full information from

L. M. FLETCHER, Pacific Coast Agent

30 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave	San Fran.	Via Sausalito Ferry	Foot of Market St.	Arrive	San Fran.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.	Week Days.	Sun. days.
9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 P.	12:00 P.	3:30 P.	5:50 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	12:50 P.	12:50 P.	4:30 P.	6:50 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	1:30 P.	1:30 P.	5:45 P.	7:50 P.
11:30 P.	11:30 A.	2:30 P.	2:30 P.	8:00 P.	8:00 P.
2:35 P.	1:30 P.	3:30 P.	3:30 P.	9:00 P.	9:00 P.

SATURDAYS Only. Leave Tavern 9:30 p.m. arrive San Francisco 11:30 p.m. Ticket Office, 621 MARKET STREET and SAUSALITO FERRY.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

TO CHICAGO DAILY



An ideal train for those who seek the best

Trains Leave Market Street Ferry Depot

Local	Limit'd	Local	Over'd
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Lv. San Francisco	8.00 a	9.30 a	4.00 p
Ar. Stockton	11.10 a	12.08 p	7.10 p
" Merced	1.20 p	1.40 p	1.28 a
" Fresno	3.20 p	3.00 p	3.15 a
" Hanford	5.00 p	3.51 p	7.56 a
" Visalia	10.25 p	4.48 p	5.00 a
" Bakersfield	7.10 p	5.50 p	7.35 a
" Kansas City	2.35 a	2.35 a	2.35 a
" Chicago	2.45 p	2.45 p	8.47 p

a for morning, p for afternoon.

8.00 a m daily is Bakersfield Local, stopping at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives at 7.30 a m daily.

9.30 a m daily is the "CALIFORNIA LIMITED," carrying Palace Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars through to Chicago. Chair Car runs to Bakersfield for accommodation of local first-class passengers. No second-class tickets are honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 p m daily.

4.00 p m is Stockton local. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 a m daily.

8.00 p m is the Overland Express, with through Palace and Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars to Chicago; also Palace Sleeper, which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.00 p m daily.

Offices—641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

NORTH SHORE

FOR SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAVS—6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M.

7.45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley. DEPART SUNDAYS—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5.15 P. M. Saturdays. Saturday's 3.15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax.

7.45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations. 5.15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.

3.15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations. Sundays, 10 A. M.—Point Reyes, etc.

Legal Holidays—Boats and trains run on Sunday time.

Ticket Office—626 Market St.; Ferry, foot of Market St.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LII. No. 1367.

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The New York *World* has issued a colossal number in commemoration of its twentieth anniversary under the charge of Joseph Pulitzer. Prior to his proprietorship, the *World* had a checkered career. For a time it was a religious daily under Manton Marble. He was succeeded by William Howard Hulbert, a man of brilliant

parts, who made the *World* the most scintillant daily paper in New York. But it did not pay as a religious organ, and it did not pay as a scintillant daily. There used to be a saying among newspaper men that being on the *World's* staff was like belonging to an exclusive literary club. It was a privilege, but it did not pay.

Mr. Pulitzer changed all that. He made of the *World*—well, he made of it what everybody knows it is, and, whatever it is, or has been, he made it pay. The *Argonaut* has frequently had occasion to express its opinion of the *World's* kind of newspaper, and hence will not repeat it now. But what we are here impelled to chronicle, apropos of Mr. Pulitzer's anniversary number, is the unusual tone of thought, the remarkable change of heart, evidenced by Mr. Pulitzer's contemporaries in their comment on Mr. Pulitzer's paper. The *Tribune*, for example, which caters to a clientele very different from the *World's*, begins a congratulatory editorial thus:

"It is a pleasure to offer our felicitations upon the twentieth anniversary of the *World*. . . Mr. Pulitzer's accession occurred when the cost of white paper was reduced by wood-pulp processes, when the linotype was about revolutionizing typesetting, and when instantaneous photography and rapid photo-engraving were making possible daily newspaper illustration. . . The *World* has efficiently served many good public causes, and has established its title to a place in the front rank of great American newspapers. . . The *World* and its proprietor and editor have the *Tribune's* cordial congratulations."

Scarcely has the reader stopped rubbing his eyes, dazed by this unaccustomed editorial comment from the *Tribune*, when the same dazed eyes fall upon another eulogistic editorial in the New York *Times*. This journal has for its motto "All the news that's fit to print," a saying which has never commended itself to Mr. Pulitzer. But the new comity in metropolitan journalism impels the *Times* thus to speak of Mr. Pulitzer:

"In looking back over his twenty years of active participation in the daily activities of the newspaper vocation, the owner of the *World* may permit himself to point with pardonable pride to public achievement, battles fought and won, reforms initiated, and public opinion created. . . His methods were, of course, somewhat of an innovation. . . But they were successful, tremendously so, and have been widely imitated, which must be held to prove that a considerable fraction of the people of the United States were ready for them. . . The *World* has fought with noble vigor and unflagging zeal for the triumph of many good causes."

This unstinted eulogy is indeed a body blow to the newspaper pessimist. But just as he is recovering from the shock, and slowly regaining consciousness, he picks up the San Francisco *Examiner* and again he goes to grass. For there he finds an idealized portrait of M. H. de Young—Mr. de Young with an aureole, a halo, as it were, and this in Mr. Hearst's paper, the *Examiner*. This soft and pleasing portrait of Mr. de Young is not the same De Young whom the *Examiner* once delighted in depicting in harsh and unpleasing lines—when Davenport and Swinnerton used to lie awake o' nights trying to think of hideous caricatures of Mr. Hearst's rival. The letter-press accompanying these portraits of Mr. de Young sets forth the *Examiner's* belief that to him is due all the credit for the success of the recent reception of President Roosevelt. With this, most people will be inclined to agree. Even so, they will still be stunned by the remarkable, the unprecedented factors which have led these rival newspaper big chiefs to stop ghost-dancing, wipe off the war-paint, and bury the newspaper axe.

The Oakland *Tribune* comments on these urban happenings with a certain freedom not found in the urban press. It says:

"Some surprise is expressed that the *Examiner* should print a handsome picture of Mr. de Young, the proprietor of the *Chronicle*. Many seem to regard it as singular, but why not? . . . Mr. de Young is chairman of the Presidential committee, a distinguished citizen, prominent in journalism, politics, and public affairs. . . His personal appearance is naturally a matter of interest to many thousands. . . But why should it be surprising that one newspaper proprietor

should treat another newspaper proprietor with consideration? It is because newspaper men have themselves bred the custom of treating political differences and business rivalries as personal matters. It is silly and undignified. . . It is gratifying to see editors getting out of the narrow habit of ignoring or vilifying each other."

These remarks of the Oakland *Tribune* are very just. The habit of newspaper editors indulging in personal abuse is becoming less and less common, and is relegated more and more to small and semi-civilized communities. Where it prevails, it is a sign of provincialism. It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder, for the projection of personal or political quarrels into newspapers by their proprietors is not journalism. As a matter of fact, the public take very little interest in the quarrels of editors, unless they reach the point of deadly weapons, and that is unusual. Editors greatly prefer the shedding of ink.

But has the newspaper millennium come? Have the lion and the lamb really lain down together? It will be remembered that when Monroe was President an "era of good feeling" prevailed throughout the land; optimists believed that never again would there be any wrangling, political dissensions, or quarreling, and that naughty language would never again be used in public in these United States. But this was followed by the Presidency of John Quincy Adams, who quarreled with his own party; he by Andrew Jackson, whose Presidency was one long row. In 1850 Prince Albert presided at the opening of the Crystal Palace Exhibition. It was called "the great peace fair," and the Prince Consort confidently predicted that the nations had settled all their disputes; that they had come to exhibit the arts of peace in England as a token of their lasting friendship; and that there never would be any more war. But immediately thereafter the Crimean War broke out, and France, England, and Turkey attacked Russia. This was followed by Napoleon's Italian campaign against Austria. Then our bloody Civil War amazed the world. The short war between Prussia and Austria, the Franco-Prussian War, the war between Russia and Turkey followed swiftly—in short, the world has been fighting ever since.

Let us all hope that the present "era of good feeling" in the newspaper world may prove to be more permanent than was that of the peaceful Prince Consort or of President Monroe.

The president of the National Boiler-Makers' Union, who lives at Kansas City, has ordered the boiler-makers in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company to stop work. The relations between the Southern Pacific and its boiler-makers have always been pleasant ones, and the men themselves say that they have no possible ground for complaint against the company. It seems remarkable, therefore, that a strike should be threatened, but it seems to be a purely sympathetic strike. About a year ago, the Union Pacific boiler-makers struck for a ten per cent. increase in wages, and the complete change of certain shop rules. The Union Pacific was already paying from seven to fifteen per cent. more than any other railroad company for similar work, and so declined to yield. As a result, the old employees went out and new men took their places. Ever since, the boiler-makers' union has been trying to drag the employees of the Southern Pacific Company into a sympathetic strike. They have charged that the Southern Pacific was assisting the Union Pacific by loaning them locomotives. As the Southern Pacific was perfectly satisfied with its boiler-makers, and the Southern Pacific boiler-makers satisfied with their employers, the company carefully avoided doing anything which could be construed as aiding the Union Pacific and furnishing grounds for a strike. None the less, the hot heads in the National Boiler-Makers'

Union have prevailed, and the strike has been ordered in the Southern Pacific shops. The only question now is, as to the date when it will begin.

We do not think the men have any reason for this strike. The company denies having assisted the Union Pacific, and President Harriman, shortly after the Union Pacific strike, issued an order that the Southern Pacific officers should not assist the Union Pacific in any way. This order has been followed.

The true friends of workmen always look with regret upon their engaging in sympathetic strikes. Without public opinion behind them, the cause of the labor unions will inevitably fail. When the street carmen of San Francisco struck a number of months ago, they had public opinion behind them, and they succeeded. When they contemplated striking again, about two months ago, public opinion was unanimously against them, and the strike fell through. The public does not believe in sympathetic strikes and will not support them, and the leaders of the labor unions may as well realize that no sympathetic strike can succeed in the face of an unsympathetic public.

On the authority of a dispatch to the *San Francisco Call* of last week, it may be said that the tariff plank in the next Republican platform is in process of formation. The crucial point has been the acceptance of the "Iowa idea" of a "modification of the schedules that may be required to prevent their affording a shelter to monopoly." According to the story, the journey of President Roosevelt was made the occasion of a consultation between him and Governor Cummins, of Iowa—the father of the "idea." It is stated that a twelve-hours' conference on the Presidential train resulted in an understanding in which it appeared that the Iowa plan of revision and the President's attitude on the tariff were near enough to each other to permit of a compromise when it was shown that the Iowa plan had been distorted and exaggerated in the public prints. It is now said, on the same authority, that the plank in the St. Louis platform will be closely followed, and that the next platform enunciation will be in substance as follows:

We are not pledged to any particular schedules; the question of rates is a practical one to be governed by the conditions of the time and of production. The ruling and uncompromising principle is the protection and the development of American labor and industries. Reciprocity and protection are twin measures of Republican policy and go hand in hand. We advocate protection for what we produce and free admission for the necessities of life that we do not produce.

It will be seen that while the protective idea is retained, revision is advocated "to be governed by the conditions of the time and of production." In this connection we note an article in the *New York Evening Post*, thought by some to have been inspired, which analyzes the President's attitude on the subject. While a protectionist, he was prepared by training and character to accept an honest revision of schedules tending to a lower and rational scale of duties. This he urged Congress to effect by means of a commission, but without receiving much encouragement. He is still, says the writer, as sincerely in favor of revision as ever. He is determined that it shall be an honest one and, if possible, be made during his administration; his present attitude being only one of caution as to the choice of a time when the work can be done as it should be, without subjecting his party to the dangers of divided counsels on the eve of a national election. No overtures looking to the revival of the reciprocity treaties may be looked for from the administration. Proposals from other governments will receive a respectful attention, which, however, will not be enthusiastic.

In November, 1901, Alabama adopted a new State constitution in which the elective franchise was restricted to men having education and regular employment, or property worth three hundred dollars, or a personal or ancestral war record, or a good character and a proper knowledge of the duties of a citizen. Acting under this provision the county boards of registration have regularly approved the applications of white men, and almost as uniformly denied the petitions of black men to be registered as voters. One of the latter, Jackson W. Giles, of Montgomery County, brought an action in the Circuit Court to compel his registration, was defeated, and appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision, recently handed down, is practically a refusal to interfere on the grounds that, if the Alabama constitution is a fraud as claimed, the court can not recognize it by ordering a registration made in compliance with its provisions; that if it is a valid plan of registration, the petitioner can not complain of it; and finally, that the subject of the complaint is political and not judicial, and that relief must be sought from the legislative and political departments of the government. The opinion was written by Justice Holmes, and concurred in by Justices Fuller, McKenna, White, and Peckham. Dissenting opinions were delivered by Justices Harlan, Brewer, and Brown, in which it is contended that under the claim that registration was wrongfully denied, the case was properly in the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court, and should have been sent back there for trial. As Giles claims that the registration board has violated the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which forbids the abridgement or denial of the right to vote by any State "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," the question is being asked whether that amendment is a dead letter.

The *Springfield Republican* says: "Congress is powerless in the matter, and if attempts to bring about an official deter-

mination of the question are to be put down on technical grounds, the Fifteenth Amendment will have to be considered as having been hung up in the national museum for people to look at as one of the curiosities of the reconstruction age." The *New York Tribune* thinks the court must yet take some definite stand, since "somewhere, somehow, there must be a way of passing on the constitutionality of State laws which plainly nullify the spirit of the Federal Constitution."

There are, however, other papers and some individuals claiming that negro suffrage has proved a failure, and are inclined to support the refusal of the Supreme Court to stop the campaign of disfranchisement in the South. The *Philadelphia Record* says that white men will not submit to the domination of a colored race, the majority of which is notoriously unfit for political privileges. The black man is secure in his personal rights, and when fit for the franchise may acquire it. The *Charleston News and Courier* believes that no amount of education will fit the negro to vote. It will not change his racial character and "he can not get rid of his inheritance." The *New York Sun* regards the Fifteenth Amendment as "an error of national judgment" which the South has long known, and the North is fast learning. The *Providence Journal* thinks "the national museum is exactly where the Fifteenth Amendment belongs." The *New Orleans Globe-Democrat* sees little chance of "any action being taken against the South because it has denied the ballot to its illiterate and corrupt negro voters."

Goldwin Smith, the Canadian, says reconstruction has failed; that the political incapacity of the negro can no longer be doubted; that nothing but a fusion of the races can raise him, and that is impossible. Dr. Lyman Abbott claims for the negro equal opportunities in education, industry, and a share in the government to the extent of his ability. But he considers it of general advantage "to have the ignorant, vicious, and corrupt vote cease," whether it is white or black. Henry Watterson, speaking in Chicago, claimed that negro suffrage is a failure. "It is a failure because the Southern blacks are not equal to it. It is a failure because the Southern whites will not have it." Still it must be said that public opinion in the North and West has not yet been clearly uttered.

There are few of us who stop to realize what a trip, such as is being made by President Roosevelt, means to the President himself. He can be with us for a few days only, and during that brief period we desire to express as fully as possible the admiration and respect we feel, not only for the office, but for the individual. It is to those who receive him an excitement of three or four days, which they enter upon freshly and from which they may rest after he has gone. For him it is only one in a series of such incidents, and his sense of physical exhaustion is steadily increasing. During the tour up to the time he left this city, he had regarded himself only as a public official, and placed himself entirely in the hands of the successive reception committees. The trip to Yosemite Valley, however, he regarded as a piece of self-relaxation to which he was entitled. The commissioners, however, had prepared a programme that made no allowance for such feelings. The programme, under other circumstances, he undoubtedly would have thoroughly enjoyed. But it was a mistake, and the people in the valley should not complain that our tired chief magistrate demanded a short period of relaxation.

The question of the adequacy of the plant that now serves for a city and county hospital in San Francisco has several times been referred to in these columns. Dr. T. W. Huntington, professor of clinical and operative surgery in the University of California, is an authority who can not be questioned, and what he says on the subject should have weight. He says that "San Francisco has the most imperfect and inefficient hospital system of any city of its size in America. Experts have even declared that our city and county hospital is the worst thing of its kind in the world." The facts which he cites in support of this need not be repeated—they will not be disputed by any one familiar with the situation. He suggests, however, that the charter should be amended so as to give the control of the hospital to a board appointed in the first instance by the mayor, and then having power to perpetuate itself. In planning the institution, the work should be given to a thoroughly competent person, and then he should be well paid. Cheapness of construction is not necessarily in line with true economy. The present location is ideal—it is among the people who are most dependent upon it. When the proper person for superintendent is found, he should be induced to make hospital administration his life work. The training of nurses must be regarded as one of the very important features of such an institution.

The Federal Salt Trust has been convicted of violating the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, and a fine of one thousand dollars has been imposed upon it. The trust was organized three years ago for the express purpose of controlling the salt business of this State. Contracts were entered into with producers and manufacturers. Some were under agreement to sell their entire product to the trust; others agreed to close their works and produce no more salt. In this way the trust gained absolute control of nine-tenths of the entire output, not only in this State, but in other States and Territories as well. The Federal authorities came to the conclusion that the law was being violated, and an agent of the department of justice was put on the case to obtain evidence. He visited different firms, and they told him positively that they were under contract to sell no salt except through the trust. The price of salt was raised through the operations of the trust five hundred per cent. above the ruling prices before the trust was organized. This was clearly a violation of the law, and so the suit was pressed. The trust pleaded

guilty, and so the fine was a light one, but the government officials are well pleased, because it is the first conviction that has been obtained under the criminal provisions of the law.

We printed last week some statements regarding General Leonard Wood, made by the *New York Evening Post*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *New York Tribune*. Commenting upon these quotations, we remarked only that it remained to be seen whether the *Post's* correspondent (who was primarily responsible for them) would "make good." Well, he hasn't. The *Post* says:

On May 1st the *Evening Post* stated that General Leonard Wood had inspired an article in the *North American Review* for February, 1900, written by Lieutenant James E. Runcie, and attacking Wood's predecessor, General Brooke. It was added that there were in the manuscript interlineations in the handwriting of General Wood. In making this assertion, we depended not alone upon our Havana correspondent, whom we had every reason to think trustworthy, but also upon an explicit statement made to us by one in authority in the office of the *Review*. But we now find that we were unintentionally misinformed, and that the article in question was not interlined by General Wood. We accordingly withdraw the charge unqualifiedly, with sincere apologies to General Wood. It is not necessary to add that our Havana correspondent ceases to be such with this date.

The State board of health has taken up the question of removing the Chinese quarter from the heart of the city. At a meeting recently held, Chinatown was declared to be a serious menace to the health, commerce, and trade of the city and State. It is proposed that it should be removed to some outlying and isolated district where, under new conditions, strict sanitary regulations may be enforced and where, if necessary, strict quarantine may be enforced without detriment to local interests. Pending such removal, it was proposed that those inhabitants who now live underground be compelled to remove to the level of the street, and live there under the ordinary laws of sanitation. The local board of health and the marine hospital service were asked to cooperate. The legal questions that will arise in carrying out this policy are serious, for it is an open question whether the health boards have authority to compel people to move from one part of the city to another.

A league is now organized in California for the purpose of agitating the bringing about of a parcel-post service. Such a service exists in all European countries, and, in fact, in all civilized countries except the United States. We wish the California league success in their crusade, but, considering the pachydermatous post-office officials at Washington, we doubt whether they will succeed. Apropos—the United States post-office receives eleven-pound packages from Europe for transmission. We, in this country, can not, however, forward an eleven-pound package. When the Post-Office Department was interrogated as to this unjust discrimination, it naively replied that the acceptance of the eleven-pound parcel service from abroad was "due to a mistake." This is refreshing. A great accommodation to the public has been brought about purely by an error on the part of the department.

During the recent session of the legislature the bank commission was abolished, and a law providing for a new commission was enacted. This proceeding was admittedly for the purpose of getting rid of one of Governor Gage's appointees, but it is having a much broader effect than this. One of the provisions of the new law is that "within ten days after the passage of this act, the governor shall appoint, by and with the consent of the senate, four competent persons to be bank commissioners." Considerably more than the ten days have elapsed, but Governor Pardee has failed to make any appointment, and he declares that he will not do so until he finds the right men. The question now is, whether the governor can make any appointment, the prescribed time having elapsed. The solution depends upon whether the provision of the law is mandatory. This is a question, apparently, to which nobody can now give a satisfactory answer, except the justices of the supreme court.

The San Francisco Compressed Air Cleaning Company is a company formed in this city recently, whose business success threatens to interfere somewhat with the business of the carpet cleaners and carpet layers, inasmuch as it claims to be able to do a part of their work more cheaply than it is now done. It made application to the board of supervisors for permission to let its horses stand in the street while work is being done. This application was opposed by a number of labor unions who petitioned to have the application refused as a "menace to the safety of the public." Some amount of capital has been invested in the new concern, and, though the application has been withdrawn, the company does not propose to be driven out of business, so the public will probably be called upon to decide whether the opposition of the labor unions is or is not unreasonable.

Last week they were holding one of those queer carnivals in Southern California. These fiestas and similar outbreaks usually mean a great deal of rum, some fighting, and occasionally a little murder on the side. This time the carnival had its murder. One merry gentleman accosted some masked ladies in too familiar terms, whereat a sombre gentleman resented his freedom. Words came to blows, and the sombre gentleman shot and killed the merry one. This is a no unusual conclusion to carnivals in our cold Anglo-Saxon land.

A HYPERCRITICAL BRITON.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Some years ago I met in San Francisco a party of English people who were making a tour of the world. In the party was a young English lady whom I shall call Miss Sackson. She was traveling under the charge of a lady of mature years, and for some weeks they with their party remained in California.

Quite recently I met her again in New York. She is not so young as she was, but is well on the bither side of middle age—let us therefore still speak of her as "a young woman."

This English lady is a distinctive if not a unique type. She belongs not to the upper but to the upper-middle class. She is a wealthy orphan—the only child of a London City man, who died leaving her a large fortune. She is a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and therefore is a "Girton girl." She has no brothers or sisters; she is alone in the world; she has never married; she is a woman of wide reading; for a spinster, she has much knowledge of the world; she has no particular fads in the line of charities, foreign missions, or homes for aged Maltese cats, but is fond of traveling. Being wealthy, she can indulge in the luxury of inviting people to travel with her, and she has made several trips around the world. She has spent some time in the United States, and does us the honor to study us Americans as if we were a collection of curious insects. Being remarkably frank for a woman, she does not hesitate to express herself with great freedom concerning the manners and customs of the natives in these United States. At times her comments are not agreeable to an American, and she seems to me to be hypercritical, and even bitter.

But what can you do when a foreign lady indulges in caustic criticisms on your native land? You can not call her a liar or hit her in the nose. About the only thing to do is to try and convince her that she is wrong. But this lady, like the Scotchman, is willing to be convinced, but would like to see the man who could convince her.

I shall endeavor to set down Miss Sackson's remarks as faithfully as may be. If any carping critic shall point out Americanisms in her speech as set down by me, my answer is that the only language I know is plain United States.

Miss Sackson was one of a small party dining at a New York restaurant not long ago. Our host had selected the Café Martin (at the old Delmonico stand on Twenty-Sixth Street) as being livelier than Delmonico's or Sherry's. The selection may have been unfortunate, considering that the English guest was so critical a person. However that may be, the conversation soon turned on the bustling scene around us.

"How do you like our New York restaurants, Miss Sackson?" one of the guests inquired.

"No one can deny their excellence in many respects," she replied; "but it is extraordinary how you people submit to being crowded. At such places as Sherry's, for example, on a Sunday evening, one will see scores of people waiting for a table—nice people—women with rich gowns—gowns looking too rich, in fact, for a public place—waiting sometimes for half an hour—and all this merely for the privilege of dining at a restaurant. How very remarkable!" Here she indicated the groups around the Twenty-Sixth Street and Fifth Avenue doors of the place where we were. "Look at those people they have been waiting ever since we came in. Now that they are given a place, it is at such a little table. I have seen six people waiting patiently, and finally seated at a table really not large enough for four, and at which barely two could dine comfortably. That might be called feedin', but you could scarcely call it dinin'."

"But," said I, jocosely, "they get a good dinner when they do secure a place."

"Possibly," she replied, "but consider the annoying conditions. How remarkable that people who can afford to come to this place should endure with patience such intolerable conditions—to wait for half or three-quarters of an hour for a chance merely to eat, then to bolt in and occupy a table covered with the wrecks of previous diners who have just left—a table stained with coffee slops and strewn with cigarette ends."

The picture was not overdrawn—she was describing exactly the condition of the table next to us, at which some newcomers had just been seated.

"I may add," she went on, "that some of these people ought to be a little better mannered at table. I was here the other evening with a party at dinner, and a group of young men near us drank cocktails, smoked cigarettes, and began singing before they had their soup."

"That," said I, gravely, "was indefensible. No American gentleman ever gets tipsy before dinner. And I have been told by American club-men of years and discretion that only boys, women, and weak-minded persons drink cocktails at all. They say that a refined epicureanism prevents a man from taking cocktails because it will spoil his dinner. If he takes no cocktails he enjoys his dinner, and then gets comfortably full afterward."

Miss Sackson looked at me doubtfully. "Ob, I say," she cried, "are you quizzin' me?"

"Not at all," I replied, "this is all on the level."

"The level?" she queried.

"Honor bright, I mean."

Miss Sackson looked around the café. "You certainly can not deny," she said, "that there are a great many weak-minded people in this room, if cocktail drinkin' is a test."

I looked around the room. No one could deny it.

"And as for the women," she continued, "while a great many of them here are drinkin' cocktails, you ought to go to the Waldorf-Astoria after a Saturday matinée if you want to see cocktail drinkin'."

I plucked up courage. "I never went there after a mat-

inée, and I never saw women drinking cocktails there," I ventured.

"No," she retorted, "you probably could not get in, so great is the crowd. And it is a feminine crowd and a cocktail crowd from five to six-thirty."

"Then there are more cocktail bibbers there than here?" I asked.

"Very many more," she replied, emphatically; "but they are not so musical there as here, judging from the young men here who favor people with vocal efforts. Yet if these cocktail-lovers are music-lovers, too, their taste is better, I hope, in cocktails than in music. On the programme I observe the names of Wagner, Gounod, and Meyerbeer, yet their selections are received in silence. But when the band just played 'Tessie, You Are the Only Lulu on the Beach,' as sung by Miss Edna Wallace Flopper, the entire crowd became delirious in its enthusiasm, and those young men there—who I think you will agree have had too many drinks—began to favor us with a renderin' of Miss Flopper's song in more or less alcoholic baritones and cocktail tenors."

Here another guest tried to change the conversation—if not from music altogether, at least from the curious music at the next or cocktail table. The band had just begun to play "The Washington Post March."

"There," said he, "talking of music, there is an American march that has gone all over the world. I have even heard it played by a mounted Turkish band at the Sultan's selamlık."

"It is indeed a jolly good quickstep," she assented, "but talkin' of American music, let me ask you this—you claim to be a patriotic people—then why don't you learn your national anthem? I crossed on a German boat, and on the last night out, when a medley of national airs was bein' played, the band began a famous melody by Handel. Thereupon all the Americans in the dining saloon arose and began to sing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' to the great confusion of the German captain and the German band. When they had finished with a crash of cymbals and a thunder of bass drum, a flag was lowered through the cabin skylight, and the Americans discovered that the band had been playin' 'God Save the King.' The next piece was the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and the Americans again rose and sang, which was not without its comic feature, as of a people without a country and who were singin' everybody's songs. But I was much struck to see that they none of them apparently knew the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' All sang lustily for the first two lines, and then took refuge in tra-la-la. Why? Every patriotic American ought to know all the words of his national anthem. Every Englishman knows every word of 'God Save the King' so well that he can sing it backwards."

We were all somewhat discomfited. I would have challenged her assertion, but I fear I do not know the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" myself. Furthermore I do not know whether that, or "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" is our national anthem. So I took refuge in generalities. "If Americans do not all know their national anthem," said I, "at least no one can doubt their love of country."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "They usually when abroad speak of America as 'God's country.' But when we were crossing the pond last week, I was much struck by this incident: Our ship picked up the land early in the morning. The Americans on board got much excited and hastened on deck. A long, low line of sandy coast was visible through the mist. 'Ah,' they began exclaiming, 'there is God's country.' But at this moment the breakfast bugle blew. They all hastened below and began one of those long American breakfasts lastin' about an hour. When they came on deck again we were off Fire Island. But a bitter cold wind was blowin' off of God's country, and your enthusiastic fellow-countrymen immediately went to the lee side of the ship where they could see nothing but the Atlantic Ocean. But they were more comfortable there, and there they remained until we had got up to Quarantine."

"I trust you were not detained there," said another guest, politely.

"Not at Quarantine," she replied, "but we were at the dock. Your custom-houses are the most disagreeable in the world. Even the Americans grew impatient under the ordeal, and they all rejoiced when they secured cabs and got away. But they all seemed startled at the high cab-fare. For a four-wheeler a cabby would ask two pounds to drive to an hotel. Doubtless Americans abroad forget how exorbitant American cab-fares are. Your cab-drivers not only charge ridiculously high prices but they try to swindle their patrons as well. Even the New Yorkers themselves admit this, for a Merchants Club here requests all victims of cab-drivers to address them, sayin' that they have already forced numerous swindling cab-drivers to disgorge their ill-gotten gains and have deprived these drivers of their licenses. But why wait to punish cab-drivers after they have swindled people? Why not prevent them from swindlin'? Why not, as in Europe, place a tariff with a diagram of cab-zones in every cab; then the fare will know his rights and the cab-driver can not cheat him. This very morning I read in your papers of a man from Montanya who hired a Waldorf cabman to drive him from the hotel around Central Park and back. The cabman demanded eleven dollars; whereupon the mao from Montanya fell upon him and gave him a jolly good thrashing. I am glad of it. But my story does not end as good melodramas do, for a policeman came along and arrested both the cabman and the man from Montanya, and had them up before the beak."

"Did the American passengers," I asked, "express their dissatisfaction with our institutions to you, a foreigner?"

"Not to me," she replied, "but to one another. Their pride prevented them from saying anything to the English people on board. By the way, the naïve pride of you Americans in your country is vastly amusin' to Europeans. You certainly have much to be proud of, but you seem to us to be proud

of the wrong things. Coming over on our boat was an American who had just returned from a Mediterranean cruise. He was full of his experiences. (By the way, you Americans talk more of your travels than we English do.) He was fond of tellin' us at table of his sight-seein'. He had visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, climbed Vesuvius, seen Ætna and Stromboli, the various points around the Bay of Naples, had been in Athens, had looked down from the Acropolis on the city of the Violet Crown, had seen Stamboul, the Golden Horn, Egypt, the Pyramids, and been up the Nile. He talked well; his experiences were interestin' and amusin'; he was quite an unusual person. And yet this American one day, when others were talking of the great sights of the world, said: 'I think the most remarkable, the most striking, the most unique sight in the world'—here he paused impressively—'is the Board Walk at Atlantic City.'

Here Miss Sackson broke into laughter. The rest of us looked solemn. She went on: "Few foreigners have seen, as I have, the shabby wooden walks laid over the sandy beaches at your Atlantic watering-places, and the fantastic and over-dressed crowds that parade up and down them; they look like the negroes in a cake-walk as represented at your music-halls. Therefore the boast was incomprehensible. Yet this attorney was an agreeable and intelligent person. He called himself a New Yorker, but when interrogated with much interest by another American man who was born in New York City, it turned out that the attorney was born in Brooklyn. The poor man blushed painfully at this revelation, and all the Americans at the table looked at him as if he were a sheep stealer. Although I am tolerably familiar with America, I must confess I did not understand this. What is the matter with Brooklyn?"

"She's all right," I uttered mechanically, and then noting Miss Sackson's look of surprise, I hastened to add: "Brooklyn is a huge and respectable city, but distinctly dull. Her sons seem to conceal their nativity, and when they make money enough to live across the East River, they emigrate to New York."

"I do not see," said Miss Sackson, "why an American should want to migrate from any other city to New York. There may be noisier cities with worse streets, but I doubt it. New York's streets are almost impassable. I was amused by the remark of an American seated at the next table to us in the ship coming over. He was one of a group of New Yorkers—with but not of them. For several days he sat in silence listenin' to the praises of 'dear old New York,' but on the fourth day he opened his lips and spoke. Although in mufti, he was a military-looking person, and from his tunic-like coat, his square jaw, his firm set lips, and his profane language I think I am justified in supposing that he is an officer of the American army. He remarked to the startled New Yorkers, 'Well, I was a week in New York, and I spent it in climbing under and over things all the time. I am glad I got out of the city without breaking my neck. When I next visit it I hope the gee-dee town will be done,' with which, with the exception of the adjectives," added Miss Sackson with a smile, "I am disposed to agree."

"In all cities," said one of the guests, "it is at times necessary to tear up the streets temporarily."

"But the streets of New York," replied Miss Sackson, "seem to be perennially impassable. Once when I was here, Broadway was torn up from one end of the island to the other to remove a horse-tram and construct a cable road. On my next visit it was again torn up to remove the cable and replace it with an electric-tram. Now not only Broadway, but the whole island seems to be torn up. Up town and down town one sees gigantic excavations in the road—pits, trenches, caverns. Over these yawning abysses are laid frail timber bridges, across which pedestrians totter in fear and trembling. On the further side of such a bridge, sometimes on both sides, you will find timber tunnels, through which the same pedestrians grope their way in terror, while brick, mortar, and steel beams come crashin' down on the tunnel roofs from the lofty buildings being erected far above them. Every day one reads in the journals of accidents occurin' in these troglodytic works. I have been here but a few days, yet four times have I read of people in carriages being swallowed up in them, occupants, drivers, vehicles, horses, and all. In some cases the occupants have been injured, while the animals are often so maimed that they are shot."

"But," said I, "do you not know that New York is constructing a colossal subway, designed to bring about rapid transit and to relieve her streets of their congested traffic? This subway work is a necessary one. Why then rail at it?"

"I do not rail at it half so much as the New York papers do," retorted Miss Sackson; "they bitterly denounce the sub-contractors for delays; they accuse them of leaving these yawning excavations open for many months needlessly; they charge them also with keepin' vast quantities of timber, pavin' stones, cement barrels, and other material piled up in the streets and on the public squares. This morning's Herald has a leadcette giving figures and dates concerning the occupancy of one square, illegally used by a sub-contractor for a year and a half. The paper gives him quite a slating—what you call a roast."

I tried to be jocosely. "Did you never see any nther place that looked like New York?" I queried, humorously.

"Yes," replied Miss Sackson, "it recalls a place which I have visited several times, and my last visit was quite a recent one—Mt. Vesuvius."

"Vesuvius!" I cried in amazement. "In what respect, pray, does it resemble New York?"

"In the continual changes going on above and below the surface," replied Miss Sackson, grimly, "as also in the upheaval of new craters and the disappearance of old ones. On my last visit to Vesuvius I found that the eruption of 1895 had completely changed the aspect of the cone; the old crater had gone and a new one on another location and with a different contour had become the active vent. So in New York. On this visit I find that the active crater is situate in the

neighborhood of Forty-Second Street between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. To carry out the resemblance I may add that, like Vesuvius, these craters sometimes become feverish—not content with smoke, dust, and cinders, they at times throw up red-hot stones, which inflict great damage to property and endanger life. I read in your morning papers yesterday that a blast in one of the upper Broadway craters completely demolished the glass front of a restaurant called Shanley's or Hanley's, and hurled red-hot stones on the tables where the terrified guests were eating."

"All these conditions," said one guest, warmly, "are merely temporary, as I have said, and not permanent."

"Then let us leave the temporary and discuss the permanent condition of the streets," said Miss Sackson; "it is most remarkable that so practical a people as the Americans should ignore a very simple means of expediting circulation in the streets. In most European cities, particularly in Paris, there are raised places in the streets called 'refuges' where pedestrians can pause in crossing from kerb to kerb. These refuges are like the stepping-stones in a brook. In all streets they are useful, in crowded streets indispensable; but in large places, squares, crescents, circles, or circuses, as we call them in London, and other places where busy streets intersect, they are more than indispensable—they are vital. They not only serve as refuges for pedestrians, but they are also useful guides for drivers of vehicles. In Paris, for example, where the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra run into the Place de l'Opéra, the triangles there formed are very trying triangles for the foot passengers. But the cab-drivers respect them as rigidly as if each refuge were a policeman, which many of them do. The drivers never pass to the left of a refuge or a vehicle. Were a cab-driver to do so he would be arrested before he had gone ten yards. Thus it is easy for the pedestrian to note the direction of the oncoming cab. How different in New York. There is only one refuge here that I have observed—that on Madison Square. At all the other intersecting streets the drivers spend their time in dodging each other, while the pedestrians spend their time in dodging the drivers. In Paris the drivers follow the street line exactly, even on squares similar to such perplexing places as Union, Madison, or Herald Square. Thus, in Paris both the pedestrians and the drivers know where they are going. In New York they neither seem to know."

"You do not like our streets and street regulations," said I, "how do you like our street railways?"

"I can scarcely conceive of anything more trying to a person of refinement," said Miss Sackson, "than your street-railway systems. I have heard Americans sneer at the London bus system, but our bus conductors are at least civil. Here, on the other hand, the conductors on the street cars are rarely civil, occasionally rude, and often insolent. The other day I was on a Broadway car when the conductor suddenly turned and began to fight his way through the crowd toward the platform. I use the word 'fight' advisedly. It is the only phrase which expresses the manner in which he pushed and jostled the passengers, male and female, to right and left. When he had reached the rear platform he discharged a large quantity of tobacco juice and came back and placidly resumed his ticket-taking functions. Another conductor accosted a woman passenger who, being encumbered with bundles, did not get ready her fare quite as quickly as he thought she should. Gazing at her with a scowl, he said: 'Aw, why don't you hurry up with your nickel?'"

"But," asked another guest, "is there nothing that you, a pilgrim from England, can find here that is endurable—can no good thing come out of this American Nazareth in British eyes?"

"Very little," replied the English lady, crisply, "very little, if anything. True, your trams are rapid, but I would rather travel more slowly and be treated more civilly and handled less as if I were an animal being transported 'on the hoof,' as you people say in the West."

I ventured a new tack. "What do you think of our theatres?" I asked.

"Your theatres," she replied, "strike me as being very poor. I have been in New York repeatedly, and I find that not one in ten of the so-called attractions is worth seeing. Of the shows it might be said that most are silly, many stupid, and some vulgar."

"It might be said," I ventured to interject, "that some of the London shows are also stupid and also vulgar."

"That is true," acquiesced Miss Sackson, "but what can you expect of us heavy English? You Americans continually reproach us with being stupid and dull. What more natural, then, than that we should have plays that are dull and stupid? But perhaps you remember the old biblical saying about the mote and the beam. If you Americans are so acute—or as you phrase it 'dreadful smart'—why do you tolerate such stupid shows?"

"Do you not think," asked an American lady, "that we have very fine stores in New York?"

"The New York shops amaze me," said the English lady; "I can not understand how American women submit to such incivility. I know this is a free country and that all are equal here; but I am civil to the shop-women and I do not see why they should not be civil to me. They certainly are not. They are generally curt, what American women call 'snippy'; from that to uncivil, and sometimes insolent."

"But," interrupted I, "are you not speaking of the large department-stores? They are such enormous places, and there is such a rush and jam from morning to night, that one can scarcely expect the manners of a Chesterfield from the men or those of a chateleine from the women. Personally I never enter them. I have been once or twice in danger of being run down and trampled on by a crowd of ladies seeking bargains in department-stores. Out West, people make way for bands of panic-stricken horses and herds of stampeded stags. A lot of excited bargain ladies in a department-store are more dangerous. Hence the attendants' manners may be a little peculiar in department-stores."

"But my experience of the higher-class shops has also been unsatisfactory," said Miss Sackson; "there are a number of establishments in and around Twenty-Third Street and Madison Square which import Parisian gowns and make American gowns from Parisian models. These establishments are much more luxurious in their appointments than the cheaper ones of which I speak, and the young women there are much superior to those in the department-stores. Many of them are handsome, shapely, graceful, and a number of them use good and refined English, not at all like that of the department-store shop-girls. But I find that they also are disposed to treat their customers with what I call lack of consideration. In Paris and London the *couturières* are more accommodatin'; they strive to satisfy their customers. If a bodice, a skirt, or a mantle does not fit perfectly, they endeavor to make it do so. But here in New York, in the higher-class shops of which I speak, these clever and voluble young women seem to pride themselves more on making a lady take a gown that does not fit her than they do in making it fit her."

"But," said I, "don't you think that the American women are very stylish and wear very handsome gowns? The American men are proud of them, and very justly I believe."

"True," replied Miss Sackson; "no one can deny to American women the possession of beauty and stylishness, as they call it. But the American men who are so proud of seeing their countrywomen in handsome gowns in cafés, restaurants, and on the streets, should not forget that in Europe ladies do not wear handsome gowns in such places. Therefore, a stranger from Europe when visiting here is irresistibly forced to the conclusion that many of the women who wear these handsome gowns on the streets and in the cafés have no other place to show them."

"If you do not like the women's gowns or the men's manners in our American restaurants," I asked, "how about the cookery, the servants, the service, and the prices?"

"Your restaurants, your cookery, your servants, and your service are all French," replied Miss Sackson, "and therefore all excellent. Your prices are American. I consider them much too high."

"They are not so high as those in the French restaurants of Paris," I retorted.

"Neither are the restaurants so good," she replied; "Sherry's and Delmonico's do not compare with Voisin's, Durand's, or Paillard's in Paris."

"How about London?" I asked, with a sardonic smile.

"I am not comparing New York with London," said Miss Sackson, "but Paris with New York."

"True," said I, consolingly, "every one knows that it is impossible to get anything fit to eat in a London restaurant at any price at all."

"Most English people of position," said Miss Sackson, tartly, "when in London do not dine at restaurants, but dine at their hotels."

"If you do not like the restaurants and cafés in New York," said I, "what do you think of the hotels?"

"Waivin' for the moment the hotels proper," she replied, "one of the things in New York hotels to which I object is the extreme coarseness of speech. When we were here last we went to an hotel, the Manhattan, to look at rooms. We asked the clerk what a certain suite of two bedrooms with a bath would be. 'Twelve dollars a day,' he replied. 'And how much per week,' we asked. 'Eighty-four dollars per week,' he replied. 'And by the month?' I continued. 'Three hundred and sixty dollars a month, ma'am,' he said with a weary air, 'and if you take the rooms for six months, or six years, or sixteen years the rate will be the same. There are people moving out of those rooms now, and if you don't take them, somebody will be moving in again in half an hour.' Whereat the clerk turned away. Possibly I am too exigent," commented the lady, "but it strikes me that this young man might have been a little more suave in his address."

"If our hotel clerks are curt," said I, "we are very proud of our police in New York, and our sometime Broadway Squad, now amalgamated with the rest of the force, was said to be made up of Chesterfields."

"Your police!" cried Miss Sackson; "there can be no comparison with the English police. Who that has ever asked a question of our London 'hobbies' and then had occasion to encounter one of your 'cops,' as the New Yorkers call them, can fail to note the difference? The London 'hobby' is always civil, always respectful, always obliging. He treats upper and lower classes with courtesy, although to Americans there may seem to be a tinge of servility in his demeanor toward his betters. But that attitude pervades all English society. The duke looks up to the king, the commoner to the duke, just as the humble 'hobby' does to the well-dressed commoner. But no one who has witnessed the quiet patience, the unwearying tact, the constant courtesy of the London 'hobby' can fail to admire him. Compare your New York police. Most of them are uncouth, obese, lubberly, shambling fellows, neither trim in their bearing nor well accoutred in their uniforms and their equipments. As for their demeanor, it is a mixture of insolence, ignorance, arrogance, and familiarity. The manner in which they address and handle ladies in assistin' them to cross the road is simply insufferable, and the way in which they hector, bully, and order around the masculine sex is astounding to a foreigner. It is true that the police regulations in many European cities are very strict, and the police officers are required to enforce them rigidly. Not so in New York. The insulting and ruffianly way in which your New York police hawl at civilians who approach a prohibited spot, such as a dangerous excavation or a fire line, is a revelation of the humility of American manhood. How your men submit to it is amazing—I can not understand it."

"You spare us in nothing," I exclaimed; "is nothing in America as good as it is in the Old World? If you find the American always unsatisfactory in life, how about the American when he is dead? Our bustling cities displease you; how

about our cities of the dead? Have you visited any of our cemeteries?"

"Yes," replied Miss Sackson, "I have visited several, among them Greenwood and Woodlawn. I know of no cemeteries in the Old World to compare with them"—here I looked up, encouraged at her single appreciation, but she went on—"in point of ugliness and commonplaceness. In the cemeteries of Southern Europe there is not a little in the line of portrait statuary that is amusing, at times ludicrous. Interspersed with it there are many fine monuments. But whether good or bad, the monuments that one sees in the European cemeteries are at least individual. Your Greenwood Cemetery, on the other hand, which is an adjunct to the large city of Brooklyn, looks like that city itself in its monotonous uniformity. A man or woman who had lived in a hideous city like Brooklyn all his or her life should at least be rewarded by having a distinctive dwelling place here below while awaiting the celestial one. But in Greenwood they all repose in rectangular plots with rectangular tombstones, set up in the midst of rectangular copings, with an occasional portrait bust of a sugar merchant or tanner with rectangular whiskers perched upon the rectangular façade of a square tomb. It is, indeed, a fitting conclusion to your monotonous life in America that a man who was probably born in a block bounded by C and D and Eighth and Ninth Streets, who had moved up as he grew richer and had died in a block bounded by Y and Z and One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Streets, should be buried in one of three hundred and forty thousand square plots with square copings and a square tombstone."

I had listened with more patience to Miss Sackson's scathing criticisms of New York than I might have done had I been a New Yorker. One always hears with philosophy, says Rochefoucauld, the misfortunes of one's friends. So I determined to call her attention to our own favored State in order that I might point a moral at the expense of New York. "Many of your criticisms," said I, "may be just ones, but these conditions are largely peculiar to New York. I know you have been in California more than once. What is your opinion of our State?"

"I know of three startling experiences in your State," said Miss Sackson; "my uncle was there while traveling for pleasure, and had gone to the northern part of the State to visit the Yosemite Valley. A general railway strike broke out, and extended all over the State. Women placed babies on the metals in front of the engine to stop the trains. My uncle was shut up in a little mountain resort for some weeks. Stokers struck, and hauled the fires; pointsmen derailed the trains at the crossing-plates. The governor-general of the State ran away and hid himself. A general put a pistol at the head of an engineer to make him start a train load of troops from Loze Anjeels to San Francisco. Heavy goods-trains were shunted by the pointsmen down grades into ditches and smashed. My uncle told me that a mob ruled the State until the President came from Washington in command of an army and restored order."

"When I made my first visit to California, I, too, was on my way to Yosemite when our train was stopped at night—'held up,' they called it. The robbers fired a number of shots, killed one man, and wounded several. When they had secured the money chest belonging to the State treasury, they fled. Incredible as it may seem, the press and people of your State seemed to glorify these cold-blooded murderers. Such was the morbid admiration for their crimes that little school-boys were rehearsing 'hold-ups,' and a play was put on the San Francisco stage giving a melodramatic setting to their crime."

"On another visit to California I was returning from the southern part of the State, and our train had stopped for breakfast at a railway eating-station. Here I saw a short man with a mustache pull a pistol and shoot a tall bearded man, who fell dead on the floor. When I had recovered from the nervous fit into which this shocking occurrence threw me, I was told that the dead man was the chief justice of the California court of chancery; that he had drawn a long dagger and tried to stab a venerable man with a white beard who was standing near me. This man I was told was the lord chief justice of the United States Supreme Court. Thereupon the bailiff of the Supreme Court instantly shot the chief justice of the chancery court. He fell on the floor of the railway station, dying 'with his boots on,' as the paper tersely put it. To my amazement I found that a portion of the community upheld the act of the murderous chief justice, and that an organized attempt was made to punish the court bailiff who slew him in defending the United States judge. I do not understand the intricacies of your State and Federal law, but I was told that the Federal courts had 'to strain a point' to keep the California courts from hanging the bailiff for saving the Federal judge's life. From the first of these incidents I would say that California is far behind Turkey in respect for law. From the second I should say that she is inferior to central Africa in respect for human life."

I had worn a confident smile when I invited the lady to turn her attention from New York to California. As she went on, the smile froze upon my lips. But all the New Yorkers were grinning when she finished her diatribe—confound them!

The entire collection of casts presented to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University by the Emperor William, comprising relics of nearly all of the famous pieces of sculpture and statuary in the German Empire, is valued at \$1,250,000. One hundred and eighty cases of casts have already reached the university, and one hundred and twenty more are on the way.

In his speech at the State university at Berkeley last week, President Roosevelt said that the men who typify the qualities which rightly we should hold in the highest reverence, are "the statesmen, the soldiers, the scholars, the poets; the architects of our material prosperity also, but only also."

NEW YORK'S COACHING PARADE.

Colonel Jay Again Reviews the Procession—Twelve Perfectly Appointed Drags in Line—Members of the Four Hundred Who Made Up the Coaching-Parties.

The statue of Commerce in Central Park, just off the Eighth Avenue entrance, was the point of rendezvous for the annual parade of the New York Coaching Club last Saturday morning. The scene was an animated one, for mixed in with the twelve smart coaches were broughams, victorias, and coupés, and by quarter-past eleven the place was thronged with sightseers on horse and afoot, some in automobiles, and some on bicycles. Three May parties of the tenements gathered at the driveside, lending color to the picture, as they gazed with awe on the grand people on the coaches.

On the headstalls of the horses and in the coat lapels of whips and servants were bunches of flowers, jonquils, ragged sailor, or carnations, to match the colors of the drags. The whips wore the bottle-green cutaway coats, with yellow and black striped waistcoats, of the club uniform, with silk hats. It was too warm for whips or passengers to need wraps, but many of the women wore light feather boas. The arrival of each drag was followed by morning greetings and brief chats across from coach tops, but all was sportsmanlike attention when Colonel Jay, ruddy and genial as ever, dropped his hands and his team started down the road. The parade went up the west drive to the circle at One Hundred and Tenth Street, where the colonel's coach—in which were seated Mrs. Jay, Miss Eleanor Jay, Miss Gladys Brooks, E. V. R. Thayer, and Joseph Minott—pulled out of the line, and the president of the club reviewed the parade. Afterward the coaches took their own way to the Morris Park Race Track, where luncheon was served. The scene at the races was especially brilliant, for, in addition to the drags which figured in the procession, there were many coaches which came from the various country houses of the Westchester district. Indeed, with the coaches, the dresses, the animation, and the picturesque landscape, there was much to suggest Sandown and Chantilly.

In the parade, Alfred G. Vanderbilt drove chestnut leaders and bay wheelers to his black coach with maroon stripes. His passengers were Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Natica Rives, Miss Evelyn Parsons, and William P. Burden. The party on Robert L. Gerry's coach consisted of Miss Corneli Harriman, Mrs. Gerry, Miss Jean Reid, Delancey Kountze, and Thomas Slidell. James Henry Smith, who drove four chestnuts to his black-and-blue striped coach, had Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies on the box-seat beside him, while Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue Livingston, Mrs. J. Lee Taler, and T. Suffern Taler made up the remainder of the party. With C. Ledyard Blair on his yellow and black coach, drawn by roans and bays crossed, were Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Frederick Bull, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Van Ingen. E. Victor Loew, Jr.'s red and blue coach, drawn by three bays and a chestnut, had on board Miss Mabel Gerry, Mrs. J. Norman de R. Whitehouse, Miss Loew, Harry Pelham Robbins, and J. Norman de R. Whitehouse. Peter Gerry, who drove four chestnuts hitched to his black and maroon drag, had with him Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Miss Angelica Gerry, Mrs. Maxwell Stevenson, and Maxwell Stevenson. The somewhat sombre appearance of the black coach and coal black team of James H. Hyde was relieved by the gray toilets of Mrs. Sydney Dillon Ripley, Miss Natalie Schenck, and Mrs. George J. Gould, who, together with Bradish Johnson made up his party. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney occupied the seat beside her husband on his coach, which also contained Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Waterbury. G. L. Boissevain, who drove four blacks to his blue paneled black coach, had beside him Mrs. Boissevain. Mrs. J. M. Ellsworth, and Mr. and Mrs. John Magee were also of his party. From a picturesque point of view, the coach of G. G. Haven, Jr., who drove a team of grays and bays, was, perhaps, the least attractive in the line, as his party consisted exclusively of men, among them being Reginald Rives, Hamilton Cary, and Harry Eldridge.

This year's coaching season, by the way, promises to remain memorable in the annals of the sport in America, for, in the number of coaches on the road, and in the importance of some of the coaching enterprises, as well as in other features, the present year stands alone. George Eggleston Dodge's orange and black drag, the Westchester, carries passengers from the Plaza Hotel to the Westchester Country Club and back again every day, except Sunday. On every Wednesday during the season it is reserved for members of the Ladies' Coaching Club, and they not only ride, but they drive. Miss Gulliver, the daughter of W. C. Gulliver, secretary of the Coaching Club, was the whip the other day, and those who saw her bring the Westchester out of the park and up to the hotel, voted unanimously that Reginald Rives himself couldn't have done it in better style. It is said that Mr. Dodge will take his coach off the road the latter part of this month, and will ship some of the horses to England, where he intends to run a public coach between Margate and Canterbury, beginning about July 1st.

James W. Hyde's coach, the Liberty, ended its season last Friday. Its route was from Lakewood to New York, the longest over which a public coach has ever been operated for such a length of time; nevertheless, Mr. Hyde and his professional aid, Morris E. Howlett, brought the Liberty on time to the minute, day after day, in the worst of weather. The Pioneer coach, which runs from the Holland House to the Ardsley Club and return, goes out filled up with passengers every day, and is booked ahead almost to the end of the season. It makes the daily run of fifty-two miles in about five hours, including stops and changes. The Pioneer will be kept on the road until June 6th, when the season will end in the usual way, with the annual sale of the horses. The Squadron, a public coach, owned and operated by Squadron A of the National Guard, has just started to run three times a week from the Hotel Savoy, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street, to the

polo field at Van Cortland Park and return. The trips will be made on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays until the organization is ordered into camp.

The opening of the Morris Park races on Thursday brought out three more public coaches. The Good Times, which now ranks as the oldest coach running out of New York, having been on the road every year since 1896, starts each day from the Waldorf-Astoria at noon, arriving at the race track, twelve miles distant, at five minutes past one o'clock. Aurek Batonyi, the professional whip in charge of the Good Times, also looks after the Free Lance, which runs daily from the Waldorf-Astoria to Morris Park, leaving Thirty-Fourth Street at one o'clock. Last, but not least among the public coaches, is Richard F. Carman's Reliance. It is billed to run from Sherry's to Morris Park during the racing season.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1903.

FLANEUR.

KING EDWARD IN PARIS.

Unenthusiastic Reception of the English Sovereign—Gala Dramatic and Operatic Performances—How President Loubet Played the Role of Host.

Many of the London papers just to hand print stories of King Edward's recent visit to Paris which are intended to give their readers the impression that his reception was wildly enthusiastic. As a matter of fact, this is far from the truth, according to many correspondents and visitors who witnessed the various brilliant entertainments arranged in honor of the British sovereign. All the leading French papers—the *Gaulois*, the *Journal*, the *Martin*, the *Elclair*, the *Figaro*, and the *Rappel*—printed friendly editorials welcoming King Edward, and columns of anecdotes and reminiscences of his former visits to the French metropolis as Prince of Wales. Rochefort's *Intransigeant*, Drumont's *Libre Parole*, and Millevoye's *La Patrie* only refused to wax enthusiastic: The latter paper seized the occasion to open a subscription for the presentation of an "object of art" to ex-President Krüger, but less than a hundred dollars was collected. *La Patrie* jokingly announced that King Edward intended conferring on M. Pelletan, the minister of marine, the Order of the Bath. "If he does," said *La Patrie*, "we will open a subscription to buy him the soap." This unfriendly paper also amused its readers by discussing the police regulations, which were rather severe in the matter of cries that were to be allowed when the king passed through the streets of Paris. "Any word objectionable to the sovereign," it was announced, "will be rigorously suppressed." On this basis *La Patrie* found that "Down with England," "Down with the English," "Death to the English," "Death to Edward the Seventh," would not be permitted. It humorously suggested that those who objected to cheering King Edward might, without injury to their sensitive feelings, cry "Vive la Patrie!"

Of the king's official entry into Paris on Friday, May 1st, the New York *Tribune's* correspondent says:

The crowd lining both sides of the route followed by the king was variously computed as numbering from 250,000 to 300,000 sightseers. All the windows were packed with spectators. One entresol in the Champs-Élysées was rented for the afternoon for \$520, and windows at the various hotels brought from \$10 to \$60 each. Thousands of persons came to Paris not only from across the Channel, but from the country. The precautions taken by M. Lepine, prefect of police, were admirable, but invisible. The shop windows were full of postal-cards, with portraits of King Edward, followed by the score of the first bars of "God Save the King." Street hawkers rushed about selling small British flags and cheap sleeve-links engraved with British flags. The Montmartre poets did not let grass grow under their feet, and thousands of comic songs—"Edouard à Paris Arrivé," "D'Edouard and Viens Mimile," with amusing and sarcastic, but by no means offensive, words, set to the tune of that irrepressible of the popular songs of the day, "Viens Pourpoule"—were sold like hot cakes. With extremely good taste, the municipal authorities did not attempt any artificial decorations in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which is just now at the height of beauty, with its rows of fresh green chestnut-trees, but the decorations of the Place de la Concorde, the Rue Royale, the Place Vendôme, the Avenue and Place de l'Opéra, and the Rue de la Paix were fully as elaborate as on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia. Everywhere were triumphal arches surmounted by British royal crowns. There were long garlands of colored electric lamps, representing the roses of England, effective by day as well as by night. These garlands were supported by pilones and trellises of exquisite workmanship. Hundreds of royal British standards waved in the Place Vendôme, and, in the Rue de la Paix, the posts were surmounted by English leopards, Scotch lions, and Irish harps.

A curious circumstance which was remarked by one of the French papers, and which symbolizes strikingly the change which has come over French opinion, is that the hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines, where ex-President Krüger stayed when in Paris, decorated its balconies with illuminated designs, and on the angle of the balcony on the third floor, where Mr. Krüger saluted the crowd which acclaimed him, there was placed a large royal crown, and, underneath, the word "Welcome."

The New York *Sun's* correspondent thus comments on the demeanor of the great mass of Parisians as the king moved through the streets:

There was nowhere the slightest trace of the enthusiasm that marked the reception of the Czar. The people assembled quickly, and as quickly dispersed. There was almost no cheering. An animated cry of "There they are" announced the appearance of the cortège. Many raised their hats as the king and president passed, but a majority of the crowd simply stood and looked. On the other hand, there was nowhere the slightest sign of anything approaching hostility. Not even a disparaging remark was heard. The people were most numerous in the Place de la Concorde. Here there were no decorations, save the tri-color on the public buildings. A band played "God Save the King" as his majesty passed, and it was easy then to pick out the English, who removed their hats as the first notes of the air were heard. Then the band played the "Marseillaise," which was greeted by cheering that was not loud, but which was the most audible demonstration on the part of the crowd made anywhere. It was the same in other places where hands were stationed, which were not many. To put it briefly, the king's reception was quiet, but thoroughly cordial.

In the evening, a state performance was given at the National Theatre, the play being "L'Autre Danger," a comedy in four acts, by Maurice Donnay:

A large crowd assembled in the neighborhood of the theatre a couple of hours before the opening, but a strong police guard was present, and the officers allowed only a moderate number of people in the immediate front of the building. These remained patiently waiting until the performance was over at quarter to twelve o'clock. The theatre was well, but not entirely, filled. Those present were chiefly men, made up of members of the senate and Chamber of Deputies, public officials, and members of the various embassies. There was absolutely no decoration. Even the box which the king, President Loubet, and Mme. Loubet occupied was not distinguishable from the others. There was not even a bouquet for Mme. Loubet. At five minutes after nine, the king led the way into the box, followed by Mme. Loubet and the president. There was no orchestra, and the trio took their seats in complete silence save for a universal rustle as glasses were leveled. As soon as they were seated the curtain was raised. The king, smiling and completely at his ease, followed the play with evident interest, and occasionally laughed heartily. President and Mme. Loubet were somewhat oppressed air. The king sat in the centre, with Mme. Loubet on his right and the president on his left. Neither spoke to the king first during the first two acts, his majesty turning now to one and now to the other. During the last two acts, however, it was noted that both the President and Mme. Loubet once or twice spoke first. Throughout the performance the king glanced discreetly through his opera-glasses at the front row of the balcony, where, with congenial foresight, had been seated a choice array of the prettiest actresses of France, including Mlle. Jeanne Granier, Mme. Réjane and her pretty daughter, Mlle. Bréval, Mlle. Rachel Boyer, Mlle. Bertiny, Mlle. Gambelli, Mlle. Lobstein, and Mme. Heglon. La Belle Otero managed to get in, but as she had not been personally invited, she was asked to leave the theatre, which she immediately did. This incident caused a great stir and much newspaper discussion. Rochefort, in his *Intransigeant*, said: "This insult to an individual, whose beauty is her only crime, is shameful. To turn her out, after she was once seated, was disgraceful, even if her beauty did make a painful contrast to the wife of the Radical deputy who sat beside her. In any event, Otero never was on trial for a breach of the public morals, and the government, which numbers among its ministers one who has been tried in the police court for a breach of public decency, has no right to be too strict."

On Saturday morning, King Edward attended a brilliant spectacle at Vincennes, when for the first time since Henry the Eighth of England met Francis the First on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, near Calais, an English king reviewed a French army. Says one writer who was present:

The troops, which had been massed far back on the right, commenced to march past at fifteen minutes past ten, and for three-quarters of an hour ten thousand picked French troops passed before the eyes of the British sovereign. As the colors of each regiment appeared after the mounted buglers who sounded their call, every one stood. King Edward gave a military salute, while President Loubet and the others doffed their hats. Then for the first time since the king's visit came an outburst of that enthusiasm for which Frenchmen are famous. Neither the president of the republic, the King of England, the prime minister of the country, nor the minister of war had been able to arouse it, but it was kindled to a full blaze the moment the first body of soldiers, a squadron of lancers, trotted past. Then, as regiment after regiment of foot and of all branches of the artillery followed each other, men and women alike on all sides shouted out deliriously "Vive l'armée," "Vive l'armée." Once in a while one could hear the shout "Vive la France," but it was very evident that "Vive l'armée" is the cry nearest to the French heart. The climax to the review was a furious charge of the whole brigade of cavalry.

In the afternoon, when President Loubet went to the British embassy to take King Edward to Longchamps, a trifling accident to his carriage caused some sensation among the crowd:

Owing to the efforts of the coachmen to avoid running over people, a wheel of the carriage struck a stone guard on one side of the embassy carriage entrance, which caused momentary confusion and cries of fear among the people. But the horses were soon under control, and the president stepped out of the vehicle, smiling, amid acclamations of the spectators. At the famous race-course, an enormous crowd of fashionable and aristocratic persons gathered. The driveways and paddock were packed closely with open carriages filled with gay racing-parties, the women being in rich costumes of bright colors. Nearly nine thousand carriages entered the inclosures. King Edward and President Loubet arrived at half-past three, and were warmly acclaimed as they took their places in the royal box, where Mme. Loubet, Mme. Saint Prix, and a party of officers awaited them. The king wore an overcoat and carried field-glasses. He had the appearance of a gentlemanly sportsman. The first race was run just as the king was entering the box, and resulted in an unintended courtesy, as the event was won by Chrysanthemum, a daughter of the famous Persimmon.

In the evening, a grand, gala performance took place at the Opéra, which presented an aspect quite as brilliant as that given in honor of the Emperor of Russia. King Edward attended divine services on Sunday, and on Monday, in order to pay his compliments to the French fleet, proceeded to Cherbourg. On his departure, the king was accompanied to the Gare des Invalides by President Loubet and the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps:

Before entering the railway carriage, King Edward shook hands warmly with President Loubet. There was no exchange of kisses, as is usual among sovereigns on the Continent. King Edward bade farewell to the principal ministers and diplomatists, and entered the car. Then occurred an awkward pause. It was evidently expected that the train would move out at once, but it did not, and for some minutes the king stood at the window smiling and howing, and then retired, but the train did not move. The king returned and repeated this performance three times, and finally his majesty's valet, who thought the king wanted President Loubet to enter the coach for a final few words, opened the door. President Loubet started forward, but the king signaled the valet to close the door. Then the king and the president looked toward the engine driver, and the train finally started, the band again playing "God Save the King."

All the correspondents agree that King Edward's visit to Paris has been a success, even though his reception has not been over enthusiastic. "The mere fact," says one writer, "that he has been able to visit Paris and drive through streets decorated with Union Jacks is in itself a thing of enormous import. Not even one British flag has been pulled down in a city where a year ago that standard could not have been shown. Moreover, President Loubet has promised to repay this visit by going to London in the summer."

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

How Randol, the Gringo, Lost Dolores.

The deep, bright blueness of a Mexican sky bent low over its favored children, as if it would shut away from them, on this one day, every shadow of seriousness or care, and must have been gratified by the gorgeous pageant the Plaza Zocalo flashed back in return. Since early dawn the vendors from the hill districts had been pouring into the city, and tiny booths, like mushroom, had been springing up all over the market quarter. Long before the first sleepy-eyes in the town had begun to open, the Indian had started on his journey to dispose of his wares as his Toltec and Aztec ancestors had done a thousand years before. For this was the great feast-day of the springtime, and it is only on such a day the variegated City of Mexico is seen in all its glory. It is then the market-place is the most brilliant scene the all-beholding sun looks down upon in all his course. Out of doors, the brilliancy of the colorings is somewhat tempered by the atmosphere, but even so the brain is assailed by such rude blasts of color as almost to make it reel. Gay awnings, bright *rebozos*, many-hued *serapes*, embroideries, spangles, flowers, deep skies, burning suns, brilliant verdure, all conspire to intoxicate the eye. And the rank, primary hues of their chosen colorings suggest, to the thoughtful, something of the primitive nature of the Children of the Sunshine.

And yet, amid all this exterior gladness, hearts were aching, eyes were weeping, hopes were falling in the stately old house of Cardenas. The warmth of the sunshine and the brightness of the skies could not penetrate the gloom in the heart of Dolores. Her great dark eyes looked out on an altogether bleak and cheerless world.

The great old house of the Cardenas family had been the home of generations of beautiful Cardenas daughters from time immemorial. Since the first Señorita Dolores, the women of this house had held their stately heads at the prescribed angle, had felt the weight of dignity of belonging to the oldest family in Mexico, had preserved the family feuds and friendships unquestionably, had dutifully married the suitor chosen by their parents; and had lived, died, and been gathered to their fathers, with never a thought of revolt against the family traditions.

But Dolores, the youngest of the family, the erstwhile petted darling of the household, with the blood of such an ancestry in her veins, the example of countless progenitors before her eyes, now arose in open revolt against every tradition of the family.

The assembled hosts stood aghast at this unexampled waywardness, and declared she was not worthy to bear the sacred name of Cardenas. The suitor they had chosen for her was, to the mind of the family, in every way a worthy alliance for a Cardenas, and, as they argued, if he pleased them, why should he not please her? Miguel, who since the death of the old señor, his father, had taken the reins as the head of the family, had no thought of being overruled by a slip of a girl; but the old señora, when she realized her daughter's will was as inflexible as her own, was almost at the point of being lenient.

Now, however, when it was discovered that Dolores Cardenas had defied them all—not because she was too young to marry or had any tangible objection to the choice of her family, but because she had clandestinely met, loved, and pledged herself to an American, a miserable upstart Gringo—it was decided she should be promptly sent into a convent to take the veil.

As a consequence, this beautiful holiday world was a bleak and cheerless place to-day for the little Señorita Dolores. As she stood at her window, seeing nothing but the horror of convent walls closing in upon her, she clutched within her hand her only hope, a tiny, crumpled scrap of paper, on which she read over and over:

"Go straight to the Plaza Zocalo. I will know you under any disguise if you will wear a white cross on your shoulder. I will wait for you at the pottery stall of old Pancha. Then Mexico adios!"

The girl watched the shadows settling down over the festive city, and summoned all her courage for this fateful step. As she looked about her, she felt the very walls that had sheltered so many dutiful Cardenas daughters must cry out against her, but what else could she do?

The old Bishop of Arezzo, the family confessor, was holding a solemn conclave in the room below with Miguel and the señora. So, slipping into her disguise, she waited for the noises of the household to settle down into a twilight quiet.

"The only safeguard is a convent," she heard her brother saying as she crept toward the half-open door.

But as they sat so calmly deliberating upon her fate, little did they dream that at that moment, that very instant, not three yards from them, the little rebel was stealing past them out into the world. Once, in the course of their discussion, something had caused the old señora to stop and listen. Was it a door creaking on a rusty hinge, she asked herself, or a rat scampering through the thick adobe wall? On the other side of the partition the little fugitive stood breathless. The noise was not repeated, however, so the voice of the señora arose again and droned on in its argument as to the respective merits of the different sisterhoods.

The fugitive daughter wondered if these old souls,

who could dispose so calmly of another life, had forgotten the joys of the heyday of their own youth, or if the good rich blood had ever caroused through their veins as hers did now. She crushed her toy-basket close to her heart to still the tumult of its beating for fear its loud knocking must arouse the house.

The shadows had wrapped the city in a merciful monotone of gray as she slipped out the door, under the armorial bearings of the house of Cardenas, whose name she was no longer to bear. Never before had she been out in the street alone. Old Carmela had always been as close as her shadow; but, as she remembered she was no longer herself, but for the nonce a mere *peon* toy-vendor, she held her basket close, and turned toward the plaza. The tide of travel was still set in that direction, for the evening was the gayest time of all. So, falling in with the throng, she was soon an insignificant atom in the crowd.

Arrived upon the plaza, the eyes of the Señorita Cardenas widened with excitement. This was the first time in her life she had mingled so closely with the market-place rabble. The haggling of the buyers, the soliciting of the vendors, the babel of tongues, the yelping of the dogs, the curious-looking foreigners, made up as strange a sight to the carefully brought up little Spanish girl as to the rankest outsider. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes burned with the thrill of novelty, and, forgetting about her toys, she stood lost in wonder at the life about her. The plaza with its people, its booths, its groups of bull-fighters, flower-girls, and grantees, all jostling shoulders in good-natured haste, might be a full-dress rehearsal of "Carmen," she thought.

At every step deeper into the crowd her safety became surer. She began to wonder what would happen at home when they discovered her flight. She smiled to herself at the consternation that would ensue when, after deciding finally upon which convent she should enter, they found their bird had flown.

Just then, a rude party of Mexican youths, seeing the smiling little toy-vendor, stopped with a familiar jest and tried to talk with her. Now, for the first time, she realized her forlorn position. A sudden fear seized her that she might in some way miss Randol in all this great crowd. Then a new fear clutched her heart. What if, after counting the danger her abduction would bring upon his head, he had failed her!

The next instant she banished the thought, for straight beyond, towering above the crowd, she saw the tall erect figure of Randol jostling everybody out of his way in his haste to reach the stall of old Pancha in time. The girl watched him with already the pride of possession. How different he was from the other men she saw! How handsome and fine! The man's keen eyes were scanning every face that passed. Purposely, she drew into a corner to watch him and realize the fact that it was for her his eyes were so intent and his face so eager. She could wait and prolong the joy of the coming moment, for when they did meet it would be for always.

As she turned her eyes for an instant to follow the surging crowd, she caught, or fancied she caught, a sight of Miguel's retreating figure. Was it possible her escape had already been discovered, she wondered. There was no doubt in her mind as to the measures he would take when he found she would not return home with him. To Miguel the honor of his house was dearer than anything in the world. He would not scruple to kill this Gringo to preserve his family escutcheon from a blot. And well his sister knew that when his pride and anger met, there would be no quarter.

With this thought the little vendor shrank deeper into the shadow. When her flight was discovered there would be only one explanation of it. The whole city would be aroused in an instant, and their escape made impossible. Randol, in his straightforwardness and self-confidence, could not be made to realize their danger. But as the little *peon* vendor stood alone and unbefriended in this great city, she felt the force of her helplessness against her brother's power. And her lover! As she looked at him she felt the danger she had brought upon him with a new poignancy. Why should she let him risk his life for her?

Randol, meanwhile, stalked up and down in front of the stall, growing restless and impatient. Suddenly, as if drawn by the intensity of her longing, he turned and walked straight toward her. With an instinctive cry of joy she turned to spring toward him. But the next instant the cry was stifled. Instead, she flattened herself against the wall and held her breath. The white cross she had pinned upon her shoulder in such ecstasy was turned to the shadow and her *rebozo* drawn close about her face.

Straight on he came. Crouching against the wall, she waited. He brushed so near she almost felt his breath upon her cheek. She clasped her hands tight over her heart and dug her nails so deep into her palms the blood came to the surface in tiny crescent-shaped gashes. But she made no sound.

Her life was of no great consequence, she told herself, but Randol was dearer to her than a thousand lives. She could not let him risk himself so recklessly for her.

As Randol, disappointed and baffled, reached the corner, the lights flared in his face and she saw the eagerness in his eyes had given place to suspicion. He must think her false! He who had believed so implicitly in her faith that he had gladly risked every-

thing for her, would now think she had put her family pride above his love.

The gay holiday throng surged around her. Girls with glowing eyes looked up into the faces smiling above them, happy voices rang in her ears, passing singers trolled gay love-songs, while the forlorn little toy-vendor stood motionless in her corner.

Would he go? Had he given her up? She strained her eyes after him as he mingled with the crowd. Perhaps he did not care so much after all!

No, he was coming back! If she could only tell him she was true, she thought. If he could know all the long years that were to follow that she had failed him only to save him, then he would think kindly of the nun in the Spanish convent.

He was again almost within reach, peering, searching, wondering. She could stand it no longer. Dropping her basket quietly to the ground the piteous little creature turned and fled.

When Randol reached the angle of the wall where the shadows grew deep and thick, he looked carefully, but found it empty.

Back through the streets the little *peon* fled, alone. No one tried to speak to her, for every eye was filled with the lights and pleasures in the plaza beyond.

She reached the frowning house she had so lately left forever, and found it still in darkness.

It was early yet, but she had lived out all the joys and sorrows of her life in this one hour. She slipped quietly around to the servants' entrance, then into the great hall. The door was still half open, and the bishop's voice was still explaining to the señora the penance her daughter would have to go through before she could enter the sisterhood.

Again the old señora thought she heard an unusual sound in the hall. Was it a door creaking on a rusty hinge, she asked herself, or a rat scampering through the old adobe wall?

Again the little figure on the other side of the partition stopped and held her breath till the voices took up their argument.

When at last the unsuspecting señora came to Dolores's room, and said, sternly, "My daughter, we have decided," the little señorita meekly acquiesced like a worthy Cardenas.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

After nearly half a century of hard work on the stage, the late Stuart Robson left an estate valued at only thirty-five thousand dollars.

News comes from Amsterdam that the stork is again hovering over Queen Wilhelmina's palace. This intelligence has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among her subjects, who seem to have already forgotten last year's unpleasant scandals.

Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," has resigned his commission as colonel on the staff of Governor Nahum J. Bacheider, of New Hampshire, and the resignation has been accepted. The reason given for the resignation is pressure of professional work.

By the death of Mrs. Alicia Armstrong, sister-in-law of the late Lord Armstrong, of London, who invented the celebrated Armstrong gun, Miss Dora E. Thompson, a nurse connected with the First Reserve Hospital in Manila, falls heir to two hundred thousand dollars. Miss Thompson is Mrs. Armstrong's only known relative.

Ellen M. Stone has written a long letter to the State Department at Washington, D. C., demanding damages from the Turkish Government on account of outrages perpetrated upon her by the brigands who captured and held her prisoner while she was in the Turkish Empire. Miss Stone does not fix any amount as a basis of her claim. The letter is written from Kear Portage, Ontario. In the published correspondence between this government and Turkey, no suggestion for a claim for damages was made.

Lord Wemyss has the unique distinction of being the only man who ever struck the present King of England. It happened during a debate in the House of Lords, when the king, then Prince of Wales, occupied a seat in front of Lord Wemyss, who was speaking with a great deal of animation. While emphasizing a point he brought his fist down on top of the prince's silk hat with such force that the hat was smashed in and pushed down over the eyes of the royal listener. Apologies followed. The prince remarked that he appreciated the force of Lord Wemyss's remarks, and then moved out of range of the lord's energetic arm.

Marie Corelli is out on the warpath again, the object of her wrath this time being Andrew Carnegie. She tried to see the multi-millionaire in London, the other day, to protest against his alleged vandalism of demolishing two ancient houses on Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, to erect a Carnegie free library. But the steel king declined to see the fiery little novelist, who has recently written some slighting things about him for the press. Mr. Carnegie explains his position thus: "When I gave the money at the request of the local authorities for a free library my responsibility ceased. I have no right and do not wish to interfere with the action of the local authorities in selecting a site. I am quite sure they are as anxious as Miss Corelli to destroy no relic of Shakespeare."

NEW LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.

Extracts from W. A. Linn's Interesting Biography—How the New York "Tribune" was Founded—Characteristic Anecdotes.

William A. Linn's "Horace Greeley" is the latest addition to Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. The author served for some years in the office of the New York *Tribune*, and gives a straightforward, sympathetic account of Greeley's work as newspaper writer and politician, making no attempt to gloss over his shortcomings, but giving him full credit for his achievements in the newspaper world. Mr. Linn tells the truth regarding Greeley's attitude toward secession at the epoch just preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, and regarding his attitude of unreluctance toward Lincoln, not only during the Presidential campaign of 1864, but up to the very night of Lincoln's assassination. He writes:

On the day that Lincoln was shot Greeley had written an editorial, "a brutal, bitter, sarcastic attack" on the President. When the proof of this article reached the hands of the managing editor, Sidney Howard Gay, in the evening, Mr. Lincoln was dying from his wound. Gay suppressed the editorial, telling the foreman to lock up the type and tell no one of its existence. The next day, when Greeley found that the article was not in the paper, he accosted Gay in a rage, saying: "They tell me you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I would like to know if I can not print what I choose in my own paper?" Gay replied that the article was still in type, and could be used, but added: "Only this, Mr. Greeley. I know New York, and I believe before God that there is so much virtue in New York that, if I had let that article go into this morning's paper, there would not be one brick upon another in the *Tribune* office now."

Greeley never alluded to the subject again, and it is satisfactory to remember that he ultimately formed and expressed an adequate conception of Lincoln's character and career. In an address on Lincoln, which he wrote in 1868, he said:

"Looking back through the lifting mists of even eventful, tragic, trying, glorious years, I clearly discern that the one providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama—faithfully reflecting, even in his hesitations and seeming vacillations, the sentiment of the masses—fitted by his very defects and shortcomings for the burdens laid upon him, the good to be wrought out through him, was Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Linn has drawn a wealth of interesting information from the files of the *New Yorker*, the *Jeffersonian*, and the *Log Cabin*, which were associated with Greeley's early newspaper career, and upon each of which he left "his mental photograph." It was in 1841, less than ten years after he had reached New York with ten dollars in his pocket, that Greeley started the *Tribune*, the paper with which his name is indissolubly linked:

He printed in the *Log Cabin* of April 3, 1841, an announcement that on April 10th he would publish the first number "of a new morning journal of politics, literature, and general intelligence," adding: "The *Tribune*, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the people, and to promote their moral, social, and political well-being. The immoral and degrading police reports, advertisements, and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading penny papers, will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the family fireside." Greeley's hopes for the success of his journal rested largely on expectations of future Whig ascendancy, raised by the election of General Harrison to the Presidency. How nearly the wish came to checking the *Tribune* on its birth, Greeley explained in a brief autobiography, dated April 14, 1845, which was published after his death: "In 1841 I issued the first number of the *Daily Tribune*, which should not have done had I not issued a prospectus before General Harrison's death."

The birthday of the *Tribune* fell on the date of the funeral parade held in New York City as a mark of mourning for the President:

It was a day of sleet and snow, and every big heart was howled down. Friends of the editor had secured for him less than five hundred subscribers in advance, but an edition of one thousand was printed, and of these, Greeley says, "I nearly succeeded in giving away 1 of them that would not sell." The first week's receipts were \$92, with which to meet the outgo of \$525; but by the close of that week the paper had two thousand paid subscriptions, and this number increased at the rate of five hundred a week until a total of one thousand was reached on May 22d, and the growth continued. Writing to Weed in the month of that year, Greeley said: "I am getting on as well as I know how with the *Tribune*, but not as well as I expected or wished"; and he called the giving of the list of letters to the postmaster to Stone's paper, "the ugliest cut of all." In a note to R. W. Griswold, on July 10th, he said: "I am poor as a church mouse, and not half so saucy. I have had losses this week, and am perplexed and flustered. But better luck must come, I am hoping for a partner."

Very soon after this note was written, Thomas McElrath surprised him with an offer to become his partner in the new enterprise, and this Greeley gladly accepted, and the announcement of the new firm was made on July 31st:

McElrath contributed \$2,000 in cash as an equivalent for a half-interest. Not until this arrangement was made did Greeley consider the paper "fairly on its feet." The new partner was a member of the firm of McElrath & Bangs, and his natural business tact and his experience supplied something in which the *Tribune* editor was always lacking. This partnership continued for more than ten years. Greeley has called McElrath's business management "never brilliant nor specially energetic," but so "safe and judicious" that it lifted the responsibility of the publication office from the editor's shoulders. The *Weekly Tribune* took the place of the *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin* on September 20th, and the new journal was then ready to address both city and rural readers. The issue of a semi-weekly edition was begun on May 17, 1845.

The price of a single copy of the daily during the first year was one cent, which did not cover the cost of paper and printing, compelling the owners to look for their profits to the advertisements:

Greeley asserted, in 1868, that "no journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important, or the most interesting, occurrences of the day"—a view which many modern newspaper publishers would combat. The price was doubled with the beginning of the second volume, and increased to three cents in 1862, and to four cents in 1865. In 1866 it was enlarged to its present size. The *Tribune's* rivals gave it unintended assistance at the start. The penny *Sun*, for instance, finding that the new journal was gaining some of its readers, tried to hire the *Tribune's* carriers to give up its distribution, and, failing in this, informed news-dealers that those who sold the *Tribune* could not handle the *Sun*. This action stirred up a "war" between the two papers, in which the public took a lively interest, and attention was thus called to a new venture which was confessedly so serious a competitor.

Before he had begun the publication of the *Tribune*, Greeley had hired an editorial assistant on the *New Yorker*, a young man who, while a college student in Vermont, had been a valued contributor to that journal. This was Henry J. Raymond, in later years the founder of the *Tribune's* chief local competitor, the *Times*, and an antagonist in views social and political:

Greeley has said that Raymond showed more versatility and ability in journalism than any man of his age whom he ever met, and that he was the only one of his assistants with whom he had to remonstrate "for doing more work than any human brain and frame could be expected long to endure." Under this management the *Tribune* in its first year forged steadily ahead, winning more and more of the public attention, if not always of the public approval. Greeley's own energy was tireless, his editorial contributions averaging three columns a day. There was no valuable news that he was afraid to print, nothing evil in his view that he was afraid to combat. The transcendentalists of the Boston *Dial*, to which Emerson and Margaret Fuller contributed, had a hearing in his columns, and the doings of a Millerite convention found publication. Greeley himself reported a celebrated trial at Utica, sending in from four to nine columns a day. He aroused a warm discussion by characterizing "the whole moral atmosphere of the theatre" as "unwholesome," and refusing to urge his readers to attend dramatic performances, "as we would expect to if we were to solicit and profit by its advertising patronage." At the same time he offended the religious element by publishing advertisements of unorthodox books, and he accompanied an advertisement of an offer of \$50 for the best tract on the impropriety of dancing by church members, with an offer of prizes of his own for the best tracts on such subjects as "The rightfulness and consistency of a Christian's spending \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on appetites and enjoyments of himself and family, when there are a thousand families within a mile of him who are compelled to live on less than \$200 a year."

Mr. Linn says that Greeley was always easily approached, and the demands on his purse and influence were constant:

To a clerk from New Hampshire, who, arriving in New York with his wife penniless, asked for a "loan" to take him back to his father's house, Greeley replied: "Stranger, I must help you get away. But why say anything about paying me? You know, and I know, you will never pay a cent."

Some applicants, however, did not meet with such a kindly reception:

Chauncey M. Depew has told of finding a visitor in Greeley's editorial room when he made a call on him. The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted, and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning round, Greeley said: "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence." The man said: "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now." As Greeley was a Universalist, this reply was not so severe as it sounded.

The first time Mr. Linn saw Greeley was in the little room, just off the publication office, where he did his work in his later years:

Having occasion to ask him about the publication of some article in the weekly edition, which was then in my charge, I found him busily writing, with a man, hat in hand, standing near him, evidently making some appeal. The desk was piled high with papers, and there was a litter of the same around him on the floor. Over his desk dangled the handle of a bell-cord, with which he could summon his messenger-boy, and by another cord was suspended his scissors, which would have been lost as soon as he laid them down. To his visitor he apparently paid no attention, although the man would occasionally interject a few words, fumbling his hat nervously. At last, having reached the bottom of a page, Greeley swung around in his chair, and, in his querulous voice, said: "I'll be d—d if I am going to spend my time getting New York offices for Jersey men." Then the man went out.

There are few Americans whose personal appearance has been made more familiar than that of Horace Greeley. Of his aspect in early life, Mr. Linn says:

His figure was tall and slender, and his head large and covered with a growth of yellowish, tow-colored hair, so light that it seemed almost white with age. "Gawky" would describe his general aspect. His carelessness about dress, which was a personal characteristic in after life, and which he was sometimes accused of cultivating with a view to effect, began with his boyhood, partly because he had no money with which to buy good clothes, and partly because he was indifferent in the matter. A tattered hat, a shirt and trousers of homespun material, and the coarsest of shoes, sufficed for his summer costume, and when, on his arrival in New York City, he added a linen roundabout, his appearance was so amusing that the boys jeered at him on the streets.

How philosophically Greeley took the matter is shown by his controversy with Fenimore Cooper, who had brought a libel suit against the *Tribune*. Greeley printed a burlesque account of a trial, in which he made Cooper say: "Well then, your honor, I offer to prove by the witness that the plaintiff is tow-headed and half bald at that; he is long-legged, gaunt, and most cadaverous of visage—ergo, homely. . . . I have evidence to prove the said plaintiff shocking in dress; goes bent like a boop, and so rocking in gait

that he walks on both sides of the street at once."

When in 1884 Colonel James Watson Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, who had been sentenced for fighting a duel and pardoned by the governor, spoke of Greeley's dress, the *Tribune* retorted that no costume the editor ever appeared in would create such a sensation in Broadway as that which James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Webb.

After the death of his wife and his Presidential defeat, Greeley wrote to a lady friend, under date of November 8, 1872:

"As to my wife's death, I do not count it. Her sufferings since she returned to me were so terrible that I rather felt relieved when she peacefully slept the long sleep. . . . Nor do I care for defeat, however crushing. I dread only the malignity with which I am hounded, and the possibility that it may ruin the *Tribune*. My enemies mean to kill that; if they would kill me instead I would thank them lovingly. And so many of my old friends hate me for what I have done that life seems hard to hear."

His own words, adds Mr. Linn, tell the story of his death:

"Mr. Greeley," said Dr. Cuyler in his memorial sermon, "died of a broken heart." He had seen the realization of a great ambition within his reach, and had been disappointed. Had he been elected, the campaign criticisms of old friends who had not followed him in his departure from the Republican ranks, would have been forgotten in the mapping out of the policy to which he would have devoted himself, and his paper would have had a new status as the organ of the Federal administration. But, cast down by his defeat—a rejected leader—the personal criticisms were killing, and it was only natural that he, with others, should fear for the future of the journal of his creation, which, he might suppose, must now look to a new constituency for support. But in his death all the animosities of the recent campaign were forgotten.

The volume is supplemented with an index and eight well-chosen illustrations—a frontispiece showing Greeley in 1872, and pictures of his birth-place, Park Rowe in 1830, facsimile extract from the *New Yorker*, Greeley's home at Chappaqua, specimen of Greeley's handwriting, Newspaper Row in 1870, and the statue in Greeley Square.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 net.

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NOTE:

That THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S new novel, "GORDON KEITH," will be published on May 29th.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

A Priest and the Woman.

Two notable contributions to Catholic fiction have been made by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, "One Poor Scruple" of a year ago having been followed by "The Light Behind." As in the earlier novel, "The Light Behind" deals with the aristocratic element among English Roman Catholic old families whose faith has separated them from public affairs as well as prominence in modern social life.

The religious faith of the author is so firmly rooted that it is impossible for her to refrain from attempts at proselytizing, but its animating pietistic spirit does not prevent Mrs. Ward's book from having the tone and manner of the most elegant, exclusive society. The author is quite unique, in that her strongly modern and intellectual trend of thought is so closely united with an ardent religionism. She is ambitious that the political and social prestige of Roman Catholicism should increase, and has a discerning eye on English politics.

Each of these lines of thought leaves its varying impress on her novel, which tells of the ambitious but loveless union of a beautiful and noble woman with a dissipated and despicable scion of a lofty family. The wife strives to atone for the lack of sacredness in her marriage, and for her husband's useless and unworthy career by occupying her own exalted position with dignity, and by fulfilling its duties with ability.

But the unfortunate attachment she inspires in a young Catholic politician whom she has befriended and advised, arouses undeserved calumny, and is the means of driving her from England. Abroad, lonely, suffering, and dying, she is visited, under a misconception, by her would-be-lover, who finds her in *extremis*, and administers to her the last rites of the religion from which his secret and guilty love has impelled him to drift away and whose consolations he again recognizes.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Filipino Character in 1566.

It is to be hoped that the character of the Filipinos has markedly altered for the better since 1566, when the archipelago was visited by Miguel Lopez de Legazpi, in ships flying the flag of Spain. The interesting story of his voyage, with his estimate of Filipino character, is one of the principle documents printed in the second volume of the monumental series, called "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803," which is to be complete in fifty-five volumes, and is to contain English translations of all the notable documents relating to the islands during three hundred years.

Legazpi, in his letter to the king, tells of first reaching some of the smaller islands of the Philippines, where his ship was immediately surrounded with swift *praus*, with lateen sails of palm mats. The natives, as Legazpi makes very clear, were "altogether naked." They had for harter potatoes, rice, yams, cocoa-nuts, ginger, sugar-cane, bananas, and other fruit. They crowded about the ship, whereupon the sailors began to give them "face-cards from old playing-cards, with which they adorned themselves." Afterward, the sailors gave them nails, "which the Indians liked so well that they desired nothing else after that. They would smell them before taking them. For each nail they gave measures of rice containing about half a *fanéga*, more or less. After the rice was drawn up into the boat by means of a rope, and the packages were opened, it was found that only the top layer was rice, and the rest straw and stones. The Indian who had practiced this jest would clap his hands in glee, and laugh long and loud. Then again they would take the nails, and take flight without giving anything in return. They are so great thieves that they even tried to pull out the nails from our ships. All this seems to be the proceeding of savages, as these people really are, for they have only the form of men. They are a crafty and treacherous race, and understand everything."

Elsewhere in his minute and graphic letter, Legazpi speaks of the mendacity and treachery of the Filipinos. He remarks of one island: "This island is called Ladrone [robbers], which, according to the disposition of the inhabitants, is the most appropriate name that could have been given it."

This volume, like the first one, gives promise that this work, when complete, will be a mine of information. The documents from which the translations are made are, many of them, only to be consulted in the archives in Madrid, Seville, and other old Spanish cities.

The translations not only give a picture—as seen by Spanish vision—of the Philippines and Filipinos, but of the lives of seafaring men on the ships of Spain four hundred years ago. Not the least interesting document in the present volume gives an account of the alleged miraculous discovery of a Flemish image of the Christ-child in a Philippine hut. The editors of the work are Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson.

Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O. Sold only by subscription for the entire work; price, \$4.00 per volume.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The title finally decided on for Gwen-dolen Overton's novel of Canadian life is "Anne Carmel." It will be published toward the end of May.

Maurice Hewlett has just finished a novel upon which he had been engaged for the past two years. It concerns a love-story of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is based upon recent historical lights.

On May 20th Charles Scribner's Sons will publish Thomas Nelson Page's long-expected and much-talked-of novel, "Gordon Keith"—the first long novel since "Red Rock"—and F. Hopkinson Smith's new book of stories, "The Under Dog."

Gertrude Atherton is working on a new novel. Its period is the present day, and its range of movement is over Hungary and the United States. The German emperor figures in the story.

Next month the Macmillan Company will publish a beautiful book entitled "World's Children," by Dorothy Menpes. This consists of chapters on "English Children," "Scottish Children," "Irish Children," "Canadian Children," "American Children," and so on, written in lively and vivacious English by a clever and sympathetic observer. The beauty of the volume consists largely in the series of a hundred illustrations in color, reproduced from paintings by Mortimer Menpes, the author's father.

Lionel Strachey is translating the "Memoirs of Mme. Le Brun." He is also the translator from the French of "Memoirs of Countess Potocka," and from the Italian of Matilde Serao's "Conquest of Rome."

The Macmillan Company will publish in the autumn a new story by Cutcliffe Hyne, which takes its title, "McTodd," from a character already familiar to many readers of the "Adventures of Captain Kettle" and some of his other stories.

"A Prince of Sinners," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English novelist, author of "The Traitors" and "A Millionaire of Yesterday," is announced for publication this month by Little, Brown & Co.

Hall Caine is busy with his new novel, which, with an acknowledgment to Turgenieff, he is to entitle "Fathers and Sons." The hook, it is said, will not, however, run on anything like the same social lines as Turgenieff's story. It will deal, rather, with the question of capital as looked on from the point of view of the parent and his heir. In other words, the reader will be presented with a portrait of a millionaire who has laboriously built up a fortune and, as a contrast, with the figure of a kind of plunger who knows only too well how to spend it.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, has completed the first volume of his "Representative English Comedies," and the book will be published at once by the Macmillan Company.

Buck, the hero and central figure of Jack London's new story, "The Call of the Wild," is a St. Bernard. His adventures in the frozen North, on and off the trail, is said to form the theme of one of the most vigorous and spirited stories of the year.

With a view to the preparation of a memoir of the late Edwin L. Godkin, it is requested that his correspondents who may have preserved letters from him available to that end will send them to Lawrence Godkin, 56 Wall Street, New York. They will be returned in all cases when merely loaned.

Mary Alsop King Waddington, the author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," which Charles Scribner's Sons have just brought out, is a daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia College, in the city of New York, from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution. The letters collected in this volume were written during

the period of her husband's diplomatic service in England and Russia to describe to her sisters the personages and incidents of her official life. About a fourth part of their number have lately been published in *Scribner's Magazine*; with this exception, the letters are now given to the public for the first time.

Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four" is the first to appear of the Macmillan Series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors. This will be followed by F. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard!"; and early in June will come a clever novelette by Winston Churchill, "Mr. Keegan's Elopement."

INTAGLIOS.

Stuart Robson.

Here lies his cap and bells,
Tinsel and strings,
Moley, and all his spells—
Dumb, idle things.
Cap, cloak and domino
He used to don—
Let them in silence go,
Now he is gone.

Where is the nimble wit,
Keen, clear, and kind?
Where did his fancies flit?
These left behind
Are but the hollow things—
Tame, empty shells.
Down the Great Jester flings
This cap and bells.

Here lie his cap and bells!
Death, old and wise,
Raises a hand and tells:
" 'Twas a disguise! "

—Chicago Tribune.

Age.

Gray hairs do not a patriarch make,
Nor wrinkled brows a sage:
In subtler ways we deftly take
The finger marks of age!

Ceasing to love! forgetting friends!
When the warm heart turns cold,
Then the recording angel bends
And writes, "He's growing old!"

—Frederick B. Mott in the Independent.

The Coal Miner.

With one deep step he quits the life of light,
And, ghoul-like, stalks among the ages' cribs
To lance the dark and sulphurous veins of night
And sap the heart-fire from her slated ribs.
Weaker than flesh and fibre of the mine,
Less than the atom-shards of flying dust,
Serene he comes to pillage Vulcan's shrine
For warmth of fireside on the greenland crust.

Or he may step into this darkened door—
A prey that Death has set her eyes upon—
To cut his swan-song in the tunnel-core,
His echoing pick unsilenced till the gnawn
Ribs of the world unloose their secreties
In thunderbursts of pent-up centuries!

—Aloysius Coll in May Lippincott's.

At Emerson's Grave.

What afterthoughts the rough-hewn, uncarved stone
Which marks the resting place of Concord's sage
Suggest to our time-serving, restless age!
How strong is its simplicity! Unknown
To it complexity of line! Alone—

Amid the commonplace who ever gauge
Life's Guerdon by its fickle gaids and wage,
Unheeded of the world's grave undertone—
It stands, fit type of him whose soul's hehest
Transcended mere convention's petty bound.

The boulder's rugged outline power implies;
The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz suggest

That inward light which energized and crowned
A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise.
—Charlotte Brewster Jordan in the Outlook.

In his recent brochure on Zola, M. Faguet, of the Académie Française, says: "Zola began to write too soon. Every man who writes before he is thirty, and who does not devote the golden age of his life—from the twentieth year to the thirtieth—to reading, observing, and thinking, without writing a line, runs the risk of having no brain and of being but a journeyman author. There are some exceptions, but they are rare."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Noteworthy Volume of Verse.

The poems of Edward Robeson Taylor not only are marked by feeling and imagination, but deal with what Poe called the most sublime of all subjects, the death of a beautiful woman. Through the pages of this modestly bound volume, called "Visions and Other Verse," in which are collected all of Mr. Taylor's poems which have not found permanent place elsewhere, flits the figure of "her that in the grave was laid long, long ago." Indeed, the whole tendency of this poet's verse is toward passed and half-forgotten things which time has haloed and hallowed. The roses, the skies, the winds of yesteryear, he sings, are unmatched and unmatchable in this.

Mr. Taylor has a fine mastery of the sonnet form, and, indeed, when he abandons the sonnet and his stately pentameters for more sprightly rhythms and rhymes, his verse loses somewhat in charm. Fortunately, however, his love for the sonnet is that of a lover for his mistress, and it is seldom he strays far away from it.

There is little to criticize adversely in Mr. Taylor's verse, and nothing to censure. Perhaps one might say that he too often coins words, or uses approved ones in unusual manner. We find, for instance, the words "immatchless," "careful," "taskless," "fellowed," "innumerable," "lazing," "disputeless"; also the line, "Where the umbrage veils the sky," which use of the word "umbrage," though, of course, etymologically correct enough, sounds odd to modern ears. We quote two representative sonnets:

A SUMMER DAY.

What treasure trove the languorous summer hours
When all their golden moments were our own;
Beneath some tree's soft shade to drowsful
drone,
And build in Dreamland fairy-peopled towers!
The birds are dozing in their leafy hovers
Save the woodpecker tapping far and lone,
While dauntless humble-bees make murmurous
moan
Among the blossoms of the drooping flowers.
The sun sinks down in clouds that seem his pyre;
And as the dusk is edging into dark,
And Hesperus faintly trembles into fire,
The lightning hug floats by—a glowing spark,
While then we hear—ah, now I hear it still—
The plaintive calling of the whippoorwill.

WORK.

To age-worn palace veiled with vine and tree
I listless came one summer afternoon,
A self-invited guest who craved the boon
Of peaceful idleness in that privacy;
And there I saw, as swung the doors for me,
Some of the inmates lounge as half in swoon,
While others gaped and yawned, tried trivial
tune,
Turned a few leaves, then wandered aimlessly.
And when Ennui, the jeweled queen of these,
Rose languid from her couch of poppie ease,
With greeting such as indolence could spare,
I fled aghast, the humblest tool to seize,
And as its strokes with music filled the air,
Peace spread her wings in holy blessing there.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

When Knights Were Bold.

Some of the old romances of feudal times concerning Charlemagne, his vassals, and the wars between Christians and Saracens, have been made to yield the material for "Stories of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France," by Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. The work of the author has been one of re-writing, compressing, and shortening, and that the product is attractive scarcely need be said. Naturally, the tales are historically inaccurate, as we should expect, considering the historical inaccuracies of their sources. The peers of France are magnified above Charlemagne, thus not representing this famous king as the man of prime importance that he was in real life; but, of course, such little things are of no consequence to the reader of romance. The style of the tales reminds one of the stories that begin "once upon a time" and lead the mind to enchanted places—the stories that, like these tales of Charlemagne and his period, have their origin in feudal times. The book's treatment of knights and valiant deeds is such as will appeal to the minds of youth. The work has several illustrations in color.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

Notable Translations From the French.

Prince de Ligne, who was born in Belgium, and who grew up with the events leading to the French Revolution, is an interesting historical character. He was, first, a successful soldier; second, a third-rate diplomat, and inherently a man of great social qualities accompanied by a literary mind that placed in a conspicuous place in French literature his thirty-four volumes of memoirs, letters, and miscellaneous papers. His ability caused

him, in his younger days, to play important parts in Russian and Austrian affairs that immediately preceded the period of the French Revolution. Katharine Prescott Wormeley has selected and translated some of the memoirs, letters, and miscellaneous papers of this notable person, and these appear in two volumes, with an introduction and preface, respectively, by C. A. Sainte-Beuve and Mme. de Staël-Holstein, under the title of "Memoirs of Prince de Ligne," thus making another notable addition to the Versailles Series of Historical Literature.

To the same series, by the same translator, and with an equally good introduction by C. A. Sainte-Beuve, is "Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse." Mlle. de Lespinasse, like the Prince de Ligne, was actuated by a great desire to please, thus accounting for her many social triumphs in Paris; but what has rendered her of striking interest to us of the present day are her love-letters to De Guibert, who was known in her time as a genius, but whose seeming brilliancy was only the flicker of forceless flames that lost their light when the cold draughts of adversity blew in upon them.

Of her grand passion nothing remains except her letters, but they are throbbing, appealing testimonials of a great love that was never satisfied. No one can read them without deeply respecting the author for the strength of her love.

Published by Hardy, Pratt & Co., Boston.

New Publications.

"American Standard Bookkeeping," by C. C. Curtis, A. M., is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Brief Greek Syntax," by Louis Bevier, Jr., Ph. D., professor of Greek in Rutgers College, is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

To the serviceable series of Temple Classics have been added Frances Burney's novel, "Evelina," in two volumes, each with frontispiece, and "The Bee and Other Essays," by Oliver Goldsmith, in one volume, with frontispiece. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents per volume.

A brightly written, popular guide-book, entitled "Washington: Its Sights and Insights," has been written by Harriet Earhart Monroe. The volume is handsomely bound, and contains a frontispiece portrait of President Roosevelt, and a number of other illustrations. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Publishers seem to be convinced—and rightly so—that the public wants editions of Stevenson that can be carried about handily. Several small volumes have lately appeared, neatly bound, well printed, and tastefully illustrated, and now comes "Memories and Portraits," in similar guise. We have seldom seen a more pleasing moderate-priced book than this. Type and illustrations are particularly to be commended. Published by Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

For his little book of "Civil War Stories," John T. Bell has explored the one hundred and thirty volumes of government war records, Union and Confederate, and has drawn therefrom curious stories, incidents, and little-known facts. These he has woven together into a continuous narrative, touching upon all the larger subjects connected with the rebellion. Mr. Bell himself was a member of the Second Iowa Infantry, and his own recollections illumine and supplement what he has gleaned from the official documents. He writes without bitterness or rancor, and the book, as a whole, is an interesting one. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

What were Shakespeare's moral and religious beliefs has been a matter of much speculation. Various writers with various opinions have reached conclusions; but, in the nature of things, the conclusions have largely been but the reflections of their own desires. Thus, while to attempt to determine creed from historic sources, or from his works, is to indulge in an exercise bordering on guessing, yet a very promising undertaking is the study of Shakespeare's portraiture of the character and morals of the subtle creations that adorn his plays. This Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph. D., has done in "Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life." The author has brought to his aid a minute knowledge of Shakespeare's writings, and he handles citations and quotations effectively in developing his argument. The work is a valuable addition to Shakespearean literature. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 net.

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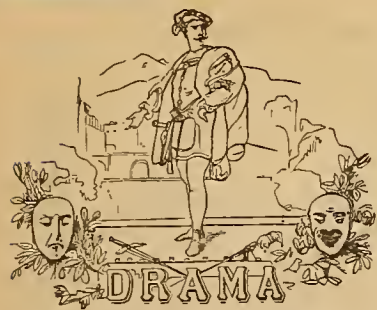
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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Edwin Stevens was indubitably created for the express purpose of convincing doubters that present-day comic opera is comic. Not that comic opera is the proper term for "Wang" and its fellows. Indeed, there is no generic appellation to apply to the vague, formless, devious mixture of music, spectacle, and buffoonery which, on the American stage, takes the place of that joyous burlesque of serious opera, termed by the French "opéra bouffe." "Comic opera" proper, or *opéra comique*, includes the works of such masters as Mozart, but, in default of an equally specific term, one finds one's self occasionally using it because it is so happily descriptive of—well, of "Wang." De Wolf Hopper was, if I am not mistaken, the first singing comedian to introduce San Franciscans to "Wang." An odd thing about De Wolf Hopper is that he is not particularly funny—that is; on the burlesque opera stage—except when he interpolates one of his famous speeches. At such moments, his air of inspired idiocy is as luminous as a searchlight.

Now, Edwin Stevens is always funny, and no man can say why. Is it because he looks as if he were enjoying himself by himself and didn't care a San Francisco cent whether he was funny or not? Is it because he kindles a perfect conflagration of high spirits among his fellow-players, that lights up the whole stage with spontaneous fun? Is it because there is anything that the dictionary can lay hold of, and precisely define, in his gestures his jigs, or his jokes that is funnier than those of others?

Impossible to say. All we know is, that he makes us, and sometimes his associates, laugh spontaneously, unreasonably, continuously.

And that power of irresistibly funny clowning is, above all things, the most essential to the success of burlesque opera. Pretty girls, tolerable music, gorgeous spectacle, lovely shapes are all important elements, but what can make the whole elaborate structure fall flat is the inability of the leading funny man to amuse.

There are no new beauties among the leading performers of "Wang"—it might not be quite polite to say no beauties. There is no novelty, the opera having been produced often enough to lose its freshness; nothing to strike you dumb with admiration in the singing, for Caro Roma, the owner of the best voice among the female members of the company, has little singing to do; but the piece moves gayly, with spontaneous vivacity and lightness.

Ferris Hartman's light is far from being put out, for, as the coily writhing elephant-keeper, he plays a very good second to Stevens, and is in fact much funnier than usual. Annie Meyer, who is a walking wonder in the zest and freshness of enjoyment that she carries into each new rôle, is a gay little roly-poly of a crown prince, and Cunningham, in an extra good make-up, does some extra good acting as the military instructor.

Stevens is unchanged in his methods. Unlike Ferris Hartman, who is generally a personified grin, he seldom smiles, except when he contributes a magnificent travesty of a ghastly society smirk. He never toils for effects, but tosses off his skippings, his gags, and his polysyllabic acrobatics in the same *déjà-vu* manner as of yore. He is light as a bubble on his feet, and, indeed, it is a problem how he has succeeded, during his sortie into the ranks of Frohman's actors in keeping those rhythmic heels of his to the sober pace of serious drama.

People who go to the theatre to laugh will find further opportunity at the Grand Opera House this week. For there, Walter E. Perkins justifies his courage in assuming a Willie Collier rôle, principally through the intrinsic comicality of the lines and situations of the play in which he appears, but partly because he may be said to have made a personal success.

"On the Quiet," by Augustus Thomas, whose "Arizona" has brought him a different kind of appreciation, is an extremely amusing comedy of American life. The author has not only shown his customary construc-

tive ingenuity in the working out of his plot, but the play is fairly bubbling over with high spirits, and full to the brim with ready, spontaneous, and characteristically American humor.

When Willie Collier appeared in the same piece, he was so effervescently and perpetually funny, and so identified with his rôle, that it was scarcely possible to imagine that the perpetual fire of raillery and repartee that fell from his lips originated in any other brain than his own. Mr. Perkins, however, is circled by no such halo of irrepressible humor, and one can look past him and clearly perceive what an excellent vehicle the piece is for the display of comedy talent. It is much funnier than "The Man from Mexico," for the same reason that a good American joke with us comes closer to the source of laughter than the finest French witticism. And besides, it depends less than the former play on the methods of the leading comedian. It has no substratum of seriousness whatever, but the fact that all the absurd incidents in the play are credible makes them go off with all the greater gaiety.

Mr. Perkins has probably chosen comedy as his specialty, more from the comic twist to his features than from the possession of any very pronounced comedy talent, and in the first act the nimble shower of sallies did not come over-trippingly from his tongue. He has, however, the grateful gift of unconsciousness. That is, he is able to say a funny thing without tacitly labeling it "This is a joke." And in the second act, he had either warmed up to his work, or, in the lively rush of action, his slight stiffness was unnoted. For there, everything and everybody contributed to the general laughter. The last act, too, has an immense amount of go, and the rapid cross-fire of quips and cranks is unabated.

Antoinette Walker, on this occasion, played the leading female rôle; probably because her small person is not, like Blanche Stoddard's, a head and shoulders above Mr. Perkins' topmost lock. Miss Walker is a round, pink, soft, purring, plump, little kitten of a woman, who is quite innocent of the technique of acting, and who substitutes for it a series of pouts and bridlings. As Bob's sweetheart is merely one of a number of human straws swept along in the lively current of events instituted by that irrepressible collegian, Miss Walker's clinging femininity fitted in very well.

Herschel Mayall's impersonation of an English duke was *sui generis*, and would probably make the upper crust of London open its eyes. This actor, however, is versatile enough to always enjoy a little tilt with comedy, and never fails to make his points tell.

An English audience would probably gasp with horror at Mr. Thomas's irreverent handling of a duke, for, in English fiction, something of the divinity that doth hedge a king encompasses those exalted peers. Observe, for instance, the rooted British reverence shown quite unconsciously by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Lady Rose's Daughter" toward the duke of her creation, and how impressed she is by the state and magnificence with which she surrounds him.

And our own American novelist, Harold Frederic, in his long, elaborate novel, "Gloria Mundi," apparently desired to transfer to his readers his strong impression of how solidly rooted and unchanging is the respect and reverence entertained by the English toward the rank of a duke, no matter how unworthy the man who holds it.

I fear that Miss Gordon's duchess, even though an American one, would bankrupt an ordinary imagination, and the music-hall girls were merely a couple of inarticulate shriekers. But the men were more apt in their parts. Gilbert Gardner in particular taking off the rôle of the nervously tolerant rector extremely well.

The importance of the yacht scene, which requires an elaborate setting, has been fully recognized, and the illusion was successful.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mr. E. S. de Wolfe, who for ten years has been the manager of the Hotel Pleasanton, and for eight years was the private secretary of the late Elijah Baker, the owner of the building, has bought the lease from O. M. Brennan, and will now conduct this family hotel on his own responsibility. He contemplates several changes in the Pleasanton, including improvements to the bar, the billiard and smoking-rooms, the ladies' reading-room, the parlors, and the dining-room. Mr. de Wolfe has a host of friends and business associates who wish him every success in his new venture.

—BAR AND BARBER COATS THAT WILL FIT YOU, made to order at Kent's, 121 Post Street, Tailor.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

The June stars for the Columbia Theatre will be E. H. Sothern and Nat Goodwin.

Charles Frohman has been elected a member of the Garrick Club of London. So exclusive is this organization that the late Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer both failed to obtain membership.

Amelia Bingham has begun her Western tour, which will include only five of the largest cities en route to this city. Her repertoire embraces "The Climbers," "A Modern Magdalen," and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Madge Carr Cook, who was formerly a great favorite here with the Frawley Company, is to play Mrs. Wiggs in the Mrs. Constance Flexner's dramatization of Mrs. Annie Hegar Rice's story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," next season.

Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, who has written several plays and translated Sardou's "Robespierre" and "Dante" from the French for his father, was married to Mabel Hackney, of Swansea, in London, on May 2d. Young Irving was at one time engaged to Ethel Barrymore.

Mrs. Hermanus L. Baer, who was Mabel McKinley, daughter of Abner McKinley and the favorite niece of the late President, is to sing in vaudeville, according to an announcement made by B. A. Myers, a theatrical agent. Mr. Myers says that he has signed a contract with Mrs. Baer for twenty-five weeks at one thousand dollars a week.

Mlle. Antonio Dolores (Trebelli), who received an enthusiastic welcome on her first appearance here this season at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday night, will give two more concerts before she departs for British Columbia. She will render an interesting programme this (Saturday) afternoon, and give a concert devoted to sacred music and special request numbers on Sunday afternoon.

Bernard Shaw has sent his last new play to the printer, and though it is prepared for the stage with all his usual minute directions, he, safely enough, defies any living manager to produce it. The first act, which is a play in itself, lasts an hour and forty minutes. The second and fourth are of the usual length, but the third is longer than the whole of Pinner's "Iris," including a scene of more than two hours' length, which takes place in hell, and is played by sixteenth-century personages. The earthly scenes are modern—so modern, in fact, that Mr. Shaw guarantees them to be in advance of the age. Don Juan is the hero of the piece, and a book which he is supposed to have written is furnished as a sort of appendix.

Bronson Howard was recently successful in a lawsuit in Paris brought against the management of the Theatre du Gymnase for failure to produce M. Le Comte's adaptation of "Aristocracy." Mr. Howard, in a letter regarding the matter, says: "I feel that the matter is of some interest to my fellow-authors in America, because the point at issue was whether the play would be left essentially American in the principles and character involved, or changed to the ordinary society drama of French life. It might interest you to know that the difference arose not from any change of opinion on the part of the manager accepting the play, but in the change of management, the new manager, while bound to the contract of his predecessor, having entirely different views. The original manager had been especially interested in the play because it illustrated American life."



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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

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Two Baileys, Brothers Freydo; Martini and Max Mil-
lian; the Biograph; and last week of the Whitney
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DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH
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MISSIS BELL.
A Trial Treatment
FREE to Any One
Afflicted with Hair
on Face, Neck or
Arms.
We have at last made the discovery which has baffled
chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely
destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and
permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the
neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in
any way the finest or most sensitive skin.
The Missis Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and
are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which
they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR-
TREATMENT," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end
a trial will be sent, free of charge, to any lady who will
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of Mary Manning.

Mary Manning will begin her third and last week at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday evening, in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine." The star, the company, and the play, have all scored a well-deserved success, and the final nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees should see crowded houses. E. H. Sothern is to follow on Monday, June 1st, in Justin Huntley McCarthy's romantic drama, "If I Were King," based on the adventures of François Villon, the vagabond poet of the fifteenth century. There are fifty people in Mr. Sothern's company, and as many more local auxiliaries will be employed in the *bal masque* scene of the third act, and the magnificent picture representing the victorious Villon returning to Paris, in the last act. Among the notable actors in Mr. Sothern's support will be Cecelia Loftus, Margaret Illington, George W. Wilson, Stephen Wright, and Rowland Buckstone.

White Whittlesey in "Heartsease."

White Whittlesey has scored such a pronounced hit as Eric Temple, the poet-musician, in "Heartsease," at the Alcazar Theatre, that the management has wisely decided to continue it another week. The play is handsomely staged and well acted throughout, the work of Bertha Creighton, Adele Belgarde, George Oshourne, and Albert Morrison being especially worthy of mention. The Whittlesey season at the Alcazar promises great enjoyment to all lovers of high-class drama, for among the plays outlined for early production are "John Drew's delightful comedy success," "The Tyranny of Tears," and "D'Arcy of the Guards," which Henry Miller originally produced in this city two years ago.

"El Capitan" at the Tivoli.

Sousa's tuncful opera, "El Capitan," in which De Wolf Hopper last visited us several years ago, will be elaborately revived at the Tivoli Opera House next week. Edwin Stevens will be heard for the first time in the star part of Don Medigua, which should fit his personality and methods admirably. Arthur Cunningham will impersonate the ex-vice-roy of Peru, Don Cazarre, and Oscar Lee will appear as the young hero, Don Verrada. Edward Weh will have another fine comedy rôle in Don Pozzo, and Joseph Fogarty will be the insurgent, Searamba. Annie Myers can be depended on to make the most of Edna Wallace Hopper's souhrette rôle of Estrela. Bertha Davis will be the Isobel, and Caro Roma the Princess Marghanza, Don Medigua's wife. Messrs. Formes, Yoho, and Jacques will have the lesser parts. The scenes of the opera are laid in Peru during the Spanish occupation, and give ample opportunity for picturesque stage settings and brilliant costumes.

Burlesque at Fischer's.

That amusing hodge-podge of mirthful nonsense, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," is still drawing crowded houses at Fischer's Theatre, and it will probably still be several weeks before the next Weher & Fields burlesque. "Twirly-Whirly," is needed. All of the favorites, including Messrs. Kolh, Dill, Bernard, Blake, Hermen, Maude Amher, and Olive Vail, are provided with rôles that show them off to advantage. The chorus, too, is constantly in evidence, appearing during the evening as Mexican dancers, shirt-waist boys, manicure girls, gendarmes, and Hoffman Bar's string of heauties. The travesty on the "Florodora" sextet continues to be one of the hits of the performance, and comes in for a half-dozen encores nightly.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Mary Hampton, the popular leading lady, who has appeared here with several Frohman companies, and was, for a time, a member of the Frawley company, will make her vaudeville début at the Orpheum next week in a satirical comedietta by Edmund Day. It is entitled "The Melodrama," and allows Miss Hampton to appear in three different rôles. The other new-comers are the Permane brothers, English clowns of note, who will present their original act, "The Nightingale's Courtship"; Zelma Rawlston, the character impersonator and "fashion plate," who comes back after a three years' success in London and the East; Kartelli, a remarkable wire performer; and the Baileys, a colored comedy sketch team, who will offer a new hatch of songs and a shadowgraph dance. Those retained from this week's bill are the Whitney brothers, who have scored a great success with their novelty musical act; Martini and Max Millian, the comical conjurers; and the Freydo brothers, clever acrobats.

"My Friend from India."

Walter E. Perkins will devote his third and last week to Du Souchet's merry farce, "My Friend from India," in which he won so much praise when he appeared here several years ago. Then, comedy and legitimate drama will give way to musical attractions at the Grand Opera House, for on Sunday evening, May 31st, the first production of the Rodgers brothers' musical *mélange*, "In Washington," will be given. The Rodgers brothers are two clever German comedians, who star in performances not unlike the Weher & Fields burlesques, and their popularity in New York is so great that a theatre for their exclusive use is now in course of construction. The Grand Opera House

management has purchased the entire scenery and costumes of several of their New York productions, and will put them on here with a splendid company, headed by Raymond and Caverly, two well-known dialect comedians. The organization will have a chorus of fifty stunning girls, specially selected by Charles H. Jones, who has won a prominent place for himself in the East as stage manager of the "Florodora," "King Dodo," "Nancy Brown," and "Princess Chic" companies. The orchestra will consist of twenty-one musicians, under the leadership of George P. Towle, formerly the director of the musical productions at Daly's, the Casino, and the Bijou Theatres, in New York.

A Liszt Recital.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt will give a Liszt recital at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, when his pupil, Miss Mary Carick, will be heard in the following programme:

Praeludium, C dur; Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh"; légende, "St. François d'Assise"; "La Prédication aux oiseaux," first time in San Francisco; "Mephisto Walzer," No. 2; "Crosse Lonzert," solo E moll, allegro energico, patetico, grandioso, andante sostenuto, allegro assai agitato, marcia funebre, moderato, allegro con bravura, first time in San Francisco; Etude de Concert, Des dur, Lied transcribed by Hugo Mansfeldt; tarantella, "Venezia e Napoli"; romanza from "Tannhäuser," "Waldesrauschen," Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8.

The factory of the J. J. Pfister Knitting Company, at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets, was badly damaged by fire and water last week, occasioning a loss estimated at twenty thousand dollars. It is a satisfaction to know that this amount was fully covered by insurance, for the factory will probably soon be in running order, and the ninety-two employees put to work. It is to be hoped that this will be the case, for the goods turned out by the J. J. Pfister Company so far excel any similar work from abroad that it would be a distinct loss to the people of San Francisco if the manufacture of knitted goods was abandoned by them.

If you are interested in the wonders of nature and want to have a pleasant outing, take the scenic railway trip up Mt. Tamalpais. May is the most delightful month of the year to remain over night at the Tavern. The gorgeous sunsets, the moonlight nights, the brilliant sunrises, the incomparable panoramic views, and the warm, halmy air—all combine to make one's stay enjoyable.

President E. H. Harriman, of the Southern Pacific, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul people have bought from the Pullman Company twenty-eight Pullman cars, and they are to be put into use immediately on the fast trains between this city and Chicago. The growth of first-class travel between the East and West has been so rapid as to necessitate this addition.

Dr. Adrian Hofmeyer will lecture in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association next Thursday on "The Origin of the Boer War," for the benefit of the California Woman's Hospital.

E. B. Willis who, for the past fifteen years has been managing editor of the Sacramento *Record-Union*, has been appointed secretary of the St. Louis Exposition Commission from California.

In the final round of a handicap tournament that was started a fortnight ago, H. C. Golcher on Tuesday defeated T. G. McConkey on the links by a score of 2 up and 1 to play.

Miss Jean Reid, who was operated on for appendicitis last week at the home of her father, Whitelaw Reid, in New York, is said to be practically out of danger.

MAY THE IMPETUOUS BE RECLAIMED AND made happy by drinking in moderation Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky. It is pure and wholesome and the best in the world.

The Oakland Country Club.

The Claremont Country Club of Oakland is now an assured success. At a meeting early in the week of the board of directors, the announcement was made that the list of twenty-five life members, who pay one thousand dollars each, and the list of three hundred regular members, paying one hundred dollars each, have been filled. The club intends to purchase one hundred and twenty-five acres of land at Claremont, and expend one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on grounds for golf, tennis, bowling, football, polo, riding and driving, and the like, with suitable buildings. The club-house and appointments will, it is promised by the directors, be modern and perfect in every detail.

The directors chosen are as follows: President, Edwin Goodall; vice-president, Frank M. Wilson; treasurer, William Pierce Johnson; secretary, Samuel Bell McKee; F. W. Van Sicklen, P. E. Bowles, George W. McNear, Jr.

The life members are Edwin Goodall, William Pierce Johnson, A. Schilling, F. S. Stratton, F. C. Havens, F. M. Smith, P. E. Bowles, F. W. Van Sicklen, Benjamin Bangs, A. S. Macdonald, William G. Henshaw, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, William Letts Oliver, A. L. Stone, Whitney Palache, Thomas Addison, Thomas Prather, William A. Magee, George McNear, Jr., Louis Titus, Edward M. Walsh, George C. Perkins, H. J. Knowles, J. A. Chanslor, C. M. Goodall.

At the first banquet, given by the citizens of the City of Chicago to

President Roosevelt

on his Western trip, at the Auditorium Hotel, April 2d, the only wine used was

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VANITY FAIR.

If you have plenty of money, it is not very difficult to wedge your way into London's exclusive society. At least, that is what Henry Labouchère declares in a recent issue of *Truth*. To back up his assertion, he quotes the following advertisements from the papers, which prove that many aristocratic Englishwomen are only too willing to introduce strangers to their friends for a consideration: "A lady of title, moving in the best London society, is prepared to introduce a lady of means. Luxurious home in the West End; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box . . ." "A well-known lady, titled, is willing to chaperon a Colonial or American lady. Would instruct one unaccustomed to the habits and behavior of good society. Liberal terms required. Address, in confidence, care of . . ." "A lady, a member of one of the oldest county families, having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months, and introduce her to the society of the neighborhood. Good hunting, hospitable country. A unique opportunity." "A West End dressmaker who desires to extend her connection wishes to meet with a lady or ladies who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address . . ." "An old established firm of wine merchants (city) is desirous of obtaining West End orders. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business." "To noblemen or gentlemen of position in society able to influence capital: A large sum wanted by an old established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through . . ." "A young lady, rich, desires to spend the season in London, and to be introduced to the best set in society. Would pay handsomely for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box . . ."

From the latest report of the assessors of Newport, we learn that the total valuation of the fashionable summer colony is \$42,032,800, divided as follows: Real estate, \$34,668,200; personal property, \$7,364,600. On this a tax is paid of \$504,393.60, the rate being \$1.20 on the \$100, while last year it was \$1.14, an increase of six cents per hundred. On the total valuation there is an increase over last year of \$278,500, an increase of \$815,000 on real estate, while the personally property tax has fallen off \$536,300. Some of the largest taxpayers are as follows: Alice G. Vanderbilt, widow of Cornelius Vanderbilt, leads, being assessed for \$983,000; John Carter Brown estate, \$822,000; Alva E. Belmont, wife of O. H. P. Belmont, \$800,000; Robert Golet estate, \$420,000; Ogden Golet estate, \$616,500; H. McK. Twombly, \$514,000; George Peabody Wetmore, \$537,700; E. J. Berwind, \$617,400; Josephine Brooks, wife of H. Mortimer Brooks, \$364,100; F. W. Vanderbilt, \$333,200; James J. Van Alen, \$324,300; Mary A. King, \$324,800; Theresa M. Oelrichs, \$261,900; E. T. Gerry, \$289,500; William Astor estate, \$219,200; William Waldorf Astor, \$203,400; Perry Belmont, \$225,600; I. Townsend Burden, \$161,800; Alice Drexel, \$146,600; and J. A. Havemyer heirs, \$150,400.

When C. N. Mind, an up-to-date tailor, went to the London Royal Academy, the other day, he experienced a severe shock. In narrating his experiences in the *Tailor and Cutter*, he says that as one-half of the pictures shown are portraits, which profess to reproduce the characteristic features, face, and dress of the original, and as the tailors have had to design and produce that dress before it was worn by the artist's customers, it is but natural for the tailor to take an interest in such portraits. In criticising the portrait of Lord Mount Stephen, painted by Sir George Reid, the sarcastic tailor notes a total absence of buttons on the coat, and declares that the silk on the fronts is at least an inch too narrow. He wittingly condemns the painting as "contortions in black with a smudge of gray." Then Solomon J. Solomon comes in for criticism. "Look at number seventy-three, a portrait of H. T. Levy," he says; "the silk on the lapels is indicated as forming a continuation of the collar, a style that no one but an old woman who is sometimes employed to mend clothes would adopt. It is a libel on tailordom. It has the breast pocket round and out of all shape, and the collar is short and turning up. Then there is number one hundred and thirty-nine, the portrait of A. S. Leslie Melville. He is represented in the clumsiest coat possible. The right lapel is at least five times as large

as the left." Triton Riviere's wonderful picture of the Rev. Nelson Loraine and his dog is also condemned, not on account of the dog, which even Mr. Mind admits to be excellent, but the coat of the reverend gentleman is unrelieved by a single seam. The horrified tailor declares that there is no collar seam or buttonhole in front, and no waist seam or, indeed, any relief whatever, while the sleeve is halfway up the elbow. Mr. Mind says he has no patience with artists who are guilty of such omissions and mistakes.

Atlantic City society is excited over a snub administered by Mme. Nordica and Edouard Reszke, who appeared there the other day in concert. It occurred to several leaders that it would be a nice thing to entertain the singers. The details were worked out by Mrs. Wilfred Lawson Peel, and Frank Weldon, acting for Mrs. Peel, issued invitations to Mme. Nordica and M. de Reszke. The singers accepted, and elaborate preparations were made for the affair. Society people were on hand to meet the artists, but they did not appear, or send excuses. When the guests realized the situation, they were thoroughly disgusted and chagrined. It appears that when Mme. Nordica and M. de Reszke accepted the invitations they supposed that John S. Duss, with whose band they are traveling, had also been invited. When they learned that Mr. Duss had not been invited, they resolved not to go.

The fur auctions held in London every spring determine the price of fur garments for the following winter season. A report of the sales published in a trade journal indicates that sealskin furs will be no more expensive than last winter, but ermine and silver fox will be fifty per cent. higher, and mink, otter, beaver, and bear will also increase in price. Alaska sable has gone up. It will be news to most people to learn that the "harmless, necessary cat" also lends his skin to keep the cold out. At all events "domestic cat" is quoted as being twenty-five per cent. higher in price than at the last spring auction.

William E. Curtis declares that ninety per cent. of the perfumery used in the world comes from what is known as the Department of Sea Alps in France, the strip of mountainous country which lies along the Mediterranean east of Marseilles. The soil, the climate, and the sloping hillsides facing the southern sun, make this a most favorable location for the cultivation of flowers, and the annual harvest is about 6,000,000 pounds of roses, 5,000,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 3,000,000 pounds of carnations, 1,000,000 pounds of violets, 9,000,000 pounds of lilies, 600,000 pounds of tube roses, and other flowers in proportion. These flowers are mostly raised by peasants, who own small farms and do their own work. They sell their crop of flowers to the agents of Paris perfumery manufacturers, and train-loads are shipped to that city every night during the season, just as milk from the western farms is shipped to the creameries. When there is an abundant harvest, the buyers will pay six cents a pound for rose leaves, seven cents for orange blossoms, twenty-five cents for jasmine, fifty cents for violets, and similar rates for other flowers. After the day's harvest is done, the flowers are dumped upon tables or benches and the stems are nipped close, but the leaves that protect the blossoms are allowed to remain, because otherwise they wilt quickly, and freshness is de-

sirable. Each leaf contains only a particle of oil, and it takes a great many particles to make an ounce. It requires 32,000 pounds of rose leaves, or 5,000,000 single blossoms, to make one pound of rose oil, and 40,000 pounds of violets, or 12,000,000 flowers, to make a pound of the oil; and one may judge of the enormous amount of flowers that are gathered annually for this purpose when it is known that the perfumers of Paris consume nearly a million pounds of the oil of flowers every year.

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Excellent domestic fuel
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Let us send you
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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 20, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	5,000	@ 107	...	107 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S. 5% ..	2,000.	@ 99 1/2	99	100 1/2
Honolulu R. T. & L.				
Co. 6%.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2	108
Los An. Ry. 5% ..	4,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	
Market St. Ry. Con.				
5%.....	2,000	@ 118 1/2	118	118 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 121 1/2		
N. Pac. C. R. 5% ..	1,000	@ 110 1/2	111
North Shore Ry. 5%.	5,000	@ 101 3/4-102 1/4	101 3/4	
Oakland Transit 5%.	2,000	@ 114	114 1/2
Pac. Elec. Ry 5% ..	2,000	@ 112 1/2	112	112 1/2
Sac. Elect. Gas & Ry				
5%.....	10,000	@ 103 1/2	103 1/2	104 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 121 1/2-122	121 1/2	122 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 2d..	19,000	@ 100 1/2	100 1/2	
		STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Water.				
Spring Valley.....	225	@ 84- 85	84	
		Bonds.		
Anglo Cal.....	55	@ 99 1/2	99	99 1/2
Bank of California..	50	@ 650- 655	650	660
		Powers.		
Giant Con.....	160	@ 71 1/2- 74 1/4	72	75
Vigorit.....	50	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
		Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.....	40	@ 4	4 1/4
Hawaiian C. & S. ..	245	@ 47 1/2- 48 1/4	47 1/2	48 1/4
Honokaa S. Co. ..	510	@ 14	13 3/4	
Hutchinson.....	45	@ 15 1/2- 15 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	15	@ 27	25 1/2	27
Paauhau S. Co. ..	35	@ 17 1/2- 18	17 1/2	18
		Trustee Certificates.		
S. F. Gas & Electric	505	@ 55- 58	57	
		Gas and Electric.		
Mutual Electric.....	50	@ 8 1/2	8 1/2	9
Pacific Gas.....	165	@ 38- 41 1/2	41	42
S. F. Gas & Electric	940	@ 53 1/2- 56	57 1/2	58 1/2
		Miscellaneous.		
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	25	@ 93	93	
Oceanic S. Co.	140	@ 8 1/2- 9	7 3/4	8 1/2

Giant Powder has been active, and on sales of 100 shares advanced three and three-quarters points to 74 1/2, closing at 72 bid, 75 asked.

The sugars on sales of about 800 shares have held their own in price. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar closing at 47 1/2 bid; Honokaa Sugar Company, 13 1/2; Hutchinson, 15 1/2; Paauhau Sugar Company, 17 1/2; Makaweli Sugar Company, 25 1/2.

Spring Valley Water was strong, and on small sales advanced to 85, closing at 84 bid.

The gas stocks have been strong, and on sales of 1,660 shares made advances of from two and one-half to three and one-half points; San Francisco Gas and Electric selling up to 56, closing in good demand at 57 1/2 bid; Pacific Gas at 41 bid.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hohhs) declares that "the genius of hospitality is not so much in making people meet, but in helping them to part—on good terms."

When Secretary of War Elihu Root rose to speak at the dinner given him at the Lotos Club, in New York, last week, he said: "I regret my incapacity to respond fitly to the honor you have conferred upon me. I feel myself to be in the position of the gentleman who was asked: 'Is your wife entertaining this winter?' and who answered: 'Not very.' The only way any one can to-day secure credit for originality is to be somewhere else and let the gentlemen of the press write his remarks from fertile imaginations."

The Emperor Menelik has had a curious experience in his efforts to replace harter by a metallic currency in Abyssinia. The Maria Theresa thaler has for generations been current, but for want of a smaller coinage salt blocks became the standard of exchange, and resisted all efforts, even of the emperor, to replace them by a new currency coined in Paris some years ago. The salt blocks have given way, but not to the new coinage, which the people will not touch. The new standard of values is—the rifle cartridge.

The late Paul du Chaillu was on one occasion asked why he had never married. "Well, once upon a time," he answered, without a smile, "an old African king who was very fond of me offered me my choice of eight hundred and fifty-three women as a wife." "Your majesty," I replied, "if I should marry one of these beauties of yours there would be eight hundred and fifty-two jealous women here." "Well," replied the king, "that is easily settled. Take them all." That was a little too strong for me, however, and as I have never had such a field to choose from since, I am still a bachelor."

A certain American woman, the wife of a former representative in Congress and minister abroad, who now aims at social leadership in the most exclusive and top-lofty circles of Washington, D. C., is noted for her love of display and her penchant for wearing about all the jewels she can bear up under. One recent night she gave a dinner. Several members of the diplomatic set were present. Madame was in high feather, and she also wore a diamond tiara and several strings of pearls around her neck. During the evening she complained of feeling a bit chilly and told one of the servants to call her maid. When the maid appeared she is said to have shivered a trifle, and exclaimed: "Susette, I am so cold; please get me another string of pearls."

Salvatore Cortesi, in a very readable article in the *World's Work* on King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, says that after the assassination of his father, Queen Margherita was very anxious that King Humbert should be buried at the Superga at Turin, where all the rest of the House of Savoy lie, with the exception of the great Victor Emmanuel. Moreover, her majesty did not wish to wound the susceptibilities of the papal party by a state funeral in Rome. King Victor, pale and tired, entered the room where the queen was, exclaiming: "Well, that is arranged—my father will have a fitting burial in the Pantheon." "Victor," cried his mother, "I see you want to break my heart. You offend my religion as well as my affections." "I am sorry, mother," he said gently, and then added sternly; "the religion which is offended at a martyr being buried in his own capital and lying beside his own father needs radical changes."

One of the late Stuart Rohson's most disastrous theatrical failures was the dramatization of "The Gadfly," which he produced for two weeks in New York several years ago. "The Saturday night when the play had its last production," says an actor who was in his company, "he was in a very jocular mood. 'Think of it,' said he, as he stood in the wings preparatory to going on; 'think of it! It has cost me \$1,000 every time I played this part. [The loss for the three weeks was \$20,000.] Talk about your public-spirited citizens. Where do I come in? Where is my monument? And look how calm and indifferent those fourteen of the lost, strayed, or stolen are out there in the audience over the honor that is about to be

conferred upon them. You'd think from the way they sit that they didn't know it costs me almost \$100 apiece to entertain them. Look at that fine sample of respectability over there, with the red whiskers and Edam cheese-head—think of spending \$100 to entertain him.' All through the *entr'acts* he was in the liveliest of moods. 'I have a good mind to make a speech,' he said, after the first act. He assumed a mock threatening attitude. 'Yes, sir, I've a good mind to go out and tell them that they don't know anything about art—a la Mansfield. What the public wants is a—a talking to.' At the end of the next act he came in, and said: 'I've relented—they look too innocent.'"

An amusing illustration of the linguistic capability of the educated Chinaman comes from Berlin. When the Kaiser complimented the new Chinese minister on his excellent German, the man from the Orient replied: "I can do better—I can speak the Berlin dialect. One day, during the occupation of Peking, I encountered a number of your majesty's soldiers, one of whom, thinking that I would not understand him, took the liberty to address me as follows: 'Wait, you Chinese baggage; if ever I catch you in the dark I will twist your queue for you!' 'Shut up, you Berlin weiss heer-pot,' I replied in his own vernacular, 'or I will knock all your teeth into your bread-basket.' Your majesty ought to have seen the soldiers' faces," concluded the minister. "If you yourself had addressed them at that moment without warning, they couldn't have been more astonished and frightened."

While in Berlin recently Gustave Charpentier, the French composer, who does not know a word of German, resolved to have his beard trimmed, so he asked the people in the hotel where he was staying to send a barber to his rooms. When the knight of the shears and razor arrived, he asked M. Charpentier what he could do for him. This question was put in the language of Goethe, and the composer, not understanding what was said, rattled out something in his own tongue. The barber shook his head and tried to smile. M. Charpentier then went through a small pantomime. He used his fingers as an imaginary pair of scissors, and began to clip around the edges of his beard, to denote the trimming that he required. The German barber nodded his head, and motioned the musician to a chair. M. Charpentier sat down in it, the barber produced his scissors and a razor, and before the composer fully realized what was happening the beard was off one side of his face. He had, therefore, to give way before the inevitable, and allowed the other half of his beard to go. "The loss of the hirsute adornment to his face, which he has been cherishing and cultivating for the past ten years," remarks the *London Daily Telegraph*, "has made M. Charpentier almost unrecognizable to his friends."

Leopold de Rothschild, in his speech as chairman of the Newspaper Press Fund dinner in London the other day, demolished the tradition about the way in which his grandfather obtained advance news of the victory at Waterloo. According to the current story, which even the "Encyclopædia Britannica" repeats, Nathan Mayer Rothschild was present at the battle, and hurried back to London as soon as he saw it was decided, getting there some hours before the news became known, and making enormous profits by buying up stocks. His grandson told the newspaper men that "the accurate story would appeal to them as journalists, viz., that the news came through the medium of a small Dutch newspaper. The news was published in a single line: 'Great victory of the English at Waterloo.' His grandfather, who was the owner of some ships, told his captains that whenever they went anywhere they were always to bring him the latest newspapers. One of these trusted captains arrived with a paper announcing the great victory. His grandfather, who believed, as they all did now, in the accuracy of all newspapers, immediately took the news to the Treasury, and gave the information to Lord Liverpool. He did not tell him how he knew it, and his news was scouted because the intelligence had arrived of the defeat of the English troops on the previous day."

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An open fire,
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And your heart's desire.

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The selfsame room
With lights a few;
The selfsame nook,
With ma there, too.

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The room, the shade,
The nook, the fire,
The blessed chance—
And enter sire!

—Smart Set.

One More Unfortunate.
(Or the Delayed Chauffeur.)

One more unfortunate
Under the wheel,
Smashed to a pulp by an
Automobile.
Lift it up tenderly,
Move it with care,
Or you'll be getting it
Out of repair.

Oh, that sad slip of hers,
What a delay it brings!
Think of the trouble and
Eke the dismay it brings!
But for the heedlessness
And for the needlessness
Of the child's fall
The chauffeur perhaps had made
Runs other chaps have made
No good at all.

Why did her father
Or else her mother,
Or her big sister,
Or her big brother,
Not keep her out of sight,
So that she never might
Have caused all this bother?
* * * * *
There! We're all set again;
Now, then, come on!
She'll never fret again—
Three minutes gone!
Never mind chickens now,
Go like the dickens now.
Just let her zip!
Maybe we still may make
Up down the hill we take
On the home trip.

—S. E. Kiser in New York Herald.

Limited opportunity: "Did you call at Roxley's house?" inquired the young doctor's wife. "Yes, and I wish he had sent for me sooner." "Gracious! is he seriously ill?" "Quite the reverse. I'm afraid he'll be all right again before I get in a half-dozen visits." —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Coos Bay, 9 A. M., May 5, 13, 21, 29, June 6.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Therese Morgan, younger daughter of Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mr. Norris Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, and a grandson of the late Thomas Starr King.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Louise G. Fabian and Mr. Frank A. Schmitz, a brother of Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Edmond Taylor Perkins, of Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Laws, of Sacramento, and Mr. Dan Belden, of Oakland, will take place on the afternoon of June 10th, at the Belden home on Lake and Oak Streets, Oakland. The maid of honor will be Miss Alice Laws, and Miss Louise Belden, Miss Clara Laws, Miss Carolyn Oliver, and Miss Enid Williams will act as bridesmaids. Mr. Harry Farr will be the best man, and the four ushers will be Mr. Wigginton Creed, Mr. Roland Oliver, Mr. Will Russell, and Mr. Jensen.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Goodwin May, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth L. May, and Mr. Lawrence Talcott Wagner, son of Dr. John Wagner, took place at the home of the bride's mother on Taylor Street on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was celebrated at nine o'clock by the Rev. George C. Adams. The bride's attendants were Miss Margarita May, Miss Mahel Landers, Miss Ethel Wagner, and Miss Helen Wagner. Mr. Chester Wagner was his brother's best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner will reside at 2544 Hyde Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Canfield gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bird, of Chicago. Others at table were Miss Bird, Mrs. Lippincott, and Mrs. Dyer, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vail, and Mr. W. J. Shotwell.

The wedding of Miss Alma Sherman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Sherman, of Fresno, and Mr. Allen Chickering, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chickering, took place on Tuesday evening at the First Congregational Church, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Sherman of Sacramento, an uncle of the bride, and Rev. Charles R. Brown. Miss Emily Chickering was the maid of honor, and Miss Myrtle Sims, Miss Emma Moffatt, Miss Mahel Donaldson, Miss Edna Wemple, Miss Martha Chickering, and Miss Lillie Sherman were the bridesmaids. Mr. Harry Chickering, a brother of the groom, was the best man, and Mr. Frank Ballard, Mr. Eugene Hewlett, Mr. Walter Sherman, Mr. Roger Chickering, Mr. Sterling Carr, and Mr. George Whipple acted as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a wedding supper at the Chickering residence on Sixteenth Street, to which only the bridal party and a few intimate friends were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Chickering, on their return from their wedding journey, will reside in Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Mahel Hosmer, of Palo Alto, and Mr. Louis S. Beedy will take place on Wednesday, June 24th, in the Palo Alto Church. The bride will have as her maid of honor Miss Josephine Beedy, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Olive Hamilton, Miss Minerva Hamilton, Miss Linda Hamilton, and Miss Elizabeth Bedell, of Los Angeles. Mr. Winslow Beedy will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Jack Polhemus, Mr. Charles Cutten, Mr. Alexander Hosmer, and Mr. J. C. Beedy.

The Misses Morrison recently gave a luncheon at San José, at which they entertained Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Judge Gilbert, Captain J. A. Penn, U. S. A., Mr. Short, and several other friends.

Mrs. Shelby Martin and Mrs. J. Edwin Griffith will give an "at home" on Tuesday, May 26th, at four o'clock, at their residence, 953 Madison Street, Oakland. Those who will assist in receiving are Mrs. L. L. Bromwell, Mrs. Walter Balfour Harub, Mrs. Frederick Stolp, Mrs. E. G. Lukens, Mrs. Walter A. Kenney, Mrs. Irving Lewis, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, Mrs. John C. Dornin, Mrs. Harry Thomas, Mrs. George de Golia, Mrs. Louise Allender, Mrs. Francis Musser, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. Montel Taylor, Mrs. Henry A. Melvin, Mrs. R. M. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Churchill Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Cook, Mrs. Vernon Waldron, Mrs. Charles Rossier, Mrs. Egelley, Mrs. George Gross, Mrs. C. E. Parcells, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Miss Bennet, Miss Mona Crellin, the Misses Converse, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Mabel Gage, Miss Sterrett, Miss Elsie Marwedel, Miss Chrissie Taft, and Miss Gaskill.

DEATH OF SIBYL SANDERSON.

The California Diva's Great Success Abroad.

The announcement of the death of Sibyl Sanderson-Terry, the well-known California singer, in Paris on Friday, May 15th, came as a severe shock to her many friends and admirers here, who were not aware that she had long been ill. According to the dispatches, she contracted a cold at Nice six weeks ago, which necessitated her return to Paris. Pneumonia soon developed, and, although the doctors held out every hope for her recovery, she gradually grew worse, and died on Friday of last week. Her funeral, which took place on Monday at the Church of St. Honoré d'Eylau, was largely attended by representatives of the operatic and theatrical world, including M. Mouliérat, M. Delmas, Mlle. Jeanne Granier and M. Eugene Mandick, operatic artists; Sir Henry Austin Lee, of the British embassy; Admiral and Mme. de Jonquières, representatives of the United States embassy; and many prominent members of the American colony. The usual Catholic funeral service was rendered. The surpliced choir was augmented by an orchestra and several prominent singers. M. Lissierand, the tenor, sang the "De Prodrundis," and M. Reder, the baritone, rendered "Ego Sum." Crowds surrounded the church, and many persons were unable to gain entrance to the building. Among the numerous floral offerings was a handsome piece from the Bohemian Club of this city, and another from the artists of the Opéra Comique.

Since her departure from this city in 1883, the California diva made a most enviable name for herself on the operatic stage. She studied music as a child with her sisters, and with them and her mother went to Paris to perfect her knowledge of French. There she took private singing lessons under Saint-Lives, and then joined his class at the Conservatoire, where she remained, however, but a short time, until she was induced by Leoncavallo and Massenet to adopt an operatic career. The author of "Manon" offered to coach her in the rôle of Manon, her favorite part. She lost no time in learning the score, and nothing remained but to play the part on the boards of the Paris opera. Dreading to attempt this trial, she went to The Hague to make her first essay. She achieved a great success, and was much encouraged.

Massenet then told her that she realized his ideal of the chief character in "Esclarmonde," the work he was then composing, and offered her the task of creating the part. She would thus make her début in Paris under the most favorable circumstances, since this rôle would be written especially for her, and, being new, there would be no risk of odious comparisons with previous exponents of the part. She might assuredly anticipate a brilliant success on her first appearance. Before these arguments the opposition of her relatives faded away, and thus a new star arose in the firmament of art. For a whole year the composer slowly and patiently drilled her in the rôle of Esclarmonde till her execution of it was perfect. The whole world—for it was during the year of the exhibition of 1889—rushed to the Opéra Comique, less to hear the work, though it was full of merit, than to hear and see its interpreter. Miss Sanderson sang, and continued to sing, with enormous success, for one hundred consecutive performances—an unprecedented feat—this curious Byzantine opera.

About this period her engagement at the Opéra Comique expired. She did not renew it, and left for Brussels, where she sang "Esclarmonde" and "Manon." Then, after a season in London, where she sang "Manon," she returned to the Opéra Comique, where she added "Lakmé," written by Leo Delibes, to her repertoire.

Miss Sanderson next made her début at the Opéra in "Thais," which Massenet had written for her, and again she scored a triumph. It was after her next success, in June, 1894, in Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," that she received her first satisfactory offer for an American tour from Abbey and Grau.

When Miss Sanderson made her American début in Massenet's "Manon" in New York on January 15, 1895, at the Metropolitan, she was well received, although her most ardent admirers had to admit that the great opera-house was too large for her light soprano voice. Her second appearance was even more successful than the first. However, in the midst of her triumph, she, in common with many other singers that season, fell a victim to grippé, and the resultant illness so clung to her that her physicians advised her not to sing. The papers began to throw out all sorts of insinuations. Although her relations with Abbey and Grau were most pleasant, and they repeatedly expressed their regret that she was unable to appear, but that it was owing to the condition of her health; that they were willing—nay, anxious—that she should appear, but that they could not ask her to do so when her physicians forbade it. There was in their contract with her a forfeit on her part if she should break the engagement, but as she had been forced through ill-health to do this, Abbey and Grau waived the forfeit, and Miss Sanderson returned to Paris.

After she had regained her health, Miss Sanderson again sang to crowded houses in Paris, and, in the fall of 1896, scored a great success at La Scala, Milan. She was originally engaged for six representations, but six supplemental performances at an advanced salary were arranged. Miss Sanderson was the first singer to appear in Camille Saint-Saëns's "Phryné" in Italy, and the composer himself went to Milan for the representation.

In the spring of 1897, Miss Sanderson won new triumphs in St. Petersburg at the Imperial Theatre. Her début was made in "Romeo et Juliette," and her success was

immense. Later she sang in Massenet's "Manon" and Gounod's "Faust."

Not long afterward came Miss Sanderson's marriage to Antonio Terry, the Cuban millionaire, and her retirement from the stage. In the midst of their honeymoon, the artist was stricken down with illness, and, before she had recovered, her husband also became seriously ill and passed away, leaving his daughter by his first wife in her care. For over two years, Mrs. Terry, or Sibyl Sanderson, as she preferred to be called, lived quietly in Paris, or traveled about in search of health. Early in the spring of 1901, feeling strong enough to resume her stage work, she started on a prolonged concert tour on the Continent, and on June 11th she made her re-appearance in the title-rôle of Saint-Saëns's "Phryné," at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Miss Sanderson's first appearance caused quite a stir in the French capital, for people were curious to know whether she was still beautiful and in good voice, after such a prolonged absence from the stage. But she came through the ordeal with flying colors.

In the fall of 1901, she accepted an engagement with Maurice Gran's company, and appeared in San Francisco in November in the rôle of Manon. But the local papers worked the public up to such a state of expectation, with their glowing descriptions of her beauty, her voice, her triumphs, her gowns, and her love-affairs—that too much was anticipated of the diva, and the overflowing house which greeted her was disappointed, and accorded her only a friendly reception. On her second appearance in "Romeo et Juliette," she appeared to far better advantage. She had overcome much of the nervousness of a first night, and although she scored a more pronounced success, she was so disappointed with her reception that she did not sing again during her stay in San Francisco.

Shortly after the arrival of the Grau company in New York, Miss Sanderson sailed for her home in Paris, and since then has lived quietly, owing to poor health, appearing only at intervals on the Paris operatic stage.

On the neutral links of the Burlingame Country Club last Saturday, the Oakland Golf Club's team of twelve players defeated the team from the San Francisco Golf Club, in their deciding home-and-home contest of the present season, by a score of 15 up on the day's play, which was over 18 holes. Through this play, the Oakland Club becomes possessor of the handsome trophy, San Francisco had won the first home-and-home contest of the season, played last fall. This spring Oakland has evened up matters by winning the second contest.

According to the dispatches, Louis S. Bruguière, who on Wednesday of last week was thrown from his horse at Newport and received injuries of a serious nature, is still in a critical condition. Mrs. Emelie Bruguière, his mother, is at his bedside, and everything possible is being done for the patient. The physicians think Mr. Bruguière fractured his skull, and is suffering from concussion of the brain.

Midshipman Arthur O. Barber, a nephew of the late President McKinley, and a member of the fourth or beginning class at the Naval Academy, was drowned on Tuesday morning while swimming off the north seawall of the academy grounds at Annapolis.

The Resort for Golfers.

A big crowd of society golf players are planning to go to Hotel Vendome at San José this summer. All the people who walk on hunkers and hazards and putting greens, and like to talk about them, agree that the Linda Vista links are the best in the country, and several exciting contests are planned. With the golfers will go other society folks who enjoy swimming and tennis and all out-of-door sports, for this resort is the centre of many chances for recreation.

No other resort possesses so many features to attract and entertain as the Vendome. Every year something has been added to meet society demands. The latest improvements include the new annex, adding forty rooms to the hotel, each with long-distance telephone, the lanai, giving a sheltered idling place, and the enlarged swimming pools. The annex, extending northerly at an angle which gives the best results of sunlight and air, is a welcome addition. It provides not only many attractive suites, but it gives a sweep of hallway through the hotel which will be a delight for evening promenades. The big swimming pools offer here all the sport of the seaside, and in the same building are the best bowling alleys in California. Tennis, croquet, ping-pong, an excellent orchestra, driving, wheeling, automobilism, and horseback riding are on the list of things entertaining, while days on the golf links, or coaching to the Lick Observatory, are events that ever allure. At the stables connected with the hotel, carriages and riding horses may be secured, and the new automobile house has helped to make this attractive resort a favorite rendezvous for those who speed over the shaded roadways in horseless runabouts. You'll make no mistake if you go to the Vendome. Write to George P. Snell, manager Hotel Vendome, San José, California.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 806 Market Street), informs the public that the late partnership has been dissolved, and that he still continues his practice at the same place with increased facilities and competent and courteous associates.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday, May 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury were in Los Angeles during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean and Mr. Athole McBean have been guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin expect to leave soon for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins left for the East on Tuesday for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives will spend the summer in San José.

Mrs. John Barton, after spending the past year with her daughter, Mrs. Telamon Cuyler Smith, at 56 East Seventy-Eighth Street, New York, will return to San Francisco this month.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington will take possession of the Barracough house at Piedmont this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, who arrived here just after the death of her sister, Mrs. Henry Wagner, is making a short stay at Reno, Nev., before returning to her home at Chevy Chase.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstock have returned from their visit East.

Mr. R. H. Pease, who has been in New York with his son, Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., for the past two months, returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Herrin and daughters departed for the East early in the week. They will sail from New York for Europe on Tuesday.

Mrs. Sumner Buckhee and Miss Ethyl Hager were guests at the Hotel Vendome during the past week.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has been visiting Miss Olive Holbrook during the week at her country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bahecock expect to go next week to their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Miss Bertie Bruce will spend most of the summer season at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, will leave in a fortnight for New York, where they will visit Mrs. T. E. Tomlinson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Elizabeth Mills leave soon for a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. W. B. Collier departed last week for her villa at Clear Lake, where, with her family, she usually spends the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Duval have gone to their country place for the summer months.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham and family will pass the greater portion of the summer at their villa on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendel will take possession of their cottage at San Rafael next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Lynch were guests at the Hotel Vendome last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan will leave next week for Phelan Park, Santa Cruz, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller and Mr. Roy Pike will pass the summer at San Mateo.

The Misses Ide, daughters of Judge Henry C. Ide, who were the guests of Mrs. Francis Carolan at Burlingame during the winter, are at present in Washington, D. C.

Mr. George A. Knight has returned from his trip to Paris.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon (*née* Bruce) were in San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee expect to spend a portion of the summer at the Wenhan ranch in Nevada.

Mrs. Telamon Cuyler Smith and her infant daughter will spend the summer in California as the guest of Mrs. John Barton.

Dr. and Mrs. Pedar Bruguière spent the past week in San José as the guests of Mrs. Alpha A. Easton.

Mr. Bruce Porter sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fletcher, Mrs. E. P. Danforth, and Miss Dorothy Danforth will sail from New York for England on June 12th.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee was a guest at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Mr. Richard M. Hotelling was in New York during the week.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. S. Barker, of Boston, Miss Moroney, Mr. J. H. Ames and Mr. Laurence Harris, of Mill Valley, and Mr. Charles Farquharson visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen, of Newport, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen, who is sojourning at her country place, "La Crescente," in Los Angeles County, will soon be joined by her daughter, Mrs. William G. Daggett, of New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill leave this week for Paso Robles for a short stay.

Mrs. Dutard and Mr. and Mrs. Ned Houghton will pass some time at the Hotel Vendome during the summer months.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the week were Mr. W. H. Hammond, of Visalia, Mrs. B. Triest, Miss I. Triest, and Mr. C. A. Merrill, of Stockton, and Dr. George M. Terrell.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Mann, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Martin, of

New York, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Friedlander and Mrs. A. E. Hecht, of Cincinnati, Miss Van Winkel, Mr. J. J. Hoag, and Mr. Charles Kenyon.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Martin, Mrs. William A. Lange, Mrs. Donoghue, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. J. W. Jacobs, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Miss Lewis, Miss Edyth W. Sonntag, Mr. Richard A. Hovey, Mr. F. A. Hyde, Mr. H. B. Larzeler, Mr. D. C. Vaughn, Mr. J. E. James, Mr. I. P. Freeland, and Mr. I. Herman Fritch.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., retired, expects to return to San Francisco from the Yosemite on Sunday, and to leave for the East on the same evening.

Brigadier-General Charles F. Humphrey, quartermaster-general, U. S. A., who arrived here on Wednesday on the *Sherman*, will remain on board the transport until to-day (Saturday), when he leaves for Washington, D. C., accompanied by his wife and family.

Captain Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A., arrived from Portland, Or., last week, and spent a few days with his mother, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, prior to his departure for Washington, D. C., where he has been ordered to report.

Mrs. Uriel Schree, wife of Captain Schree, U. S. N., who is in command of the United States ship *Wisconsin*, is making a few weeks' stay here before departing for Missouri, where she will remain during her husband's absence in the Orient.

Captain George D. Moore, U. S. A., arrived from Columbus Barracks during the week. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Bernard Sharp, U. S. A.

Colonel George S. Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes will leave for the East in a few days to be gone a month. Upon their return, Colonel Grimes will take command of the artillery district at Puget Sound.

Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., who has been chief commissary of the Department of California for the past year, will be promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in July, and retired. He will be succeeded in his office here by Lieutenant-Colonel William L. Alexander, U. S. A.

Colonel John J. O'Connell, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., who was for so many years stationed at Angel Island, while in the First Infantry, will sail for Manila on the transport *Logan* on June 1st. He will be accompanied by his wife and daughters.

Captain Charles R. Howland, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., has reported here for duty as aid to Major-General MacArthur.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Rodgers, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has succeeded Captain John J. Pershing in command of the Lanao expedition in the Philippines.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, Jr., who was operated upon on May 6th for appendicitis, was able to return home from the sanatorium last Wednesday.

Henry Gregory Newhall, eldest son of the late H. M. Newhall, died on Wednesday, at the age of fifty years.

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Commissioner Ide—who spent some time on the Pacific Coast on his way back from the Philippines—has been interviewed at length in the public press concerning the future of the islands. Like all of the commissioners, he is optimistic. But the problems presented there puzzle him. He is a little ambiguous on the Chinese labor question. He admits what the merchants there claim—

that it will be impossible to develop the islands without Chinese labor; he admits also that if Chinese labor be admitted, the islands will serve as a stepping-stone to the mainland, and Chinese coolies will pour in upon us; he admits further that even if the coolies were kept out, the products of their labor would invade these shores as soon as the tariff is revised, and that cheap coolie-made goods would compete with the labor of our white American workingmen. Commissioner Ide then dismisses the subject by suggesting that "a small amount of Chinese labor" be admitted to the Philippines under rigidly restrictions. Altogether, his attempt to square the Philippine circle is not strikingly successful.

But none the less, Commissioner Ide—like most of our worthy American officials who have exiled themselves in that tropical land to carry out the herculean task which this country has set before it—is a high-minded and unselfish gentlemen, and deserves the warm approval of those of us who have sat quietly at home. Few of us realize what it means for men in the prime of life, and successfully practicing in lucrative professions, to leave such a land as this and go to such a land as that. Personally, the present writer would not live there to civilize all the Filipinos that were ever filipinoed. This, however, is a selfish and non-altruistic point of view, and we do not defend it.

Commissioner Ide speaks in the highest terms of Governor Taft. In this he will be joined by all sincere men in the United States, regardless of party and regardless of their views of Philippine questions. Despite the reassuring reports concerning Governor Taft, we greatly fear that his health is becoming much impaired by his stay in those noxious islands. The abdominal troubles which seem to be universal there have attacked him repeatedly. He has submitted to several operations, and still does not regain his former rugged health. He is too good a man to lose, and we hope he may see his way clear to returning from the Philippines before his health is irretrievably wrecked.

Apropos of the Philippines as a health resort, some one has sent us a special number of the Manila Times. It is a large and pulpy paper, with a colored cover and poorly printed half-tones, looking exactly like our Sunday newspapers. From the newspaper point of view, it is evident that Manila is becoming thoroughly Americanized. But what we noticed in this journal was not the colored cover or the poor half-tones. It was the number of paragraphs relating to death and disease among prominent officials. We read, for example, the following:

"Professor Bernard Moses leaves for home. Ill health forces the retiring commissioner to depart without ceremony. Mr. Moses did not intend to leave the islands for some time yet. He was recently operated on, and the surgeon believed that he was improving, but ill health made his departure imperative, and the doctors directed that he hasten his departure."

On the same page we find this paragraph:

"Governor Pack, of Benguet, had a serious hemorrhagic attack yesterday, and reached Dagupan in a very precarious condition. He was taken to the military hospital and is under treatment by the major surgeon. But his trouble is of such a serious nature that he may have to make a visit to the States for treatment."

Still another paragraph reads as follows:

"Luke E. Wright, vice-governor of the Philippines, has left Manila for a visit home. For many months the governor's health has been gradually failing. All wish for his speedy recuperation and early return to the Philippines."

In the latter wish we do not join. As Governor Wright is a good and valuable man, we can wish nothing better for him than to stay away from the Philippines.

The last paragraph of this nature—all four being on the same page—runs as follows:

"Death comes with the crisis. Acting city engineer succumbs to a surgical operation. Captain Robert McGregor, of

the United States corps of engineers, of the United States Army, and acting city engineer of the city of Manila, several days ago was suddenly stricken with appendicitis. He was removed to the military hospital and operated on at once. The operation was successful, but he was so weakened by his long service in the debilitating climate of the islands that he sank and died. The remains will be sent to the United States."

Commissioner Ide speaks with a certain hopefulness of the new sanitarium at Baguio, where Governor Taft has been sojourning. It is at an elevation of several thousand feet, and is said to have a tolerable climate for five months in the year. But the Philippines can never be considered as a health resort. In addition to the soldiers we have lost there, we very much fear that we shall continue to lose, among the civil officials there, many priceless lives.

Miss Stone, the American missionary who was held in captivity by brigands in Bulgaria, and for whom a ransom of seventy-two thousand dollars was raised in this country by popular subscription, is now traveling around the United States as a lecturer. At the time of her release, she vowed that she would spend her life upon the lecture platform if need be—at least until she had raised money enough to reimburse all the subscribers to her ransom money. We ventured the prediction then that no subscriber would ever see a cent of his money back again. The prediction seems to be coming true. Now Miss Stone, instead of worrying over repaying the subscribers to her ransom, has addressed a letter to the State Department demanding indemnity from the Turkish Government.

We sincerely hope that the State Department will refuse to make this demand. The people who live in Bulgaria are themselves inadequately protected by the Turkish Government. The government of that vast and amorphous organism, miscalled an empire, has so little authority in many districts that even the government officials do not dare to go abroad without armed escorts. The Turkish Government refuses to be responsible for the safety of foreigners, warns them against entering certain districts, and in some places forcibly prevents them from entering such districts. Missionaries who enter these disturbed districts do so at their own risk. Furthermore, by reason of their proselytizing against Mohammedanism, they arouse the fanaticism of the Moslem zealots to such a degree that no government could protect them.

There are cranks even in the United States. Were some of the fanatical Moslems from Islam to come here and try to make converts among certain of our sects, we do not think their lives would be safe. They might even be exposed to the dangers of lynching, a form of crime which European governments consider peculiar to the United States, and against which they vigorously protest when applied to their subjects. If the United States should undertake to guarantee the safety of Christian missionaries—men and women who enter all sorts of uncivilized countries with the intention of converting the native fanatics—it will have a very large job on its hands.

We are having trouble enough in settling the relations of so-called "naturalized" American citizens, whose former governments refuse to recognize their expatriation. Let us not borrow more trouble by encouraging missionaries to go into foreign countries and stir up religious rows.

Ohio promises to keep up her reputation as a centre of political interest, particularly when it comes to the making of Presidents. The State convention of the Republicans assembles about the middle of June, and that portion of the platform which will have a bearing on the next nomination of a Presidential candidate is already d.v.

ing the counsels of the leaders in Ohio. Senator Hanna is advertised by the actions of his closest friends as favoring the plan of passing a resolution which will be merely an indorsement of the administration of President Roosevelt, on the principle that it is not the province of this year's conventions to select candidates or nominees for the national convention of next year. In some quarters this is regarded as the opening of an anti-Roosevelt movement, projected with the purpose of preventing his getting the nomination a year from now. While possibly well founded, this view is open to question. The best evidence—his own—is to the effect that Senator Hanna will not be a candidate, and though he is not as close to Roosevelt as he was to McKinley, there is no reason to believe that he questions the wisdom if not the necessity of giving the President a renomination. There is enough in the situation in Ohio, however, to serve as a basis for continuing the contest for leadership in Ohio between Senators Hanna and Foraker, which has been waged regularly since both of them became senators. Politicians prefer sailing with the wind to bucking a head sea, and Senator Foraker is not only a politician but a very astute one. He therefore backed a counter proposal to the Hanna plan, which was that the coming convention should not only indorse the administration, but should go away beyond that and name President Roosevelt as the choice of Ohio for the next President.

The matter was settled by the President expressing a desire for indorsement and by Hanna withdrawing his opposition. The action taken may have no effect on the selection of the next Republican candidate. Its importance is more likely to come from the struggle between Hanna and Foraker. Senator Hanna's position is peculiar. About two years ago he became a member of the Civic Federation, and since then has devoted much time to the settlement of labor troubles by arbitration, or by bringing the representatives of capital and labor together. Naturally, it has been said that he was seeking popularity, and that his single purpose in gaining popularity was to capture the Presidency. If that were true, it is odd that he should have taken pains to deny such ambitions. He has surely been steadily consistent in his statements that his age and his health would preclude his acceptance of a nomination. Only last week, he was reported, on the authority of Walter Wellman, as saying that he "had never been a candidate for the Presidency and never would he; that what he had done in labor matters he had done from conviction, and had no politics, no demagoguery, and no self-seeking in it."

The country ought to take Senator Hanna at his word. He can afford to be a philanthropist if he desires. If he had the ambition to be President, which he denies, it would seem at this time to be pretty thoroughly nipped in the bud. It is claimed for President Roosevelt that twenty-nine States—nearly enough to nominate him—have already pledged him their votes in next year's convention. In addition to that, the tour he has made has admittedly added to his strength, especially through the West and Middle West, and if it has not clinched his renomination, may at least be considered to have eliminated any chances which Senator Hanna may have had.

The news of the affliction that has come upon the town of Palo Alto and the Stanford University located there, has aroused the sympathy of the people of the entire State. The wide-spread interest in the university itself has perhaps brought about the erroneous impression that the scourge has confined its attacks to the faculty and student body, but the neighboring community has suffered as well. The cause of the epidemic was discovered in a polluted stream and an unclean surface well in the foothills, the water of which was used by two dairies in cleaning their cans. Those who used this milk were attacked, others were not. The disease was in no way a result of the water supply or of anything under the control of the university. In the town the citizens have been energetic in meeting the situation and helping the afflicted ones who were unable to help themselves. Among the student body the Student Guild has raised money, hunted up cases of the disease among the students, whether living upon the university grounds or in the town, and has seen that they wanted for nothing. President Jordan spoke in particularly eulogistic terms of the president of that body, who devoted his whole time to the work, to the neglect of his own university prospects. Now that the cause of the trouble has been traced, there is not likely to be any extension of the calamity.

Although the proposed national inspection and control bill urged upon Congress by the pure-food advocates failed of passage, it has been discovered that a provision included in the Agricultural Appropriation bill amounts to the same thing, and will prove a valuable pure-food victory. The scope of the new law was explained recently to the American Therapeutic Society, assembled in Washington, by Dr. W. H. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. The law, which is a drastic one, goes into effect on July 1st, and plans are being matured to enforce it to the strict exclusion of all importations of deleterious foods, liquors, and drugs. The section which confers authority upon the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Treasury to exclude importations, provides that when the former has reason to suspect the purity or honesty of any such articles coming from abroad, or which are forbidden to be sold in the country of their origin, or from which they are exported, he may request samples from the original packages for inspection and analysis. The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to refuse delivery to the consignee of any such goods as the Secretary of Agriculture may report to him as being dangerous to health, prohibited from sale abroad, or falsely labeled.

"After July 1st," Dr. Wiley declared, "you will hardly be able to buy in this country any frankfurters imported from Germany. Germany objects to the borax in our meats, and we will object to the borax in her sausages, for we have

found that they all contain borax. Then, too, the French wines that come into the United States will receive their dues. There is probably not a wine sold in this country under the label of 'pure French wine' that is not a mixture or blend of French and Italian and other light wines. We intend to make these people tell on the label the truth about what is in the bottle."

It will be seen that the terms of the law are thus not only interesting to pure-food advocates, but that they place a powerful weapon for retaliation in the hands of this country when any foreign nation discriminates against the exports of the United States. It has been shown that in the matter of adulteration Europeans are as deep in the mire as our manufacturers have been in the mud, and to bring them both to book is a consummation devoutly to be wished. A chemist and several assistants have already been added to Dr. Wiley's bureau, and they are now analyzing imported drugs and other products with the purpose of being ready to put the new regulations into active service. The importation of drugs, foods, and drinks into the United States amounts to about ten millions of dollars a month. Somewhat more than half of this amount is represented by drugs, the remainder being divided between wines, beers, provisions, vegetables, and fish. There will be some consternation abroad and among importers at home when the law becomes operative, but the consumers of the United States are to be congratulated that, after long agitation, protection is to be accorded them against harmful food products, at least from abroad. More power, say we, to this variety of exclusion.

On the suggestion of Governor Pennypacker, and under the guidance of Senators Quay and Penrose, a law has been enacted in Pennsylvania designed to regulate the publication of libelous matter in the newspapers of that State. The law already provided a punishment for the publication of libelous matter, but that law was not strict enough for these law-makers. The new law provides for damages for pecuniary loss and mental anguish resulting from any publication "in which the newspaper owner has been negligent in the ascertainment of facts, and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, or business of citizens." The language of the law is general as to all classes of publication, but it is aimed particularly at the cartoon. In order that the law may be enforced against the responsible persons, it is provided that the name of the owner or publisher must be published at the head of the editorial page in each issue. The press of Pennsylvania has not ignored the law. It has done worse—it has ridiculed it from the start. In one case the law seems likely to prove a boomerang, for a publisher, in whose paper appeared a cartoon representing Legislator Pusey as a "contorted cat," was referred to by the governor as an "outcast," and now the publisher proposes to punish the governor under his own law. Some of the papers have published lists of every man in their employ, from managing editor to printer's devil. The governor took particular exception to a cartoon representing himself as "an ugly little dwarf" perched upon a stool beside a printing press in such a position that when the press started up he would be overturned. The next morning the same paper published a cartoon in which the press had started up and the "ugly little dwarf" was flying through the air. The law was enacted by the Quay machine in the hope of putting an end to the war against them by both Republican and Democratic papers. The governor is reported to have said that if the law is not obeyed he has the power to suppress the offending newspapers. The only result so far has been to stir up a storm of cartoons and lampoons in prose and verse directed upon the governor from every part of the State. It will be remembered that a similar law requiring signatures in newspapers was enacted in this State a few years ago.

One of the earliest results of President Roosevelt's visit to this city is his determination to have the Presidio Reservation improved at once. He was enthusiastic, during his visit, over the natural beauty of the place and over what has been accomplished with the inadequate means at the disposal of the authorities. He declared that at least one million dollars should be expended on improvements there, and promised to write to the Secretary of War calling his attention to the matter immediately. It is hoped among the officers that fine new post-assembly rooms and permanent brick barracks will be among the improvements. The Presidio has been the military post of the government, near the most important city on this side of the continent, for more than half a century, and heretofore, almost the only work done, in the way of permanent improvement, has been accomplished by the troops stationed there. During the war more extended accommodations became an imperative necessity, but these improvements were of a temporary character, and, until the personal inspection of the President, the authorities at Washington did not gain a realizing sense of the necessities of the situation.

For many years there has been a desultory sort of agitation in favor of the adoption of a parcel-post as a part of the regular post-office service. The California Postal Progress League was organized in Los Angeles recently for the purpose of carrying on a systematic campaign in favor of a parcel-post, and, from the prominent names among its list of officers, it should accomplish something. Under the postal law as it stands at present, a package four pounds in weight may be transmitted through the mails at a cost of 64 cents. In Great Britain the limit is eleven pounds, at a charge of 24 cents; in Switzerland it is 24 pounds, and the charge 33 cents; in Germany it is 110 pounds, and the charge 60 cents. In the last-named country, the railways are required to carry free of charge all packages weighing less than eleven pounds, which accounts for the extremely low charge.

THE MONEY-MAKERS' MECCA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

What most impressed me on my return to the United States after a stay abroad?

What first impressed me, as a Californian, was the length and severity of the Eastern winter. What most deeply impressed me as an American was the luxury, the wealth, the extravagance of New York as contrasted with foreign cities. This is a comparatively new phase in American life. By that I do not mean that New York has hitherto been a poor city. That would be absurd. New York has always been the richest of American cities. I mean that New York has come to be one of the most arrogantly rich cities in the world. At one time there were several European cities more expensive than New York. Capitals are usually expensive places. Paris, Vienna, London, Cairo, Constantinople, Berlin, Madrid, Rome—all of these capitals are expensive. The first two used to be the most expensive, the last the least. All of them were once more expensive than New York. Now New York is more expensive than any European capital with which I am familiar. I have never visited St. Petersburg.

In speaking of changes, the brevity of my stay abroad might make some readers smile. But this is an electric age. Much takes place in six months—for example, while we were away a great industrial war was settled—the anthracite strike; a great legal decision was handed down—the Northwestern merger case; an Atlantic record was broken; wireless telegrams were flashed to transatlantic liners. I mention merely these cardinal happenings, selected from a host of minor events.

What first impressed me on my return was the length and severity of the Atlantic winter. When we sailed from New York, just half a year ago, it was winter. When we returned, after a lapse of six months, we found it winter still. Yet we were nearing May Day. As we steamed up the lower bay, through the Narrows, and gazed upon the Staten Island and Bay Ridge shores, we saw on either hand gaunt and leafless trees, rusty, frost-bitten lawns. The landscape wore that pinched and shrewish air which betokens a long and hard winter. From off the shore there was blowing a sharp northeaster; when we landed it had grown to a gale; by the next morning it was a bitter blizzard. Up and down Broadway the sixty-mile blast howled through the gorges and cañons left by the down-town sky-scrappers. Even up town the blizzard rioted round the famous Flat Iron Building. Here the police were holding down to earth struggling females who manifested a disposition to soar skyward on the wings of the wind. Other police officers were engaged in dragging forth from area-ways touselled and disheveled ladies who had been blown down the basement steps. One woman had even been rolled rapidly the full length of the Flat Iron Building, propelled by the vagrom wind. Under the lee of this modern Mount of Æolus the Broadway squad were gathering up wrecked umbrellas torn from their owner's hands by the zephyrs of Gotham's spring. They had accumulated several barrels full of umbrellas. Not only was the wind a fierce one, but it was cruel cold. Yet all this wintry weather was in the latter half of April.

In a few days there came a complete change. The thermometer rose, the parks were filled. Fat men sat on the benches, wearily wagging fans and wiping their bald heads. The Eastern summer had apparently set in with its usual severity. The day we left New York for Chicago, the temperature rose to 83°. A roofer at work on top of a hotel was killed by sunstroke. Yet the weather bureau predicted a snow-storm out West, which seemed incredible. But we struck it. We ran out of this tropical temperature into the blizzard. Sleet and snow whirled against our car-windows, while further north, in Minnesota and Nebraska, trains and trolley lines were stalled by drifting snow. A little to the south of us, at St. Louis, the people on the platform at the Presidential reception were forced to wrap up in carriage robes to keep from freezing. Even the iron Roosevelt shivered. All this after two days of summer, following a hard six months' winter, without any spring at all.

For those people who like change, diversity, and that variety which is said to be the spice of life, the Eastern climate is to be commended. But I freely admit that I prefer the climatic monotony of California.

What next impressed me was what impresses all homecoming Americans—the rigidity of our custom-house regulations. This is an old story and not worth retelling. But when you have passed numerous custom-houses and crossed and re-crossed many frontiers, with nothing more than a wave of the hand from the customs-officers and a chalk-mark on your unlocked trunks, the ordeal at the New York dock rather jars you. Uncle Sam first makes you swear to a declaration; then he distrusts your word; he plainly refuses to accept your attestation; he scrupulously turns inside out everything you have, from a Saratoga trunk to a hat-box. The officers are as obliging as the regulations permit them to be, but they abate no jot nor tittle of the law's severity lest they be discharged.

As I saw old ladies seated forlornly amid heaps of trumpery trinkets which they had bought abroad—as I saw the officers going and fetching "inspectors" and other brass-bound functionaries—as I heard them gravely arguing whether an inlaid steel paper-knife, worth about a dollar and a half, should be classed as "metal work" or "jewelry," I could not help thinking that Uncle Sam more than earns the paltry money he gets out of such poor tourists by the work it takes him to get it.

What next impressed me was the high rate of cab-fare as contrasted with that abroad. When the rate per mile in

TYPHOID
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CRUSADE.

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PRESIDIO.

PARCEL-POST
LEAGUE IS
STARTED.

CUSTOMS DUTIES,
TRANSFERS, AND
CAB-FARES.

London is about sixpence, in Paris about a franc, and in Rome, Florence, or Naples less than a lira, New York prices slightly stagger one. Such was the experience of a Buffalo man when he had to pay two hundred and seventeen dollars and sixty-nine cents on his wife's new clothes. After he had unlocked, unpacked, repacked, and relocked five trunks and nine bags, he addressed a carriage agent.

"What will you charge to take my wife and me up to the Madison Square Hotel?" said the Buffalo man.

"How much baggage?" asked the agent.

"Five trunks and nine small pieces," he replied.

"You'll have to take it in two cabs—cost you nine dollars sixty," replied the agent.

"Great snakes!" cried the Buffalo man, "the last time I had it moved was in Naples, and it cost me only two dollars."

"Don't know nothin' about that," said the agent, briskly; "you aint in Naples now, you're in New York."

"Couldn't you shave the rate a little?" asked the Buffalo man, anxiously.

"Shave nothing," said the agent; "it's the reg'lar rate. You can't get nobody to do it fer less."

The Buffalo man turned to a transfer agent and asked his price.

"Take up your fourteen pieces for five-sixty—forty cents apiece," replied the transfer man.

"But there are only five large pieces, the rest are small ones," said the Buffalo man.

"Don't make no difference," said the agent; "forty cents fer a trunk, forty cents fer a grip."

"And how much for a carriage to take us up?" asked the Buffalo man.

"Cost you four dollars more," replied the agent.

"Five-sixty for the baggage, four dollars for the cab—that makes nine-sixty," commented the Buffalo man; "just what the other feller asked."

"Sure," assented the agent, cheerfully.

The last I saw of the Buffalo man he had concluded a bargain with two fly-by-night Hoboken cabs, driven by beery Jehus, to take him and his impedimenta up for eight dollars. There was a hitch, however—the dock-porters refused to permit the beery Jehus to pass the line and get the luggage, saying that the porters' union would not permit non-union cabmen to handle luggage on the dock. For taking it across the line to the cabs the union porters demanded a dollar, which, when I left, the Buffalo man was ruefully handing over.

Another thing that impressed me was the poor quality of the theatrical shows in New York. That, however, is another old story. Some fifteen years ago I happened to be in New York during the height of the theatrical season, and out of some thirty shows, only three were worth seeing—Amalia Materna and her troupe of singers in Wagner operas, "The Henrietta" at the Union Square, and Augustin Daly's company of comedians. Three out of thirty!

It must not be inferred that, in crossing from Europe to New York, I found the London and Paris shows all good and the New York shows all bad. By no means. It is possible to go to theatre after theatre in London, and find merely mediocre plays, and sometimes very stupid ones. So in Paris—even there many poor plays hold the boards. In great cities like London, New York, and Paris, hundreds of thousands of strangers daily come and go, filling the theatres night after night, whether the plays be good, bad, or indifferent. And New York seems to be a kind of dramatic dump, into which the managers shovel London and Paris stage stuff, whether it be drama, drivel, or muck.

But I found one show in New York which was superior to anything I saw in Europe, except the Paris Opéra. I have never seen anything in London to compare with the Paris Opéra or the Opéra Comique. Covent Garden never had anything like the magnificent stage settings, the wonderfully artistic scenery, the cloud-piercing temples of "Salambo," the rock-hewn caverns of "Samson and Delilah," or the gorgeous costumes of the Paris Opéra ballet corps with its many hundred danseuses. Neither had the Metropolitan. These magnificent shows I found utterly without compare, even in the great, rich, and luxurious city of New York.

But I found one show there that equaled them in certain respects. It was not at any opera-house nor at any theatre. The place where I found this gorgeousness, this magnificence, this artistic ensemble, was at the circus. Barnum & Bailey's was the only show in New York that compared with the Paris Opéra in costuming, in finish, and in ensemble. Do not smile—this is not exaggeration—it is plain, cold, sober truth. The statement is a severe comment on the New York theatres, but it is a just one. So with the opera at the Metropolitan—it has more stars, but its ensemble does not compare with that of Paris. New York's idea of opera is three-thousand-dollar stars and thirty-cent choristers—save on the scenery and skimp on the orchestra. In Paris they pay less to their stars and more to their minor artists; their scenery is painted by artists, and is new for each *première*. At the Metropolitan they are still using some of the scenery that they had ten years ago. As for the orchestra, the difference is notable even to the non-musical mind—Paris employs half again as many musicians as the Metropolitan. When it comes to the ballet, the remarkable body of persons whom Mr. Grau gravely furnishes forth as a "corps de ballet," may be body, but they are not ballet.

Still, if we are not up to the Old World in opera, the American circus beats the world. Compare the Nouveau Cirque in Paris with Barnum & Bailey's. The performance is a good one, but it does not come within a thousand miles of the American show. True, I like the Paris circus.

I even like the American cake-walk as performed by White-chapel negroes, French clowns, and English cockney girls. But the American clowns amuse me more than the French clowns in Paris. When they entered in procession across the Madison Square arena, dressed as *toreadores* and *banderilleros*, and had a mock bull-fight with a bull-terrier equipped with papier-maché horns, I roared with laughter. I enjoyed it much more than the real bull-fighting in Madrid. When one of the clowns did the Loie Fuller skirt-dance on horseback, using a saw-horse for a steed and two broomsticks to wave his iridescent petticoats, I enjoyed it much more than when gazing on the fair and fat Loie herself. When the clowns gave a burlesque of a fake prize-fight I nearly doubled up with laughter.

By the way, when this scene was on, I observed that the merriment was confined to the men. The women, who had never seen a prize-fight, either sat coldly, or else smiled in gentle indulgence of the unmeaning mirth of husband or sweetheart.

I once belonged to an "athletic" club in California whose single function was paying about ten thousand dollars a month to pugs as purses in prize-fights, and whose single rule was that no pug should take his purse unless he had knocked out the other pug. In short, our battle-cry was "No double-cross, no crown—No knock-out, no coin." The only exception to this rule was when "Gentleman" Jim Corbett fought with Peter Jackson. The battle lasted for several hours without a knock-out; but, considering their high standing, socially, and their heavy weight, professionally, the club weakly consented to give the pugilists a portion of the purse. This was the little rift within the lute. It was the beginning of the end—the club collapsed.

It was just as well. Every night that there was a "glove contest"—as our president gently called the occasion—it was an event in San Francisco. All sorts of engagements were set aside. Was there a cotillion? The buds sat partnerless around the wall. Was there an opera? The boxes contained belles but no beaux. Was there a dinner-party? The hostess was showered with regrets. On "glove-contest" nights all the San Francisco clubs were crowded at the dinner hour, and empty after eight o'clock. The "athletic" club itself on such nights would be jammed with the fine flower of masculine San Francisco—judges, merchants, lawyers, bankers, doctors, book-makers, gamblers, crooks, retired pugs, and bunco-men. I used sometimes to think that if an earthquake came and the roof fell on us, there would be mourning in many stately homes in San Francisco over some, and much rejoicing in the police department over others.

We were very scientific in the old club. We insisted on "scientific contests" until one night two scientific pugs fought till four o'clock A. M. without hitting one another, when we ceased to be exigent. We knew all about the Queensberry and the London P. R. rules. Once "the Marine," George La Blanche, fought with "the Nonpareil," Jack Dempsey, for an hour or two. Jack had battered the sailor's mug into a bloody mass, and everybody expected to see "the Marine" "go out" in the next round. But suddenly "the Marine" whirled round on the ball of his foot; he made a complete pivot, and struck Dempsey under the jaw with the heel of his clenched fist; coming thus at the end of his whirling arm, like a stone in a sling, with all the force of his powerful body and the centrifugal force of his giant swing behind it, the blow was like that of a sledge-bammer. Like one struck by lightning "the Nonpareil" fell, and lay stiff, stark, and senseless on the floor between "the Marine's" legs. Through the densely crowded room there sounded the measure voice of the referee counting "One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—AND OUT." And Jack Dempsey, the victor of many battles, was a defeated and broken man. Over this "contest," and whether the blow was fair or foul, the scientific club wrangled for many a day.

At the Madison Square circus the clowns solemnly "counted out" the defeated gladiator, which brought up these recollections of the old California Club and my salad days.

By the way, the practice of "counting out" is not confined to the prize ring. I once witnessed its application at a banquet. Some Englishmen are not quite so eloquent on their feet as some Americans. At a large dinner in New York one of the guests was a distinguished Englishman. After several speeches had been made, the distinguished Englishman was called upon for a few remarks. He arose, uttered about six words, gasped, choked, and hopelessly stuck. It was a very embarrassing pause, and there seemed no way out of it. But after half a minute had elapsed a humorous gentleman arose near the foot of the table, assumed the post of referee, solemnly counted from one to ten, and remarking "out," sat down. A roar of laughter swept over the table. The Englishman did not understand why, but he evidently looked upon the speech as finished, and so it was.

Another fact that has impressed me on returning to America is that the enormous increase in the business of the leading New York restaurants has not increased their excellence. They handle such crowds of people, many of whom are uncritical, that they no longer pay such minute attention to the details of cuisine and service as they used to do. It is quite possible to get a very poor dinner at Delmonico's or Sherry's. You are not infrequently served there with food that is inferior and disbes that are cold. For this there is no excuse. The prices are high, and food, cookery, and service should be faultless. I have seen—and smelled—game on the tables of the swell New York restaurants that was too high to eat, even at the highest-priced restaurants and in the highest society. To those who plead that "New Yorkers are better treated," and that only strangers get cold soup and coagulated gravy, I have nothing to say.

As to the uncomfortable crowding that characterizes the

fashionable New York restaurants, that, I suppose, is unavoidable. It is the inevitable result of the great prosperity of the country, and of the large number of people in New York with "money to burn." In most cities the natural outcome would seem to be the starting of new restaurants to meet the increased rush of customers, but in New York all seem to want to go to the old places. When the old places are full, they go to the old places where the old places used to be. Thus they crowd the Café Martin, in the old Delmonico stand.

I believe in lunching early. I particularly believe in lunching early in New York, because if you don't your luncheon there becomes a combination of football rush and nightmare. In the United States people generally lunch late. We eat those large and complicated American breakfasts—we eat mush and milk, or porridge, or "cereals" as people now daintily call mush; we eat ham and eggs; we eat hot rolls and other deadly forms of sinkers; we eat bot cakes with soothing syrup; we eat grape-fruit and other hideous citric acid things at these uncanny hours. As a result we have no cargo room until one or two o'clock. On the other hand, if you take the light foreign breakfast of a cup of coffee or chocolate and a roll at seven, you have a very fine article of hunger at about half-past eleven, and can lunch very comfortably at twelve. If you go to lunch at the Café Martin at about twelve you can get a table; if you go at one, it is difficult to get in at all.

The Café Martin, as I said, is situate where the up-town Delmonico used to be, on Twenty-Sixth Street, extending from Broadway to Fifth Avenue. It is one of the choicest locations in New York. The old New York Club used to be on the point of the gore where an apothecary shop is now. Why Delmonico's should ever have abandoned this ideal restaurant site it is difficult to understand. I do not mean that they should have refrained from starting a place further up town. But they should have retained the old place, too—there will never be another like it. There is only one Broadway, only one Fifth Avenue, on Manhattan Island, and the only place they intersect is at Madison Square. Nothing can ever touch it for a restaurant and café. When Delmonico's deserted it the managers must have been suffering from some form of mania. It is not strange that the people of the old Hotel Martin, for so many years successful on University Place, should have decided to occupy the old Delmonico stand. This they have done with phenomenal success. Every evening, at the dinner hour, there are crowds of people standing around the Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street entrances, waiting for a chance to feed. In the old days at Delmonico's, ten or fifteen years ago, you would see at seven o'clock a score of people waiting for tables on the Fifth Avenue side. Now you will see fifty in the Fifth Avenue lobby, and a hundred on the Twenty-Sixth Street side. At the dinner hour thrice that number turn away disappointed down the stairs leading to the upper or *table d'hôte* room; yet that big room seats some four hundred people, and that number is fed there every evening, in addition to the number that Delmonico used to dine.

The sight really is an amazing one. The people are so anxious to secure seats that they scarcely allow the previous occupants to finish their meal. One evening a man was seated not far from us by the door; he was placidly picking his teeth—possibly an ill-bred proceeding, but it was not to his ill-breeding that the persons of whom I speak objected. They objected to his sitting there at all after he "was done." They saw by the small silver change left by the waiter on a salver that he had finished. Two women entered and stood near him, speculating as to why he didn't get up. One of them remarked in an audible voice that she thought nobody but a boor would sit there when he knew that people were waiting.

I had left my party's hats and wraps at the Fifth Avenue lobby, and walked across the room to that door, to bring them back to Twenty-Sixth Street, where we intended to leave. As I entered the Fifth Avenue lobby two women immediately darted in, nearly knocking me down. They imagined my appearance meant that a table was waiting. They were covered with confusion when they found that none was free.

I spoke but now of the waiter bringing change. Among the other expenses in New York, the tips count up. The sturdy American, of whom we all were so proud, the servant who scorned a tip, has disappeared. The servants all expect tips now, and the difference between them and those abroad is that they give you less and expect more. The cashiers of course make change for them, so that there is small money for tips. But several times I have seen waiters on their way from the cashier to the customer changing quarters into half-dollars out of their own pockets to force the customer to give them half-dollar tips. They think a quarter not enough.

New York restaurant prices are distinctly high. A dinner for two at Sherry's might be thus economically ordered from his bill of fare:

Oysters (portions for two).....	\$.70
Chicken soup (portion for one).....	.70
Broiled shad (portion for one).....	.80
Fillet of beef (portion for one).....	1.75
Green peas (portion for one).....	.75
Lettuce salad (portion for one).....	.60
Ice cream (portions for two).....	.80
Black coffee (portions for two).....	.30
	\$6.40

Some would not call this a simple dinner, others would call it meagre. It depends on the point of view. Yet such a dinner is eaten daily in San Francisco restaurants by people of moderate means, who pay for it only moderate prices. In New York, as will be seen, at a leading restaurant it would cost six dollars and forty cents. This excludes

d'oeuvres, relishes, and any leverage except water. Yet this selection is from the cheaper things on the bill of fare. If

Turtle soup at.....	\$1.00
Brook trout at.....	1.50
Supreme of chicken at.....	3.00
Canvasback duck at.....	5.00
New asparagus at.....	1.00

\$11.50

and high-priced desserts were selected, it would more than double the bill—the entire dinner would cost about \$13.00.

Delmonico's prices are about the same as Sherry's. The Waldorf prices seem to be a shade lower. Delmonico and Sherry charge 90 cents for a single slice of "roast sirloin of beef," 75 cents for plain "roast beef." For the latter the Waldorf charges 70 cents. Canvasback duck at Sherry's is billed \$5.00, at Delmonico's \$4.50, at the Waldorf \$4.00. At Delmonico's green peas are 75 cents; artichokes, 75; asparagus, \$1.00; at Sherry's, these vegetables are the same. Both charge for lettuce or chicory salad 60 cents.

The Café Martin, the establishment which occupies Delmonico's old place at Twenty-Sixth Street, is supposed to be a trifle cheaper than the two restaurants further up the Avenue, but the fact is not apparent from the bill. The Café Martin charges 90 cents for broiled shad-roe, plain; Sherry's, 80 cents for shad without roe; Delmonico's, 75 cents for shad without roe; and the Waldorf 60 cents for shad-roe without the shad. Thus it will be seen that the Café Martin sometimes has higher prices than the other restaurants. I am inclined to think that its cookery is sometimes better. The place, however, is usually more crowded than Sherry's or Delmonico's, the service not so faultless, and the clientèle not so unexceptionable. I am told that the *table-d'hôte* dinner "is good enough for the money, but not very good." That is usually the case with *table-d'hôte* dinners in New York. The old Brunswick Hotel years ago used to serve a dollar-and-a-half *table d'hôte* which was a perfect miracle of badness. And for years the New Yorkers have been eating sloppy *table-d'hôte* dinners, served in old dwelling-houses on the cross-town streets, washed down with bad California Zinfandel put up in Chianti bottles, under the fond delusion that these curious repasts were "Italian."

At Sherry's they now serve a *table d'hôte* which on the bill—all in French—is called a "dîner de luxe." Everything about it is luxurious except the food. Appended is the bill of fare of one of these Barmecide repasts:

Oysters
Chicken Gumbo
Fillet of Bass
Noisettes of Lamb
Roast Pigeon
Lettuce Salad
Ice Cream of Fantasy in Shape
Coffee

Price, three dollars per. When a healthy man has finished this light and airy meal—when he has ingested one of the noisettes of lamb about the size of a fifty-cent piece—when he has topped off with a microscopic fantastic ice—then he feels as Billy Emerson used to say he felt when he had no money for his dinner and ran rapidly around the block with his mouth open and got a wind pie. After paying about five francs for a European *table-d'hôte* dinner, three dollars for Sherry's pink-tea collation gives one a painful feeling about both pocket and epigastrium. Such a repast may suit a chlorotic society bud, or a pale and intellectual person with a beetling brow who does not require much hash, but most people would feel empty after one of Sherry's three-dollar luxurious dinners.

Eugene Field once wrote a humorous screed about a Western feedery called "Casey's table dote." Were he alive, he could write a better one about Sherry's.

One may make comparisons in prices between the Café Martin and the other restaurants, but there can be no comparison as to clientèle. Sunday evening seems to be the favorite time at Sherry's and Delmonico's. Luxurious as the households of the wealthy have grown along the Atlantic seashore, they have not discarded some of the simple ways of their rural forefathers. One of these is the early Sunday dinner, so that the "help" may take their Sunday off. True, they now call it a "dejeuner," but it is a good, old-fashioned Sunday dinner. Then instead of finishing the Lord's Day with a light Puritan or Knickerhocker supper of tea, hot biscuits, cold chicken, ham, jam, and preserves, these degenerate Americans go to the transplanted restaurants and make an elaborate French dinner of many courses.

The crowd at present seems to favor Sherry's rather than Delmonico's. The sight there on a Sunday night is indeed a brilliant one. All the tables in the big room on the corner of the Avenue are reserved beforehand. By eight o'clock their occupants are arriving, and those who have not engaged tables are forced to fill the palm-room, the grill-room, nay, even the very lobby and corridors are crowded with tables. It would be difficult to say how many are seated in these crowded rooms—several hundred at least. The women wear handsome often gorgeous gowns; the men are clearly all in swallow-tails, white ties, and white waistcoats—those with dinner-jackets and black ties are in a marked minority. The rooms are lofty, spacious, and beautifully decorated. A fine string band hidden behind the palms plays coon songs pianissimo and rag-time pizzicato, while a well-bred huzz of conversation, never rising to the tea-table shriek, makes an agreeable obligato. There is no crockery clatter, and the well-drilled waiters move noiselessly on rubber-shod feet. As one looks around the beautiful rooms and the brilliant throng, it is difficult to realize that we are in prim and Puritan America, the land of simplicity; that this is a Sunday night, and that this apparently cosmopolitan throng are descendants of Wouter Van Twillers and Increase Mathers.

Apocryphal of that, what a marked increase of wealth and luxury may be noted in New York during the last ten or fifteen years. A decade ago it was apparently possible to collect all of the then luxurious diners in the little old Delmonico's at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street. Now the number of people who can afford to pay Delmonico prices and wear Paris gowns is greatly swollen—so swollen that both Sherry's and Delmonico's new and larger places are frequently so crowded that they turn people away. Now there are additional places for the overflow, and yet these additional places are also crowded, and also turning people away. Really, the amount of money spent in these New York restaurants is astounding. I suppose all the proprietors must get rich. Yesterday I read in the papers that the wife of the steward of one of these places, while driving in her private carriage in the park, had collided with an auto; her carriage was smashed, and she was injured. She was taken to an apartment-house near the park, where she lives, and which she and her husband own. These apartment-houses near the park are worth anywhere from a quarter of a million to a million.

Wife of a steward.

In a restaurant.

Private carriage.

Driving in park.

Live in a half-million mansion.

Which they own.

Great heavens! To think that I may have said to such a man, "Here, waiter!"

But then I always was iconoclastic. I have no hump of reverence. I have sometimes been curt with millionaires who were not waiters.

Whenever I have finished an elaborate meal in a swell New York restaurant, I delight in saying to the waiter "Gimme some stewed prunes, please." When this remark is made to a swell head-waiter in a New York café, after he has fed you on his high-priced viands, it almost gives him nervous prostration. But I delight in testing the fruits of my native State, and comparing the prices charged for them by Eastern restaurants with those received by the gaunt grangers who stand under the prune and apricot-trees in California, feeling in the pockets of their dingy overalls. The prices differ greatly. At Delmonico's, I find that they give twelve prunes for thirty cents, or about two and a half cents per prune. At Sherry's, they give you ten for twenty-five cents, also two and a half cents per prune. At the Waldorf they give you ten for thirty cents, but as their prunes are of the large twenty-three variety, probably the extra half cent per prune is justified. Rector's is a semi-sporty café, where ladies from Souhrette Row talk in loud tones to their adoring escorts, casting coquettish glances at other gents the while. At Rector's they gave me twelve prunes, which the cashier at first marked "thirty cents." This sum, however, was erased, and "forty cents" written over it. Evidently the price of California prunes rose at Rector's while I was ordering them. At the Café Martin the price varied from twenty-five to thirty cents per dozen—probably according to the weather and the prospects of the prune crop.

Thus it will be seen that there is an average of two and a half cents per prune charged in New York, while the growers in California receive about one and a half cents per pound. There is some mystery here.

The disproportion is not so great concerning other California fruits. However, it is still high. For example, they will serve you in these swell French restaurants a dessert called "coupe aux abricots." This consists of half an apricot put in a champagne glass and then partially covered with sour cream, or what we call in the country "clabber"—price fifty cents. In California I have often seen fruit-growers engaged in what they call "thinning out" the apricots. The trees bear so heavily that they break down unless the overproduction of fruit is removed. I have seen a granger on a \$5,000 farm with a \$3,000 mortgage throw away several million dollars' worth of apricots at these Delmonico prices. This seems wicked and wasteful. The grangers ought to be more careful.

At Sherry's they will serve you what they call a "compote of peaches," but the phrase is ungrammatical. I was always taught that it was incorrect to say "one and a half dollars"—you should say "one dollar and a half." Inasmuch as Sherry's "compote of peaches" consists of one peach and a part of another one, I regard the title as ungrammatical. I wonder how long they keep the other half if nobody orders the same dish on the same day? They are canned peaches, by the way, and of the large cling-stone variety that come down from the interior valleys in such quantities that the boxes are sometimes dumped into San Francisco Bay by the hundreds. Sherry's price, forty cents per peach.

Another thing that impresses the visitor is the large number of buildings going up in New York. There are all kinds—for example, thirteen theatres are among them. Not only down town where sky-scrapers are being erected, but far up

town, in the residence quarter, New York is erecting many buildings. Even as far up as Ninetieth Street the building boom prevails, for there, at the corner of Fifth Avenue, Andrew Carnegie is erecting his Manhattan castle. His selection of a site has brought other millionaires around him. These figures will give some idea of the value of land on upper Fifth Avenue; the block bounded by Seventy-Eighth and Seventy-Ninth Streets, Fifth and Madison Avenues, is called by New York real-estate men "The Bric-à-Brac Block" on account of the fancy prices the lots have brought. Henry H. Cook bought the block in 1884 for about \$500,000. Real-estate experts now value the land at over nine millions of dollars, and the land with improvements at nearly twenty

millions. The Fifth Avenue frontage alone—two hundred feet—is valued at over two millions. Henry H. Cook has his house at the corner of Seventy-Eighth Street; among the other millionaires in the block are Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac D. Fletcher, Thomas E. Stillman (one of the law firm managing Mr. Searles's interest in the Southern Pacific), and Frederic Gehhard, once a benedict but now divorced. Cook's property includes seven building lots, and is valued by real-estate men at \$2,000,000. Colonel Oliver H. Payne, the millionaire brother of the late Mrs. W. C. Whitney, has purchased a plot near here for a wedding gift to his nephew, Payne Whitney; for this little lot, seventy by one hundred feet, he paid \$700,000. A house is going up on this lot which is being constructed by a "building and operating company"; many of the residences in New York, as well as the tall buildings down town, are now erected by such companies.

Even off of Fifth Avenue, on the cross-town streets, values are very high. In this neighborhood inside lots on Seventy-Ninth Street are held at \$6,000 a front foot. W. D. Sloane is building two houses in Ninety-First Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, for two of his daughters. Mr. Carnegie's brother is about to build on Ninety-First Street and Fifth Avenue. Archer M. Huntington, adopted son of the late Collis P. Huntington, is about building on Fifth Avenue between Eighty-Ninth and Ninetieth Streets. W. B. Leeds, a Pittsburgh millionaire, is building on Eighty-Ninth just off Fifth Avenue. Some of these names show the drift of out-of-town millionaires toward New York. James B. Haggin is about to erect a house costing with the ground over a million. One of the most magnificent mansions now going up on Fifth Avenue is that of Senator Clark, of Montana. From all over this prosperous land there is a hegira of millionaires—they seem to be hastening to New York to spend their days—and their money. It is indeed the Mecca of the millionaires.

From the changes in six months to the changes in a number of years, is a far cry. But it is amazing to go back twelve or fifteen years and note the changes in New York. At that time there were practically no shops on Fifth Avenue north of Madison Square. Now you find them even north of Forty-Fifth Street. Fourth Avenue was then like a peaceful village street. Out of the Park Avenue tunnel ancient horse-cars emerged and placidly trotted down Fourth Avenue toward the Bowery. In the village-like calm of Gramercy Square children rolled their hoops and nurse-maids sat knitting in the sun. Now the bustle and roar of New York have so begirt Gramercy Square that soon the oldest dwellers will be forced to flit from there as they did from the upper side of Madison Square. All the way up Fourth Avenue, between Union and Madison Squares, sky-scrapers may be seen where a decade ago there were no tall buildings at all. On the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street an enormous building with an elaborate marble front is going up—the Metropolitan Life; it occupies practically the whole block bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues, Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth Streets, except Dr. Parkhurst's church. Other new up-town buildings are the Razor Building on Union Square; the Decker Building and the Hartford Building on the same square; a twelve-story office building at Twenty-Eighth and Broadway; a fourteen-story office building on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-Fourth Street; a twelve-story building on Thirty-Fourth near Sixth Avenue. There are at least a dozen tall buildings going up on Fourth and Fifth Avenues above Madison Square. Last but not least is the famous Flat Iron Building on the gore south of Madison Square.

Down town, the number of tall buildings going up is innumerable. They are so numerous, in fact, that even the down-town New Yorkers do not know what they are. If you ask, they will reply vaguely: "Oh, that's some new office building. I don't know its name." As a matter of fact, some of them have no name. One sixteen-story building is to be called "Forty-Two Broadway"; that is the name on the cards, the stationery, and over the main entrance; the figures "42" are woven into a cipher something like the arms of the Isle of Man. The new Wall Street Exchange Building is to be twenty-five stories and three hundred and thirty-seven feet to the roof; this tops the Park Row Building, hitherto the highest, its roof being three hundred and nine feet high. Lofty buildings are going up on Broad Street, Exchange Place, lower Broadway, Pine Street, Nassau Street, William Street, and Cedar Street. On Wall Street, even east of Pearl, three tall office buildings are going up—the Tontine, the Ward, and the Orient.

Ten or twelve years ago, New Yorkers would take a stranger to see Cyrus Field's Washington Building—then one of the sights of the city by reason of its height. Now it is actually difficult to find, it is so hidden away at the base of the modern sky-scrapers. There is a gigantic office building going up right near it, and when I asked my New York companion what building it was he did not know; when he asked the workmen, they did not know either. They knew the name of the building company who were erecting it, and that was all.

The great prosperity of our country has brought about a great increase in the outward and visible appearance of wealth. At one time there was in this country little ostentation peculiar to the millionaire. He might have a fine country place, but he would drive to and from his office in a piano-box huggy drawn by one horse and often take his lunch at the same restaurant where his clerks went. The unostentation of the American millionaire is still to be observed in large Western cities. Not so in New York. There the evidences of wealth are plainly visible. Magnificent equipages—victorias and landaus, drawn by handsome horses—electric

SUNDAY
NIGHT AT
SHERRY'S.

THE UP-TOWN
BUILDING
BOOM.

INCREASE OF
WEALTH AND
LUXURY.

coupés and broughams—servants in costly liveries—palaces on Fifth Avenue—steam yachts bringing the rich man from his country seat on Long Island Sound to his New York office down town—private cars in which he, his family and his friends make tours of the United States when they are tired of traveling abroad—these are the outward evidences of the great growth of wealth in the last ten or fifteen years.

In addition to New York's intrinsic wealth and to the many thousands of native-born New Yorkers who are rich, New York is congested with rich pilgrims from all over this rich country. This has always been the case, but it has been so more than ever during the last ten or fifteen years. There is scarcely a city in the United States which has not lost a millionaire or two by reason of his going to New York to live. San Francisco can mention several. During the last five years this tendency has become even more marked. New York is filled with men who have sold out to the various trusts either voluntarily or otherwise. They have now no business. Being Americans, they are "looking for an opening." As they are prevented from going into their old business, they are looking for a new one. In the meantime, they are enjoying themselves. They are spending much money and boosting the enormously high prices in the already extravagant city of New York.

In Europe the poor are used to seeing the outer luxury, the gorgeousness, the glitter of the rich. It is part of the pleasure of the poor to gaze on the wealthy at their play. The poor in the Old World are resigned. They are born poor, they live poor, and they expect to die poor. It is not so in the United States. I am inclined to think that much of the bitter feeling, the mixture of resentfulness and envy, which appears to be the present attitude of the poor toward the rich in some of our large American cities, is due to the ostentation of wealth. To this cause may also be due the marked drift toward socialism and the notable increase in the socialistic vote.

Many changes take place in half a year. The change which most impressed me on my return was not one suggested by any comparison between the Old World and the New. It was purely American—a change in American public opinion. It was the marked drift toward socialism.

On my return I frequently heard the socialistic sentiment expressed by substantial men. These utterances hinged principally on the coal strike and on government operation or ownership of the anthracite coal mines. But those who uttered these socialistic sentiments were apt, when pressed, to extend their plan of government ownership to other fields. The decision in the Northwestern merger case they approved, and when the Wall Street men cried out that it meant "confiscation," they retorted, "Well, why not?" In the European journals I had noted echoes of such a feeling in the United States, but I had supposed it to be the frothy utterances of yellow newspapers and political demagogues—mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. But, to my astonishment, I found these sentiments entertained and freely expressed by many solid men in New York. By that I do not mean millionaires, but business men of average means, such men as you find in the down-town luncheon clubs of New York.

Another straw—during these few months I noticed a marked change in the attitude of the employers of labor. Last year large employers were unwilling even to parley with the representatives of labor unions. Their shibboleth was "Nothing to arbitrate." This year, however, the great employers of labor, such as the coal operators, the Wabash Railway, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, the Manhattan Elevated Railway of New York, the American Bridge Company—a sub-corporation of the Steel Trust—all these vast concerns have been negotiating with their employees apparently on equal terms. There seems to be a tacit admission that the worker has an interest in the plant as well as the employer. This changed attitude probably came about so gradually in six months that it did not impress the dweller at home. But to him who returns home after half a year away, all this seems like the sudden change of a magic-lantern slide.

Six months ago, had I been asked by a young man just on the threshold of life to suggest the most promising profession or calling, I would without a moment's hesitation have replied: "Electrical engineering."

Now I would hesitate before replying.

I might suggest "socialism."

Let us look backward at the Young Socialist and the Young Electric Engineer:

In 1902, both began their careers. The Young Engineer did things. The Young Socialist said things.

Both worked hard.

In 1905, there was a marked change in the United States. Socialism began to tempt the people. The Young Socialist came to the front. He eloquently denounced capitalists and plutocrats, and was freely mentioned for the Presidency. Excited mobs hung upon his words.

The Young Engineer was still working hard.

In 1925, Federal and State legislation had become thoroughly permeated with the Brotherhood of Man idea. The Young Socialist—now middle-aged—fiercely denounced from the Forum individual ownership of property, which, he said, should belong to all.

The Engineer—no longer young—was still working hard. He had a large electric plant; was lighting several enormous cities in Oklahoma, Kansas, and the State of Sequoyah (formerly the Indian Territory); he was furnishing electric power to the Southern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and Santa Fé, where their lines ran across his territory; he had acquired a fortune, and was just thinking of economizing in the expenditures of himself and wife, in order to provide proper marriage portions for his four daughters.

To him one day came the Socialist. "Be my brother," said the Socialist, "and whack up."

"No savvy," said the Electric Engineer, who had learned French in his youth.

"Oh, come off," cried the Socialist, "I mean divvy—halvers—divide. See?"

"Nit," replied, briefly but firmly, the Electric Engineer.

"In that case," shouted the Socialist, "a justly angered and long-suffering People, indignant at the exactions of the plutocrats, and groaning under the oppressions of the predatory rich, will take back that which is merely the unearned increment of their land and labor."

"But who are the People?" asked the alarmed Electric Engineer.

"The People?" replied the Socialist. "The People? Whisper—I am It!"

So he took the Electric Engineer's plant away from him, and as he was the People, he divided it among himself. But, being a magnanimous Socialist, and entertaining no hard feelings, he gave the Electric Engineer the job of running the plant at a fair salary, and hired his four daughters as hello girls in the works.

OLD FAVORITES.

Casey's Table d'Hôte.

Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp wuz all astir,
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
What though the camp *hez* busted? I seem to see it still A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'an of Casey's table dote!

Wal, yes; it's true I struck it rich, but that don't cut a show

When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it's nigh his time to go;
The money that he's got in bonds or carries to invest
Don't figger with a codge who has lived a life out West;
Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd noise,
'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done when boys;

The which is why I love to set 'nd think of them old days
When all us Western fellers got the Colorado craze—
And that is why I love to set around all day 'nd gloat
On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's table dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same.
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings,
But, somehow, hadn't caught on; so, driftin' with the rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz new.

When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true;
And, havin' been a steward on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a cuffy 'nd he run a table dote.

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf,
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;

Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,
'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!

The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what was offered at Casey's table dote.

There wuz half a dozen tables altogether in the place,
And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a case;
The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 'twuz a shame
To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the same!
They said a case was robbery to tax for any meal;
But Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em squeal;
And presently the boardin'-houses all began to bust,
While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the dust;
And once a travlin' editor from Denver City wrote
A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's table dote.

A table dote is different from orderin' aller cart:
In one case you git all there is, in t'other, only part!
And Casey's table dote began in French—as all begin—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say, with 'vin';

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraus down east;

'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's table dote.

The very recollection of them puddin' 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes;
'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays aint what it used to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd true;

When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain smote
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's table dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out West,
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its lovin' breast—

Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we use to do,
Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd you?
Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on your face,

Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;
And so you wuz, 'nd I'd be, too, if I wuz sleepin' so.
But, hein' how a brother's love aint for the world to know,
Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my throat,
I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's table dote.

—Eugene Field.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Boston's oldest resident, Mrs. Hannah Newell Barrett, recently celebrated the one hundred and sixth anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Barrett is very proud of the fact that she is an honorary member of Boston Tea Party Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the late French premier, has been blackballed by the Yacht Club of Paris on political grounds. Gaston Menier and M. Fernand-Crouin, his proposers, and several other members of the committee have resigned, the rules of the club forbidding that political considerations should influence the election of members.

Miss E. Lowe, daughter of Sir Hudson Lowe, the famous governor of St. Helena during the captivity of Napoleon the First, has just celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday. She now lives very quietly at Balham, England. Strange to say, although Miss Lowe reached the island at the age of ten and must, therefore, have often seen the emperor, she has retained no remembrance of the illustrious exile.

Roland B. Molineaux, who on his second trial was found not guilty of the murder of Mrs. Katherine Adams, has begun proceedings to secure the removal of his photograph and measurements from the Bertillon Bureau in the State Department of Prisons at Albany, N. Y. In his petition, he sets forth that his acquittal on the second trial demonstrates that he was unlawfully convicted of murder on his first trial, and alleges that the retention of his photograph and measurements in the Bertillon Bureau holds him forth to the world as a convict and criminal, and that the same is a constant, persistent, unlawful, and malicious libel.

Henry Phipps, multi-millionaire, whose fortune of \$50,000,000, or more, was acquired while he was a partner of Andrew Carnegie in the steel business at Pittsburgh, has been visiting San Francisco during the week en route to New York, after a pleasure trip around the world. Since he amassed his wealth, he has given away many fortunes for the benefit of mankind, some of his more prominent philanthropies being the gift of \$100,000 in cash to the Boer widows and orphans in South Africa; about \$1,500,000 for the endowment of a sanitarium in Philadelphia for the treatment and study of consumption; and \$70,000 to Lord and Lady Curzon for agricultural and scientific education and other purposes in India.

Joseph Leiter's alleged proposal to settle with his remaining creditors for twenty cents on the dollar, comes as a faint echo of the collapse of the great wheat corner of 1897 and 1898. Until recently it had been generally understood that Mr. Leiter's father had settled all the debts of his son, but it now appears that some brokers were left out in the cold. Mr. Leiter believing that they had made an attempt to fatten off him at a time when they knew that defeat was inevitable. Levi Z. Leiter paid about \$9,000,000 for his son, and the present indebtedness, \$200,000, is insignificant compared with the amount paid, but if a settlement is to be made it is the understanding that it must be by compromise. Joseph Leiter has recently gone into business along lines new for him, and it is his desire to rid himself of all his debts, so that he may not be annoyed in the future.

The Rev. George C. Richmond, in a recent sermon at Syracuse, N. Y., told a hitherto unpublished anecdote about Theodore Roosevelt, which is said to be vouched for by an intimate friend of the President. It relates the reasons for his leaving the Episcopal Church and going back to the Dutch Reformed. Mr. Richmond said that when the President was graduated from Harvard he went home to New York determined to devote a part of his energy to the church. He had been born and brought up in the Dutch Reformed Church, but had come to the conclusion that the Episcopal Church had the best creed, and he cast his lot with a New York parish. He soon became a teacher in the Sunday-school. The forms of the church, however, bothered him, and he concluded that they were unnecessary and smacked of medievalism. To cap the climax, the church authorities criticised him because he did not bow when the rubric required such a posture. This was the last straw, and he never appeared at the church again, but went back to the Dutch Reformed. "The young man," said Mr. Richmond, "left the church, threw up his work, a striker in the cause of Christian reality, and went back to that old body of Christians where manliness is worth more than manners, and strength of character is of more concern than ritual."

The interesting case of Marcel Schwob, the translator of Bernhardt's "Hamlet" and F. Marion Crawford's "Francesca da Rimini," has just been settled by the Paris courts. Last January, M. Schwob, who is the husband of "Mme. Moreno," of the Comédie Française, wrote to the préfet of police informing him that, as he would not have occasion to use a suite of rooms in his possession, he would be glad to hear of a deserving poor family which might benefit by the use of the apartment for a quarter. The préfet was not long in replying, and a few days later a poor seamstress, with her family and humble household goods, took up her residence in the rooms in question, which are situated in the Rue de Valois. It subsequently appeared that M. Schwob had given notice to leave on the previous quarter day, but that, as his letter arrived a few days after the legal delay, the landlord refused to accept it. M. Schwob, nevertheless, moved to another apartment, and wrote the letter already mentioned to the préfet of police. As was to be expected, the other tenants in the Rue de Valois objected to the poor family's presence, and, in their turn, gave notice to move. M. Schwob was requested to send the seamstress away, but he refused, and the matter had to be decided by the courts. At the trial it was urged that the noise made by the seamstress's sewing-machine constituted a nuisance, but the court refused to accept this plea, and gave judgment for M. Schwob.

A HOUSE FOR SALE.

How Its Disposal Rejuvenated Mlle. Lisbeth.

There was not in all Aubusson a cleaner, neater house than that of Mlle. Lisbeth Mauduit. It was this same gospel of cleanliness, in fact, that forced the good lady to place upon her front door the sign: "This House for Sale." Bent with age, she had no longer the strength to sweep, dust, scour, and polish, as she had formerly done, all the nooks and corners of so spacious a dwelling, and as she could not endure to live in a house in which the smallest plank in a floor did not shine like a mirror, she preferred to disembarass herself of a property she could no longer keep up.

In truth, the poor old demoiselle had begun to break in a very disquieting fashion, particularly since the day she had tacked upon her door the fatal card. They said and believed that the sorrow caused her by so painful a resolution had broken her definitely, and brought her to the verge of the tomb.

It was M. Joseph Planchon, a man of means and a member of the city council, who bought her house. The conditions she imposed appeared to him so advantageous that he accepted them at once, and without debate.

She would sell him her house and grounds, she said, for thirty thousand francs, payable in fifteen years, in annual payments each of two thousand francs, without counting the interest; the sale to be final only after the last payment had been made and placed in her hands by himself, or by some other one of the signers of the contract. In addition, a "paper of consent" to the contract, "as drawn," must be made and signed, not only by all the direct heirs, but by all their descendants and ancestors living at that time. On failure of himself, or of any one of the other signers of the contract, to make these payments or carry out these provisions, the house would revert at once to Mlle. Mauduit. On the other hand, if she died before the fifteen years was up, even if this happened only a week after the sale was effected, the house was Planchon's, without his disbursing a centime more. Only she, Mlle. Mauduit, reserved for her own use, till the day of her death, the two rooms on the first floor facing to the south. "Briefly," she said, "a sale in the form of an insurance. If these conditions suit monsieur—"

The poor lady was unable to complete her sentence; a violent fit of coughing strangled and cut short her words. After which she swooned and remained so long inert that Planchon began to tremble, fearing that she was really gone, and that this great bargain had slipped through his fingers. Presently, however, she opened her eyes, and feebly demanded: "Well, monsieur, what do you say?"

"I accept! I accept!" he cried, in a glow of enthusiasm in singular contrast to his habitual caution. "Good! Then I will send for my notary and have the agreement drawn."

In due time the *acte of acquisition* was ready and signed by all concerned—Planchon père and Mother Planchon; Caroline, their daughter-in-law, the wife of Planchon, Jr., surnamed Joseph; M. and Mme. Ancelin, parents of the young Mme. Joseph; and madame, the widow Letellier, sister of Planchon, Sr.

Mlle. Lisbeth was, on the day of signing, too weak to leave her room, and the notary was obliged to transport himself and his papers to the house of the seller. The effort of making her signature was even too much for her; she fainted again, and remained unconscious fully a quarter of an hour. Mortally disquieted, the purchasers worked and worried over her till they brought her to consciousness, and she was able to make her signature with a trembling hand. Then, and then only, they breathed freely; the house was theirs and ready to be occupied.

The rooms were spacious, and of a very convenient arrangement, had it not been for the limit formed by the two beautiful chambers facing south reserved by Mlle. Lisbeth. The installation was, as usual, laborious. Caroline would have liked very much herself to enjoy the sunshine, but found herself relegated to the second floor. It would have been so good, too, for old Mme. Ancelin, Joseph's mother-in-law. The only possible thing, however, under the conditions, was to settle the Ancelins on the first floor, in readiness to move into the rooms to the south when Mlle. Lisbeth had gone to the other world, which, alas! in her condition, she could not long delay doing.

M. and Mme. Planchon chose then, not without a sigh, a small, somewhat gloomy room in the rear, facing north, leaving the other front bedroom to Mme. Letellier. Joseph, of course, shared Caroline's quarters on the second floor.

Meanwhile, Mlle. Lisbeth had continued so weak since the day of the sale that the purchasers grew more and more commiserative. They were good-hearted souls, and, seeing her so near the tomb, by a sort of tacit accord, they resolved to sweeten her last moments as much as they could. To this end, they surrounded her with a thousand little cares and attentions. For instance, on the day of a *pot au feu*, Mme. Joseph brought her bowls of good strong broth to comfort her. If the *pot au feu* changed to chicken, it was Caroline that saved her a tender wing, and saw that she got it.

As for Mme. Ancelin, who was a finished *cordon bleu*, she never made a custard or soufflé without dis-

tributing her a share; and even Mme. Letellier, notoriously parsimonious, invariably apportioned her a bowl or a jar of all the sweetmeats, preserves, and jellies with which she filled all the cupboards.

And all these good people rejoiced greatly to see that, thanks to so much care and attention, they really were prolonging the old lady's life. Every morning they inquired how she felt, and, if she had passed a bad night, a gloom enveloped the entire household.

"Poor old lady!" murmured Planchon, pityingly; "one of these mornings we'll get up to find her gone!" And all the brows grew overcast, and the air damp with tears.

All night long, too, the same anxiety continued. If Mlle. Lisbeth coughed more than usual, the whole house lay awake listening; if she did not cough at all, then Joseph, urged by Caroline, must jump from his bed to her door to see if she were still breathing.

"She is better, *really* better, Joseph," said his wife, after one of these anxious nocturnal trips; "what a mercy it was for her when she put her hand on us!"

Next morning, too, Caroline had another happy surprise. As she walked in the garden, she saw Mlle. Lisbeth, also, descending fresher, seemingly, than usual, and much less bent. That evening she forgot to save her the wing of the chicken. Indeed, all the memories failed so at this point, that, little by little, the bouillons, the soufflés, preserves, and compotes separated themselves entirely from the road to the two south chambers. Their habitant, nevertheless, did not relapse; on the contrary, she improved, looked better, walked better, and straightened up more and more. A year after the sale, she was no longer bent or feeble, but spry and rosy as a winter pippin.

"*Parbleu!*" said Caroline, "nor is it astonishing, with those rooms to the south! As for me, in my horrid north rooms, I am simply perishing!"

No one now asked news of her health, but Mlle. Lisbeth seemed to take pleasure in giving it spontaneously. "See!" she cried, "how well I walk! If this only continues, it will be a miracle! That which wore upon me so was the care of my house. Now I have neither fatigue nor worry, and you care for it marvelously!"

That evening, Caroline, sitting in silence, apparently immersed in thought, turned suddenly to Planchon. "Do you know, father-in-law, that it is she, that poor soul yonder, who is going to outlast you? She will live out, sure as the world, the fifteen years, and you will have paid thirty thousand francs for a house that you could not sell again for twenty thousand! Thirty thousand francs, did I say? Forty-two thousand I should have said, including the interest!"

The good man grew pale. Had he really overreached himself thus? He growled, in response, something that sounded like, "One should never trust to appearances."

The dinner finished gloomily, in a discouraged taciturnity.

At dawn, next morning, Planchon awakened suddenly to the sound of dismal groanings. He sprang to the floor and to the door, crying to his wife: "Quick, Angelique! Quick! It is her death-rattle!"

But before she could follow him, he was back again, wringing his hands and crying aloud: "My sister! My sister! Oh, my poor sister!"

It was Mme. Letellier, and really her death-agony—a stroke of some kind. By noon she was dead. Mlle. Lisbeth offered her services, and as they dared not refuse her, it was she that brought and held the bowl of holy water. But all the family regarded her comings and goings with a sort of dull rancor, of unacknowledged anger. The day of the funeral, Planchon said to his wife: "If only my sister had had a room to the south, I am sure she would never have failed so rapidly. Death ought to have taken a more useless being, who has no one left to love her."

From that day on it was open war. They hated her, this Mlle. Lisbeth, this forgotten of Death, who had stolen from Mme. Letellier her last rays of sunlight. The most implacable of all was young Mme. Joseph, who expressed herself on the subject of this "thief of years" with all the force and ardor of youth, persistently designating her as "the recalcitrant skeleton" and the "sole-leather ghost."

Three years after Mme. Letellier's death, Mlle. Lisbeth was stronger than ever.

"Behold," one night said Planchon, who had been moodily communing with and computing to himself, "six thousand four hundred francs have I already paid to her! Yes, *six thousand four hundred francs!*" "And all for the privilege of freezing in the north," his wife snapped, viciously.

And as she started to ascend to her room, furious at having to remount to her glacier, she raised her foot and angrily kicked open the door before her. Like an echo of this rapid *coup de pied*, a dull crash sounded from the foot of the stairs. It was Joseph, Jr., who found himself ill for the third time in a month. They ran to lift him, and while the syncope lasted only a short time, he was forced to keep his bed next day from sheer exhaustion. He did not regain his strength, either. Consumption, which had threatened him for a long time, declared itself unmistakably, and he declined from day to day. In seeing her husband perishing thus before her eyes, Caroline had revolts that she made no effort to conceal. The sight of the old maid, now so gay and springy, made her cry out, angrily: "God is not just! No, God is not just!"

When, the morning after Joseph's death, Mlle. Lisbeth entered the mortuary chamber, bearing, as

usual, the bowl of holy water, Mme. Planchon rose up convulsively, crying hoarsely: "Leave us, leave us to ourselves, mademoiselle!"

And M. Ancelin, throwing the door wide, added, almost savagely: "Yes, yes, go! It is not the moment, mademoiselle!"

Poor bewildered Mlle. Lisbeth obeyed, and showed herself no more until the hour of the funeral. The poor mother, crushed by the too hard blow, failed hourly.

"If only she could have sunlight!" raged Planchon, constantly, turning despairing glances toward the two south chambers.

His raging, however, did not prevent the passing away of his poor wife, precisely on the day for the payment of the fifth annuity. Mlle. Lisbeth did not bring the holy water this time, but the morning of the interment they found at the grave a crown bearing the phrase, "God reunites those who love each other."

Two years now passed without notable incident. Mlle. Lisbeth did not grow older; Planchon, on the contrary, wore out more and more. The Ancelins, too, seemed to languish, and their daughter Caroline to visibly fall away. The hatred of the four survivors of the family had, by this time, a free rein; for nothing at all—a scrap of paper, a raised window—Mme. Joseph would cry out in the corridor: "It is, I know it is, that plague of an old maid there!"

And Mlle. Lisbeth, drawn by the noise, would appear at her door and ask from the threshold, in her thin, old voice: "Did you call me, dear child?"

"No, it was the cholera she called!" Planchon, hearing the colloquy, would hiss between his teeth.

The cholera did not come, but an infectious grippe did, which carried off the same night both M. and Mme. Ancelin. Again at the cemetery, the morning after the obsequies, they found a crown bearing the words, "God recalls his elect."

When Planchon found himself alone at home with his daughter-in-law, they uttered a roar in which sorrow had less part than anger. A day or two later, it was necessary to put in order the empty rooms of the departed Ancelins, the father-in-law going along to assist the daughter. Mlle. Lisbeth, a short while before this, had gone to the lawn for a little exercise. They heard her returning, murmuring to herself, "My! My! How warm it is! I am all in a perspiration!"

Instantly the thought occurred to them of airing the whole house, and they threw open all the windows.

"Take care, dear child," said the old demoiselle, as she passed by Mme. Joseph, "a draught is a very dangerous thing!"

Which Mme. Joseph discovered for herself that evening, when seized with acute pleurisy. They saved her for the moment, but without restoring her to health. She dragged out a miserable existence for two years more, and then died suddenly, crying out with her last breath: "I *know* that she has already ordered the crown!"

The crown laid upon the grave this time bore but a single word, "Hope." Planchon, seeing it, was seized with a convulsive trembling. This trembling lasted five years, five years that he spent in the gloomy north rooms, envying the sunny south chambers, and delivering himself to paroxysms of daily rage that served only to aggravate his ataxia. Each year, as the time for the payment of the annuity came around, he had terrible seizures from which he emerged more and more attenuated, stricken, and nearer to the grave.

By the opening of the fourteenth year, he could no longer leave his chair. It was Mlle. Lisbeth who now came to his room for the money due her, principal and interest—Mlle. Lisbeth, trim, tidy, and with a lively eye. This last seizure left Planchon wholly paralyzed from the hips down. Then it was that she came to him every morning, bringing him broths, and creams, and little delicacies. He devoured her with his eyes, his face, his whole air betraying a sullen terror, the inexplicable, mad terror of the frightened child. She talked to him just the same, kindly words of cheer and comfort in her tender old voice, exhorting him to patience and courage.

At the end of the year, on the day for the payment of the fourteenth installment, she entered the room alert, rejuvenated.

"It is still mine," said she, "and I have come for my annuity, two thousand and two hundred francs, is it not? This payment to-day makes it, if I figure aright, thirty-nine thousand nine hundred francs, including the interest. One more two thousand two hundred francs, and the house is yours."

Planchon regarded her fixedly, but remained motionless. She touched him. Planchon was dead!

Mlle. Lisbeth allowed none but her own hands to clothe him for the grave; she even went in person to the church for the holy water, and it was she who, with a sprig of box-tree from the garden, sprinkled the first drops on the pale brow of the lifeless clay. The last crown that she laid upon the tomb bore the simple word, "Reunited."

The next day, on the door of her house, which was her own again, there balanced anew to the rhythm of the whispering wind a card announcing:

THIS HOUSE FOR SALE.

—Translated from the French of Barbier by E. C. Waggener.

IRVING IN SARDOU'S "DANTE."

Tremendous Reception Given the Actor-Kolght at Drury Lane—Sir Henry's Notable Performance—Remarkable Stage Pictures of the Inferno—Ellen Terry in "The Vikings."

For the first time in many years, Sir Henry Irving and his life-long theatrical partner, Ellen Terry, are playing engagements in London at rival theatres, the former, it must be admitted, with a greater measure of success. In fact, the first performance of "Dante" at Drury Lane was for all the world like one of the old first nights of the Lyceum's palmiest days. Early last Thursday morning, the pit door began to be besieged by people anxious to get tickets for the unreserved portions of the house. Three messenger-boys were the first to arrive at seven in the morning. All day the line grew, and by evening, there was a long string of patient ticket-purchasers, for the most part ladies, many of whom, during the day, had provided themselves with camp-stools, sandwiches and literature.

The audience was, indeed, one of the most brilliant ever gathered in a London play-house. The Duke and Duchess of Fife and Prince Francis of Teck occupied the royal box, and among the other notabilities sprinkled about the house were the Duchess of St. Albans, Alfred de Rothschild, Lady Charles Beresford, Lady Jeune, Sir Thornley and Lady Stoker, Miss Choate, Laurance Irving—who translated "Dante" from the French for his father—Mrs. Beerbhom Tree, Miss Keyser, Lord Goschen, Lord Onslow, Mrs. George Alexander, Professor Dewar, Sir Albert Seymour, Sir Alfred Cooper, Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Cuninghame Grahame, Mr. Ashmead Burdett-Coutts, Lord Rosslyn, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Pinero, Sir Francis Burnand, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir Douglas Straight, the Hon. Oliver Borthwick, Mr. Moberley Bell, M. Emile Moreau—who collaborated on "Dante" with Victorien Sardou—Miss Genevieve Ward, and Mrs. John Wood, the latter occupying a seat of honor in one of the boxes of the theatre which has seen so many of her triumphs.

The cheers that greeted the favorite actor's first entrance were deafening and long-continued, and every one of the twelve scenes ended in an ovation to Sir Henry, whose popularity was never more fully attested. Sardou's play, however, is really nothing more than a disjointed melodramatic spectacle, ingenious enough in its provisions for the theatrical display, but quite inconsiderable from the literary, dramatic, or historical point of view. Nevertheless, it affords Sir Henry a part in which he uses his personal characteristics with extraordinary effect, and which, for dignity, impressiveness, and inspiration, will rank with his Mephistopheles, his Robespierre, or his Matthias.

The play, which is in a prologue and four acts, begins in Pisa with Dante's excommunication by the archbishop, proceeds to his stealthy return to his loved Florence, from which he has been banished, and goes on through his loss of his beloved child, his soul-searching experience in Hades, and ends in a thrilling climax at the convent of Santa Clara, where the licentious Cardinal Colonna reels out of the company of profligates into the presence of Dante, and is told of the fate that awaits him within a few minutes. Dante's daughter has just been condemned to the stake, and the cardinal, in a last effort to avert a righteous wrath, shrieks her pardon to the inquisitors gathered about the stake, and then falls dead.

As a stage spectacle, "Dante" is entrancing. Messrs. Annable, Carpezat, Bertin, and Ronsin, of Paris, have provided remarkable stage pictures, and all the resources of Drury Lane have been utilized to the full in wondrous mechanical and lighting effects, and splendid costumes. The springtime fête in Florence shows Italy in her most beautiful garb of nature and art. The convent of San Pietro is an amazing glimpse of the weird religious fanaticism of Dante's dark age. But the most novel and awesome of all are the six views the spectator secures of Dante's journey through the Inferno. These scenes represent the Door of Hell, the Barque of Charon, the Fiery Graves, the Circle of Ice, the Bridge of Rocks, and the resplendent Valley of Asphodels. Damned spirits rise from fiery graves and others float in the air like clouds of mist, and the stage is now shrouded in drifting masses of steam and now stricken with showers of fire. It is all very infernoesque. The incidental music of Mr. Leroux also adds not a little to the effectiveness of the play.

At the fall of the final curtain, last Thursday, the whole of the vast audience let itself loose in a tornado of applause, but most significant of all was the fact that ten minutes after the invited guests had deserted the stalls, the occupants of the pit and the gallery all remained, clamoring for "Irving! Irving!" Sir Henry made a graceful speech, and was obviously touched by the warmth and undoubted sincerity of the greeting, and all he could do was to express his inability to thank them "as his heart would prompt him," and to say that "life has many compensations," and to declare himself their "loyal and loving servant." After continued applause, he re-appeared with Arthur Collins, who was heartily received. Persistent demands were then made for Mr. Mollison and Lena Ashwell, who shared with the star the acting honors of the evening. As neither of these artists gave any signs of coming forward, the stalls and circle slowly emptied.

But the gallery and pit and upper boxes were not to be denied. The shouts of "Ashwell" and "Mollison" continued for fully seven or eight minutes. Finally Sir Henry came before the curtain again, and

said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that Miss Ashwell is not in the theatre, nor is there any one else. They have all left." A determined youth in the gallery shouted out a flat contradiction, but at this moment the curtain was pulled slightly aside, and Miss Ashwell was detected at the wings. "Ah, there you are," said Sir Henry, promptly bringing the young lady forward amid the cheers of the house. The cries of "Mollison" were renewed, but in a few moments when he did not put in an appearance, the people filed peacefully out.

Ellen Terry, I regret to say, has not been so fortunate with her sumptuous production of Ibsen's early romantic play, "The Vikings," at the Imperial Theatre. It is a dramatized Scandinavian saga, admirably translated by William Archer, but the relentless, wicked, sensual, ambitious vixen Hjordis, around whom the many striking incidents of hatred, envy, uncharitableness, and revenge revolve, is not suited to Miss Terry's radiant personality. As a result, her work is by no means convincing. Even Mr. Archer, while commending her for her courage in presenting this long-neglected example of the early Ibsen drama, says that "if Miss Terry can not be equally felicitated upon the result of her still bolder experiment in essaying to impersonate its heroine, it is because the character, like Lady Macbeth, is fatally remote from her temperament, genius, and personality."

The play, however, has brought glory to Miss Terry's two clever children, Edith Craig, who designed the various striking barbaric costumes, and Gordon Craig, whose stage settings are praised on all sides. His scheme of decoration is marked by simple, broad, harmonious effects, and reveals genuine imaginative insight. Unfortunately, however, his innovation of lighting the stage from above results in obscuring the players' faces.

LONDON, May 6, 1903.

MEMORIAL DAY VERSE.

Decoration Day.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering heen,
The memory shall be ours.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Ballad of Heroes.

"Now all your victories are in vain."
Because you passed, and now are not—
Because in some remotest day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away—
Because you perished, men must say
Your deeds are naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay:
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men, forgot
The unregarding grasses sway—
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird—though you remain
Without distinction of decay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No; for while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulses' play,
And men forget the sordid lot,
The sordid cares, of cities gray,
While yet they grow, for homelier fray,
More strong from you, as reading plain
That life may go if honor stay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!
—Austin Dobson.

The other day an American in search of rooms in Havana visited a Cerra house under which coursed a most picturesque brook, watering some graceful palms and brilliant foliage plants in the garden. He was delighted, and boasted to friends of such a find. "Brook!" said one of them, "man, that is an open sewer, and I happen to know one man who has had typhoid in that house, and another who has it there now."

Dr. Philip Schaff used to speculate on what would happen if an infallible Pope should declare that he was not infallible.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Marconi is said to be in Rome, threatened with mental and physical collapse. Some of the English papers are making similar charges against his wireless telegraph system.

The medical authorities report that pneumonia has reached almost epidemic proportions in Chicago. Of the 5,341 deaths from all causes in two months, twenty-two per cent., or 1,186, were from this cause. As many as four deaths have occurred in one family, and in one instance six friends who attended the funeral of a victim were fatally attacked.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, whose admirable book on "Indian Boyhood" has met with such success, has been appointed a special agent to revise the allotment rolls of the Sioux, and see that they are given permanent family names. This is in pursuance of the general plan of merging the Indians into American citizenship. It is a task requiring great patience and delicacy. Preferably the original native name will be preserved, but all vulgar nicknames and incorrect translations, and anything which might mortify or make the civilized Indian appear ridiculous, are to be rejected. Each Indian must be personally consulted when any change appears necessary.

Paul Blouet, the author, lecturer, and traveler, better known by his pen name, "Max O'Rell," died in Paris last Saturday, at the age of fifty-five years. He never fully recovered from the operation for appendicitis performed in New York in December, 1901, which forced him to retire from the lecture platform. Among his most notable books are "John Bull and his Island" (1883), "French Oratory" (1883), "John Bull's Womankind" (1884), "The Dear Neighbours" (1885), "Drat the Boys" (1886), "Friend Macdonald" (1887), "Jonathan and his Continent" (1889), "A Frenchman in America" (1891), "John Bull and Company" (1894), "Jacques Bonhomme" (1890), "Woman and Artist" (1900), "Her Royal Highness Woman" (1901), "Between Ourselves" (1902). All his works were first published in France, and have been translated into English by his wife.

At the annual meeting of the Army Relief Society in New York last month, Mrs. Liscum, the widow of Colonel Emerson H. Liscum, killed while leading his regiment at Tien Tsin, read a paper in which she commented on the hardships of the widows of officers who die in active service. "They receive pensions of only thirty dollars per month for those highest in rank. I heard the widow of an officer whose gallant death had given the press of our country the opportunity to boast, in large type, of American valor, say: 'The government has been very kind to me. It brought my husband's body home. I could not have afforded that myself.' I was with Mrs. Lawton when news of her husband's death came. After the first shock, she asked: 'Did he die instantly? Are you sure he did not suffer? I don't mean physical suffering. The thought that he was leaving his family penniless would have been harder for him to bear than any bodily pain.'"

Over a year has gone by since *l'affaire Humbert* began to interest and amuse the French public. It was on the first of last May that President Forichon demanded the address of the Crawfords, and insisted on immediate steps being taken to find out whether they existed or not. It was on May 7th that M. Ditté issued the order for the opening of the safe, and on the evening of which day the Humbert family fled to Spain; and it was two days afterward that the safe was opened in the presence of the creditors and found empty. The trial is now fixed for the middle of July or the beginning of August. As a prison recreation, "le grande Thérèse" is compelling her memoirs, which she expects to publish "when she has been exonerated." She is very devotional, says her prayers morning and night, and has expressed her indignation that there should be no church in the Conciergerie, which prevents her from properly carrying out her religious duties.

The Pennsylvania supreme court recently discharged from custody Arthur Wadsworth, a member of the Eighteenth Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, of Pittsburgh, who was arrested for shooting and killing William Durham, a union miner, at Shenandoah, Schuylkill County, during the anthracite coal strike. Wadsworth, with a detachment of his regiment, was guarding the home of a non-union mine worker when Durham was detected approaching the house. He was told to halt, but apparently paid no heed to the command. Wadsworth thereupon shot and killed him. It was afterward shown that Durham was deaf. Immediately after the shooting the county authorities tried to arrest the soldier. The military officials refused to deliver him over, and the matter was taken to the Schuylkill county court, which ordered that Wadsworth be turned over to the county officials. An appeal was taken to the supreme court, which granted a writ of *habeas corpus*, and released Wadsworth in five hundred dollars bail pending the determination of the suit. The supreme court in its decision of April 27th makes Wadsworth immune from prosecution for murder.

LITERARY NOTES.

Biographies of Dumas.

Two biographies of Alexander Dumas, the lengthier and more scholarly one by Arthur F. Davidson (published by the J. B. Lippincott Company), and a shorter but equally sympathetic work by Harry A. Spurr (published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company) have recently received timely publication contemporaneous with the celebration of the centenary of Dumas's birth. Both works are of much literary value, but differing in kind and degree. That of Arthur F. Davidson is justly entitled to hold higher rank, comprising, as it does, the fruits of fifteen years' laborious research, and containing studies and careful estimates of the famous novelist's least and greatest works. Mr. Davidson has furthermore eschewed the tone of partisanship adopted by Mr. Spurr, and in consequence his testimony as to the character, the genius, and the literary standing of Dumas is more dispassionate and entitled to greater weight. His is the work for the student, while Mr. Spurr's, written in very readable style and containing many anecdotes and excerpts from the eulogium of famous authors on Dumas's character and writings, will appeal more readily to those who read merely for recreation.

In the universal attention that is now bestowed upon stage literature, much interest will be attached to that chapter in Dumas's life, new to many, which chronicles the beginning of the author's career as a highly successful and unusually popular dramatist, whose methods ran counter to the stilted romanticism then in vogue. During this time of his literary production he covered the whole range of dramatic composition, although never attaining to the success he ardently desired in verse-craft. The versatility and boundless productiveness of this literary colossus was later turned to the carrying out of a long-cherished scheme—that of popularizing French history under the guise of historical romance. Then was instituted the famous literary partnership with Maquet, who was a tireless searcher among historical documents, and whose accurate and prodigious information merely supplemented the prodigious genius of the man whose fame has been unjustly shadowed by reproaches from the partisans of the obscurer of the two "collaborators."

In both biographies the authors have not failed to notice the extravagance of Dumas's career, his ostentations and vanities, and the irregularity of his life and morals. And yet Dumas's charm, his buoyancy of spirit, his geniality and kindness, were so great that few can read his life without experiencing the growth of a warm personal liking for the man who built a fortune through his genius, only to squander it on worthless parasites. A notable feature of Mr. Davidson's book is the full history he gives of the great novels, as well as an explanation of Dumas's system of collaboration. He also gives a complete list of his plays in the order of their representation, and an alphabetical list of the historical romances, including mention of the periods of history upon which they touch. In Mr. Spurr's work, also, there are valuable, although less complete and expansive, data at the end, and both volumes contain numerous anecdotes illustrating characteristics and events in the unparalleled career of the man, whose own life almost equaled in variety, picturesqueness, and pleasurable adventure, the most stirring events his fancy has contrived in the lives of his characters.

Mrs. Burnett's New Play.

A dainty little souvenir of Charles B. Dillingham's production of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest idyl of child-life—a sort of companion play to "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—has just been brought out in booklet form, and if the pictures are any index as to the charm of the play, every little tot in town will want to see "The Little Princess" when she arrives in town—probably a year or so hence, when she has exhausted her popularity in the East. Millie James, the dainty little daughter of Louis James, the well-known actor, is shown in the title-role, and although she is said to be out of her teens, she looks not a day older than twelve.

Mrs. Burnett's successful play, by the way, is based on her story of "Sara Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's," a book which nearly every boy and girl has read with pleasure. The little heroine is a child of good parentage and wealth, whose father dies and leaves her to the tender mercies of a hard, grasping, school-mistress, the principal of a "select school," who abuses her little charge because there is apparently no

chance of getting any money from her. How a retired Indian merchant with a Lascar servant rescues the girl and transforms her life from drudgery to ease, is told with great charm by Mrs. Burnett.

The souvenir just published contains a brief synopsis of the play and several excellent half-tone photographs of important scenes in the dramatization, such as Sara's birthday party; Mrs. Carmichael and her children being presented to the little princess; Sara in her attic; the interruption of the feast; and the transformation of the attic into a beautiful room while Sara is asleep.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 25 cents.

A Magnified Dime Novel.

Those fond of the weird, mysterious, and horrible, will probably find "The House Under the Sea," by Max Pemberton, interesting. As has very fittingly been said of it: "As a dime novel, magnified a dozen diameters, it will find its place in the fiction of a day."

Jasper Begg, captain of the steamer *South-eastern Cross*, goes to Ken Island to rescue Ruth Czerny from her pirate husband, and has not been on the island twenty-four hours before his vessel is lost. He and his followers have numerous contests with giant members of Czerny's band, are shot at by unseen hands, and barely escape death in a pool full of slimy, wriggling snakes, only to encounter a deadly poisonous vapor that overspreads the entire island. They find temporary refuge in Czerny's deserted hangar, but the building being destroyed by lightning shortly afterward, they are again driven forth to seek fresh air in an underground cavern that leads to Czerny's wonderful house under the sea, of which place they eventually take possession. Pitched battles with Czerny's pirates, the wholesale destruction of the latter by a school of monster devil-fish, and similar cheerful happenings continue unto the end.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company has just brought out a new book by Flora Annie Steel, author of "On the Face of the Waters" and "The Hosts of the Lord." It is a volume of short stories, and is entitled "In the Guardianship of God."

The last literary labor of the late Richard Henry Stoddard was in connection with his "Recollections, Personal and Literary." This work, which his friend, Ripley Hitchcock, aided him in arranging, is to be published, with an introduction by E. C. Stedman, and reproductions of pictures and autograph letters collected by Mr. Stoddard.

Ouida is completing a novel which is to be brought out in the autumn.

Elliott Flower is to follow his "Policeman Flynn" with a book of similar flavor, in which an irresistible Irish nurse will be the central figure.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is about to publish a "Reader's History of American Literature." His extraordinary large fund of personal reminiscences has been made good use of, it is said, so that there is included in the volume a good deal of fresh material. Colonel Higginson has been assisted by Henry W. Boynton in the work of preparation.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Leopard's Spots," has finished his new novel, "One Woman."

Mrs. Van Vorst, part author of "The Woman Who Toils," is at present engaged on a society novel, to be entitled "The Second Quality." It will be more or less a satire upon those rich Americans for whom the titles of the Old World have a charm.

The title of the anonymous novel of Washington life, which will be issued on June 1st by McClure, Phillips & Co., is "Despotism and Democracy." The name of the author is still withheld by the publishers, perhaps because several characters in the book have very specific and live originals.

Ralph Henry Barbour's first novel, "The Land of Joy," which is just ending its serial run in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will be published in book-form this month.

In a few days, the Macmillan Company will publish a new edition, the third, of "The Roentgen Rays in Medicine and Surgery," by Dr. Francis H. Williams.

W. A. Frazer, author of "Mooswa," a collection of short stories dealing with the ways of Canadian game, has arranged with Charles

Scribner's Sons to issue a collection of short stories of race-track material, and also a novel laid in the North-West in an environment of none too docile Indians. The title of the novel will be "Blood Lilies."

Carl Schurz is at present engaged in the preparation of his autobiography.

Edwin Sandys, the author of the volume on "Upland Game Birds" in the American Sportsman's Library, has written a book for boys entitled "Trapper Jim," which the Macmillan Company announce for immediate issue.

Arthur T. Quiller Couch's new book, "Hetty Wesley," is practically a life of Wesley, put into the form of fiction.

"The Works of Matthew Arnold" are to be issued by the Macmillan Company in de luxe form, uniform with the editions de luxe of Tennyson, Kingsley, Fitzgerald, and Pater, which the same publishers have brought out within the last two years.

The life of "The Princely Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier," by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, will be brought out soon.

Howard Pyle's forthcoming novel, with its much-changed title, "Rejected of Men," will make its appearance June 19th. It is a religious novel of a new type, the principal theme being an attempt to make the reader realize how Christ would probably be received if he were to come now to a large American city.

Thomas Hardy has just finished a new novel which will be presented in the fall under the title "Benighted Travelers." The scene is laid in rural England of the present day.

Tolstoy and an American Admirer.

An old friend of Tolstoy's has sent to the *Noroe Vremya* an account of a recent conversation with him. Tolstoy told his interviewer of an amusing incident that occurred to him during his last stay in the Crimea. It is quoted as follows in a London paper:

A rich American arrived in his yacht, accompanied by a party of friends, and asked permission to see the great Russian, promising that they would be content with a glimpse and would not trouble him with talk. Leave was granted. Tolstoy sat upon his balcony "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the whole party of Americans defiled slowly and silently before him, taking their gaze as they passed. One lady, however, refused to be bound by the contract. She stood still for a minute and shouted: "Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy, all your noble writings have had a profound influence upon my life, but the one which has taught me the most is your— Here she forgot (it must have been awkward) the name of the work. The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony and whispered, with a smile, 'The Dead Souls'?" "Yes, yes," she replied. "That book," said Tolstoy, "was written by Gogol, not by me."

One of the pleasant features of Shakespeare Day at Stratford this year was the laying of a wreath on the poet's birthplace, inscribed "From the House of Victor Hugo to the House of Shakespeare," and of another from Tennyson's garden at Farringford. "This homage paid in the name of the great dead to the greatest is an honor to both," observes the *St. James Gazette*, "but if the practice were to become general, the shrine on the Avon would be hurried under flowers sent from every corner of the globe."

In an article in the *Criterion* on Bayard Taylor, Murat Halstead says: "He hated to be introduced as 'the great American traveler,' wincing at that every time; and he did not like to be reminded of 'Views Afoot' by admirers. He was cured of that for awhile, when, as minister to Germany, he met President Grant and Mrs. Grant on their arrival at Berlin, and the great general said to his good wife: 'You remember Mr. Taylor's book, 'Views Afoot,' was the first present I gave you.'"

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LITERARY NOTES.

With the Wave of German Conquest.

"Felicitas" is, as its translator, Mary J. Safford, says in her preface, "a dainty little idyl of the period when the wave of German conquest was sweeping over the region which imperial Rome had so long ruled." But, notwithstanding the beauty and daintiness of the setting and description, it is the vice of the Roman nobles, the hopeless condition of the slaves, and the carnage of the barbarian invasion that make up the greater part of the book. And we have scarcely read and begun to digest it before we realize that under its pretty sugar-coating we have taken a good-sized dose of very ill-savored ancient history.

To get the full beauty of the story of "Felicitas," one must begin at the beginning, the very beginning—the author's preface—which is the real gem of the book. There are many pretty pastoral love-stories with stirring incidents and happy *dénouements*, but one rarely finds so beautiful a bit of poetry as this half-dozen pages of introduction holds. The evening reverie in the little valley, the outcropping Roman relics, their association with a proud antiquity, and the quest for the long-desired memento of the Romans of Juvavum bring the reader so closely *en rapport* with the mind of the writer that the final discovery of the inscription leading to the dwelling of Felicitas thrills one with as keen a satisfaction as it did the discoverer.

The story itself fulfills, almost, the promise of the preface. The lovely Felicitas, who is the embodiment of beauty, purity, and constancy, lives behind the portal which bears the inscription "Here dwells happiness, let no evil enter," and here, indeed, though Roman lust and German greed do enter, evil seems to lose its potency and happiness reigns supreme. And since the author of this charming tale, Felix Dahn, tells us the writing of the story was prompted by a dream, was itself a dream, we reach the end with regret that it was not longer, and sigh in the classic accents of the time, "Ave Felix, turn over and dream again!"

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

The Gambler's Beautiful Prisoner.

A first novel that gives considerable promise for its author is "The House on the Hudson," by Francis Powell. It might appropriately be called a detective story without a detective. The heroine is a statuesque Athena, with whom every man she meets falls in love, generally at first sight. This rare beauty gets its possessor into a great deal of trouble, the worst being her imprisonment in the palatial home of a gambler on the banks of the Hudson. Through her prowess in boxing, she is enabled to escape, and bring about a happy finale. The supposed villain is, after all, quite an honorable sort of a fellow, and so desperately in love that one almost wishes he could have won the lily-like heroine. While the plot is old and conventional, there is a simplicity of style remarkable for a first effort.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

Another addition to the series of Eclectic School Readings is "Child Literature," by Mae Henion Simms. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

"Beginning German," a series of lessons with an abstract of grammar, by H. C. Bierworth, Ph. D., instructor in German in Harvard College, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"The Yellowplum Papers" is the title of the latest volume to be added to Dent's admirable edition of the works of Thackeray, which is now approaching completion under the editorship of Walter Jerrold. This volume, like others, is well illustrated with drawings by Charles E. Brock. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The modern conception of evolutionary processes differs so widely from Darwinism that, strictly speaking, many of Darwin's theories are no longer considered true. The most advanced among American biologists is, perhaps, Professor James Mark Baldwin, of Princeton. He has written many books along evolutionary and philosophical lines, and his works are authoritative. The last of them are "Development and Evolution" (The Macmillan Company) and "Fragments in Philosophy and Science" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The contents of neither one is susceptible to brief, popular exposition.

A page, rather than a paragraph, would be required clearly to outline their scope. Suffice it, then, to say that "Development and Evolution" is a very notable contribution to the literature of the evolutionary theory, and "Fragments of Philosophy and Science" an equally notable collection of papers mostly along psychological lines.

"The Ragged Edge," by John T. McIntyre, is a slangy novel, photographically portraying the seamy side of political life in Philadelphia. Its merit is that of rugged fidelity to truth; its faults are lack of connected plot, and failure to point the way out of the political morass which the author depicts. Here is a bright saying from the lips of the politician, Larry Murphy: "Reform: A t'ing what the wise guys gets busy at—when the other push is holdin' the jobs." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Venice, which bequeathed for present-day admiration her beautiful works of art and architecture, and a memory of philosophers and statesmen whose brilliancy has seldom been surpassed among any other people, is treated historically by F. C. Hodgson, M. A., of Cambridge. His work is entitled "The Early History of Venice from the Foundation to the Conquest of Constantinople, A. D. 1204," and is a volume of four hundred and fifty pages, with maps and index, all bearing the marks of a scholarly mind. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$3.00 net.

Adventure, great gobs of it, is to be found in Andrew Caster's book for boys, called "Pearl Island." Islands, since long before the time of Crusoe, have been the scene of remarkable happenings, but scarce so remarkable as those on this one. The marooned youths encounter Malay pirates, sharks, tigers, and serpents; they are knocked about by earthquakes, and showered by volcanoes; out of the sea comes a "vampire" that is indeed a terrific creature. Altogether, the boy readers of the book are likely to have as good a time over it as the boys of the pages have a bad time in it. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Farmer's Business Handbook," by Isaac Phillips Roberts, should prove useful to the agriculturist. It contains information on how to keep accounts, a table of farm statistics, and a couple of chapters on "Rural Law." Its author is not a formalist, and does not hesitate to give good advice. Where personal family accounts do not balance, he recommends this entry: "By balance, love and good will." In borrowing, he offers this maxim: "Little boats, keep near the shore, big boats may venture more." In short, the book is characterized by a homely atmosphere which is not at all displeasing. Its author is professor of agriculture in Cornell University. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The very favorable notice given in these columns to Mary White's little book, "How to Make Baskets," is justified by the warm reception since accorded it by the public. Five editions have already appeared, and the author has now been encouraged to supplement her first work by another volume entitled "More Baskets, and How to Make Them." We venture to suggest that, when enthusiastic basket-weavers have mastered all the mysteries of basketry known to Mary White, they tackle the Panama hat trade. Here would seem to be a field of unlimited and highly profitable endeavor. "More Baskets, and How to Make Them" is well illustrated, and is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Francis Parkman's writings have been drawn upon by Pelham Edgar, Ph. D., for the material of "The Struggle for a Continent." No other writer has treated so ably and exhaustively, as has Francis Parkman, the rise of English and French power in America, the jealousies and strife that resulted, and the culmination of enmity—the French and Indian war that heralded the downfall of France in the New World. His extended works, of course, are better than extracts for some purposes, but persons who have not access to them, or who desire a brief work and one more carefully arranged to the particular subject, will welcome these well-chosen papers that form a continuous treatment of the early voyages of discovery to America, attempts at colonization by European nations, and the growth of colonial prestige on the new continent, together with the rivalries and troubles that resulted therefrom. The book is a 12mo. volume of over five hundred pages, with many appropriate illustrations. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 net.

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When "Heartsease," hovering in the balance between a manager's acceptance and disfavor, was transformed from a modern play into a powder-and-patches romantic comedy, the act was financially a momentous one, and brought many dollars in its train. It probably saved the play, now so popular in its occasional revivals, from utter extinction. Even the taste that inclines to ultra-sentimentality in the drama, would find "Heartsease," played in modern dress, a very tasteless dose to swallow.

Imagine Eric Temple in trousers, attitudinizing in that absurd pantomime with the rose, and uttering high-sounding theatrical platitudes that are as dead as door-nails in the modern drama, except for an occasional revivification in hurlesque. Even in satin small clothes and lace ruffles, Eric Temple can make you tired—that is, unless you have retained the easily kindled imagination of your teens. And a tolerable number of people do retain, to a wonderful degree, and even through middle age, that simple, transforming quality of the imagination which invests the dramatist's lay-figures with a full panoply of the romantic charm that their creator seeks to convey.

The figures in the play certainly do have a highly ornamental effect when the curtain rises, disclosing a well-posed group, the ladies rustling in flowered silks, the men gallant in hrase satins, and all removed to a picturesque distance from ordinary humanity by the refining and beautifying influence of powder, patches, and paint. Those snowy wigs and the intensification of the white and rose tints of the skin which their use permits, together with the rich, picturesque costumes, have a tendency to make the players resemble pieces of delicate porcelain. And the stilted periods that fall from their lips, as well as the rococo sentiments that they express, are rendered more tolerable through this appearance of unreality in the speakers.

One almost believes that the shock of uttering good, wholesome, sensible common-places would cause those beautiful china puppets to crack and fall apart. No such dire catastrophe happens, however. Nobody thinks, or does, or says anything sensible in "Heartsease."

The sentiment of the piece is akin to the vague, formless reveries of morbid adolescence that gloats over a picturesque, hollow, fictitious self-sorrow. For all the grief in "Heartsease" is built on a foundation of cowhens. Eric Temple, a most artless six-footer, who meets all the emergencies of life by frantically hugging his sister under the glare of a chandelier, is the kind of fellow that men would call a "chump." He has the nerve to fall in love with a great heiress, but his passion is overlooked by the step-mother of the heiress, who is a woman of the world, and ought to be too astute to mistake the young man's application for her daughter's hand to be an avowal of love for herself.

Furthermore, even musical geniuses would not permit the only copy of an original opera upon which they based all their hopes of present and future fame to carelessly repose in an unlocked cabinet in a fine lady's drawing-room. And finally, no man with a drop of spirited blood in his veins, would submit to the taunts and insults of his enemy in the presence of the women he loved, as did Eric Temple, without revolting against the fool prohibition of the fool woman who imposed it. And, by the way, what becomes, at the conclusion of the play, of all those terrors of violated conventions which are to assail Margaret's fair fame? And why are Lord Neville's objections to his daughter's obscure suitor so easily removed? Evidently for the sole reason that it is time to shut up shop—not for any logical reasons that are brought to bear.

However, logic does not show its head in "Heartsease." One must put aside reason and view the play with the delighted vision of a romantic school-girl. Seen thus, Eric is no longer out of perspective, but is a perfect dear, and so handsome. His sister is just too cute to live, and as for the villain—well, he

is just simply horrid! Lady Neville—well, she fell in love with that paragon Eric—let that be her extenuation.

The Alcazar company are quite competent to deal with the superficial sentiment of the piece, and appear to physical advantage in the costume of the period. White Whittlesey, although almost too tall for a carpet knight of Eric's calihre, is well suited to the part, and utters numerous high-flown sentiments with an apparent ardent sympathy and belief in their genuineness. The women look extremely well, Adele Belgarde being gorgeous to behold in some especially handsome costumes, and the piece is put on in very good shape.

They have actually captured something new at the Orpheum—the act by the Permae brothers, a pair of very skillful French acrobats, concluding with a queer little duet in bird trilling, which is absolutely unique in its ingrained humor and the deliciously significant variations in expression with which it is done. The two men, both of whom are as nimble as goats, precede "The Nightingale's Courtship"—as their amusing little bird hurlesque is called—by various startling feats of agility, during which the stronger one neatly and dexterously lifts his fellow-acrobat, who is standing with every appearance of extreme comfort on the crown of his associate's head, and grasping him by the ankles, deftly lowers him, still in a standing position, to the floor.

The *pièce de résistance*, however, in their turn, as well as on the entire bill, is the hurlesque of the bird's courtship. The pair are grotesquely gotten up in clown's dress, with their faces well floured, their eyes reduced to live heads, and their noses blackened at the end. Whether it is a trick of the imagination or no, the face of the performer who figures as the innamorata has an absurd resemblance to the heady-eyed, sharp-billed physiognomy of a highly respectable old bird. Miss Nightingale, whose gentle sex is indicated by a poke bonnet and a Mother Hubbard gown, unlike her human counterpart, encounters her wooer with amazed indignation at his presumption, and promptly ejects him from the premises. But he returns, deprecating but persistent, and laying his hand upon his heart informs her, or so we infer, in a flood of melody—I don't really know whether or not it was by an artfully concealed whistle that the bird's rippling song is so prettily counterfeited—that his humble affection is proof against her ladyship's severity, and that he is constrained by the might of his affection to hang around her particular apple-tree with unabated constancy the whole long, eternal summer through.

Miss Nightingale (in a series of shrill pippings)—"I positively will not have you, and that's flat! The hare idea of such presumption!" (quoting Poe). "Take your head from out my heart, and take your form from my door."

The suitor (in an imploring recitative)—"Oh, fascinating birdie, do not force my too constant heart to the apparent impertinence of declaring 'never more'!"

The lady bird (with ruffled crest, and in staccato, but slightly softened, accents)—"Sir Nightingale, understand once for all, I am resolved never to wed, but to live and die a miss. I never could abide you men-folks, anyway."

The suitor, who apparently thrives on reuffs, and who has not the sensitive *amour propre* of the human wooer, is unflagging in his eloquent warblings, which the spectator's fancy can translate at will. For, assisted by the imploring gestures of a pantomimed devotion, they ripple forth inarticulate but expressive roudades of undying devotion. The lady becomes softened. Her sharp countenance relaxes into a pleased simper, her ruffled demeanor into birdish hiddings. And when the determined but ever-humble wooer points to a neighboring tree and discourses on the joys of housekeeping in that particular apartment-house, and possibly alludes to fat pickings in an adjacent ant-hole, the ohdurate lady bird, whose incensed countenance has been gradually assuming a propitiated and even complaisant expression, suddenly relents. With a hop and a skip, the pair are off and away, and the spectator laughs anew as he realizes that his fancy has been playing him tricks, and that the skill of the performers, and the originality of the device, has all but transformed two men in clowns' costume into a couple of overgrown birds hilling and cooing on a hough.

There are other good things on the bill this week, which happens to be rather more entertaining than usual, and which includes the turn of another pair of equally daring German acrobats, and a comedy conjurer with a

fine assortment of facial expressions who plays sleight-of-hand tricks, only to have them exposed by an apparently blundering associate. The *exposé* of each trick is not only amusing, but quite interesting to the uninitiated.

Mary Hampton, once leading lady, both in the Frawley and the Alcazar companies, appears in a one-act comedy which, from a humorous point of view, utilizes her long experience in melodrama, during which she has learned to shriek, to moan, and to gurgle to order, quite in the approved style. The piece is intended to arouse laughter, pure and simple, but I noticed that it had the same effect on many of the audience as the recent Ross and Fenton hurlesque. That is, the more primitive and easily kindled imaginations were by turns caught in the mazes of sympathy when the shrieks and moans were particularly realistic, and of amusement at the humorous climax. Miss Hampton was assisted by two tempestuously energetic actors, who were rather superior in merit to the usual vaudeville one-act performers, and who made the utmost of the decided possibilities of the piece.

Other performers are the Baileys, a colored couple, who showered forth terrific yelps and yawps in approved darkey style, and won the favor of the house by their shadow dances, which bore a startling resemblance to the picture dances thrown by the biograph when the apparatus is in a fit of had temper.

Zelma Rawlston is a smiling singer who makes rapid changes of costume, emerging after each forty-five-second disappearance with every hair in place, and point-device from head to foot; and the Whitney brothers are a rather heavy pair, who please unexacting lovers of novelty by performing on numerous bulky contrivances on the stage, from which they shake out, or trample out, or squeeze out, or thump out, jingling harmonies that blend into popular airs.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The much-discussed Paris-Madrid automobile race came to an abrupt ending on Monday, after the first day's run, owing to the interdiction of the French and Spanish Governments. This was found necessary on account of the great number of fatal disasters which followed in the wake of the speedy machines. It is estimated that the casualties included six deaths and fifteen injured, while many machines were totally wrecked, although the occupants escaped uninjured. Some remarkable runs were made. For example, Henri Fournier's time for the Versailles-Bordeaux run was reduced to eight hours and seven minutes, and Louis Renault's automobile attained a maximum speed of eighty-eight and three-quarters miles an hour.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King."

After an absence of ten years, E. H. Sothern, who has come to be recognized as one of America's foremost actors, will make his re-appearance in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday night, and, as the house is practically all sold out, he is sure of a rousing welcome. Justin Huntly McCarthy's spectacular play, in which he will be seen, was first produced at the Garrick Theatre on October 14, 1901, and since has remained one of the most popular plays in Mr. Sothern's repertoire. It illustrates a fanciful episode in the life of the merry, tuneful, audacious, dissolute French poet, Francis Villon, and, according to William Winter, "the author has contrived situations of bustling activity and moments of agreeable suspense, and though his fabric lacks the power, weight, and consistent sincerity of serious drama, such as grows out of actual human life and takes hold upon actual human feelings, it is a graceful piece of gossamer, containing a little of everything, from a duel by the light of lantern to a ballet dance in a bower of roses, pot-house wrangles, and poetic recitations, plot and counterplot, disguises and hairbreadth escapes, and last of all the splendors of military spectacle."

Briefly, the plot is as follows: While visiting a tavern in Paris in quest of political advantage, wily, old Louis the Eleventh, meets the poet, who is indulging in reckless dissipation, and is sad with hopeless love and bitter against himself and all the world. Being there Villon is suddenly enabled, in the interest of a woman whom he loves, to foil the intrigues of a treacherous constable of France. The garrulous bard, unaware of his royal auditor, freely descants on what he would do if he were king, and when, presently, he has assailed and defeated the disloyal constable, who is present for a purpose of knavery, he is startled to find himself taken at his word by the ruler of France, and installed in the office of his discomfited and degraded foe. During one week, as ordained by the offended Louis, he can exercise authority; then he must suffer death for treasonable conduct of the king. His regnant conduct, as constable of France, is the substance of the play, and this conduct is by turns humorous, sentimental, and martial—seeing that he passes judgment on his unruly old companions of the tavern; mystifies and fascinates the woman of his love; and, by valorous leadership of the army in battle, defeats the assailing forces of rebellious Burgundy, and maintains intact the fortitude of Paris. At the close of his brief reign, and when the scaffold has been set for his execution, the king privately offers to accept a substitute for Villon's life, whereupon Katharine de Vaucelles, whom the poet loves, expresses her willingness to die for him. The king saves the situation by banishing both from Paris, and all ends happily.

Besides Mr. Sothern as Villon, the leading members of the cast are Cecilia Loftus as Katharine de Vaucelles; Margaret Illington as Huguette, the abbess; George W. Wilson as Louis the Eleventh; Roland Buckstone as Guy Taharie; William Harris as Thibaut d'Aussigny; and Stephen Wright as Tristan. Owing to the length of the production, the management announces that the curtain will rise punctually at eight o'clock.

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee" at Fischer's.

The second long run of "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is to be brought to an end at Fischer's Theatre in a fortnight, and then "Twirly-Whirly" which has been a great success at Weber & Fields's this year, will be presented. It is said to present, in an especially ludicrous light, the pranks of self-styled geniuses of the Mary McLane type, the vanities of high society, the vulgarities of our pompous aristocracy of dollars, the brainless diversions of our people of fortune, the artificialities of our playwrights, the affectations of our actresses, the crudities of our ignorant, pushing gentry who aspire to shine in society, the greed of financiers, and our inordinate love of money and pleasure. "The Stickiness of Gelatine," a travesty on Mary Mannering's Fitch play, recently seen here, is one of the hits of the burlesque.

At the Orpheum.

The new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be M. and Mlle. Paxton's living art panorama; the three Rixfords, remarkable acrobats; the Leitz brothers, styled the "twentieth-century marvels"; and Harry Le Clair, in satirical impersonations of famous actresses. Those retained from this week's bill are Mary Hampton and her company, who will continue their laughable comedietta, "The Melodrama"; Zelma Rawlston, in new songs and costumes; the Permane brothers, the amusing English clowns; the Baileys, a clever colored team; and Kartelli, the wire artist.

"In Washington" at the Grand.

Farce-comedy will give way to musical comedy at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night, when the first of the Rogers brothers' *mélange* of mirth, melody, and dancing will be presented to San Francisco theatre-goers. The company is a very promising one, numbering among its principals Cheridah Simpson, recently here on the "King Dodo" company; Louise Moore; Anna Wilks, a singing and dancing soubrette; Olive Ulrich, a dainty comedienne; Martha d'Roy; Monte Blair and Ella Welsh, graceful dancers; Harold Crane, a handsome baritone; Budd Ross, a clever comedian; Charles W. Allison, well known as a character actor; and Herbert Sears, who starred in "A Texas Steer." The chorus of fifty will figure in a striking new electrical march, arranged by Charles H. Jones, the "Amazon March King," and the

orchestra will include twenty-one musicians, under George P. Towle. The scenery comprises three sets, which represent the reception-room of the Democratic Club on Fifth Avenue, in New York; a section of the Botanical Gardens in Washington, with the great Capitol building as a background; and the Court of Fountains with the Electric Tower at the Pan-American Exposition.

"The Tyranny of Tears" at the Alcazar.

Next week, White Whittlesey will appear at the Alcazar Theatre in Haddon Chambers's delightful comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," presented here in the spring of 1900 by John Drew. The play abounds in amusing situations, the characters are true to life, and the dialogue of uncommonly good quality. The plot revolves about Mr. Parbury (Mr. Whittlesey), a distinguished author and club-man, very much in love with his wife (Bertha Creighton), who makes his life more or less miserable by her unreasonable exactions. Whenever he protests, she weeps, and he straightway yields. He abandons old friends, old amusements, and old ambitions for her sake without a murmur, but rebels when she demands the instant dismissal, without apparent cause, of his female secretary, Miss Woodward (Juliet Crosby). The fact is that Mrs. Parbury has caught the young woman kissing her husband's photograph, but does not dare to tell him, for fear of exciting his vanity and possibly his undesirable interest in the fair delinquent. In the end, finding even tears unavailing, she threatens to return to her father's house, and, to her consternation, he permits her to go, rather than commit a flagrant injustice against an innocent girl. All sorts of amusing complications ensue, but in the last act peace is restored by the submission of Mrs. Parbury, a declaration of independence on the part of her husband, and the acceptance of a convenient lover by the secretary.

Stevens's Success in "El Capitan."

Sousa's tuneful opera, "El Capitan," is enjoying a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and it will probably be a fortnight yet before its successor, "The Isle of Champagne," which is now in active preparation, is needed. Edwin Stevens is very diverting as Don Medigua, and all the other favorites are well cast. Arthur Cunningham appears as the ex-viceroys of Peru, Don Cazarre; Oscar Lee as the young hero, Don Verrada; Edward Webb as Don Pozzo; Joseph Fogarty as the insurgent, Scaramba; Annie Myers as Estrella; Bertha Davis as Isobel; and Caro Roma as the Princess Marghanza, Don Medigua's wife.

The ascent of Mt. Tamalpais is becoming more and more popular. It offers a welcome diversion to those who want to escape from the hubbub of city life for a pleasant day's outing. The accommodations of the commodious Tavern, just under the summit, are first-class in every particular, and the view from the mountain top covers an expanse, the scenery of which can not be matched for picturesque variety.

D. W. Hitchcock, general agent of the passenger department of the Union Pacific road in this city, has retired after fifty years of railroad service. He has been succeeded by S. F. Booth, until recently executive secretary of J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman lines.

Peter Hopkins, who died early in the week from the effects of heart trouble, was born in St. Louis in 1833. He served through the Mexican war, and came to California immediately afterward, engaging in mining with the late John W. Mackay.

When Amelia Bingham appears at the Columbia Theatre she will have in her supporting company a number of well-known actors, among others Wilton Lackaye, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Madge Carr Cooke.

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VANITY FAIR.

Lilian Bell, writing in one of the May magazines on European travel for women, says: "First, be careful in selecting your companions. I should advise you to select plain girls as traveling companions. Pretty girls are charming in America, where their inevitable coquetties are understood, but in Germany you will be traveling where the smallest hamlet is likely to be infested with German officers. The pretty American girl can no more help trying to attract attention than she can help breathing. What are her eyelashes so long for, if not to glance upward through? She has been told, but she has forgotten, that to treat foreigners as she treats her own men-slaves is to invite impertinences and ridicule, if not insult, and her mind is too pure to accept the situation as it really exists. Therefore, don't take her. She can not help looking pretty and returning interested glances. She will not learn from precept nor warning, and nobody will help you to extricate either yourself or her if you get into an awkward predicament in Germany, for chivalry toward women is an unknown tongue to them—high and low. Your travels will lead you among the very dregs of chivalry, therefore avoid complications, rely upon yourself, ask help of no one whom you can not fee in payment, and above all leave your pretty girls at home, unless there is a man in your party who is quick in sword play."

Much discussion has been provoked in England by the savage attack of an anonymous writer in the London *Express* upon the manners of American women possessing British titles. After admitting that there are some excellent American peeresses, the writer—who is apparently a woman—says the variety "he" objects to are the hybrids, "the Chicago-Park-Lane-Four-Hundred-upper-tier variety," and adds: "I accuse this hybrid of striking at all that is most cherished in the home life of England, at all the most modest, unselfish, and reverential. I accuse her of introducing the ape-like decadence of New York society, where extravagance is distinction, display is nobility, and notoriety the ideal at which to aim. She is a snob to her finger tips, and her tuft-hunting struggles for social advancement are based on the American plan of 'getting there.' She has no scruples in her methods, applying to social life the ethics of modern finance. She has no conception of home life; her husband is a partner to be thrown over if tending to bore. She neglects or spoils her children. She considers knowledge of domestic economics degrading for a wealthy lady." The writer denounces American women generally for extravagance, lightly regarding the marriage ties, and vulgarly advertising their charities, gowns, dinners, and incomes."

This assault upon the character of American peeresses immediately evoked the following reply from a woman signing herself "An American Peeress." She writes: "I am personally acquainted with every American woman married into the great families of Britain, and their deportment, manner of living, modesty, and expenditure, considering their great wealth, are a standing reproach to the majority of English women of the same class. I know no American bride gamblers. We don't dread them. There may be such a class in New York, but we don't call them 'society.' They are drones in America, cut from the same cloth which gives England her bankrupt peers. My father was a business man. I've become a business woman perforce, because my husband has neither the inclination nor the brains to attend to his affairs. My husband brought me a title which I neither scorned nor disliked. I brought him sufficient wealth to save him and his army of relatives and hangers-on from bankruptcy, and, what's more, dreaded honest work. I paid the debts of his estate, bought back the pictures which had been pawned, replacing a thousand things which vandal hands had destroyed through a greedy craze for money. If it were not for American women, a large proportion of your great estates would have been lost to the British aristocracy. Your House of Lords would by this time have been turned into a store for want of better purchasers. Your noble descendants of William Emigres would probably be obliged to work for a living or else seek in marriage the daughter of some British millionaire of the people, and you all know what that means. If I were of your nationality, I should put every American woman upon a pedestal and worship her, for if it had not been for us, your women would still be the dowdy, frowsy, badly dressed, downtrodden housekeepers of former

days. It is not true that we rule our husbands except where our husbands are unable to rule themselves. It would have been a fine thing if I, with my money, had allowed my husband to spend it in riotous living. I did not marry him for that. I became a peeress, firstly, because I wanted a title, just as much as every English woman wants it, and secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and lastly, I saw before me an opportunity to rehabilitate a physical, moral, and financial wreck—truly, a better and nobler task than to simmer about over tea-cups criticising our betters. Finally, I wish to state I have presented my husband with several sons. I am taking care they shall not become noodles. My eldest son will live to see the day when he will shout: 'Thank God, my mother was an American.'" London society is as busy guessing the identity of the author of the scathing answer as of the writer of the equally vicious attack on American peeresses.

A high silk hat, probably the first ever worn in the small town of Fagan, west of Houston, Tex., was responsible for the death of Philip Buntz, of New York, who was traveling for a Bible publishing house in the East. His attire was that of a clergyman, and when he appeared in Fagan, he was the centre of attraction. That night, Buntz walked up to the bar in one of the saloons where the cowboys were drinking and ordered lemonade. The bartender repeated the order in a tone of voice sufficient for all in the crowded bar-room to hear. One of the cowboys insulted the wearer of the silk hat. The remark was resented, and some one threw a lariat over the shining mark. Buntz showed fight and was set upon. In the *mêlée* he was struck over the head with a six-shooter, suffering a fracture of the skull. He never recovered consciousness.

Lack of "tips" is said to be responsible for the withdrawal of twenty waitresses from the dining-room of the Hotel Martha Washington in New York. The hotel is exclusively for women, and when it was opened last March, one of the features was the Colonial dining-room on the ground floor, with twenty huxom young women in picturesque uniforms. All went well at first, but soon the guests of the Martha Washington forgot to give a dime here or a quarter there. Later on it became positively out of fashion to "tip" in the hotel; but it seems the fashion of scolding and complaining grew, at least the girls say so. Then the girls held a meeting and decided to walk out. The management of the hotel declares that the girls were discharged, because the hotel wanted to try men waiters.

Walter Wellman gives this "true" version of why General Corbin failed to be elected to membership of the Metropolitan Club. "Some years ago," he says, "a man named Weightman, a member of the Metropolitan Club, managed to secure an appointment as secretary of the Vicksburg Park Commission with a salary of two hundred dollars a month. The commission has never had a meeting which Weightman attended, and his job was therefore a pure sinecure. For years he drew the salary without performing any work. Finally his case was drawn to the attention of Secretary Root, and Mr. Root asked General Corbin to look up the facts. General Corbin did so, reported the result of his inquiries, and Secretary Root promptly disconnected Weightman from the pay-roll. Weightman has always blamed Corbin for the loss of that nice little salary, so easily earned, and has been awaiting a chance to 'get even.' When the adjutant-general was proposed for membership in the Metropolitan Club, Weightman saw his opportunity, and made the most of it. No great influence is required to 'turn down' a candidate for admission when two votes out of fifteen on the board of governors are sufficient to reject."

A Constantinople physician, who had abundant opportunities to study his case, told William E. Curtis that Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is a victim of neurasthenia, and that his psychological condition presents a most interesting problem, for his symptoms are complex and vary materially from time to time. He is naturally very intelligent, but, living in continual terror of assassination, being afflicted with chronic insomnia, and having a naturally suspicious nature abnormally developed, he has become a monomaniac on the subject of self-preservation. He sleeps only two or three hours out of the twenty-four, and then only when somebody is reading to him, or some orchestra or musician is performing in the adjoining room. Darkness

frightens him. Therefore a light is always kept burning in his chamber, and Ismet Bey, grand master of the imperial wardrobe, always sleeps in the same room. Ismet Bey is his foster brother, and probably possesses his confidence more than any other living man. Because he resembles the Sultan in appearance so closely, it is believed in Constantinople that he often impersonates his majesty at ceremonies and on other occasions when he is likely to be exposed to the danger of assassination.

The yearly meeting of the Quakers of Philadelphia decided to adhere to the time-honored marriage laws of Quakerdom. Young Friends who marry first cousins, who marry world's people ("marry out of meeting"), or who call in paid ministers to solemnize their marriages, will be "disowned" in the future as in the past.

Nelson's Amyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

—LIFE HAS FOUR BLESSINGS: WIFE, CHILDREN, friends, and near at hand a bottle of Jesse Moore's "A A" Whisky.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, May 26, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry. 5%....	7,000	@ 116 1/2		116	117
Oakland Transit 5%.	5,000	@ 113 1/2		113	114
Omnibus C. R. 6%.	5,000	@ 124		124	125
Pac. Elec. Ry 5%....	7,000	@ 112- 112 1/2		112
Sac. Elec. Gas & Ry	5%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley	Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 122		
S. V. Water 4%.....	22,000	@ 100 1/2		100 1/2	
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Spring Valley.....	267	@ 83 1/2- 84		83 1/2	83 1/2
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.....	25	@ 99 1/2		98 1/2	
Bank of California..	10	@ 650- 649			
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	325	@ 72 1/2- 75 1/2		72 1/2	74
Vigorit.....	350	@ 3 1/2- 3 1/2		3 1/2	4
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S. ..	25	@ 47		46 1/2	49
Honokaa S. Co.....	100	@ 14		13 1/2	14 1/2
Hutchinson.....	285	@ 15- 15 1/2		15	15 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	40	@ 22 1/2		22 1/2	
Paauhau S. Co.....	150	@ 17 1/2			
Gas and Electric.					
Pacific Gas.....	635	@ 39 1/2- 42		39 1/2	42
S. F. Gas & Electric	168	@ 55 1/2- 58		55 1/2	56
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers....	85	@ 155		154 1/2	
Cal. Fruit Canneries..	15	@ 92 1/2		92 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	75	@ 101 1/2- 101 1/2		101	
Oceanic S. Co.....	20	@ 8 1/2		8 1/2

The sugars were in fair demand on fractional fluctuations and smaller transactions.

Giant Powder advanced three and one quarter points to 75 1/2, but closed at 72 1/2 hid, 74 asked.

The light and power stocks have been fairly active. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 168 shares sold off to 55 1/2, a loss of one and one quarter points, closing at 55 1/2 hid, 56 asked. Pacific Gas sold off to 39 1/2 on sales of 635 shares, closing at 39 1/2 hid, 41 asked.

The water stocks have kept steady with no change in prices.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 Market Street (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.170,000 PERSONS IN ALAMEDA
COUNTY RELY UPONTHE
OAKLAND HERALD
FOR ALL THE NEWS

THE HERALD is absolutely the Home Paper of Greater Oakland and of Alameda County.

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THE HERALD records fully each day, and particularly on Saturday, the doings of Greater Oakland society.

THE HERALD is without question the best advertising medium in the County of Alameda.

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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

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TALKING MACHINES
EXCLUSIVELY.

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was awarded the Grand Prize, Paris Exposition, in competition with all makes.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "REGAL" AND "KOH-I-NOOR" Lead and the "Regal" and "Koh-I-Noor" copying at 5c and 10c each, are the best lead pencils for the money ever made. Trade supplied. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An unusually bold London pickpocket tried to remove the valuables of a Piccadilly "irreproachable" as he sauntered with his cluh the other morning. The "irreproachable," so the story goes, seized the thief by the wrist, gazed at his filthy paw, and flung it from him with disgust, saying: "For goodness sake, my good man, wash your hands before you put them in a gentleman's pocket."

During President Hayes's visit to Kansas in 1879 he was engaged in a speechmaking and handshaking tour. A large crowd gathered to greet him in Hutchinson, where one "Bill" Graham, a cattleman much given to the use of intoxicating liquor, lived. "Bill" joined the crowd without knowing what it was all about. He fell in line, and gradually approached the President, who was standing on the lower step of his car and shaking hands with all who came. As "Bill" came near, the President reached over, grasped him by the hand, shook it vigorously, and said: "My friend, I am delighted to see you." "Thash all right, pard," said Bill, "hut h'gosh yer got the advantage of me!"

At a Scottish town, the other day, a Londoner on his way to a hotel addressed the porter who led the way: "Not a large place this?" "Na verra," was the answer. "Has it a corporation?" "A what, sir?" inquired the haggard-hearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it? Jist the provost." "Ah, the provost. Like our lord mayor? Has he got any insignia?" remarked the cockney. "Insignial What d'ye mean?" asked the puzzled Scotsman. "Yes, insignia; that is to say, has he a chain?" the polite visitor hinted. Whereupon the almost dumfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The provost chained? Na, na! He gangs loose; hut dinna he feared, he's quite harmless."

James M. Barrie, who is very shy at social functions or hanquets, and can hardly be induced to either converse freely or utter a speech, is not above poking fun at himself. On one occasion there appeared in the *Scots Observer* a brilliant lampoon in which Mr. Barrie was represented as attending a public dinner, keeping every one in roars of laughter with his unceasing stream of wit and epigram, and finally ending up by making the speech of the evening. When a certain literary friend of Mr. Barrie's saw this wickedly clever piece of satire, his indignation knew no bounds, and he rushed into print demanding by all the outraged gods that the author of this infamous article should straightway disclose himself, and he dealt with accordingly. But, alas for the well-meaning friend, the author was none other than Mr. Barrie himself.

Very amusing is the story of the strenuous ride of a tenderfoot New York correspondent who visited Sharon Springs last month with the Presidential party. As soon as he mounted, one of the cowboys said "Wow," the conductor of the train waved a red flag, the engineer let out a squirt of steam, and the correspondent went through Sharon Springs leaving a cloud of dust behind him that looked like the remains of a cyclone. He went through one fence and took the corner off one barn, and finally brought up against the side of another. A committee of villagers sat him right, he remounted the horse, started again, and the last seen of him he was far out on the horizon still followed by the rolling dust cloud. He came in later on a meek cayuse lent to him by a friendly cowboy, who incidentally informed him that he had been riding the most famous race-horse of that end of Kansas, and that the horse was trained to run when the reins were pulled tight and stop only when they were slackened.

Mark Twain's wife, who was Miss Olivia Langdon, was for some years before she met Mr. Clemens confined to her bed with what was believed to be an incurable disease; but she was at length miraculously restored to health. The cure was the sensation of Elmira, N. Y., and young Clemens, then a newspaper reporter, was sent there to interview Miss Langdon on her recovery. He obtained the interview for his newspaper, and brought back impressions of more value to himself. Miss Langdon's parents were at first strongly opposed to the young newspaper man, and, for his part, his timidity, so it is said, stood in the way of the progress of his suit. Finally he screwed up courage to speak to Mr. Langdon, and one morning timidly entered his future father-in-law's private office, where that

man was seated at work. "Mr. Langdon—have you—noticed anything—between—your daughter—and—me?" he managed to say. "No!" shouted the objecting parent, wheeling sharply around so as to get a full view of his visitor. "Well," said the young man as he turned to the door ready for instant flight, "if—you—keep—a—sharp—lookout—you—WILL!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A State of Mind.
In the State of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.;
No other Miss.
Can e'er I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La. I could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more,
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me ill?
N. Y., O., Wy.
Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?

I shun the task
'Twould he to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

—Ex.

An Omar for Ladies.

"Alike to her who Dines both Loud and Long,
Or her, who, Banting, shuns the Dinner-Gong,
Some Doctor from his Office-Chair will shout,
'It makes no Difference—both of you are Wrong!'

"Why, all the Health-Reformers who discussed
High Heels and Corsets learnedly are thrust
Square-toed and Waistless forth; their Duds
are scorned,
And Venus might as well have been a Bust.

"Myself, when slim, did eagerly frequent
Delsarte and Ling, and heard great Argument
Of muscles trained to Hold me up; but still
Spent on my Modiste what I'd always spend!

"With Walking Clubs I did the best I could;
With my own Feet I tramped my Ten Miles,
good;
And this was All that I got out of it—
I ate much more for Dinner than I should."
—Josephine Daskam in Harper's Magazine.

New-Fangled Schools.

They taught him to hemstitch and they taught
him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated
string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his
thumb,
They taught a lot to Bertie, hut he
couldn't
do a
sum.

They taught him how to mould the head of Her-
cules in clay,
And how to tell the diff'rence 'twixt the blue-
bird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture
frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him
how to
spell his
name.

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one
day to find
What 'twas they did that made his son so hack-
ward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his tem-
per far from cool,
"I want him educated!" so he
took him
out of
school.
—Newark News.

Help wanted: A. Fusser—"What would you do if I should kiss you?" Mary McLane—"I would scream for help." A. Fusser—"Why, don't you think I could do it alone?"—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Shocking: "Why, the hare idea!" "Of what, dear?" "Telling the naked truth!"—*Princeton Tiger.*

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

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ANGOSTURA
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The World's Best Tonic
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THE ONLY GENUINE

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A Positive Relief
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From its maturity, purity,
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Secure sleeping-car reservation and full informa-
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30 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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New York—Southampton—London.
St. Paul... June 10, 10 am | Philad'phia... June 24, 10 am
New York... June 17, 10 am | St. Paul... July 1, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Noordland... June 13 | Westerland... June 27
Friesland... June 20 | Belgenland... July 4
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'haha... June 13, 7:30 am | Minnetonka... June 27, 7 am
Mesha... June 20, 9 am | Minneapolis... July 4, 2:30 pm
New York—London, via Southampton.
Menominee... June 19, 9 am | Manito... July 17, 9 am
Marquette... July 3, 9 am
DOMINION LINE
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
New England... June 11 | New England... July 9
Mayflower... June 18 | Mayflower (new)... July 16
Commonwealth... July 2 | Commonwealth... July 9
Montreal—Liverpool. Short sea passage.
Canada... June 13 | Dominion... June 27
Kensington... June 20 | Southwark... July 4
BOSTON Mediterranean Service
Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Vancouver... Saturday, July 18, August 29, October 10
Cambrian... Saturday, June 20, August 8, September 19
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.
New York—Rotterdam, via Boulogne.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Noordam... June 10 | Potsdam... June 24
Rotterdam... June 17 | Statendam... July 1
RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Zeeland... June 13 | Vaderland... June 27
Finland... June 20 | Kronland... July 4
WHITE STAR LINE
New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Teutonic... June 10, noon | Cedric... June 19, noon
*Victorian... June 16, 9:30 am | Majestic... June 24, noon
Germania... June 17, noon | Celtic... June 26, 6:30 am
*Liverpool direct, 8:40 and up, 2d class only.
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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows:
Coptic... Wednesday, June 3
Gaelic... Saturday, June 7
Doric... Thursday, June 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila)... Tuesday, August 18
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
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calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
1903
America Maru... Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru... Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru... Friday, July 31
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.
Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, June 4, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, June 4, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 13, 1903,
at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Apts. 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Steamers leave San Francisco as fol-
lows:
For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway,
etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 31, June
5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Ever-
ett, Whatcom — 11 A. M., May 31,
June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change at Seattle to this
company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle
for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., June 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, July 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 31, June 5, 12, 18, 24, 30, July 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Re-
dondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San
Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San
Simon, Caycos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),
Ventura, and Huemene.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., June 6, 14, 22, 30, July 8.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo,
Altata, Topolobampo, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas
(Mex.) — 10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Clare Moore, daughter of Mrs. I. C. Moore, and Mr. William Richmond de Gruchy.

The wedding of Miss Olive Holbrook, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Holbrook, and Mr. Silas Palmer will take place on Wednesday at Trinity Chapel, Menlo Park. Miss Flora Elmore, of Oregon, will be her cousin's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, and Miss Bernie Drown. Mr. Sidney Palmer will be his brother's best man, and Mr. Frank King, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. Harry Holbrook will serve as ushers.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mr. George A. Newhall will take place at noon, June 18th, at the residence of the bride's parents on California Street. The wedding will be a quiet one, owing to the death of Mr. Newhall's brother. The attendants of the bride will be Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Miss Carolyn, and Miss Sara Collier.

The wedding of Miss Kate Clement, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Clement, of Oakland, and Mr. Dixwell Hewitt will take place on Wednesday, June 17th, at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Jackson and Lieutenant Ernest Allen Greenbough, of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will take place on Thursday, at half after eight o'clock, at the residence of the bride, 1714 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Findley has sent out invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Alice Findley, to Captain Harold Edward Cloke, U. S. A., which will take place on Tuesday, June 9th, at high noon, at Christ Church, Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Ermine L. Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth N. Thompson, of 2933 Pacific Avenue, and Mr. Samuel M. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, and a grandson of the late Samuel Wilson, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday evening, June 17th. The ceremony will be performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. R. C. Foute. Mrs. Elmore Leffingwell will be her sister's matron of honor, and Miss Helen Wilson, a sister of the groom, will act as maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Charlotte Rixon, Miss Ethel Baechtel, Miss Carrie Paine, of Eugene, Or., and Miss Ruth Clark.

The wedding of Miss Marion Dickie Taylor, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Stewart Taylor, of Livermore, and Professor Jackson E. Reynolds of Columbia University, took place at Livermore on Thursday, May 21st. Professor and Mrs. Reynolds will reside in New York.

Mrs. McCalla has sent out invitations for a luncheon on Thursday, to be given at Yerba Buena, in honor of Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr.

Miss Alice Findley and her fiancé, Captain Harold Edward Cloke, were the guests of honor last Saturday evening at a dinner given by Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton in Sausalito. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, Miss Anna Sperry, Miss Edith Findley, Mr. Robert Greer, Mr. Dennis Seales, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner and theatre-party on Monday evening, complimentary to Miss Findley and Captain Harold E. Cloke. His other guests were Mrs. Frank Luck and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton.

Mrs. John C. Adams gave a luncheon on Tuesday, in Oakland, at which she entertained Miss Kathleen Ball, Miss Emily Stone, Miss Sharbora, Miss Claudine Cotton, Miss Mary Wilcox, Miss Hebe Noble, Miss Virginia Frank, Miss Mildred Sallée, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Sadler, Mrs. Milton Pray, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Frederick Stolp, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Jr., Miss Geraldine Lenham, Miss Archibald, Miss Elizabeth Lenham, and Mr. James F. J. Archibald.

Mr. Dennis Seales gave a luncheon last Sunday at Sausalito, at which he entertained Mrs. Hall, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, Mr. Tappenhach, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. Frank Sewall, Mr. Fred Palmer, and Mr. Robert Greer.

Commencement Week at Stanford.

While the commencement week programme of the class of 1903 at Stanford University was somewhat disarranged, owing to the death and illness of several of the seniors, the graduating exercises in the Assembly Hall on Monday were largely attended. Two hundred and thirty diplomas in all were conferred, 205 to

bachelors of arts, 8 to bachelors of laws, 16 to masters of art, and 1 to a doctor of philosophy. Twenty-four per cent. of the number came to Stanford from beyond the California border. Among the different departments the graduates are distributed as follows: Greek, 5; Latin, 10; German, 12; language, 15; Romance language, 6; English literature and language, 30; philosophy, 1; psychology, 1; education, 12; history, 24; economics, 5; law, 30; mathematics, 7; physics, 1; chemistry, 15; botany, 1; physiology and histology, 10; zoology, 6; entomology, 3; geology and mining, 8; civil engineering, 7; mechanical engineering, 3; electrical engineering, 5.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

An interesting concert will be given at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening, June 3d, by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, under the direction of E. S. Bonelli. Following is the complete programme:

Selections, "A Petits Pas," Sudesti, "Paroles d'Amour," Tobani, orchestra; piano solo, "Spinning Song," Littolf, Miss Edna Montagne; violin solo, "Fantasie Pastorale," Singelee, Miss Harriet Patterson (pupil of Sig. Laraja), Miss C. Burns, accompanist; piano solo, Rondo, op. 14, Mendelssohn, Miss Bessie Beatty; vocal solo, Mrs. J. J. Hayden (pupil of Mme. Amata); piano solo, "Russian Dance," Letzhinsky, Miss Fannie Zwerin; mandolin selection from "Faust," Gounod, mandolin club; violin solo, "Legende," Bohm, Julius Goldsmith (pupil of Professor T. D. Herzog), Miss F. Fulda, accompanist; Etude, No. 8, Chopin, Miss Gertrude Hodges; vocal solo, "Hearest Thou," Mattei, Miss Ruby Likens (pupil of Sig. Wanrell), Miss E. Beaudet, accompanist; piano solo, "Tannhäuser March," Wagner, Miss Maybelle Kelly; violin solo, "Il Trovatore," Alard, Miss Estelle Grey (pupil of Sig. Laraja), Miss Maybelle Kelly, accompanist; piano solo, "Shepherd Dance," Gregh; "Lurline," Seeling, Miss Lulu Lichtenstein; violin solo, "Gavotte Fantastique," Braun, Miss Gladys Couth (pupil of Professor Herzog), Miss C. Burns, accompanist; and mandolin selection, "Troubadour," Pomeroy, mandolin club.

The Concerts of Mlle. Dolores.

The management of Mlle. Dolores have, to the confusion of the public, been seeing between the two alternatives of billing the lady by her given and her married name. The uncertainty still continues, as she is named Trebelli on the bill-board and Dolores on her concert programme. The confusion probably arises from a discovery of the greater drawing value of the singer's maiden name, which ought to settle the matter, as the name Trebelli has already an aureole of fame about it, and is far too well known to forego.

Mme. Trebelli-Dolores, during her brief stay here, sang to small but appreciative audiences. No doubt their limitation in point of numbers was a disappointment to both singer and management, but hers is not the style of singing to appeal to the masses. Her voice is too small to please the popular taste, which inclines toward quantity rather than quality. Small as it is, however, it is beautifully managed by the singer, who has also a pronounced gift for pleasing and sustained expression.

While the purity of tone in her voice shows some deterioration, and its volume is slight and carefully hushed, the admirable art of Mme. Dolores enables her to execute difficult passages with brilliancy, and her selections, although containing but few familiar numbers, were extremely acceptable to a musician's taste.

The Mantelli Concerts.

Mme. Eugenia Mantelli, the famous Italian prima donna, will be heard in two concerts at Fischer's Theatre on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, June 10th and 12th, at half after two o'clock. She will introduce an innovation by rendering several of the grand-opera arias in costume. Her programme is as follows:

"Una voce poco fa" ("Barber of Seville"), Rossini; "Connais tu le pays" (Mignon), Thomas; "S'apre per te il mio cor" ("Samson and Dalila"), Saint-Saëns; "Taeglich ging die wunderschoene" ("Der Asra"), Rubinstein; "Habanera" and "Chanson Bohème," Bizet; "Nobil Signor" ("Huguenots"), Meyerbeer; "Sans Toi," G. d'Har-delot; "Ich liebe dich" and "Solveigs Lied," Grieg; "Good-By," Tosti; "April Rain," Oley Speaks; and "Violets," H. Wright. Walter Pyck, the accompanist, will render several solos, including "Cachonea Caprice," Raff; paraphrase nocturne, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; and Fantasie la Cascade, Paur.

Weber's Jubilee Cantata will be given under the direction of Louis H. Eaton at the ninth monthly musical service at Trinity Church, on Sunday evening, at eight o'clock. Miss Flynn and Mrs. Warshauer, sopranos; Miss Fairweather, contralto; Mr. Vinson, tenor; and Mr. Barnhart, bass, will take the solo parts.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

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Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Irving M. Scott has been filed for probate in the superior court. The first provision of the brief will declares that every particle of his property is community property, and hence one-half of it belongs solely to his wife, Laura Hord Scott. The second provision devises the remainder of his estate, valued at about \$3,000,000, to his two children, Lorraine Irving Scott and Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, share and share alike. The third provision names his widow and children as sole executors without bonds. The instrument is dated September 8, 1902.

Edna Wallace Hopper has begun proceedings to break the will of her stepfather, the late Alexander Dunsinuir, of Victoria, B. C., who died in New York two years ago. By the terms of his will, made when Dunsinuir was in his last illness, he left all his property, except his San Leandro estate of 4,000 acres, to his brother, James Dunsinuir, of British Columbia. The San Leandro property was left to the wife of the testator and Mrs. Hopper, her daughter, inherited it. The rest of the estate is estimated to be worth \$9,000,000. Mrs. Hopper seeks to break the will on the ground that Alexander Dunsinuir was incompetent at the time the will was executed. It was probated in Victoria, and, therefore, the suit was begun there and will come up for trial early in July.

Mrs. Mary Eliza Alvord, wife of William Alvord, president of the Bank of California, died of pneumonia on last Saturday, after a brief illness, at her residence, 2548 Jackson Street. She was the mother of Dr. James W. Keeney and C. M. Keeney by her first marriage. Her father, Colonel James McIntosh, was a well-known United States army officer, and General John B. McIntosh, of the United States army, who is also dead, was her brother. Mrs. Alvord was a leader among the ladies of San Francisco—in charities, in church matters, and, in former years, in society. A touching spectacle at her funeral was the procession of orphan children from the asylums for which she had done so much. Her loss is irreparable, and she will be widely mourned.

Mr. W. B. Davenport has been appointed industrial commissioner of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. He is an old member of the Bohemian Club, and is well known in San Francisco.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has sold her half-interest in the Fairmount Hotel property to Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who will complete the structure on the original plans.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, in Madeline Lucette Ryley's new comedy, "The Altar of Friendship," will follow E. H. Sothern at the Columbia Theatre.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her children, accompanied by Mrs. Sperry, left for the East on Monday, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have returned from a trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. William F. Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin sailed from New York for Europe last week. Mrs. Herrin, accompanied by her young son and Miss Herrin, will soon go to Shasta Springs for the summer months.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, and Miss Grace Spreckels intend to pass the month of June at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have arrived in New York.

Miss Frances Hopkins arrived from the East last week, and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, at Menlo Park.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood was in Monterey during the week.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd is settled for the season at "Casa Boyd," her summer residence, in Alameda County.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who are at present in Paris, will sail for New York on June 10th, and, after a brief stay in the metropolis, will return to San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chickering (née Sherman) will spend the summer in Mill Valley as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Graupner, who will be among the cottagers there this season.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Warren have returned from a month's stay in Mendocino County. Later they will go to Southern California for the season.

Major and Mrs. John Darling arrived from New York on Tuesday, and departed at once for their country place at Rutherford. Later they will go to Monterey for a few weeks.

Mrs. Barber and Miss Barber, of Ross Valley, have gone to Santa Barbara for a six weeks' stay. During their absence, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister will occupy their cottage.

Among those who have recently returned from the Yosemite are Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Dr. George Chismore was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have returned from their visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden will spend the summer months at San Rafael.

Miss Mary Josselyn sailed for Honolulu on the steamship *Siberia* on Tuesday to visit Mrs. Fred Hatch (née Hawes).

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow will leave soon for a trip East.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton R. Gihbons (née Stuhls) are expected home this week. They spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Sunderland at Reno, and they were the guests of Mrs. Gihbons's sister, Mrs. Parker Harrison, in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham has been visiting Mrs. William B. Collier at her country place in Lake County.

Miss Isabelle O'Connor, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyle, at Mountain View, is the guest of Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee.

Mr. A. P. Redding was in New York last week.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson expect to spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, accompanied by Princess Poniatowski, will soon make a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. Edward Tohin, and Mr. William O'Connor have taken a cottage at Sausalito for the summer.

Miss Helen Wagner has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney at their ranch at Rocklin. She will spend the month of June with her sister, Mrs. J. J. Moore, at Menlo Park, and then will go to Del Monte.

Miss Elsie Sperry visited the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are in New York.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Margaret Barron, and Mr. Edward Barron will leave for Europe soon, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. W. I. Kip has returned from his visit to his daughter, Mrs. Guy Edie, at Columbus, O. Mrs. Kip and Miss Mary Kip have again altered their plans, and will spend some time in New York before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. William Giselman and Mrs. Marshall Giselman were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. Orville C. Pratt was in New York during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lyon, Mrs. Charles Lyons, Miss Nellie Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Miss Annie Travers, Mr. William M. Rhodes, and Dr. M. Hergstein.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur, accompanied by Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., will leave on Tuesday for West Point, where they will attend the graduation exercises, at which their son Douglas graduates.

Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., and

Mrs. Myers, arrived at Mare Island from Bremerton on Wednesday for a few days' stay with Mrs. Cutts. Captain Myers has been ordered to the United States steamer *Brooklyn*, and will join that ship before she proceeds to the European station.

Colonel Crosby P. Miller, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of this department, who has been appointed to serve on the general staff at Washington, will be relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde, U. S. A., deputy quartermaster-general, now in charge of the office of disbursing quartermaster at Portland, Or. Lieutenant-Colonel Hyde, as soon as he has been relieved by Colonel Forrest H. Hathaway, U. S. A., who will assume temporary charge of the disbursing office at Portland, will report for duty to General MacArthur.

Captain William S. McNair, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will arrive from Manila on the transport *Sheridan*. Captain McNair was stationed for some time at the Presidio, and is well known in this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel Calvin D. Cowles, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., who was stationed at the Presidio when major of the Seventeenth Infantry, sails for Manila with his regiment on the transport *Logan* on Monday.

Lieutenant Albert C. Dieffenbach, U. S. N., and Ensign Ralph N. Marhle, Jr., U. S. N., returned from Pago-Pago on waiting orders on Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dollars Versus Decency.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 26, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Virtue as its own reward, and its only one, is not destined to become popular in this matter-of-fact world of ours, for human nature demands some tangible recompense as a result of virtuous living, especially when it entails the relinquishment of many pleasures (?), the overcoming of evil propensities and vicious appetites. In one particular it would seem that clean living is of little value, since it is not regarded as a necessary qualification for a marriageable man. I refer to the indifference displayed by the average young woman respecting the past experiences or moral characteristics of the man she marries. In fact, she seems to overlook the subject altogether, or else considers a man's reputation of being a "devil of a fellow" a highly desirable asset. Nor can her attitude be ascribed to ignorance, for the up-to-date girl reads hooks and attends plays which open her eyes to existing conditions. Nevertheless, she often chooses some man who has tasted deeply from the cup of vice, thereby placing the seal of her approval upon his licentiousness and debauchery. What incentive, then, has a man toward clean living other than his own sense of honor? Why should he abstain from that which seems to enhance, rather than detract from, his eligibility? One thing is certain, virtue and purity weigh but little in the estimation of our modern young ladies when placed in the balance with riches, good looks, or social prominence. Though a man spend his nights in houses of ill-repute, associating with the vilest specimens of womankind, he is made none the less welcome in the homes of good, virtuous girls, who seem to regard his dissipation as a necessary preparation for the married state, when he is supposed to "settle down" or "settle up," according to circumstances. What chance has the decent chap in competition with such a rake? None at all; he is looked upon as "slow," a good sort to make a friend of, but not to marry. He is generally shunted to one side by some gay Lothario whose fascinating manners or irresistible dollars carry the day. There does not appear to be much justice in such a performance. Yet I am stating facts, and know whereof I speak from personal observation. The remedy is simple; just so long as our girls prefer vice to virtue, and dollars to decency, present conditions will continue. Let the girls decide upon which side to fight, unless they are content with what they are getting in exchange for their virtue and chastity. Yours truly,
LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER.

Clay M. Greene's Passion play, "Nazareth," has been attracting much attention this week at Santa Clara College, where it has drawn several large audiences, composed of people from all over the State. Its success has been so pronounced that it is thought that this interesting play, from now on, will become a part of the college life, and will be produced each year, making Santa Clara and the college as famous in this country as is Oberammergau in Europe.

Work will be begun on the new building of the Pacific Union Club about July 1st.

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A good deal has been printed during the past few weeks about the case of "Captain" E. G. Bellairs of various aliases. Into the merits of the case we shall not now enter. Much has been said against the man, and doubtless with justice. That he was a convict can not be denied, and he does not deny it. But he claims consideration for his "living an honest life," as he terms it, for several years since he doffed the convict stripes. As to the various attempts to link him with General

Wood, we think they have been disproved, and that General Wood is in nowise responsible for Bellairs. He was deceived by him, as was the great newspaper concern, the Associated Press, and many others—that is all.

The most striking phase of this matter is the propensity in the United States to take people on their say-so. It is very remarkable that so shrewd and practical a people as we Americans are should be so frequently flim-flammed and humbugged by adventurers and adventuresses from the Old World. In this country it is taken for granted that any man of education must be "a gentleman." But he may be "a gentleman," and still, according to European ideas, be a rascal, too. In England, for example, "a gentleman" is such by act of Parliament—that is, his status is defined when he is born; he may become a convict or a murderer, and still remain "a gentleman." Europe is full of black sheep from English families—gentlemen by birth, breeding, and education—who have fallen from the station to which they were born by reason of various weaknesses. Some have been cashiered from the army for dissipation or cowardice. Some have been caught cheating at cards, and been expelled from clubs. When the old country becomes too hot to hold them they leave its inhospitable circles, and go to Paris, to Monte Carlo, to Cairo, to South Africa, to India, to Canada, or to the United States. In some of these Old World cities, they make a fair living by gambling and swindling. In the United States they make an easier living by borrowing. It is not so easy to make a living by gambling here, as the average American, while easy-going about receiving the unaccredited stranger, is iron-bound in making him pay his poker debts.

When wanderers of this description strike an English city, a colonial English city, or an English colony in a foreign land, they must have their credentials with them. If they come properly accredited, they will be hospitably received. But if they do not come with proper credentials, they will be received with distrust; while in the inner or home circles they will not be received at all. For example, when "Captain" Bellairs went to Toronto, he announced himself as a great lover of cricket, and succeeded in being put up at the Toronto Cricket Club. He talked freely about Englishmen of title and position whom he knew, and he became fairly popular in the club. But his career was confined to the cricket club enclosure. Not a member introduced him to wife or sister; not a member invited him to his house or table; not a member put him up at any social club. He made advances in that direction, but as he had absolutely no credentials, not a man would be responsible for him. He finally gave up attempting to make his way into Toronto's social circles, and preyed upon the stratum below, with some but not very much success. He left for the wider and richer fields of the United States.

In this country things are different. A handsome, well-bred, well-educated, and pleasant-mannered man is apt to be received hospitably without any credentials at all. There was one notable case on this Coast, where a wandering English adventurer tried the little colonial city of Victoria, B. C., but failed lamentably to make his way. He came down to San Francisco, and without any trouble succeeded in being put up at three of the leading clubs, and borrowing money right and left before he skipped the town. Another striking case is of a young man who came to San Francisco accompanied by a London music-hall fairy, who was not his wife. He took her to a well-known and fashionable resort near San Francisco, where she speedily made the acquaintance of a number of ladies and gentlemen—heaven only knows how—and in a fortnight "so-

ciety" was giving her dinners and teas. The affair was terminated by the discovery of the irregular matrimonial relations of the young gentleman and his music-hall fairy, and the young couple fled, leaving much mortification behind. How remarkable that sensible people should expose themselves to such humiliation simply through failing to exact what all strangers of any standing should have—namely, proper letters of introduction or similar credentials.

So was it with "Captain" Bellairs. Although he had failed lamentably to storm the social citadel of Toronto, he soon climbed to the dizzy heights in America, politically, socially, and journalistically speaking. He became the friend of generals and statesmen; he became the maker of reputations; he finally became correspondent of that great news-agency, the Associated Press. This important post was given him in an empire, the Philippines, which was practically cut off from all communication with the world, except through the agency of this ticket-of-leave convict.

The moral of all this is that we Americans are a smart people—an awful smart people—but we really ought to be a little more particular in receiving strangers; we ought to be a little more careful, before presenting them to our wives and our sisters, to find out whether the men hail from jail and the women from worse places.

A league has recently been formed in California for the furtherance of the plan of forwarding large parcels by post. Like most of such practical and praiseworthy ideas, the movement was begun in Southern California. It is an excellent crusade, and although leveled against a dull and retrograde institution, the United States Post-Office Department, it is to be hoped that it may be successful.

In nearly every country in Europe you can send large parcels by post. You can send nothing larger than four pounds in the United States, and there are so many difficulties over even that petty privilege that they are almost prohibitive. The bright men who now run our Post-Office Department are largely employed because they are good campaign managers. When they weary of bulldozing half-penny advertising sheets, devising incomprehensible post-office regulations, and getting seventeenth assistant-postmasters' attorneys to hand down constructions of post-office regulations that no man can understand, including the chiefs themselves, it is to be hoped that they will devote their bright minds to a parcels-postal service. Within the confines of the United States it is impossible, as we said, to forward by mail a package over four pounds in weight, and it is almost impossible to send abroad even a four-pound package by reason of the intricate regulations as to shape and size. Yet everywhere in Europe you can send practically any kind of a package anywhere by post, no matter how large and bulky. Even the United States post-office is obliged to receive packages of eleven pounds when coming from two European countries. This our Department naïvely explains is due to "a mistake," and they make it as unpleasant as possible for forwarders and receivers. In fact, our Post-Office Department makes such long delays in handling these large packages that foreign merchants in despair advise that they be sent in any other way. Sometimes these large packages are detained four or five weeks in going from London to New York.

The United States post-office certainly discriminates against American citizens when it receives eleven-pound packages from foreigners and refuses to forward eleven-pound packages for citizens. The way to remove this unjust discrimination is to forward li

packages for all. In Switzerland the writer has seen a man ride up to a post-office on a bicycle, dismount, tag his wheel, pay the postage, and mail it to its destination.

Possibly we long-suffering citizens of the United States might learn something from the Turkish post-office. In Turkey the post-office is so bad that the foreign legations there have been forced to create post-offices of their own. When a Turk wants to send a letter in a hurry, he sends it by the British, French, German, or Austrian post-office. Therefore one of the peculiarities of Constantinople, in addition to its dogs and its smells, is the variety of its post-offices. It is of record that a Turkish minister posted a letter in Constantinople addressed to Washington, another on the same day addressed to Smyrna. The Washington letter reached its destination, seven thousand miles away, sooner than the one sent to Smyrna, one day's sail away. The foreign post-offices in Constantinople are very well managed, and are always used by foreign residents, including Americans.

Not only in Constantinople, but in other large cities of the Turkish Empire there are foreign post-offices. In Smyrna, Beirut, and Jerusalem, the various European governments have post-offices of their own. In Constantinople, you can not only mail a letter but a large parcel at the British, French, German, or Austrian post-office. This is more than you can do in the United States.

As this curious arrangement, due to the inefficiency and slowness of the Turkish post-office, works so well in Turkey, why could not a similar arrangement be made here? If, through the slowness and inefficiency of the United States post-office, we are deprived of postal privileges which English, French, and German subjects possess even in Turkey, why should not Uncle Sam let the foreign governments establish post-offices here? They might be installed in the larger cities, as is the case in Turkey—say in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco, and other cities. Then, as in Constantinople and Jerusalem, foreigners desiring to avail themselves of quick dispatch and parcels post could use the foreign post-office; enlightened Turks also use the foreign post-offices now, their own being so bad. Correspondingly, those Americans who mistakenly think they have as much right to send an eleven-pound package through the American mails as to receive one from a foreign post-office through the American mails, would at least have a chance to forward their packages, if not to assert their equality with foreigners.

If our post-office, like that of Turkey, can not perform ordinary postal functions like those of all the European parcels-postal services, why not, as in Turkey, install foreign post-offices here?

Rev. C. L. Thompson made a profound impression at a recent religious convention in Los Angeles by attacking the Mormons. His peroration, which was particularly eloquent, ran as follows:

"Beware of the octopus. There is one moment in which to seize it, says Victor Hugo. It is when it thrusts forth its head. It has done it. Its high priest claims a senator's chair in Washington. Now is the time to strike. Perhaps to miss it now is to be lost."

The convention unanimously upheld Dr. Thompson in his scathing denunciation. It reminds us of a little story. Once upon a time a young clergyman came as new supply to a strange church. Prior to preparing his first sermon, he consulted one of the pillars of the church. "I am thinking," said he, "of attacking the evils of gambling. How would that strike you, deacon?"

The deacon shook his head. "I wouldn't do it if I were you," he replied; "one of the most liberal contributors to the church owns a racing stable. He would certainly take such a sermon as a personal matter, and he is a large contributor to the upbuilding of our church."

The new minister paused. "Then," said he, gently, "what would you think of a strong denunciation of the evils of intemperance? Surely there are no rum-sellers among the members of our church?"

The deacon looked grave. "No saloon-keepers—no, of course not," he replied; "but we have a wholesale wine-merchant in the church who contributes liberally to the cause of home missions. It wouldn't do any good to stir the matter up. I'd let it alone if I were you."

The new minister looked discouraged. "You are

somewhat restricting my field of activity, deacon," he remarked; "could you suggest any topic not calculated to give offense?"

The deacon reflected for some little time. "I have it!" he cried, "pitch into the Mormons. There are no Mormons in the congregation—they've got no friends."

Rev. Dr. Thompson seems to have taken a leaf out of the deacon's book, and pitched into the Mormons.

The question of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year has been prominently brought forward again by tentative efforts to harmonize the party, but the result seems to have left the conflicting elements as far apart as ever.

The proposal to get together mentioned was in the form of an editorial in the *Buffalo Times*, a paper conducted by Norman E. Mack, a close friend of ex-President Cleveland. Therein it was urged upon the Bryanites that they forget the past and take part in a harmony movement by joining hands with the Cleveland followers in the future. The suggestion brought out an open letter in the *Omaha World-Herald*, the editor of which, Richard L. Metcalfe, is admittedly a Bryan spokesman. It is there asked what principles "Democrats must surrender to harmonize with men who in two Presidential campaigns deserted the party and gave open and boastful aid to the enemy." The very tone of the inquiry indicates the bitterness of the factions and the difficulty of getting together under any of the prominent actors of the past. Mr. Metcalfe says they can not do it except upon the Kansas City platform. On that point, Mr. Metcalfe suggests leaving the establishment of a ratio between gold and silver to Congress, while a reunited Democracy busies itself with trust and tariff questions, advocates an income tax, protests against government by injunction, and condemns the methods employed in the Philippines. That has not been agreed to, but in response an ultimatum has been credited to Mr. Bryan, to the effect that, if Mr. Cleveland is nominated, the Bryan element will support Roosevelt in the next campaign. But what about Cleveland? His position has become intensely interesting to newspapers and interviewers. Columns have been printed about it, pro and con. They show that a great body of the Democrats are looking his way, and away from Bryanism. They show also the hopelessness of his election in the face of a determined opposition of Bryan and his followers. The best that can be learned of Cleveland's own attitude is, that he does not want the nomination; that he will not decline what has not yet been tendered him; but that there may arise a situation that would induce him to accept the honor. Bryanites propose to rule or ruin. Clevelandites are determined to cut loose from populism at any cost. Bryan as a candidate is out of the question. Cleveland would have to encounter, in addition to Bryan's, the enmity of Hill, Gorman, and Watterson, the last of whom, particularly, is out for his scalp. Gorman says he is not a candidate, and Hill says nothing. At this time it seems improbable that any man closely connected in the past with either faction could receive the nomination, much less an election. There remains the possibility of uniting upon a man outside the personal fight. Judge Parker, of New York, is mentioned as one of these, but some one suggests that no man was ever elected President whose boom blossomed so early as did Judge Parker's. Circuit Attorney Folk, of St. Louis, is spoken of. Colonel Watterson says the suggestion is "too local." The latest possibility is the naming of General Miles as the candidate. It is urged for him that he has no entangling alliances; that he would like to have the nomination; that he has annoyed the present administration the best he could; and that his Philippine policy would be satisfactorily Democratic. It is getting too hot weather for politics now, anyway. President-makers will soon go fishing. We look to see the question subside until cooler weather.

A curious factor in a recent divorce suit is the modern "Breakfast Food" found upon so many tables. Mrs. Secombe has brought suit against her husband, A. H. Secombe, in San Bernardino, for divorce. She alleges that for five years past he has forced her and his children to maintain life largely upon "health foods." She gives the following as the Secombe bill of fare:

BREAKFAST—Boiled rolled oats with milk, or granose flakes (wheat); an occasional soft-boiled egg; Zwieback and nut butter; occasionally cereal "cereal" (wheat coffee).

DINNER—Zwieback and nut butter; beans boiled in salt water and baked; potatoes boiled with jacket; vegetables, in season, boiled in salt and water; green fruit, in season; pudding, plain.

SUPPER—Zwieback and nut butter; rice, boiled with milk; green fruit, in season. All meats prohibited; also coffee and tea.

She alleges that this diet has been "scarcely sufficient to maintain life, and not sufficiently nutritious to maintain the family in health." She says that her husband persisted in discussing these foods and their merits at table, and in declaring repeatedly that "meat is poisonous." She makes further allegations concerning the money they have accumulated, its division, etc., which allegations are not of marked interest, as they occur in all divorce suits. When married people fight, however the fight begins, it usually ends in fighting about money.

The unusual part of the Secombe divorce suit is that which concerns the breakfast foods. The counsel for the husband will have to be extremely careful in impaneling a jury. If a jury of the average type be selected, Mrs. Secombe will certainly get her divorce, and Mr. Secombe will have to pay large alimony. The average jurymen eats a breakfast composed of oatmeal or cracked wheat, strawberries or other fruit with cream, ham and eggs, or chops, hot cakes with maple syrup, and perhaps a few other kickshaws, according to taste and fancy. Any such man on reading this breakfast bill of

"Granose flakes," an "occasional soft-boiled egg," "Zwieback," "nut butter," and "cereal wheat coffee," will agree with Mrs. Secombe in considering her husband cruel.

Still, to the hygienic philosopher, Mrs. Secombe's contention that her family "can not sustain life" on these viands would have to be proved. While they may not be tempting, they certainly contain sufficient elements of nutrition to sustain life. The rolled oats, the milk, the eggs, the Zwieback, the baked potatoes, the fruits, the ices—all these are excellent foods. And as for beans, they with pork made up the principal aliment for the sturdy miners who took so many millions out of the golden placer-beds in the early days of our State.

All of these viands, while possibly not tempting, are certainly nutritious enough. But about the "so-called" breakfast foods, we have our doubts. There is a stupendous sale for these preparations. You find them now at every little railway station through this vast country. This is, of course, due to their enormous advertising. There are factories in the West employing hundreds of operatives, turning out daily scores of thousands of packages of these breakfast foods, and expending hundreds of thousands of dollars a year in advertising. So large are their sales that they have actually cut into the sales of flour, the staff of life. The great manufacturers of flour in the West are feeling the effect. They are now claiming that these breakfast foods are largely made up of chaff and rubbish; that after the mills have turned the wheat into fine white flour, graham flour, shorts, middlings, and bran for cattle food, that the stuff which remains is purchased by the manufacturers of these new preparations; that it is mixed up scientifically with molasses and other things; that it is packed in handsome cartons with pretty blue and gold labels, and then sold at high prices to the unsuspecting consumer.

It is hard to find the truth between these two extremes. Strange are the stories told by the breakfast-food manufacturers of the debilitated individuals built up into herculean athletes by the use of their wheat coffees and shredded biscuit; stranger still are the narratives told by the flour men of the curious refuse materials out of which these wonder-working foods are manufactured. These stories certainly do not hitch.

However, we commend to the attention of Mrs. Secombe's attorneys these strange stories, and suggest that they send to Minneapolis and St. Paul and find out what the great flour-manufacturers there say about the new-fangled "breakfast foods."

This journal is sometimes accused by the trades-unions of an unfriendly attitude toward them. We think they are mistaken. We have always believed in fair hours and good wages for good workmen. In proof of that fact, we may say, in all modesty, that for many years before the introduction of machine composition in our office, we paid wages higher than the union scale to our compositors for band composition.

When we have told the trades-unions they were wrong, it was because we believed they were wrong, and that their continuance in their course would result in disaster—sometimes to themselves, sometimes to the community, generally to both. We think that events have usually proved the truth of our contention. At present the California trades-unions, or the agents of the trades-unions, are actively opposing the circulation of printed matter in the East designed to invite immigration to this State. Their excuse is that "there are enough workmen here now, and that more men coming will reduce wages."

This is a very short-sighted policy. If there is anything the matter with California, it is that she has not enough people. If more people come here, there will be more work for those here now. Therefore, for the labor unions or their agents to oppose immigration is worse than folly. It will alienate from them the sympathy of the public, without which they can accomplish nothing. In any event, so great is the need of California for further immigration that she is going to have it, whether the labor unions oppose it or not. If the labor unions continue to oppose it, they will suffer in the end.

An officer in the Tenth Infantry, who returned from the Philippines "to marry a Leavenworth girl," has been stopped in his designs through having forgotten to say good-by to a Filipino girl. The latter lady, who is following him to Fort Leavenworth, charges that he married her, which he denies. It is stated at the War Department that if he has married the girl, he will be compelled to support her. If so, this will be another of the many new methods adopted by the United States in our new possessions. Usually in the tropics, when Tommy Atkins or Manuel Gonzales returns to England or to Spain, he leaves his particolored progeny behind him, and leaves Mrs. Atkins or Mrs. Gonzales to mourn. Rudyard Kipling, the poet of imperialism, has musically sung of the Burmah girl, who "neath the old Moulmein pagoda fruitlessly awaited the return of her Tommy. Under a good and moral government like ours, these things can not take place. But if Secretary Moody is going to marry all the officers and men who made love to ladies in the tropics, our War Department will become a gigantic matrimonial bureau.

The humanitarian sentiment in this country has been profoundly stirred by published accounts of the massacre of Russian Jews at Kishineff. Regarding the extent of the slaughter it may be assumed that the statement concerning it made to the British House of Commons was based on the best information obtainable. In that communication it was said that about one hundred Jews lost their lives, and that many more were injured.

Mass-meetings of American Jews and of American citizens generally have been numerous held in this country, and all have voiced by resolutions their horror and condemnation of the murderous treatment of Russian Jews in Bessarabia. The sentiments expressed are those of all right-minded, law-

abiding, liberty-loving people. They have been poured in upon our State Department at Washington, accompanied by demands that our government should call that of Russia to account. At the latter point we are liable to be carried away by our emotions. Officially and diplomatically it is not likely that our authorities can properly do as requested. The people of the United States are making their moral attitude well understood. A demand from our State Department might meet with a rebuff which would place it in a delicate position without helping the Jews. We might be told to mind our own business, and give our attention to protecting the Chinese of the West and the Italians and negroes of the South from mob violence. The relationship of nations is too well settled to permit of arbitrary interference with the internal affairs of each other. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is a good one, that the United States might properly address a note of inquiry to the Russian Government, in which it would be recited that the kindred of the victims in this country are deeply stirred over the occurrence; that the impression prevails that the Russian laws fail to take effective means to protect the Jews; that the American Jews, as well as all other citizens of this country, are alarmed for the safety of the race in Russian borders, and desire that information may be had from the Czar's government as to what measures it has taken, or will take, for the safety of the Jews in whose well-being millions of Americans are evincing poignant interest.

It was an astounding personal tribute that the people of New York paid to ex-President Cleveland last week. They were met in mass-meeting to denounce the Kisbneff massacre. That was the only purpose of the great assemblage at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Cleveland was merely one of several speakers. Yet so tumultuous, so long-sustained, so spontaneous was the applause that greeted him when he appeared, that broke out at every mention of his name during the proceedings, and that overwhelmed him at the close of the meeting, that the original purpose of the concourse was made a secondary matter by the newspapers in their accounts next day. The stanch, conservative, Republican paper, the *New York Tribune*, for example, heads its account: "Wild Over Cleveland—Thousands Cheer Him—Speaks Amid Tumultuous Applause at Kisbneff Mass-Meeting," and continues:

Mr. Cleveland came in when Mayor Low was in the middle of his speech. The instant his portly figure was seen a storm of bandclapping arose, continuing while Mayor Low crossed the platform, greeted him, and escorted him to his seat. When he arose to speak, applause louder than at first met him interrupted throughout his speech, and at the end grew into an enthusiasm which swept men and women alike off their feet, cheering wildly. Mr. Cleveland was forced to bow several times, and finally to stand waving his hands deprecatingly at his friends in the hall. So at the end of the meeting. Shouts of "Cleveland!" "Cleveland!" rang through the place, and the audience, in spite of a few policemen, surged onto the platform, almost overpowering Mr. Cleveland, who was finally rescued and led to an anteroom.

New York is not the nation. Its political opinions have often run contrary to those of the country. But such a reception as that accorded Mr. Cleveland certainly has not a little political significance.

The navy is now the pet of the American people. But it is a pitiful thing when one reflects how many millions of us never saw a ship. Those who were at the Chicago Fair in 1893, and witnessed the child-like delight of the prairie-dwellers in boarding the brick battle-ship *Illinois*, anchored (most emphatically) on the lake shore, can understand how much of a pet the navy is. The department is more than willing to meet the people in their enthusiastic admiration for the navy, and as a result it sent the monitor *Arkansas* on a trip up the Mississippi, that the people might see her. As she went up the river, she reported from point to point, and the Navy Department was much pleased to think that a ship of the new navy had steamed up the Mississippi just like one of the flat-bottomed river boats. But the department overlooked the fact that the Mississippi is higher during the spring freshets than during the early summer, and now that the *Arkansas* is up the Mississippi she will probably remain there—at least, until the water is high enough for her to come down.

On future expeditions of this sort it might be well for our naval commanders to take with them water in tanks, as our railway trains do on the desert, in order to float the boats back again. P. S.—Nothing can down the American navy. Terrible floods have devastated the Mississippi Valley; wreck and ruin have marked the swollen river's path. But on the face of the angry waters a startled prairie people have noted an unfamiliar sight—it was the majestic form of the monitor *Arkansas* going across lots bome.

The rising of the curtain at the Ohio Republican State Convention on Wednesday revealed Senator Hanna in the centre of the stage, smiling. According to the accounts, the senator's friends control almost all of the twenty-one Ohio congressional districts. Hanna men form the majority on all committees. Hanna will dictate nominees, chief among whom is Myron T. Herrick for governor. As temporary chairman, Hanna made the opening speech. Some of his remarks were significant. He called upon the workingmen, who build the edifice of Republican prosperity, to stand guard upon its walls. This is plainly a paraphrase of "stand pat." He praised the administration of President Roosevelt, saying:

"We look back but a few short months when that heroic young man, standing under the gloom of that awful tragedy at Buffalo, made that sacred promise to the American people that, to the best of his ability, with his heart full of desire, that he would be his aim to carry out the policies of President McKinley. And how well he has succeeded we all know."

This is praise, but—well, we are not entirely sure that Theodore Roosevelt, seeking, as he is, a renomination to the Presidency, on the record of his administration, quite relishes

praise which harps on the fidelity with which he has carried out the policies of "one greater than he." There was another peculiar sentence in Mr. Hanna's speech. He said: "No one can place Roosevelt in the category of a man whose ambition is greater than his patriotism." Who wants to?

The platform will declare against tariff revision, for the reelection of Senator Hanna, the renomination of Roosevelt, and will also favor the enforcement of negro-suffrage amendments or the reduction of the representation of Southern States in Congress and the electoral college.

More harm can be done by indiscriminate giving in charity than by not giving at all. The Merchants' Association, with its admirable habit of getting at facts, began an investigation of the charity conditions in this city, and while what they found out was to have been expected, it is surprising to many people. The people of this city are charitably inclined, and give freely. The committee found that the various charitable organizations were receiving \$1,000,000 a year. In other words, the people were giving an average of \$2.92 per capita, which is more than is given in any other place in the world. But the giving was entirely indiscriminate. Instead of a few responsible organizations, each covering its own field, there were a number of petty societies, overlapping in their work and squabbling among themselves. These conditions attracted a number of unprincipled solicitors, who made a profession of charity, and depended for their success upon their ability to deceive. Such people naturally develop illegitimate and harmful institutions, though even the legitimate institutions were tempted to avail themselves of their services. The charities investigating committee has been formed to remedy the evil. It is composed of two members from the Merchants' Association, two from the Associated Charities, and two from outside charities. It investigates all charitable organizations, supervises their finances, and not only indorses those that are worthy, but determines how much support each should receive. With such systematic work much good should be accomplished.

The *Bulletin* says of the *Examiner* and the Democracy that the local managers of that paper have been running things to suit themselves without much direction from the Eastern managers. During the last campaign the *Examiner* ignored the Democratic candidate for governor, and nearly all the prominent Democrats had been placed on the blacklist. During the last three months the attitude of the paper has undergone a change. Even ex-Mayor Phelan, Chief of Police Wittman, and George W. McNear were restored to favor, while space was given to the doings of City Attorney Lane. Mr. Hearst came out here from New York, interviewed the leaders of the local Democracy, and then gave orders in the *Examiner* office that the policy of the paper should be reversed. An effort was made to climb into the Democratic fold by an attempted reorganization that did not succeed, because the prominent Democrats refused to take it seriously. Then S. S. Carvalho, manager of the Hearst newspapers, came out here to look over the field. He interviewed Mr. Lane regarding the probabilities of his candidacy for mayor, and got no satisfaction beyond an intimation that Mr. Lane did not care much whether he got the support of the *Examiner* or not should he decide to run. Mr. Carvalho found dissatisfaction among the Democrats, not only in the city but in the State at large—a dissatisfaction that was not infrequently expressed with Democratic vehemence. E. J. Livernash, the political manager of the *Examiner*, has been removed to the East where he can do no further harm, the *Examiner* is to become a subservient party organ, and questions of policy are to be dictated from the Eastern end of the concern—such is the *Bulletin's* story, and, under any circumstances, it makes interesting reading.

During the campaign of last year it was urged, in favor of the election of Dr. Pardee as governor, that he would give the State a business administration. So far as he has gone he has certainly justified this promise. He is said to have announced to the board of State prison directors that he has no name to suggest for the office of warden. The board is free to make its own selection, but for the acts of its appointee the board is to be held strictly responsible. If, as seems likely, this is to be the governor's attitude with regard to the appointment of all subordinates in State institutions, it inaugurates a policy that will be most beneficial, not only to the esteem in which the governor is held, but to the well-being of the whole State. It is the theory in the establishment of such boards that the members are to give the time to the administration of public institutions which the governor necessarily can not give. When the governor assumes to pay his political debts by the distribution of such patronage, maladministration, for which the board can not in justice be held responsible, is inevitable. There have been too many scandals in connection with these institutions. Governor Pardee's policy should put an end to such scandals.

After ten arduous years of service generously given to the administration of the thirty-million-dollar endowment of Stanford University, Mrs. Stanford has now resigned that post, and placed the fiscal control of the university in the hands of fourteen trustees. These trustees will also act in advisory capacity in the control of the university itself. There will be, however, no change in policy, and the buildings now being erected or now proposed, will be completed as rapidly as possible, in order that there may be ample funds for running expenses as the requirements increase with the university's growth. There still remain some legal doubts regarding certain deeds, and the trustees expect shortly to take these into the courts in order, once for all, to settle

every such question. Mrs. Stanford will, of course, be made a member of the board of trustees, and one of its members has already resigned that she may take his place. It is further probable that Mrs. Stanford will be elected chairman of the board upon the voluntary relinquishment of that position in the near future by Mr. Leib. The present occasion is seized for the making of the statement, seemingly authoritative, that during Mrs. Stanford's administration no name was recommended by her for any position on the faculty.

The long-distance automobile race from Paris to Madrid was a bloody one. At this writing seven deaths have occurred, and thirteen people are seriously wounded, with other deaths expected. Both French and Spanish Governments have forbidden the continuance of the race. This is highly to be commended. There are now few countries in Europe where automobile racing is allowed on ordinary highways. France was one of these; Spain has not yet begun. This settles the practice in both. There can be no objection to the use of the automobile in a reasonable way on the people's highways. There is every objection to its use in unreasonable ways. If automobilists desire to hurl their heavy machines at railroad speed across the country, they must have highways of their own. This is probably not possible now, as no matter how rich they may be, the cost would stagger them. But if they wish to use the highways as other people do, they must be content, like other people, to use them in a reasonable manner. The automobile is too useful a machine, and has too great a future, to have that future endangered by the freaks of scorching millionaires.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Marshall made an address recently before an association of San Francisco ministers of various denominations, in which he evolved some startling theories. The reverend gentleman said, as reported, that he "has little use for the bachelor and less for the bachelor club. The latter he would tax out of existence." He further expressed the opinion that the "race suicide" of which President Roosevelt complains is due to the bachelor. Is there not some slight confusion here? We were under the impression that President Roosevelt, in his race-suicide crusade, was leveling his denunciations not at bachelors, but at married people. What have the bachelors to do with it?

The *Argonaut* recently discussed the apparently increasing friendliness among newspaper editors as exhibited by their attitude toward the *New York World* on the occasion of its mammoth anniversary number. *Collier's Weekly* also seized on the occasion to discuss various aspects of modern journalism. Referring to the *World*, it said:

One of the greatest and most successful [newspapers] was, a short time ago, of the deepest saffron. To-day, with some sensationalism left, it has abandoned accuracy and violence. Among journalists it is now deemed the most complete and veracious daily newspaper in its city, in news service, with the most interesting page of editorial opinion. Its position is strengthening, and its former rival, now almost alone in the yellowest field, is every day losing its hold.

What paper is now "almost alone" in the New York "yellowest field," and "every day losing its hold"? Can it be Mr. Hearst's *Journal*?

The heirs of the late James Stanton are in court seeking to have the trust clause in his will declared void. Mr. Stanton, when he died, left his property to his five children to enjoy during their lives, and, upon their death, the property was to go to their children. Thus the immediate descendants of Mr. Stanton have only a life estate in the property. Mrs. Barron, one of the daughters, has brought suit against the other heirs, not merely to have the trust clause declared invalid, but to have the whole will set aside. The other heirs care little about the trust clause, but they are defending the other provisions of the will. The property involved includes two valuable pieces of income-bearing property in this city. The *Argonaut* has always maintained that such tying up of property by trust clauses in wills was contrary to public policy, and, therefore, every presumption against their validity should be taken advantage of. The right of transmitting property by will is not a natural right, but one created wholly by statute, and the assumption that a man may control his property after his death is an impertinence to the survivors which the courts should not uphold. That another trust clause is in a fair way to be defeated is cause for rejoicing.

This country has been treated to an unusual variety of weather during the last two months. In the Eastern States an extended drought during April and May caused a veritable vegetable famine there. This has been followed in the central valley by a series of tornadoes and blizzards, destroying houses, and doing vast damage to stock. These cyclonic disturbances have swept over Montana, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Oklahoma, covering all of the western part of the valley north of Texas. In the northern part the cold wave from the north produced a great fall of snow, and after the storm passed the ground was covered with ten feet of snow. In Kansas cloudbursts added to the desolation of the visitation. Upon the ocean conditions have been equally unusual. The mild winter, which evidently extended to the Arctic regions, resulted in the breaking up of the ice at an unusually early date, and numerous icebergs are reported in the Labrador current near Newfoundland. Early in April an Atlantic liner was detained there two days dodging the icebergs. Those who have been complaining about the cold breezes that have visited this Coast the last few weeks will do well to consider the weather conditions elsewhere.

THE ROMANCE OF QUIBB'S SALOON.

A Salvation Army Lassie's Triumph.

A slender girl came down Santa Barbara's main thoroughfare at night, and entered Quibb's saloon. She wore the dark dress, the picturesque hat, of the Salvation Army. Before the big bar were a dozen little tables surrounded by the convivial. On a gaudy stage in the corner a woman in pink sang a song, accompanied by a piano which a haggard-faced man was pounding.

Quibb pounded liquors over the bar. He was a big man, with massive red cheeks and beetling brows, under which keen eyes were forever shifting, forever comprehending all that occurred.

The girl paused a moment at the door, her face like a sweet tone in discord. A something timid in her manner appealed to the crowd, a something trustful and sorrowful in her eyes. Only one brow frowned, that of John Quibb.

She moved among tables. "*War Cry?*" she said.

One man bought. A maudlin fellow called after her in silly jest. The music pounded on, deafening; the woman in pink screeched and ogled; and John Quibb's eye comprehended everything. Through a rear door men continually went, and the girl coming there looked into a dark passage. Quibb's eye was scorching her. Turning, she saw his stiff short hair, his red cheeks, his beetling brows. She grew paler; then walked through that rear door.

She came to a tiny room far back, whose ceiling was low and dirty, whose wall was hung with one old print of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Over a battered green table hung a fly-specked incandescent light; and round the dice, filling the room, crowded the gamblers.

"*War Cry?*" she said, flitting in.

Only the man who shook the dice-box seemed to hear. He was a young fellow, Harry Quibb, and he flinched. His voice, as he called out the indications of the dice, was halting. He was handsome, carelessly dressed; a lock of hair hanging over his forehead; a fast look on his lips; eyes brown and lovable. Now, as the money went jingling over the cloth and all the players jostled round, he heard her voice again, and would not look up. She passed very near him, and her arm touched his, at which she grew pink, looked frightened, and turned away quickly. His eyes, suddenly flung up, found hers looking back, and they gazed at each other. Then young Quibb said: "I'll take one."

She handed the paper to him, and he, ashamed, tossed out the dice fiercely; while she half ran away. The little room was strange to-night; the little low door was thenceforth a portal to her thoughts.

Yet another night she came. Glasses were foaming; a woman in blue sang; and the piano nigh split the ear. When she took in the door—a gentle, slim thing—John Quibb's eyes flashed round at her. She went quickly toward that little back room, but stood a long time in the passage fighting it out. She wanted to enter so badly that she feared she ought not. Yet that was her duty. Quivering, she glided in where a voice, calling out the indications of the dice, was heard.

"*War Cry?*" she said, faltering, looking down.

Now she moved toward Harry Quibb, who thrust forth his arm, as he shook the box, in such manner that she must graze it. Beholding that, she shrank; but the room was tiny; she shut her eyes and sprang by him—and she touched him with her sleeve.

Now the game was gone from him; now he forgot; and of a sudden they looked at each other. Quick shame came newly born to his cheeks; the dice, live before, died in his hand; for there was pity on her face. She looked frail, like a flower on a slender stem. When she turned and disappeared, that was like robbery to him, or the unexpected breakage of a fragile treasure. "Gentlemen," he said, bewildered at himself, getting up, "the game will have to wait a minute."

The dice were dropped; the jostling, eager-eyed men crowded in more thickly, waiting, seeing him stride out of the little door.

She was flitting yonder through the passage toward the lights of the saloon.

"Wait a minute," he called, huskily. She turned in trepidation. "You're too good to be here," he said, blundering, standing a little way off in the gloom.

"Why, no," she answered, "this is the kind of place we hunt for."

"We're not worth it," he next said, convinced and bitter.

She stood up straighter; he never saw a face like hers before. "You're worth my whole life," she said, "if it would do any good."

He was drinking her eyes with the parched thirst of his heart. Then he said, abrupt: "You're the only thing that could."

Yonder the woman on the stage was singing—the cracked notes of her unpleasing song floated here a little softened. The babel of the saloon came here, too, on fume-laden draughts of air. He went back again, fast, to his dice. When she emerged in the saloon she met the unendurable eyes of the elder Quibb, which, having pried into the darkness of the passage, seemed now to express rage. Yet all the convivial ones gazed on her with welcome. In his debauchery man likes to think that he is tender.

Coming out of Quibb's place near one other mid-
night, she was like some plaything of the wind blown
along the street from the sea. She was lonely, dream-
-ing, not wanting ever to sleep any more. The saloons

and houses had become dark, but there was a half moon. She came to the steps of the Methodist Church, and Harry Quibb sat there waiting.

"Don't run away," he pleaded; and her religion, to help the sinful, brought her back.

"What do you do it for?" he said, a little angry as with suffering; "just because they tell you to—or because you want to?"

Tears welled up in her eyes. "If that," she said, wounded, "is all you think of it—"

"I didn't mean that," cried he; "I know you're good down to the bottom of your heart."

"What else can I say to you," she asked, unsteadily, "to help you? Do you want to stop the dice?"

"I want to stop my whole low-down life, that's what I want," said he; "I want to die."

"I'd help you to stop the dice," she said, too trembling to more than whisper; "I'd do anything. I'd try to show you the way."

He seized her hand and held her; and she sank down on the step of the church. "But would you love me?" he cried.

All she could say after some time of silence was: "That isn't fair. Oh, you know that isn't fair."

He held her fingers a long while, and then she arose and walked on. "No," he said, putting his hand to his head, "that wasn't fair."

The elder Quibb, having slept till ten o'clock in the morning, came rolling into his place of business at eleven, hazy-eyed and brutal. There was but one customer; and yonder by the farthest frosted-glass window, staring blankly at the pane through which he could not see, was Quibb's son. The saloon-keeper grunted.

Half an hour having passed, the youth came and leaned over the bar. "Father," he said, "come into the back room."

Angry already, Quibb followed. In the empty hole of the dice, where the prancing horses at the fair looked dingy on the dingier wall, they faced each other, Quibb's eyes eating into the countenance of his son. With desperate determination, the youth said: "I'm going to quit."

Quibb ripped out an oath. "What'll you do, you fool?"

"I'll leave Santa Barbara and go to Riverside," said his son; "John Watts offered me a job on his orange ranch."

The saloon-keeper's hand fell on Harry Quibb's shoulder. "No you won't!" bellowed he like a bull; "you think I don't know what's the matter. It's that infernal girl. Half the profits come from this game. Say, if you quit, who would know how to handle the bones like I taught you?"

His anger was now reflected in his son, who cried, defiant: "The game's too dirty for Harry Quibb!"

At this Quibb's eyes came close to the boy, and Quibb's breath blew hot over his face. "So that's your graft. You fool! Now listen. That girl has put this notion in your head. If you don't cut her short off and stick to this business like a man," Quibb raised his fist, "I'll kick her out of this saloon!"

That night, when the crowd in Quibb's place was thickest, she came. Her manner was a little timider than usual, and she put in her fair head, looking at the stage, before she entered. Her countenance was radiant.

When she passed among the tables, she forgot to say "*War Cry?*" any more; and the eyes of the elder Quibb, which, like an animal's, followed her every movement, drew from hers no answering glance.

Through the dark passage she now went, only to hover outside the gambling-room, her heart beating fast. When she entered at last, Harry Quibb's life once for all did there change. The dice-box fell out of his hand, and he arose. "Fellows," he said, oddly, never taking his eyes from hers, "I'm sorry to say that the game will have to stop for to-night."

Turning, they perceived her disappearing through the door. Thither strode young Quibb, after her, and disappeared, too. The culmination of her love for him having come, she was in too great a trembling to halt in the passage, but fled on into the saloon, where she encountered the indignant saloon-keeper. "Get out of this saloon," raged he, leaning far over the bar, shaking his fist at her and speaking in such thunderous tones that the musician ceased his tumultuous pounding, and all other sounds were hushed. "Get out of this saloon, you sneaking little devil. Quibb's can get along from this night on without the Salvation Army. And if ever again," his fist came close to her face, where she shrank terrified against the wall, "you dare put your foot in here, I'll kick you out!"

And shaking the floor with his heavy tread, he rounded the end of the bar, walked to the spot where she crouched, and seized her arm.

At that the silence became uproar, the resentment of the crowd having grown into anger. A dozen men sprang at Quibb and flung him off; a table was overturned; glasses went crashing to the floor; and the saloon-keeper was thrown backward against the bar.

In the subsequent momentary lull, Harry Quibb was heard running up the passage. One of those who had seized the saloon-keeper now broke out as outraged spokesman for the crowd. "Shame on you! You shan't touch her. There's not a saloon in town that doesn't welcome her. What harm do they do, answer me that? The boys won't stand for it, Quibb, you beast, they won't stand for it."

The saloon-keeper's son, white, having now entered,

stood strong and defiant between the girl and his father, and his eyes flashed. "Don't you dare to touch her again," said he, his voice husky.

"So the cub is going to dictate, hey?" rasped Quibb; "and you men, what is it to you? Aint I master of my own place? I tell you now," here he struck the bar with his clenched fist, "I'll keep them meddling women out of my place if I hang for it!"

With that he lunged at the girl again, so that father and son seemed on the point of grappling. But others running between averted the struggle. A light broke on Quibb. He gazed dully about and saw that the faces of all his customers looked dangerous. So he growled, and went back behind the bar, and glared over it, saying no more.

Now Harry Quibb turned to the girl and took her arm, gently. Dazed, she went with him across the room to the door. There he turned. "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, now bloodless and quiet; and he led her out, amid cheers.

An hour later they stood by the steps of the church.

"You must never go there again," he said, firmly. "I must," she said; "at least, even if afterward I ceased. They must know that the Army can not be conquered by fear." She paused, then added: "I will go to-morrow night. I am not afraid."

This overcame him, and he said: "I love you. I want to quit my life. I want to come into yours, and I want you to come into some new one of mine. But I can't join the Army—I'm not made for that. And I don't want you to belong to it, either. I couldn't stand it. If I go half way to you, you can come half way to me. We'll move to Riverside. Come—love me—I have left the saloon; and you'll leave this and come to me."

She could not answer, drooping on the steps. He cried again: "Won't you leave this dreadful life—won't you marry me?"

She stammered that she could not be sure; she said she would see; she said she would pray over it to-morrow with her brothers and sisters of the Army.

"But when can I know—I can't wait for you. Your heart's mine already, and you've got to be mine, too."

She could not keep his arms away or stop his kiss. "I'll see," she murmured, as if the struggle made her sick. "I'll see to-morrow what I ought to do. To-morrow night, when I come, if I wear this dress you'll know that I can't. But if I wear," he was holding her as if never to let her go, "a gray one I used to have before I joined the Army, then you will know that I can."

"May I have the license ready in my pocket?" he asked.

"Then what if I wore this dress?" she said.

"At least," he answered, "then I could keep it to remember you by. Oh, let me have the license ready in my pocket."

"Well," she murmured, "you could have it ready."

The breeze was damp on the night of the morrow; even the dust that blew around the door of Quibb's saloon seemed sluggish as if it knew the rain would come.

The saloon was unusually crowded that night. Now the music began its tumult, and the frayed comedienne came laughing on the stage. At the same moment the door opened and the same fair face that had appeared there every night, appeared there again, pale. The maid of the Army walked in and gazed about, with appealing eyes. There fell a hush on the crowd, which looked from her to Quibb, and back to her again, ready to fight for her. Only the frayed comedienne sneered; and on the morose countenance of Quibb was an impotent scowl. Then the crowd began to murmur. "She looks different." "It's her dress," said they.

She came across the floor, a slip of a thing, to prove the steadfastness of the Salvation Army. "*War Cry?*" she said, so low that one could scarcely hear. "*War Cry?*" And immediately her wares were nearly all sold.

Now, under the scowl of Quibb, she went into the passage. The keeper's son, fiercely throwing the dice for the last time over the green cloth, heard her soft voice behind him at the door.

"*War Cry?*"

He had been afraid to sit where he might see her without warning. He would not turn, being afraid still, knowing that everything depended on this sight of her. What if she wore the Army gown and the picturesque hat? Again her voice was heard behind him. She could not go any further; she was not trying to sell; she did not see anything but his cheek turned away. Her tones became heart pleadings to him to look at her.

"*War Cry?*"

Now he could wait no more, but turned. In the midst of the gamblers she stood, like a lily that will break. And her dress was gray!

He arose. "Fellows," he said, dreamily, "the game is done."

Forgetting to drop the dice-box, he carried it in his hand as he and the girl walked out together. They threaded the passage and stepped into the glare of the saloon. Between the eyes of the elder Quibb and the expectant faces of the crowd they moved, he holding to her arm. At the door he paused an instant, and turned to meet the gaze of the spectators. She, too, turned, smiling a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my wife."

The glass door swung open, swung shut, and Harry Quibb and his bride were gone.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1903.

NEW ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN.

Extracts from William E. Curtis's Biography.

William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent and traveler, has followed his "True Thomas Jefferson" with another valuable biographical work, "The True Abraham Lincoln," which, he modestly announces, is "a collection of sketches attempting to portray the character of the martyred President from several interesting points of view." His treatment of his subject may be inferred from the titles of his ten chapters, which are "The Man and His Kindred," "The Leader of the Springfield Bar," "A Great Orator and His Speeches," "A Prairie Politician," "A President and His Cabinet," "A Commander-in-Chief and His Generals," "How Lincoln Appeared in the White House," "The Emancipation of the Slaves," "A Master in Diplomacy," "Lincoln's Philosophy," and "Morals and Religion." A welcome feature of the volume is the wealth of new anecdotes obtained from first-hand, trustworthy sources, which Mr. Curtis has judiciously sprinkled through his very readable pages.

One of Lincoln's weaknesses, we learn, was his pride in his size and strength, which he boasted of even after he became President. When Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, as a member of the notification committee from the Chicago convention of 1860, was presented to the nominee for President, Lincoln is said to have remarked, with evident glee: "You are the heavier, but I am the taller." And in 1850, at a Milwaukee fair, Lincoln felt quite chagrined because a professional cannon-ball tosser exhibiting there showed more skill at this than he.

He enjoyed jokes at the expense of his personal appearance, and used to appropriate to himself this ancient incident, which has been told of so many other ugly men:

"In the days when I used to be on the circuit I was once accosted in the cars by a stranger, who said: 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' said he, 'was placed in my hands some years ago with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have carried it from that time until this. Allow me now to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

Conscious of his early lack of school training, he never ceased to be a student. Until the very day of his death he was eager to acquire knowledge, and no new subject was ever presented to him without exciting his inquisitiveness and determination to learn all there was to know about it. Of this characteristic he once remarked to a friend:

"In the course of my law reading I constantly came upon the word demonstrate—I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I consulted 'Webster's Dictionary.' That told of certain proof, 'proof beyond the probability of doubt'; but I could form no sort of idea what sort of proof that was. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said: 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what demonstrate means'; and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and stayed there until I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what demonstrate meant, and went back to my law studies."

Lincoln's greatest legal triumph was the acquittal of an old neighbor named Duff Armstrong, who was charged with murder:

Several witnesses testified that they saw the accused commit the deed one night about eleven o'clock. Lincoln attempted no cross-examination, except to persuade them to reiterate their statements and to explain that they were able to see the act distinctly because of the bright moonlight. By several of the prosecuting witnesses he proved the exact position and size of the moon at the time of the murder. The prosecution there rested, and Lincoln, addressing the court and the jury, announced that he had no defense to submit except an almanac, which would show that there was no moon on that night. The State's attorney was paralyzed, but the court admitted the almanac as competent testimony, and every witness was completely impeached and convicted of perjury. The verdict was not guilty.

T. W. S. Kidd says that he once heard a lawyer opposed to Lincoln trying to convince a jury that precedent was superior to law, and that custom made things legal in all cases:

When Lincoln rose to answer, he told the jury he would argue his case in the same way. Said he: "Old Squire Bagby, from Menard, came into my office, and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not; when the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly, and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide: but if this is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better, for I have been squire now eight years, and have done it all the time.'"

If a client was poor he charged him accordingly, and if he was unable to pay, asked nothing for his services. It was one of his theories that a lawyer, like a minister of the gospel or a physician, was in duty bound to render service whenever called upon, regardless of the prospects of compensation:

As a rule his fees were less than those of other lawyers of his circuit. Justice Davis once remonstrated with him, and insisted that he was doing a grave injustice to his associates at the bar by charging so little for his services. From 1850 to 1860 his income varied from two to three thousand dollars, and even when he was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the State his fee-book frequently shows charges of three dollars, five dollars, and one dollar for advice, although he never went into court for less than ten dollars. During that period he was at the height of his power and popularity, and lawyers of less standing and talent charged several times those amounts. But avarice was the least of his faults. While he was President a certain senator was charged with an attempt to swindle the government out of some millions. Dis-

cussing the scandal one day with some friends, he remarked that he could not understand why men should be so eager after wealth. "Wealth," said he, "is simply a superfluity of what we don't need."

If Lincoln had accepted the advice of his secretaries and his associates, he might have spared himself a great deal of labor and annoyance during the dark days of the Civil War:

But he never excused himself from callers in the busiest period of the war; even when hundreds of important duties were pressing upon him, he never denied an attentive ear and a cheerful word. He was a genuine democrat in his feelings and practices, and regardless of public affairs, listened patiently and considerately to the humblest citizen who called at the White House. One day, when his anteroom was crowded with men and women seeking admission to his presence and he was unusually perplexed by official problems, a friend remarked:

"Mr. President, you had better send that throng away. You are too tired to see any more people this afternoon. Have them sent away, for you will wear yourself out listening to them."

"They don't want much, and they get very little," he replied. "Each one considers his business of great importance, and I must gratify them. I know how I would feel if I were in their place."

One of the visitors in the early days of the administration says:

"He walked into the corridor with us; and, as he bade us good-by and thanked ——— for what he had told him, he again brightened up for a moment and asked him in an abrupt kind of way, laying his hand, as he spoke, with a queer but not uncivil familiarity on his shoulder: 'You haven't such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?'"

——— stared at him in astonishment, and I thought a little in alarm, as if he suspected a sudden attack of insanity. Then Mr. Lincoln went on: 'You see, it seems to be kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket.'"

A delegation of clergymen once called to recommend one of their number for appointment as consul at the Hawaiian Islands:

In addition to urging his fitness for the place, they appealed to the President's sympathy on the ground that the candidate was in bad health, and a residence in that climate would be of great benefit to him. Lincoln questioned the man closely as to his symptoms, and then remarked:

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but there are eight other men after this place, and every one of them is sicker than you are."

Lincoln's general attitude toward the press is shown in this anecdote preserved by Mr. Curtis:

Mrs. Hugh McCullough, with a friend, attended a reception by Mrs. Lincoln one Saturday afternoon, and were thus greeted by the President:

"I am always glad to see you ladies, for I know you don't want anything."

"But, Mr. President," said Mrs. McCullough, "I do want something. I want you to do something very much."

"Well, what is it?" he asked, adding, "I hope it isn't anything I can't do."

"I want you to suppress the Chicago *Times*, because it does nothing but abuse the administration."

"Oh, tut, tut! We must not abridge the liberties of the press or the people. But never mind the Chicago *Times*. The administration can stand it if the *Times* can."

At a period when he was badgered beyond human endurance by office-seekers, a friend, meeting him, and noticing the look of worry, asked: "Have you heard had news from Fort Sumter?" "No," answered the President, solemnly; "it's the post-office at Jonesville, Mo." When in 1861 he was ill and abed with varioloid, he said to his usher: "Tell all the office-seekers to come and see me, for now I have something that I can give them."

While Lincoln was always very patient, he often adopted droll methods of getting rid of bores:

The late Justice Carter, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, used to relate an incident of a Philadelphia man who called at the White House so frequently and took up so much of the President's time that the latter finally lost his patience. One day when the gentleman was particularly verbose and persistent, and refused to leave, although he knew that important delegations were waiting, Lincoln arose, walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the Cabinet chamber, and took a bottle from a shelf. Looking gravely at his visitor, whose head was very bald, he remarked:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well," remarked Lincoln, "I advise you to try it, and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it, and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The astonished Philadelphian left the room instantly, without a word, carrying the bottle in his hand, and Judge Carter, coming in with the next delegation, found the President doubled up with laughter at the success of his strategy. Before he could proceed to business the story had to be told.

To William Lloyd Garrison he said, when the latter told him they wouldn't let him see the inside of the jail in Baltimore, where he had been confined years before for his abolition doctrines: "You have had hard luck in Baltimore, haven't you, Garrison? The first time you couldn't get out of prison, and the second time you couldn't get in." To a lady who had applied for work for her two sons, he gave a note directed to Major Ramsey, of the quartermaster's department, reading: "The lady, bearer of this, says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged."

The volume is illustrated with two dozen well-chosen pictures, showing Lincoln at various stages of his career, scenes at Rock Spring Farm, Kentucky, where he was born, his wife, members of his Cabinet, notable generals of the Civil War, and John Wilkes Booth, his assassin. It is also supplemented with a Lincoln calendar and an elaborate index, which will be found very helpful by the reader.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00 net.

VERSES BY R. H. STODDARD.

Adsum.

(On the death of Thackeray, 1863.)

The Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down),
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town;
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want has ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep;
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men,
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here."

Into the night they went.
At morning side by side,
They gained the sacred Place
Where the greatest Dead abide.
Where grand old Homer sits
In god-like state benign;
Where hroods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is!
When the new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered "I am here."

The Flight of Youth.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are harms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

When Those We Love are Gone.

What shall we do when those we love
Are gone to their seraphic rest?
Since we must live, what life is best
Before the clearer eyes above?

Shall we recall them as they were,
The day, the hour, the dreadful how
That, dealt in darkness, laid them low,
The coffin and the sepulchre?

Or shall we rather (say, we can)
Be what we used to be of old?
Work, one for love, and one for gold,
The tender woman, worldly man?

Shall we be jealous if the heart
Lets go a moment of its dead?
Mistrust it, and revile the head,
And say to all but Death, "Depart"?

Or shall we willing he to take
What good we may in common things,
Blue skies, the sea, a bird that sings,
And other hearts that do not break?

What God approves, methinks, I know
(If aught we do approved can be),
But since my child was taken from me,
My only pleasure is in woe:

My tortured heart, my frenzied head,
For when, as now, a smile appears,
I would be drowned in endless tears,
Or, happier, with my darling—dead!

Florence Nightingale.

England, if Time from out the Book of Fame
Should blot the desperate valor of thy men
In the Crimea, an Englishwoman's name,
As sweet as ever came from poet's pen,
Would still defy him—Florence Nightingale!
Honor to that fair girl, whose pitying heart
Led her across the sea, to ease the smart
Of soldier wounds, and hush the soldier's wail.
Men can be great when great occasions call;
In little duties women find their spheres,
The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth;
But this dear woman wipes a woman's tears,
And wears the crown of womanhood for all.
Happy the land that gave such goodness birth.

Abraham Lincoln.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men:
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart:
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his hack a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

By order of the Postmaster-General, the Oakland post-office has been raised to first class on account of the increased population and postal receipts. This will serve to increase the salaries of letter-carriers who have served two years and over, giving them \$1 instead of \$850.

BOOM IN THEATRE BUILDING.

New Playhouses in Many Cities—Notable New York Theatres—
Novel Features of the New Amsterdam, the
Drury Lane, and the Lyceum.

Nineteen hundred and three will long be remembered in history as a theatre-building year. Thirteen new theatres are being erected in New York City and thirty-three in the rest of the country, from Maine to California. More than \$8,500,000 will be spent on the New York theatres, and nearly \$9,000,000 in other cities, which means that \$17,000,000 is to be invested in one year in buildings wherein the American people will be entertained.

There are already some forty-two active theatres in New York City (points out the New York Herald), and one would almost imagine that there was no place left for further development along that line. Yet of the theatres now building, one is designed to be the "finest theatre in the world," costing for building, exclusive of the ground, \$1,250,000, and another is intended to be the "largest in the world." These two are Klaw & Erlanger's New Amsterdam, and Mr. Hammerstein's latest effort, the Drury Lane, which is to be the home of melodrama and big spectacular productions.

It is a noticeable fact that nearly all of the new buildings are located further up Broadway than the older theatres, in the region around Forty-Second Street, famous for the operations of Oscar Hammerstein years ago. The northward progress of theatrical buildings is explained by the fact that the subway leaves Broadway at Forty-Second Street, where it goes to Madison Avenue, opposite the Grand Central Station, making Forty-Second Street and Broadway the future centre of the far famed "Rialto," which now ends there. Mr. Hammerstein, however, has gone further south to Thirty-Fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, his reason being that he intends to make one dollar the highest price in his theatre.

Some idea of the great size of his venture is secured by comparison with the largest theatre now running in New York, the Metropolitan Opera House. Its stage opening is fifty-four feet, and its seating capacity 3,200. Drury Lane is to have a stage opening of seventy-one feet, and will accommodate four thousand eight hundred people. It is calculated to house large hippodrome shows and circuses which would otherwise be accommodated at the Madison Square Garden. Many theatre managers are sceptical of the success of so immense a theatre. They say the human speaking voice can not penetrate to the top of such a house. Hammerstein says he can make a speaking voice carry to every part of the building. His experience has taught him many things about the acoustic properties of theatres that he says no other builder knows. The foundation alone cost \$120,000, and three million bricks were used in laying it. The estimated cost of the finished building is \$1,500,000. On top of the building will be a monster roof-garden.

The New Amsterdam, Klaw & Erlanger's new theatre on Forty-First Street, which has been dubbed "the finest theatre in the world," will have its main entrance on Forty-Second Street, directly opposite the Belasco. The building will be ten stories high and 192 feet from the sidewalk to the dome. The theatre entrance is through a massive archway decorated with wrought-iron marquee, surrounded by a grand sculpture group by Barnard, and supported by Siena marble columns with bronze capitals. In the lobby is a bas-relief figure panel running around the entire entrance, representing the history of drama, by Perry. The theatre gets its name from the panel in the foyer. On one side is a frieze representing New Amsterdam, with its quaint old houses and Dutch costumes of the early settlers, opposite being a similar panel portraying New York as it is to-day with its twenty-two story skyscrapers. Beyond the foyer is a general waiting-room furnished in green oak, with a row of burned wood panels around the top. But the staircases leading up to the balcony have been made the finest feature in the house. They are constructed of cream white marble, with the most delicately modeled balustrade finished in green glazed terra cotta, after the manner of fruit and foliage, buds and animals. In the basement is the smoking-room, called in this theatre the "New Amsterdam Room," because it will be fashioned after the style of an old German wine cellar. The theatre will seat 1,700 persons, and the roof-garden will accommodate about 1,000.

The new Lyceum Theatre is being built on Forty-Fifth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. When Daniel Frohman found that the old Lyceum had to be razed, he decided that he wanted another house like it, with a seating capacity of about 1,000 persons. Mr. Frohman intends to follow the policy of the old Lyceum, and make the theatre as much as possible a playhouse for New Yorkers. The new theatre will have many unique features. A bronze and glass marquee will extend the entire length of the building, so that eight carriages may discharge their occupants at the same time. The men's coat-room will be so arranged that twenty men can be waited on at the same time. One of the discouraging features of the average theatre is the delay in getting one's clothes from the coat-room. There will be no posts in the orchestra, and every chair will be a comfortable one. The new Lyceum will be ready early in September. E. H. Sothern will open the house with another new play by Justin Huntly McCarthy, called "A Proud Prince."

The thirty-three or more theatres building through-

out the rest of the country from New York to San Francisco are all considerable enterprises. They will average in cost about \$125,000. The four largest are million-dollar affairs—namely, the Nixon, Pittsburgh; the Grand Opera House, at Cincinnati, O.; the Iroquois, at Chicago; and the Rich and Harris Combination, at Boston; the smallest costing \$50,000, will be built in Mount Vernon, N. Y.; New Rochelle, N. Y.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hoboken, N. J.; and Peekskill, N. Y.

Four of these new theatres will be controlled by the "independents," namely the Colonial, in Cleveland, O.; New Park, in Buffalo, on the site of the old Court Theatre, near Lafayette Square, which will be opened next September by Mrs. Fiske; the New Majestic, in San Francisco; and the Missouri, in St. Louis. The rest will be controlled by the "syndicate" for the most part, although there are individual operations among them.

Many innovations will be introduced in the construction of these theatres, noticeably in Kansas City, at Saratoga, and in Pittsburgh. In Kansas City there is an electric-lighted subway under the street, leading from the fashionable Baltimore Hotel to the Willis Wood Theatre across the way; at Saratoga, the new theatre, as yet unnamed, to be erected by subscription among prominent New York society men of the younger set, will also combine a club-house and a roof-garden; and in Pittsburgh the Nixon will have no stairs leading to the galleries, inclined planes being used instead.

The Paris-Madrid Automobile Race.

One of the most graphic accounts of the Paris-Madrid automobile race was that sent to the London *Daily Chronicle* by Joseph Pennell, the well-known illustrator and writer. According to Mr. Pennell, it was wonderful that more accidents did not happen. Describing the assembly of the crowds at Chartres, and how, finally, the racers were seen coming from the top of the hill, he says:

As the cars fell—there is no other word for it—down the slopes and approached the narrow bridge, jumped with a bound across it and flew with a scream up the rise beyond, one could see by the twitch of the wheels, not half of which was caused by the road, how agonizing was the strain on the driver, forced to make his way through the endless, uncontrolled crowds which littered the road from Paris to Bordeaux.

Much as one may esteem the broad-minded views of the French Government in encouraging the motor industry, the government's neglect to protect the course was criminal and nothing else. Though on the stretch of eight kilometres, between Chartres and the first village there were from 5,000 to 10,000 people, and from 500 to 1,000 cars, no attempt was made to control the crowds, mostly made up of peasants and of people from Paris who knew nothing about automobiles.

The horse-drawn traffic was stopped during the race, but the fools on bicycles and the imbeciles on motors careered about and drew up anywhere, all over the road, and only escaped killing themselves and the racing men by the sheer dumb luck which is said to protect drunken men, children, and fools.

Yet people wonder why accidents happen. The conduct of the military authorities was incredible. From Chartres to the narrow bridge at the foot of the hill the road was kept by a regiment of infantry and some gendarmes, and, though pedestrians were not permitted to cross the bridge, but had to pass through the stream below, thus making a jam at both ends of the bridge, ordinary motor-cars and motor-cycles were allowed free passage, of which they took such advantage that one of the racing cars was stopped dead in order that a person on an ordinary car might crawl over.

As for the motor-cycles in the race, they were simply used near Chartres as pacing machines by any stray scorcher who wanted to take them on. Measures for preserving the safety of the public were either non-existent or of the most ridiculous character.

The Commissioner of Pensions announces that more than 22 per cent. of the "veterans" of the war with ment. He has already received 65,000 applications, ment. He has already received 65,000 applications, although it is just five years and one month since the war began. Only about 15,000 troops were under fire at Santiago, and probably not more than 6,000 seamen and marines saw active service. Of the 65,000 applications, 57,046 come from invalids, and 8,390 from widows and dependents. At the close of 1872, seven years after the end of the Civil War, only about 6 per cent. of the Union soldiers had applied for government aid—although that war lasted five years instead of a few months. The soldiers of the Spanish war were all carefully examined by surgeons before enlistment.

Painters have been at work for some time putting a coat of white paint on the big dome of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. It is nine years since the huge structure was painted, and the work is being done as much to protect the iron from corrosion as to preserve its whiteness. It takes one thousand gallons of paint to cover the dome. The rigging by which the painters moved about was erected by Head Rigger Ports, of the navy. He is the man who, some years ago, while placing electric lights on the dome did the thrilling feat of climbing to the top of the statue of liberty and standing erect with arms folded on the shoulder of the figure.

The number of enlisted men in the navy has already been increased under the recent legislation to about 29,000, and may shortly be expected to reach the statutory aggregate of 31,000. The fact bears witness to the augmented popularity of the navy, which is due, of course, to the prestige acquired in the war with Spain. Not very long ago the majority of the enlisted men in our navy was composed of foreigners. During the first two months of the current year, more than five-sixths of the recruits were native Americans.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

One of the busiest lawyers in Zurich is Anna Mackenroth, a young woman still in her twenties, who opened the legal profession to women in Switzerland.

Admiral Cervera y Topete, who was commander-in-chief of the Spanish navy during the late war between Spain and the United States, has been gazetted a life senator by the King of Spain.

President Charles S. Palmer and fourteen members of the faculty of the Colorado State School of Mines will be dismissed at the close of the school term, June 30th. The faculty recently went on a strike against the president.

Fox, Duffield & Co. is the name of a newly incorporated firm of publishers, who will engage in "a general publishing business" in New York. The heads of the firm are young men and Harvard graduates. Mr. Rector H. Fox has been for nearly seven years in the publishing house of R. H. Russell. Mr. Pitts Duffield has been in the employ of Charles Scribner's Sons for the past five years.

President E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, is quoted in a dispatch as saying that he committed "an astounding mistake and an inexcusable error" in predicting, a few years ago, a diminished production of gold, and a disastrous fall in prices in consequence thereof. He finds his prediction falsified in both particulars. The production of gold has increased largely, and prices of commodities have risen. Mr. Andrews is certainly entitled to praise for his frankness.

Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, son of the famous poet of that name, spent a few days in San Francisco during the week, en route from the Orient to his home in New York. Mr. Longfellow is an artist of considerable distinction, quite a few of his works being well known to art connoisseurs. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1845, and when quite a young man went abroad to study. He was a pupil of Couture, in Paris, and later he sketched and painted in various European cities. Among his best-known landscapes and compositions are "Old Mill at Manchester, Mass.," "Italian Pines," "Love Me, Love My Dog," "Misty Morning," and "John and Priscilla."

An American who was present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pope's reign at St. Peter's, Rome, thus describes the appearance of Leo: "A little, tired old man, almost nothing but a spot of ash-gray amid all the purple, gold, and white, he looked like some faded idol, wrapped in precious cloths—something unreal—that surprised one to see it move—when slowly it raised itself from its chair and elevated its hand over the people, while all shrieked and cheered, 'Viva Leone! Viva il Papa-Re!' On his way back to the Vatican he passed again—no bigger than a child, so feebly, yet so bravely raising himself in his chair to bless the people. Not for a moment did it seem to me to be the High Priest of the Roman Catholic Church that was being cheered, but an old man, good and wise—and I must confess it, I, too, cried 'Viva Leone! Viva il Papa-Re!'"

In an extended article in his *Commoner*, William J. Bryan renounces all claim or desire to leadership of the Democratic party. At the same time he says the need of a silver standard is as evident now as it ever was. On the question of party leadership he says: "The editor of the *Commoner* is not seeking leadership. Neither is he concerned about his political position in future years. The advocates of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms have shown their willingness to suffer for their conditions. Why should they pretend a confession of error when they believe that they are right? Why pretend that the issue is past when it is still upon us, and must remain? Why ignore, for the sake of a few offices, a fierce conflict between money and manhood? Why delude ourselves with the belief that a real or even a nominal victory can be won by a sacrifice of the people's interest to the cold, cruel, and merciless dictation of monopolists and magnates, in whom love of money has extinguished the feeling of brotherhood?"

The latest domestic trouble between King Alexander of Serbia and Queen Draga is said to have been caused by the latter's eighteen-year-old sister, who is described as bewitchingly beautiful. One evening not long ago, so the story goes, the queen discovered his majesty and her sister making love to each other so ardently that she could not restrain her temper, and it is said that she scratched the king's face so badly that he was unable to attend the usual reception to the diplomatic corps and the members of parliament on the following day. It is now reported that Alexander will apply to parliament for a divorce, and, after getting rid of Draga, he intends, of course, to marry her more attractive sister. If they were ordinary people such an event would not be regarded seriously, but in Serbia it becomes a matter of politics, because there is no heir to the throne, and no prospect of one. The doctors have said that Queen Draga can not have a child, and the failure of the king to provide a successor to the throne is of serious importance. Therefore a divorce is encouraged by the Serbian ministry, first, because of a hope that a second wife may have children; and, second, because everybody in authority hates Queen Draga and would welcome her downfall.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Pastor Views His Flock.

Teachers, educators, and all leaders become trained by daily experience into reading human character and testing human motives. A clergyman, however, is often thought to regard his fellow-creatures through an illusive haze of saintly optimism. One has but to read "Ronald Carnaqua," however, to find his mistake. It is a novel written by a clergyman, and while it has no great merit as a work of fiction, it is a very clear-sighted, interesting, and able exposition of the tastes, feelings, and motives which impel people to form themselves into that modern social organism known as a church parish.

The author, Bradley Gilman, speaks from personal observation, and it is apparent that, while he is sincerely religious and absolutely devoid of cant, he has at the same time a penetrating realization of the superficial, the earthy, the selfish, and the base motives which govern many of the souls in a minister's flock.

The book will be read with much interest by those who figure prominently in church affairs, to whom it may, perhaps, shed a flood of light as to the actions and purposes of their church associates, if not of themselves.

The latter, however, is doubtful. Self-knowledge comes hard, except to the few. The reverend gentleman's flagellations, nevertheless, will not fail of their effect, more particularly as they are administered with no unclerical violence and with a reasonable amount of moderation. Besides, his attitude compels belief. One feels intuitively the truth of his portraits and recognizes the types which he shows up. And, furthermore, his standard of what constitutes the ideal church compels respect. His ideal, to quote from the book, is that of "an active, earnest kind of Christianity, which shall not only search out and remedy individual cases of want and distress, but shall grapple boldly, intellectually, and morally with the principles and problems and customs of human society underlying these myriad cases of individual need." No narrow sectarianism, Mr. Gilman considers, should limit the usefulness of such a religious body, nor should it be controlled by the modern spirit of church commercialism and competition resulting from the over-churching of communities. In fact, the author shows himself to be a man of lofty standards, of acute, yet tolerant, judgment, and of great good sense. With all these desirable qualities, the book, as has been said, lacks in merit as a work of fiction. The reader, however, finds himself regarding it rather as a leisurely and truthful showing up of the follies and nobilities of clericals, as well as of their following, with a fictional form presented to lend interest. A most admirable feature in the book is the contrasted types of the two clergymen-heroes, whose likeness to life is unmistakable.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"On the Hurricane Deck of a Texas Horse."

"The Log of a Cowboy" is racy of the soil. It is the genuine article. Its author, who calls himself "Andy Adams," has "been there." Every page of this unvarnished tale testifies to a first-hand knowledge of adventurous cowboy life in the early 'eighties. Who but a cow puncher could have written this: "Now when the trail is a lost occupation, and reverie and reminiscence carry the mind back to that day, there are friends and faces that may be forgotten, but there are horses that never will be?"

The hero of the story is Jim Quirk, a Georgia hoy, son of a Confederate soldier. After the war, the family removed to the San Antonio Valley in Texas, where the boy "took to the range as a preacher's son takes to vice." At the age of twenty he got a job with an outfit that was taking some three thousand head of long-legged, long-horned Mexican cattle up along the great Western Trail to the Blackfoot Indian Agency in Montana. The book is the story of the trip. The outfit consisted of a chuck wagon, drawn by four mules, one hundred and forty-two saddle horses, and fourteen men. They started in March, and delivered their cattle in September. Between that time the adventures were many. Innumerable rivers had to be crossed. Some were swift and deep, and the cattle swam. Others were shallow, and had treacherous quicksands where the cattle bogged, and whence they had to be hauled out with ropes. Once the timorous herd was stampeded by rustlers, who came to grief in their encounter with the outfit's long-headed foreman. Again, the herd ran into a party of Indians. But more dangerous than either redskin or rustler was a great stretch of waterless plain where the cattle

went blind with thirst, crazy with hunger, and became desperately unmanageable.

Andy Adams is not a Puritan. The boys use the same large oaths in the pages of the "Log" as they did actually on the long trail. The high time they had with "good whisky and bad women" in the saloons and dance-halls of Dodge and Ogallala are chronicled with evident fidelity, the author meting out neither praise nor blame. This is all right. The cowboy as he was, not as he might have been, is what the reader wants. Even the story of the shooting at Frenchman's Ford is told with so much understanding and so close an adherence to the facts of the case that it fails to offend. Altogether, the story is a first-rate one. Men, especially, will like it. Probably most of the events narrated were actual occurrences. In many respects it reminds one of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." It has somewhat of his straightforwardness, though little of his piety. There are some indifferent illustrations.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Principles of Money."

Political economy has been called "the dreary science." The characterization is apt. In geology there are many things that all geologists believe; in philosophy the same thing is true; so in physics, chemistry, biology. But in political economy it seems to the layman that nothing is certain, nothing fixed. A man's views in economics appear to depend mostly upon what masters he had, and what text-books he used. Thus, though the books upon one of the main divisions in economics—money—are almost numberless, now comes Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of Chicago University, with nothing less than "an attempt . . . to reorganize the treatment of money." And when he says that "there is to-day no treatise giving a scientific statement of all the principles of money," who shall say him nay, since, obviously, what is to Professor Laughlin a "scientific statement" is one embodying his own ideas? Any others would plainly be "unscientific."

This weighty tome by Professor Laughlin is called "The Principles of Money," and contains nearly six hundred octavo pages. It does not, however, exhaust the subject of money, for, if its author's plans are carried out, it will be followed by five other volumes treating, respectively, metallic money, the history of metallic money in the United States, paper money in the United States, paper money in foreign countries, and banking. Truly a colossal enterprise! The notable features of the present volume are the emphasizing of the distinction between the "standard" and the medium of exchange, the rejection of the old assumption that credit is based on money, a proposal of an entirely new analysis of credit and its effect on prices, a destructive and constructive study of the theory of prices, a condensed history of the origin of legal tender in Great Britain, and an examination of the laws regulating the value of token coinage and paper money, especially as regards redemption.

In fairness to prospective readers, it must be said that Professor Laughlin's style is dry, not to say desert-like. This is particularly emphasized by comparison between luminous illustrations which the author frequently quotes from other works, and the pages from his own pen. Nor is Professor Laughlin's exposition throughout very clear, despite the fact that he particularly says he believes the subject capable of treatment "adapted to the easy grasp of the layman." So complex a subject really requires the skill of a John Fiske or a J. R. Green to make it live for the lay reader, and Professor Laughlin lacks here lamentably. As to the real, intrinsic merits of the author's "system," they must be left with those in whose hands he himself places them—"the future economists."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The well-known Italian surgeon, Professor Colzi, director of the clinic at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, had a narrow escape from death the other day while pigeon shooting at the Cascine. Through an accident, he received the full charge of a shotgun in the upper part of his right arm, and, owing to loss of blood, his strength failed rapidly, and he was taken to his own hospital, where, it is said, his entrance among his own patients was most pathetic. On being told that amputation might not be necessary, the surgeon replied, while tears rolled down his cheeks: "You can not deceive me. I know that amputation is inevitable. This hand, that after so much study has gained for me an enviable position, must cease to exist."

SOME POEMS BY FRANCOIS VILLON.

François Villon is supposed to have been born in or near Paris some time about the year 1431. "But," says Mr. McCarthy, "we do not surely know his name; we do not know where he was born; we do not know how he looked to his fellow-men, or what his fellow-men thought of him; we do not know how, for the most part, he lived; we do not know how he died." There have only come down to us a few poems and fragments and a few traditions. Innumerable books have been written about Villon, and some English poets have greatly honored him. Perhaps the finest tribute that has been, or ever will be, written is the ballad by Swinburne, whose envoi we here quote:

"Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire,
A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
Shame soiled thy song and song assailed thy shame,
But from thy feet now death has washed the mire.
Love reads out first at head of all our quire
Villon, our sad had glad mad brother's name!"

The Ballad of Dead Ladies.

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's the Hipparchia, and where Thais,
Neither of them the fairest woman?
Where is Echo, heh! of no man,
Only heard on river and mere—
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year.

Where's Heloise, the learned nun,
For whose sake Aheillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine! . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaid—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine—
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there—
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword—
But where are the snows of yester-year?
—Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves.

Suppose you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broods? or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the muly swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or Moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib or do a crack;
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You can not hank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square go flash your flag,
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummies mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you hag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout, and Charley Wag,
With wipes and tickers and what not,
Until the squeeze nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

—Translated by W. E. Henley.

Ballad of the Lords of Old Time.

What more? Where is the third Calixt,
Last of that name now dead and gone,
Who four years held the Papalst?
Alphonso king of Aragon,
The gracious lord, duke of Bourbon,
And Arthur, duke of old Britaine
And Charles the Seventh, that worthy one?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

The Scot, too, king of mount and mist,
With half his face vermilion,
Men tell us, like an amethyst
From brow to chin that blazed and shoue,
The Cypriote king of old renown,
Alas! and that good king of Spain
Whose name I can not think upon?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

No more to say of them I list,
'Tis all but vain, all dead and done:
For death may no man horn resist,
Nor make appeal when death comes on.
I make yet one more question:
Where's Lancelot, king of far Bohain?
Where's he whose grandson called him son?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.

Where is Guesclin, the good Breton?
The lord of the eastern mountain-chain,
And the good late Duke of Alençon?
Even with the good knight Charlemain.
—Translated by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

During her engagement at the Theatre Republic, Nance O'Neil is to appear for the first time in Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Fedora." It is also highly probable that she will add "The Scarlet Letter" to her repertoire.

The engagement is announced of Signor Antonio Scotti, the handsome baritone, who visited San Francisco during the last engagement of the Grau Opera Company, and Miss Mary Britton Leavy, of New York, who is comfortably rich in her own right, having inherited a fortune from her father.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, who are to follow E. H. Sothern at the Columbia Theatre, will present a new comedy by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, entitled "The Altar of Friendship." The scene of the play is laid in England, but the hero and heroine are Americans. Julia Dean, formerly with James Neill, is a member of Mr. Goodwin's company.

When Amelia Bingham opens here in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Climbers," which ran for five hundred nights at the Bijou Theatre, New York, she will be supported by one of the best English-speaking companies in America. Among the men are such celebrities as Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abington, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and James Carew. The feminine members include Bijou Fernandez, Madge Carr Cook, Frances Ring, and Helen Lackaye.

One reason for the better appreciation and enjoyment of the drama in France than in other countries, is said to be the habit there of general reading of the plays in book-form before they are seen. Very few important productions go upon the Paris stage that are not taken up and carefully perused by the theatre-going public. When productions like "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon," and other pieces of that order are preparing for presentation, the books of the play are in great demand and sell by the hundreds of thousands.

Lily Langtry was in a happy mood when she sailed back to England a fortnight ago, for her season has been very successful from a financial standpoint. "I have never before," she said, "made so much money in America as I did this season, and now I am going home to rest awhile and to enjoy myself. I am coming back next winter with two new plays, but Mr. Frohman has asked me not to tell what they are. When I get home, I am going to place a large bit of my earnings on my horses, particularly on Smilax, my unbeaten three-year-old, whom I am backing to win the Coronation Plate at Epsom."

A curious difficulty has arisen at Llandudno, Wales, where the lessee of a theatre had undertaken to produce an historical drama written and performed in Welsh. The play is based on the career of the last native Prince of Wales. The company had concluded the final dress rehearsal, and Welshmen were looking forward to the reproductions of Welsh life and language of six centuries ago, when the British censor of plays stepped in. His protest was that he can not license a play which he can not understand. So "Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf" (that is its title), could not be produced. This objection seems a bit trivial when it is considered that the play is written in a language spoken by over a million inhabitants of Great Britain.

Cecelia Loftus, formerly known as "Cissie," declares that she will never go back to vaudeville again. "It was fun to give those imitations for awhile," she said the other day, "and there was heaps more money in them. But they got on my nerves at last. For the last season or two when I gave them it seemed sometimes as if I could not keep up, as if I must scream out, or rush away from the whole business. The first year or two after I stopped giving them I really had a hard time, for I never could save any money while I was making it. But I kept out of vaudeville, and shall keep out of vaudeville in the future. There comes a time when the satisfaction of doing something worth while is of vastly more importance than a luxurious income." One of Miss Loftus's first attempts to lay aside her imitations, was her appearance at Keith's, in Boston, in a playlet that grated upon the nerves of the managers to such an extent that they pleaded with her to give imitations instead. She refused. She announced that her days as a mimic were over, and even being forced to accept a place on the supper bill "between a monkey circus and a coon song," as she expressed it, was not sufficient punishment to make her go back to her old vaudeville turn.

LITERARY NOTES.

Romance in San Francisco.

Charles Warren Stoddard's latest book, "For the Pleasure of His Company," is a puzzler. It can be called a novel only by courtesy, yet we can not think it an autobiography, however many may be the events in it drawn from the author's own experience. The scene of the story is San Francisco, referred to throughout as the "Misty City." Paul Clitheroe occupies the centre of, and is often solitary upon, the stage, but it would be quite absurd to allude to him as "the hero." And heroine there is none. "Paul," as he is affectionately called by the men and women of his world, is a young, pale poetaster. He dwells in an ivy-embowered house on Rincon Hill, named the Eyrie, where he is surrounded by books, bric-à-brac, and other bibelots innumerable. He nightly comes home from his club in a carriage, but dines, we are told, in a "fly-blown restaurant." Mornings he put on—pardon, we should say, "dons"—a trailing garment with angel sleeves and a large crucifix embroidered in scarlet upon the breast. This young man, indeed, seems to be a sort of Oscar, without the brains, for the author is obliged to reveal that poor poet Paul is unable to make his living by his pen. Still, there are recompenses, for women go into raptures over him. "Paul Clitheroe has been held in the laps of ladies ever since he was a baby," says one of his friends; "they have fondled him as freely as if he were a girl." Who would not be such a pale poet—even though poor? But still Paul is discontented. The kitchen of the world nauseates him, the workshop frightens and wearies him. His talent is too refined, his spirit too detached, for any practical bartering. Could he have been housed, fed, clothed, coddled, he might have produced a poem that would have been worth while. But opportunity was lacking, and, moreover, the woman-soul that might have led him "upward and on" was never, never found. So Paul struggled on, trying the stage for awhile, pawning his precious things, getting poorer and poorer, till at last we leave him for good on the shores of a South Sea isle—"by the world forgot."

The book is characterized by the greatest vagueness. It is an intellectual feat to keep the run of the story. The "romantic atmosphere" in which Mr. Stoddard has enveloped this city makes it all but unrecognizable to a plain citizen. The characters, who are all "literary," or "artistic" people, are curious creatures. Mr. Stoddard appears to think well of them, but we can not believe his readers will. Nor is it possible to believe that such folk as these are really the ones who paint the good pictures, run our reputable newspapers and weeklies, and succeed on our stage. Rather, we should say they were the hangers-on, the posers, the small fry of literature and art. Plain-spoken people might indeed say that they were cracked. The curious thing about the whole story is that Mr. Stoddard chronicles their absurd doings with perfect soberness. One would naturally think them fit subjects for ridicule. In the hands of Miss Daskam "Little Mama," "The Pompadour," and "Twitter," would move us to inextinguishable mirth. In the hands of Mr. Stoddard, we are only moved by his characters to wonder at him.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

Forster's "Dickens" in Handy Form.

George Gissing frankly sets forth in the preface to the (in a manner) new life of Charles Dickens the reasons that have led to its preparation. Forster's "Life of Dickens," he says, is too big and bulky for the hurried readers of this hurrying age. The public want a life of Dickens in one volume, and this demand of theirs he has striven to supply. Taking as a basis Forster's book—which, in the opinion of Carlyle, was not unworthy to be named after Boswell's "Johnson"—Mr. Gissing has cut, re-arranged, compressed, altered, added to, and generally refurbished it in a manner calculated, we should think, to make Forster sepulchraly agitated. However that may be, though, this modern renovator has made a readable book of three hundred and fifty pages, which is rendered still more attractive by a number of illustrations. We quote from the work the account of the effect of the news of Dickens's death:

The excitement and sorrow caused by his death exceeded anything of the kind known to our age. Before the news of it reached the remotest part of England, it had been flashed across Europe; it was known in the distant continents of India, Australia, and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilized earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a per-

sonal bereavement had befallen every one. The queen telegraphed from Balmoral "her deepest regret at the sad news of Charles Dickens's death." There was not an English journal that did not give it touching and noble utterance. "Statesmen, men of science, philanthropists"—thus spoke the *Times*—"the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away, and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens."

We regret to say that, without exception, this is the worst-bound book that has been noticed in these columns since January 1st.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Romance, beauty, and charm of style are said to be the prominent characteristics of James Lane Allen's new book, "The Mettle of the Pasture," which will be published on June 24th. The author has left the field of "The Reign of Law" and has gone back to the atmosphere of his early successes. Those who cared for "The Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" will relish greatly this new story.

Maurice Hewlett's latest novel, based on the love-story of Mary Queen of Scots, will be first published in serial form in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, beginning with the June number.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will bring out this week "The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte"; "The Story of a Grain of Wheat," by William C. Edgar; and "Twixt God and Mammon," a novel by William Edwards Tirebuck, with a memoir of the author by Hall Caine.

Thomas Hardy is engaged on a novel to be called "Benighted Travelers." The scene is laid in rural England of the present day.

Frances Charles, the author of "The Siege of Youth" and "In the Country God Forgot," has had her third novel already accepted by her publishers.

David Miller de Witt has prepared a history of "The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson," which will be published by the Macmillan Company.

There has been a good deal of rivalry among American publishers for the work of Joseph Conrad ever since the publication of "Youth," and it has been announced that all of Conrad's future work will be brought out through Harper & Brothers. This is an error, for "Falk and Two Other Novelettes," the next volume by Conrad, will be published by McClure, Phillips & Co. This will be followed by a novel to be entitled "Romance," put out by the same publishers. Then will come his most ambitious work thus far, a novel of seafaring.

"Round Anvil Rock," the new novel upon which Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks has been at work since the publication of "Oldfield," will be published by the Macmillan Company next week.

An important historical work by Julia Cartwright, to be published in two volumes, is entitled "Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, 1474-1539: A Study of the Renaissance." It is designed as a companion work to the author's "Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan."

After Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," has made its run as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, it will be published simultaneously in England and America. The scene of the story is laid in a modern English provincial town.

Henry James, it is reported, intends to visit this country next winter for the first time in a great many years.

Beulah Marie Dix, the author of "The Making of Christopher Ferringham," has written a new novel which the Macmillan Company will publish in the autumn under the title of "Blount of Breckenhow." The story is laid in England in the year 1642-1645, and claims to tell of a domestic tragedy as set forth in the letters of a prosperous family of Yorkshire gentry.

Katharine Tynan, the writer of Irish stories, has just completed a new novel, which will be published under the title, "Red, Red Rose."

It was almost by accident that the "Emerson-Grimm Correspondence" came to be published. One day when Frederick W. Holls, who edited the volume and supplies an introduction, was calling on Herman Grimm, the German art critic spoke of Emerson's letters to him, and expressed a wish that they be published. He consented that his own should appear with them, and gave Mr. Holls credentials whereby he might have access to the

letters in the Goethe-Schiller archives at Weimar. When Mr. Holls presented his papers at Weimar, he was met by the news that Herman Grimm had been found dead in his bed on the day previous. Four of Emerson's letters in the volume are addressed to Countess Gisela von Arnim, whom Grimm afterward married.

It appears that after all Sherlock Holmes did not come to his end when he was last heard of—on the Reichenbach Fall. Conan Doyle is about to tell in another series of adventures, beginning in the June *Strand Magazine*, how Holmes escaped, and all that has happened to him since that eventful day.

A novel entitled "Bubbles We Buy," the scenes of which are distributed through New England, Canada, England, and Italy, is announced for immediate publication. The author is Alice Jones, daughter of the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia.

Americans Criticised by H. G. Wells.

H. G. Wells is not a very great admirer of Americans, despite the fact that his books sell as well in this country as they do in England. In the *Fortnightly Review* he recently said:

"One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. The real and steady development of American scientific men is masked to the European observer, and it must be greatly hampered by the copious silliness of the amateur discoverer, and the American crop of new religions and new enthusiasms is a horror and a warning to the common British intelligence. Many people, whose judgments are not absolutely despicable, hold a theory that unhampered personal freedom for a hundred years has made out of the British type a type less deliberate and thorough in execution and more noisy and pushful in conduct, restless rather than indefatigable, and smart rather than wise. If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool in generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether. American books, American papers, American manners and customs seem all for the ninety and nine."

In Fields not Far Away.

As I went down where grazing herds
Had sought the sylvan shade,
I caught the notes of nesting birds
In all the leaf-lined glade.

I walked knee-deep amid the bloom
And fragrance hord of Spring.
While flush of spray and flash of plume
Illumined wood and wing.

Entranced with all I saw and heard
As home I fared elate,
I hummed the very air the bird
Was singing to his mate.

Ah, could we hear, when meaner things
Enthrall us day by day,
The wondrous song the glad lark sings
In fields not far away!

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

The men and women (says the *Literary Digest*) who are writing anniversary articles for the magazines on Emerson as a philosopher, Emerson as a teacher, Emerson as a poet, Emerson as a man, "Emerson as I knew him," etc., display a marked tendency to eulogy rather than criticism. Matthew Arnold once remarked that the whole body of Emerson's verse was not worth Longfellow's little poem, "The Bridge." "Ah," says one of the Emerson eulogists, "this indicated Arnold's limitations, not Emerson's." Even the most trivial words and actions of the Concord philosopher are reverently recorded. Julia Ward Howe recalls fondly how he once said at dinner: "Mrs. Howe, try our snap cake"; and William Dean Howells chronicles the fact that when Emerson smoked a cigar, "it was as if one then saw Dante smoking, and one then saw it with all the reverence due the spectacle."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Second Novel of Frances Charles.

In her "Siege of Youth," Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot," has once more read her title clear to the possession of uncommon power. "The Siege of Youth" is, superficially, a story of the present day, with the setting in San Francisco. But the real theme is life universal, with the setting nowhere, because everywhere. The winter in San Francisco, "the mild and intermediate season, as if the great zones had touched hands, and earth were glad of the friendly feeling," the quasi-bohemian life of the terrace, the Spanish restaurant, with its negro musicians and noisy fun, hold the fancy of the reader, for the time, down to the Pacific Coast; but the world-old story, since the man said, "the woman gave it me and I did eat," goes on, ringing new changes on the large-hearted selfishness of man and the meeting-extremes of woman.

The half-Florentine Ludwiga, with her noble ancestry glinting through the shabby-genteel of her terrace life, the strength of whose frail hands beat back the tide of bohemia for many; the straight-backed Deborah struggling for the nothingness of success; the strenuous Jameson; the cheerful Julian; and the married Brown, all typify the universal love, ambition, ultimate end.

Those who read "The Siege of Youth" superficially will find delight in the story as it runs, for the beauty of its romance, the charm of its conception, and the skill of its telling, but there will be a few who will read more thoughtfully, and find a deep satisfaction in the author's suggestion of the "thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow act." And as Jameson read his truth in the dark eyes of Ludwiga, the careful reader will reach the author's feeling for truth for truth's sake in the individual, as well as the universal.

There is much bright and epigrammatic conversation, a certain dash of cynicism saved from sneering by its sparkle of wit, plenty of wholesome philosophy, and an abounding faith in human nature throughout the volume, which give it a place among the notably good books of the year.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In Peter the Great's Russia.

A novel with a strong historical tinge is "The Triumph of Count Ostermann," the action of which occurs in Russia during the reign of that inspired barbarian, Peter the Great. Count Ostermann is the German prime minister to the Russian Emperor who, the reader may remember, consistently sought to acquire from brilliant and cultured aliens the arts and worldly polish bestowed by a higher civilization, and of whom Count Ostermann was a valued representative.

By the command of his sovereign, who wished to bind the disinterested counsel and strict integrity of his minister more closely to his service, the latter espouses a Russian. a haughty princess of exalted lineage, although the count himself is of obscure birth. The author is familiar with the chronicles of the times, and paints the Russian nobleman after the picture handed down by tradition—violent, ungoverned, self-indulgent, semi-barbarous, cruel to his serfs, and servile to his sovereign. The character of the Princess Marfa, although modified by the effects of a foreign education to a superiority over her peers, is, for the purposes of romance, too arrogant, suspicious, and unlovely to win the reader's regard. That of Count Ostermann, however, in its statesman's ability, pride, integrity, and self-respect, is calculated to win a sympathy and appreciation that finds his closing triumph inadequate for one so noble and so sorely tried.

The style of the book is readable, although over-modern, but the author, Graham Hope, is apt to bewilder the reader by the haste and lack of *empressment* with which the changes of Russian succession are introduced during the course of the narrative.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Story of a Globe-Circling Tour.

One of the new books of travel, and one that will attract readers who are looking for information concerning globe-trotting generally, is that of Walter Del Mar, entitled "Around the World Through Japan." The author's start was made from London, and his route lay through Ceylon, Java, China, Japan, Hawaii, and across the United States. He has something of interest to describe in all of these countries, except the latter, which he skims over very rapidly. There is an interesting chapter on the Portuguese colony

of Macao, "The Monte Carlo of the Far East," but the principle feature of the volume is the author's study of Japan and things Japanese. To this part of his tour he gives more than half of his chapters. The enthusiasm with which he describes the physical features of Japan, its scenery, its cultivation, and its progress, is somewhat modified when he approaches the morals, customs, and temper of the people. The rapid rise of Japan as a nation of the first power in the East is responsible for an arrogant tone in the Japanese character which the author notes as prevalent. Another effect from the same cause in part is the anti-foreign feeling among the people, which is said to be rather increasing than diminishing as they come in contact with the people of other countries. The book corroborates the oft-repeated tales of sexual immorality in Japan, and argues from the conditions that the outlook for the improvement in the position of Japanese women is not hopeful, since a change for the better must depend upon the education of the Japanese men who profit from the present customs. The volume is freely illustrated with photographs, and ends with a chapter of suggestions for travelers, giving routes, time, necessities, and expenses of a trip around the world.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

New Publications.

"The Spanish in the Southwest," by Rosa V. Winterburn, is a recent addition to the series of Eclectic School Readers, published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 55 cents.

The doctor's thesis of Edwin Cornelius Broome, entitled "A (sic) Historical and Critical Discussion of College Admission Requirements," is published, among Columbia University contributions to philosophy, psychology, and education, by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, paper, \$1.00.

Considering the length of George Moore's early (1884) novel, "A Mummer's Wife," the publishers have chosen a good size of type and the proper thickness of paper for their new American edition, which is, also, we are glad to say, without illustrations, and with a neat cover. Published by Brentano's, New York.

Some of the "facts" given in Don Lemon's "Book of Curious Facts" are more curious than true. They appear to have been gathered from all sorts of sources, and many of them, while interesting, are of doubtful authority—this despite the fact that a number are drawn from, and credited to, the *Argonaut*. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Manual of Statistics: A Stock Exchange Hand-Book," is an invaluable guide to investors. The 1903 edition is the twenty-fifth annual issue, and marks an enlargement in size and increase in comprehensiveness. The one thousand pages contain information about every large corporation in the country, and other interesting statistics, maps, etc. Published by the Manual of Statistics Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

In view of the peculiar popular interest in Emerson just now, the *Atlantic Monthly* article (printed in April), entitled "Correspondence Between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm," by Frederick William Holls, has been brought out in pleasing brochure form, with a frontispiece portrait of the Concord Sage, and also a picture of Grimm. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00 net.

New editions have appeared of the successful works of Professor Charles F. Kroeh for "teaching languages without a master." They are "How to Think in French" (tenth edition), "How to Think in German" (seventh edition), and "How to Think in Spanish" (sixth edition). The price of the first-named book is \$1.00; of the other two, \$1.50 each. Published by the Author, Hoboken, N. J.

The plot of "The Strongest Master" is something like this: Chris Warner, the hero, is expelled from college for gambling. His father, an Episcopal clergyman, casts him off. Determined to make something of himself, Chris goes to a mill town, and takes a job as bookkeeper. He and the eccentric foreman, Dan Morrison, have great times discussing the condition of the workingman, and theorizing on many other subjects. When Morrison's daughter, Clytie, comes home from college, Chris promptly falls in love with her. Actuated by lofty theories on the injustice of marriage to women, they dispense with a wedding, and find, as the first of them—Mary Woll-

stonecraft—found, that there is a "stronger master." The novel is quite an interesting social study. The author is Helen Choate Prince. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

In his "Financial History of the United States," David R. Dewey, Ph. D., of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has essayed an orderly presentation of the essential facts of the subject in a volume of five hundred pages. He has largely refrained from adverse comment, making his work not a treatise, but a history. It will prove valuable to the specialist, and, perhaps, to the general reader, though the subject is a very dry one. There are numerous tables and charts. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Washington Irving, in the tragedy "Astoria," and in the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," gave a very complete, and, as is now established, a very accurate, picture of the lives of the early fur traders along the Columbia River. Extracts from these two works, together with some notes and additions by Frank Lincoln Olmsted, have been brought together in a single volume called "The Fur-Traders of the Columbia River and Rocky Mountains." The book contains a number of fairish pictures. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 90 cents.

The purpose of "John Bull's Year Book," according to Arthur J. Beckett's prefatory avowal, is "to combine instruction with amusement." The instruction, which is such as one might expect to find in any English almanac, will doubtless prove useful to British searchers for facts. The "amusement," we greatly regret to say, has evoked, upon perusal, only a pitying smile, not an expansive and mirthful one. The wit is decidedly blunted—British. Published by the John Bull Press, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C., London, England; price, one shilling.

Sherwin Cody's success with a volume purporting to contain a dozen of the world's greatest short stories, by various authors, has encouraged him to prepare a similar book entitled "A Selection from the Best English Essays." He has written for each essay a brief introduction; and he has written for the book a preface that is a gem. It begins with this witty apothegm: "A preface is an invention to enable an author to argue with his critics without disturbing the general reader, who is expected to skip the preface." The essays represented are Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Ruskin, and Arnold. The book is admirably printed and bound. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00 net.

The preface and the cover of Edmund G. Gardner's volume, entitled "The Story of Siena and San Gimignano," do not agree. The preface says the book is one of the Medieval Towns Series, previous volumes of which we have found so admirable in typography and binding. The title-page of the book says nothing of the sort, and the volume is, in fact, twice as big as, and very different from, the thin, gray-bound books of the mentioned series. Evidently the publishers have used the same plates for a larger book, but their judgment does not commend itself. Siena, one of the most beautiful of Italian cities, well deserves so good a history and guide-book as Mr. Gardner has written. The many illustrations by Miss Helen M. James, whose death the author mourns, are also very good indeed. In short, the book is an admirable one, but let us have it, please, in more compact form. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

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"If I Were King" is the crystallization in dramatic shape of the unspoken aspiration of many a man's heart. It is not only "If I were king," that vain and often boastful desire that haunts human souls but "If I were rich, powerful, unfettered by circumstances, what would I not do to prove my greater fitness over those already in power to control destinies."

Shakespeare, in the induction which precedes "The Taming of the Shrew," shows the effect on an ignorant and hesitated mind of a sudden, dizzy elevation to rank and wealth. Justin Huntly McCarthy chose for the subject of a similar experience François Villon, the French poet, known in the fifteenth century as a man whose imagination teemed with ideal fancies and who, by some strange contradiction in his nature, wallowed in depravities from which he brought to the light jewels of poetry of strangely beautiful lustre.

Mr. McCarthy has dealt ably with his theme, and constructed a play that has so many fine points one is all but charmed into overlooking its essentially theatrical quality. Its diction is freely scattered with flowerings of fancy that sound tolerably poetic spirited action, and romantic sentiment, with an occasional apex of almost moving emotion. Its diction is freely scattered with flowerings of graceful fancy that are exceedingly effective from the lips of the characters, and prettily worded enough to leave agreeable cadences lingering on the ear. There is a further quality which has given the play its great success: an idealization of atmosphere, and of the character of Villon himself, which casts a thin, poetic haze over the whole performance. Thus, the spectator's imagination may, according to his temperament, invest each personage and event with softened and unreal outlines that give them the charm of fantasy. That is, always provided that the players themselves possess some of this same idealizing quality. Mr. Sothern does possess it, and, strangely enough, more so in the tattered habiliments of the vagabond poet than in the costly splendors of costume that accompany his strangely acquired dignities.

The features of this actor are cast in somber lines, and he rarely smiles—even in the midst of the hoisterous crew of cut-throats and wantons that surge through the thick shadows of Fir Cone Tavern, and who regard the poet as their leader and inspirer in the lawless caprices to whose sway they give their lives. He was ever the poet,

"dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

There were upward flashings of deep eyes that despairingly interrogated onward destiny; there were long, melancholy musings before the tavern fire, with hands clasping a howled and averted head, when the poet disdainfully withdrew into his inner self, and in the midst of the dissolute riddals around him, wrapped himself into the "solitude of his own originality." And there were sudden descents into grossness, when his undisciplined nature demanded fiery liquors to quench the rival fires of goading dreams.

These indications of a wild nature at odds with itself were well done; albeit there is an occasional suggestion of fixity and precision in Mr. Sothern's acting, which betrays the victim of dramatic routine. Even a student and an enthusiast can not always keep up a flow of inspiration in a three-year-old part.

In the second act, the poet helieves himself to be either the figment of a fantasy, or the sport of a dream. He has doffed his rags of vagabondage, and, clad in robes of state, preceded by howing page and a servile official he descends a stately flight of stone stairs, and, with fixed, bewildered gaze, is escorted to a king's pleasure, as one who has the right of entry there. This is one of the most suggestive and pregnant moments in the play. The situation, although not new, is always full of novelty and charm, and the actor is alert with interest and pleasing

expectation. He is not disappointed. Many things happen in the act as it proceeds, and Villon, after some rapid transition from half-farical bewilderment to a courtier-like grace of demeanor, meets his new responsibilities with the dignity of a magistrate and the compassionate sadness of a poet. In the garb of the grand constable, with its Dantesque drapery of the head-gear and its stiff, rich, surcoat, Sothern looks less the poet and more the hero of an historical play. But his lordly demeanor seldom lasts more than a moment. He carries a drooping head, and at odd moments, when his attitude is almost cringing, seems too meek-spirited for a hero. But in spite of his small stature, he is able to assume a grand, melancholy air that in a flash reminds one of his having made an ardent study of the character of Hamlet.

Cecilia Loftus—no longer Cissy, since she has renounced the garlands to be won by following in the footsteps of her mother, Kittie Loftus, as a London music-hall performer—has advanced so rapidly in the more serious branch of her profession, and with such a multitudinous accompaniment of newspaper puffery, that her inability to entirely attain to the height of her anticipations is only to be expected. Not that she is a self-poised and attractive actress, but hers does not seem to be the kind of charm to inspire the little hall of praise in which Justin Huntly McCarthy celebrated his first impression, after witnessing her performance in vaudeville, of the woman he subsequently won for a brief period as his wife. As Katherine de Vauclles, kin to the king, and the queen's lady-in-waiting, she is a pretty woman, with a charming little deviation from regularity to her profile that recalls her success in musical vaudeville. She was considered, in that field of entertainment, to possess a peculiarly piquant charm, but in romantic drama there is a lurking self-consciousness betrayed by Miss Loftus's somewhat immobile features which prevents her from sinking into the proper perspective. She is not Katherine de Vauclles, but Cecilia Loftus, fair to see, graceful, picturesquely clad in the stately robes of a lady of high degree, but still Cecilia Loftus.

Miss Loftus, although still a very young woman, is something of a personage. Her popularity in vaudeville made the Eastern managers only too anxious to secure her services, when she elected to break away from her specialties in mimicry, that were paying her a thousand dollars a week, and storm the fortress of the legitimate. She has, in the face of numerous tempting offers to return to the lighter paths of vaudeville, steadily adhered to the more solid and enduring line of work, in which she has again won popular approval. No doubt she has quickly developed under such ripening suns of favor, although the fanciful nature of the play in which she is appearing at present prevents a just estimate of her ability in a really vital rôle. No flavor of the music-hall clings about her, and, indeed, it would be difficult to believe that the tawny-haired woman in the king's rose-arbor, looking like a mediæval portrait come to life in her fanciful dress, whose hues so cunningly counterfeited those of the crimson roses blooming about her, was once so identified with the vaudeville stage as to be able to furnish Hall Caine all his data hearing on Glory Quayle's life as a music-hall singer.

Another pretty woman in the company is Margaret Illington, the young lady who, so the newspapers tell us, has won that tried bachelor, Manager Frohman, to sue for the gentle estate of matrimony. Miss Illington is a round-cheeked, brown-haired, daintily limbed girl, who carries off the male costume with dash and grace, and puts all her young, whole-souled energy into her work. Her acting is as yet unfinished, and somewhat unrestrained, even for Huguette, that most flaunting of the "poor flowers whose sweets were scattered to a wanton crew." Huguette, nicknamed the Ahhess for her wicked ascendancy over the wild wantons around her, is, through her fierce fidelity, something of a stumpling-hock to Villon's upward-climbing feet; but Mr. McCarthy was equal to the situation. Her removal, instead of being too palpably contrived, came as the dramatic culmination of a theatrically effective scene. Truth to tell, the Ahhess died with a surprising amount of vocal volume and muscular activity in reserve to the last gasp. Miss Illington has, indeed, quite a remarkable speaking voice, of rich contralto quality, and its owner, with the prodigality of youth, taxes it to its utmost capacity, when she joins the conspirators at the masque and seeks to conceal her sex by assuming a man's deep voice.

Miss Loftus uses her voice with less discretion, for it fails her occasionally—for just a syllable or two. She shouts her anger, her defiance, and her scorn too loudly for a

great lady, and too extravagantly for a prudent player.

There is a tremendous cast to the play, but, beside those already mentioned, no other rôles were particularly prominent, save that of Louis the Eleventh, excellently well played by George W. Wilson, a veteran actor, who uses his voice with such skill as to be perfectly audible and distinct in the most low-breathed self-communings of the crafty old king.

"If I Were King" is not a remarkably original play. There are familiar echoes here and there—the scene during the herald's proclamation in the last act recalls "Lohengrin"; there are, too, vague suggestions of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the poetical aspect of the play, although "If I Were King" is a much more compact and skillfully huddled drama.

It is not so compact in the last act, when Villon's "week of wonder" is over, and he sings his "amazing swan song." The climax there is unduly delayed, and the romantic-historical point of view shifts to the purely theatrical and spectacular. There is, indeed, all through the play, a spectacular side, which is too beautiful to be overlooked, and the whole production is unusually fine, in the matter of costuming, grouping, general mounting, and in striking effects of light and color.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Commenting on the first production in New York of H. J. W. Dam's new comedy, "Skipper & Co.," Acton Davis says: "The only strong scenes which the play contains are straight melodrama, and most of the comedy effects come perilously close to extravaganzas. Maclyn Arhuckle moved heaven and earth to make the play go, but was only partly successful. Those Wall Street men whose favorite topic is dollars without sense after business hours, may find stray hits of 'Skipper & Co.' amusing, but its dialogue is not sufficiently exhilarating nor its action sufficiently brisk or credible to guarantee it any great popularity with the public at large. No light play of this nature can hope to score without a love-story which convinces its audience as well as interests it. 'Skipper & Co.'s' love-story does neither."

"Alexander the Great" is the title of the new play in which James K. Hackett will appear next season. The actor-manager, of course, will assume the title-rôle. Mr. Hackett is authority for the assertion that Alexander has not been used as a subject for dramatic treatment for three hundred years. In looking about for material he settled upon the fascinating historical character, and about two years ago suggested the outline of a drama to Victor Mapes, who, since then, has been working on the materials. A few weeks ago the completed manuscript was submitted. The action of the play transpires during the first conquest of Persia.

According to the dispatches, the engagement of Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist, to Elizabeth Sheldon, of New York, was announced at the wedding breakfast of Miss Suzanne Sheldon, the actress, whose marriage to Henry Ainley, the young English actor, took place at Chiddingsford, Surrey, on Tuesday.

Edwin Stevens will appear as King Pomery the Second in the revival of "The Isle of Champagne," which is to follow "El Capitan" at the Tivoli Opera House. This is the rôle in which Thomas I. Seahrooke scored one of his first successes.

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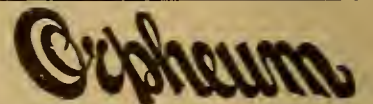
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STAGE GOSSIP.

It is a long time since San Francisco theatre-goers have had such an array of excellent theatrical attractions to choose from as will be offered next week. At the Columbia Theatre, E. H. Sothern enters on the second and last week of his very successful engagement in Justin Huntly McCarthy's charming romance, "If I Were King," while at the Theatre Republic, Nance O'Neill will make her re-appearance in an elaborate revival of Dr. S. H. Mosenthal's "The Jewess." Her leading man will again be E. J. Ratcliffe, and McKee Rankin will also have a prominent part in the production. "D'Arcy of the Guards," considerably altered and improved since its initial production here two seasons ago by Henry Miller, will be the bill at the Alcazar Theatre. White Whittlesey is especially suited for the rôle of the gallant young Irishman, who wears the red coat of a British Grenadier, and succeeds, after many complications, in winning the love of a fair daughter of the revolution.

Comic opera, burlesque, musical comedy, and vaudeville hold sway at the other theatres. Edwin Stevens will continue another week in "El Capitan" at the Tivoli Opera House, and at the Grand Opera House the Rogers Brothers' hodge-podge of mirth, melody, and spectacle, "In Washington," will enter on the second week of what promises to be a very prosperous run. Among the catchy songs introduced are "Get Next to the Man with a Pull," Herbert Sears, Esmeralda Sisters, and chorus; "In the Swim," Olive Ulrich and chorus; negro melody, "Ma Ebony Belle," Cheridah Simpson, Raymond and Caverly; "Your Own," Herbert Crane; parodies by Raymond and Caverly; "The Watermelon Party," Cheridah Simpson, the Esmeralda Sisters, and chorus; burlesque on old-time song and dance entitled "Marriage is Sublime," Anna Wilks and Budd Ross; quartet, "The Wedding of the Reuben and the Maid," Olive Ulrich, Martha de Roy, and Raymond and Caverly; "At the Sound of the Bugle Call," Louise Moore.

At the California Theatre, "A Runaway Girl," the first of the series of Augustin Daly's musical productions, has been drawing excellent houses. The chief hits have been scored by the diminutive comedian, John Slavin, who was last out here as leading fun-maker with Alice Neilson; Isabel Hall; Marie Doro, a chic beauty; Violet Dale, a clever singing and dancing soubrette; Harold Vizard; and Sadie Kirby, who reminds one strongly of May Irwin. There is a splendid singing chorus, and quite an array of attractive "show girls." "The Circus Girl," the second production of the Daly season, will be presented on Monday night, when Slavin will be seen in the amusing rôle of Briggs, the bar-tender, which he created in the original New York production. Marie Doro has a song, "A Simple Piece of String," which promises to win as much applause as her ditty, "The Boy Guessed Right," in "A Runaway Girl."

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee" will give way on Tuesday night to the first presentation of "Twirly-Whirly," the new Weber and Fields burlesque, at Fischer's Theatre. It is described as a "merry-go-round of fancy and foolishness in three scenes," with the dialogue and lyrics by Edgar and Robert B. Smith, and the music by W. T. Francis and the late John Stromberg. The cast includes Winfield Blake as Boh Upton, up to everything; C. W. Kolb as Meyer Ausgaheen, and M. M. Dill as Michael Schlaatz, two Americans, touring the Continent, and the unwilling possessors of an air-ship; Charles Bates as Ebenezer Doolittle, step-father of Mrs. Stockton Bonds; Harry Hermen as Roger McCracken, bos'un of the yacht *Runashor*; Master Frank as Hanki Panki Poo, a pet monkey; Maude Amber as Mrs. Stockton Bonds, a wealthy American widow, engaged in the world-wide introduction of the game of ping-pong, and Signorita Calvemelba, a belle of Seville; Barney Bernard as Mary MacPainski, of Butte, Mont., author of "The Life Story of Mary MacPainski"; and Olive Vail as Dolores Doraflora, the singing girl. The musical gems are Maude Amber's automobile song, "The Long Green," "The Bull-Fighter's Dream," "Dream of Me," and "If All the Stars Were Mine"; Olive Vail's Spanish dance, vocal march, and waltz duet; Harry Hermen's song and burlesque hornpipe; and Winfield Blake's new coon song, in which he will be assisted by Flossie Hope, Gertie Emerson, and the entire chorus.

Frank Keenan, the well-known comedian, supported by Georgia Welles and Kate Long, will appear at the Orpheum next week in Edward Elsnor's original comedy-sketch, "The Actor and the Count." The other newcomers will be Hanlon's Pantomime Company, composed of George Hanlon, of "Superba" fame, and his four sons, who will present a pantomime entitled "Phunny Phrollicks"; Hale and Frances, novelty hoop rollers and jugglers; and Russell and Locke, singing and dancing comedians, who make their first appearance in this city. Those retained from this week's bill are Harry LeClair, the "Bernhardt of vaudeville"; the Lutz brothers, "twentieth-century marvels"; the three Rixfords, in their remarkable acrobatic act; and Paxton's Living Art Panorama.

Versatile Henry Dixey.

Henry Dixey has made quite a reputation for himself as an improviser of dialogue and stage business, when he forgets his lines or some unexpected emergency permits a happy interpolation. Those who attended the performance of "The Magistrate," at the Columbia some six or seven years ago, on the day Rose Coghlan appeared at Suto Heights in an outdoor afternoon performance of "As You Like It," will remember Dixey's greeting to the actress on his first entrance, "Howdy, Rose," he gushed, grasping her hand, effusively, "did you like it this aft?" "Sh-h-h,"

said the smiling Miss Coghlan, placing her dainty finger to his lips. Whereupon the quick-witted Dixey convulsed the audience by bowing pompously, and replying: "As you like it, Miss Coghlan."

The other night, in New York, he covered up a little accident during the progress of Clay M. Green's ten-minute curtain-raiser, "Over a Welsh Rarebit," in an equally adroit manner. He and Thomas Ricketts were acting the rôles of the two old grandfathers, one of whom is a man of the world, and the other a stiff-necked bigot. While the worldly-wise grandfather is proving to the innocent one that his beloved son is not as good as he should be, he prepares a rarebit, but so absorbed does he become in the conversation that the rarebit burns, and is ruined. On this occasion, the alcohol used in making the rarebit was overturned and set afire. The flames flared up to a foot or more, and caused some uneasiness in the audience. Dixey, however, made believe that the fire was a part of the action, saying to Mr. Ricketts: "That's all right, old man, there's no danger," and improvised appropriate remarks until the flame died out. Then the play proceeded as if nothing unusual had occurred, and only a few in the audience were aware that the overturning of the alcohol was not a bit of realistic stage business.

The Mantelli Concerts.

Mme. Eugenia Mantelli, the famous Italian contralto, will be heard in concert at Fischer's Theatre next week, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, when her programmes will include such grand-opera selections as "Una voce poco fa" ("Barber of Seville"), Rossini; "Connais tu le pays" ("Mignon"), Thomas; "S'apre per te il mio cor" ("Samson and Dalila"), Saint-Saëns; "Taeglich ging die wunderschöne" ("Der Asra"), Rubinstein; "Habanera" and "Chanson Bohème," Bizet; and "Nobil Signor" ("Huguenots"), Meyerbeer. Other numbers will be "Sans Toi," G. d'Hardelot; "Ich liebe dich" and "Solveigs Lied," Grieg; "Good-By," Tosti; "April Rain," Oley Speaks; and "Violets," H. Wright. Walter Pyck, the accompanist, will render several solos, including "Cachonea Caprice," Raff; paraphrase nocturne, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; and Fantasia la Cascade, Paur. The operatic selections will be given in costume, and the concert numbers in conventional evening dress. The prices for reserved seats are 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00.

In order that his bill for medical and surgical attendance may not become outlawed, Dr. J. P. E. Heintz has begun suit against Mrs. Cornelia Baxter-Tevis. In his complaint, Dr. Heintz states that he attended Mrs. Tevis almost constantly during her residence in Monterey for two years, from May 25, 1901; that he attended the little daughter of Hugh Tevis, who afterward died in San Francisco, and that he attended the heir of Hugh Tevis from the moment of his birth; that the services were of an exacting character, requiring a high degree of skill and occupying a great deal of time, and that seventy-five hundred dollars is the reasonable value of his work. Monterey physicians, who are familiar with the services rendered by Dr. Heintz, declare that the charge is not exorbitant, amounting to only a little more than ten dollars a day for the time he was actually occupied in ministering to the members of Mrs. Tevis's family.

The picturesque character, François Villon, the hero of Sothern's play, "If I Were King," figures in Robert Louis Stevenson's striking story, "A Lodging for the Night." Stevenson has also written an essay on Villon, and Austin Dobson, in addition to making translations from his verses, has written a poem about him, as has Swinburne.

The Danger of Injurious Substitution.

The advent on this market of an imitation cigar, at somewhat lower prices than the famous clear Havanas of Sanchez & Haya, may induce some unscrupulous dealers to substitute when the latter are asked for. No reputable firm can afford to trespass upon established rights, and it is every dealer's duty to do justice to goods so well known. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and it is probable in consequence that on the whole the imitators will rather add than detract from the business and reputation of the genuine Sanchez & Haya cigars.

Two Popular New York Ballads.

Marie Cahill, who has succeeded in filling the gap left vacant by May Irwin's retirement, is responsible for the success of two of the most popular ditties introduced in New York this winter. They are Cole and Johnson's "As Long as the Congo" and "The Melancholy Marshmallow," and are sung by the comedienne in her musical farce, "Nancy Brown," and played on all occasions by the restaurant orchestras and hand-organs. Of the two, "As Long as the Congo" is, perhaps, the biggest hit. When Miss Cahill announced that her colored composers had written her this song, which was as good if not better than "Under the Bamboo Tree," very few could be found to agree with her, even after they had heard her sing it at the first performance of "Nancy Brown." But now for every person whom you hear whistling "Under the Bamboo Tree," Acton Davies says you hear two humming the later ditty. "It's a hard melody to catch," he adds, "but once caught you can't get it out of your head again. Like 'The Bamboo Tree,' it has a weird lilt to it which is quite unlike any other darkey melody."

On Monday, June 15th, White Whittlesey will appear at the Alcazar Theatre in Mark Twain's successful play, "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

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That, for spice, a bit of Naughtiness
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No Heart should be without;
Smiles—and perhaps a tear
To wash away all Doubt.
Now add Love to blend it
With the sweetness of Desire
And Cupid soon will end it
With his arrow tipped with fire!—L. C.

The bridge craze in London is again agitating society and club circles, and quite a revolt is rising among certain sections against the game. Archdeacon Sinclair waxes very fierce in his indictment of this game. "The present period," he says, "reminds one of the days of the Regency, when women of high position remained indoors throughout the day with the blinds down playing faro. I have recently heard of cases in which young girls started playing bridge on Sundays immediately after breakfast and continued playing all day. No man who is a man should allow his womankind to gamble and become in debt to other men. The consequences of such a state of affairs will not even hear discussion. The only way to check this growing evil is for women of really high position and high principle to form a league against playing bridge by women." A member of the Portland and Turf Clubs—who, although a devotee of bridge, regards with aversion the reckless gambling of fashionable women and would-be smart men—said: "Something must be done to check gambling, at any rate among women. Many men, myself among them, absolutely refuse to play bridge with women. Women have been known to stand up when they have lost three rubbers and hysterically accuse some unfortunate male player of cheating before a roomful of people." Several of the West End clubs have found it necessary to limit bridge gambling. The newly formed Atlantic Club, for example, has decided that not more than \$2,500 a week will be booked to a single member. Points will be limited to 50 cents each, with a maximum of \$50 on a game. These sums considerably exceed those allowed by other clubs, but the Atlantic's nickname of the "Millionaires' Club" explains why high play is allowed there. The weekly limit at the St. James's Club (says the New York Sun) has been fixed at \$1,500, and at the Bachelors' Club at \$1,000, while the points of the game are limited to 25 cents at each club. No money changes hands during the games at these clubs. Each player employs a card-room cashier to keep accounts. If a loser does not pay his account by an appointed date he ceases to be a member. A development of the game is that interested persons sit behind a known skillful player and hack his skill. A secretary of one of the clubs says that when a member is known to be an exceptionally good player, but is not rich or not rash enough to play heavy points, other members will carry him, that is, pay his points and draw a percentage of his winnings. Many a clever fellow, it is said, is making \$5,000 a year in this manner without running any risk.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Boston's veteran lecturer, took issue, the other day, in a lecture before the Mothers and Fathers' Club in that city, with President Roosevelt on the subject of large families. What is needed, she asserted, is "child culture." "It would not be race suicide if we were to have homes into which only two or three children were born. Quality and character signify more than a horde." Mrs. Livermore took the stand that Americans need to give more attention to the culture of fathers and mothers than to that of the child. "There are men and women who are unfit to be the parents of children," she said; "in many cases it is better to take children away from their natural parents, so that they may have a chance to do better." A writer in *Vogue*, who also considers the President's "race-suicide" opinions harmful to the community, says: "So carried away by the President's exceedingly flippant views have been reception committees and individual parents, that the many-childrend have been made a conspicuous feature of the programmes arranged for the Presidential tour. I was left, however, for a New York journal to go to the extreme of showing the President's theories in the fullest possible manifestation, and to this end it insulted its readers by parading the portraits of Mormons,

some of whom having espoused as many as six wives, are now the fathers each of thirty-nine immediate descendants. The views of one of these men are given extensive space, and in order to still further honor him, his portrait is published along with those of other Mormons. Naturally, the President's views are heartily seconded by the Mormons, they as well as he having, apparently, not the slightest conception of any higher view of the function of the human being, especially of women, than to be a connecting link between generations. If adults are so foolish as to burden themselves with children beyond their ability properly to hear and care for them after birth, small sympathy need be wasted upon them. Their unwise course will, in most instances, bring its own bitter punishment, which it is to be hoped will be properly disciplinary. But it is for the children that one pleads."

Most of the people who go abroad every season from America are women—young and old. It is an Amazon exodus. Paterfamilias goes along when he can, but his sons stay behind. If business detains him, "mother and the girls" set out alone, with all the self-reliance and self-assurance that their privileged position in an American household gives them, and sometimes they bring back a son-in-law with them under a species of "foreign exchange" that transfers half the old man's fortune to Europe. The New York *Commercial Advertiser* estimates that Europe's midsummer American colony will include nearly 125,000 persons, who will spend in the steamships and railway offices and over the hotel desks and shop counters about \$100,000,000. This price the New World pays the Old because it is old, and has the things that belong to age—cathedrals, palaces, pictures, statuary, battle-fields, and great or sombre memories. There is no likelihood at all of a European tourist movement of counterbalancing volume. To take a dollar to Europe is to double it; to take a franc to America is to halve it.

To prepare quarters for Reginald Vanderbilt and his bride to occupy during an eight days' trip to Europe, cabinet-makers, painters, decorators, and upholsterers were busy for two days on the forward deck-house of the Dominion liner *New England*. The plain cabins of the ship's officers were transformed into a luxurious suite, where Mr. Vanderbilt and his bride are now passing the hours of an ocean voyage, separated from the ordinary run of saloon passengers. Perhaps the other travelers on the *New England* will have an opportunity to see the pair only at embarking and landing, for they need not even take their meals in the dining saloon. Tapestry, lace and silk, paint and varnish, and all else that could be called for, in the hands of the most skilled workmen of Boston, made the forward deck-house look almost like the cabin of a luxurious yacht.

Chicago has been getting along for over three weeks with soiled linen on account of the strike of thousands of laundry girls and men. Every union laundry in Chicago is closed. John Chinaman and a few scattered non-union laundries have been at work, but they can not begin to keep the city's clothes and household linen in order. Untidy collars and cuffs, soiled shirts and shirt-waists, spotted table-cloths and napkins are the rule in hotels and private homes. The old mammy of slavery days is reaping a harvest, and is praying for the strike to continue. Some laundrymen, who thought to be shrewder than their fellows, fixed up great bundles of linen and shipped them to neighboring towns, thereby hoping to promote the neatness of their customers; but the union was on the alert. Wagons were followed to stations, the place of shipment ascertained, and the laundryworkers there notified that "scab" work was coming to them. In most cases these laundry employees refused to do the work, and the bundles were shipped back to Chicago.

Gladys Deacon, the American beauty, met with an extraordinary accident at Mrs. Adair's fancy-dress ball the other night in London. A lady who was walking in front of her tripped, threw up her heels, and one shoe flew off, striking Miss Deacon sharply on the chin, causing a bad cut. At His Majesty's Theatre, a few nights later, when Claude Lowther's play, "The Garden Knot," was produced, Miss Deacon still had a plaster on her chin.

A servant girls' union, recently formed at Holyoke, Mass., has passed these resolutions: "No Sunday night suppers will be prepared. No work will be done in the kitchen between

7:30 P. M. and 5:30 A. M.; no babies will be 'minded' between acts of ordinary housework; no children will be allowed in the kitchen; each girl shall have three nights out per week." The document goes on to assert that five dollars per week shall be the only rate of wages permitted, and that the front door must be available for the "company" of the "help," as well as an apartment more suitable than the kitchen to be used as a reception-room.

Max O'Rell once wrote this on the prices of American laundries: "Excuse a reflection on a subject of a very domestic character. My clothes have come from the laundress with the bill. Now let me give you a sound piece of advice. When you go to America bring with you a dozen shirts. No more. When these are soiled buy a new dozen, and so on. You will thus get a supply of linen for many years to come, and save your washing bills in America, where the price of a shirt is much the same as the cost of washing it."

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 3, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry 5%.....	2,000	@ 116	116
Market St. Ry 6% ..	6,000	@ 125	126
Market St. Ry 1st				
Con. 5%.....	15,000	@ 118	117 3/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	22,000	@ 121 1/4	121 1/2
North Shore 5% ..	4,000	@ 101 1/4	
Oakland Transit 5%	3,000	@ 113	114
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	2,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905 Series A.....	5,000	@ 103 3/4	103 3/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905.....	36,000	@ 106 1/2-107	106 3/4	106 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 2d..	1,000	@ 101 1/2	100	100 3/4

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Marin County.....	100	@ 61	60 3/4	
S. V. Water.....	180	@ 83 3/4-83 1/2	83 3/4	
Banks.				
Anglo Cal.....	25	@ 99 1/4	99	100
Street R. R.				
Presidio.....	50	@ 38	43
Powders.				
Grant Con.....	310	@ 74-75	74 1/2	75 1/2
Vigor.....	600	@ 3-3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	175	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	
Hawaiian C. & S. ..	5	@ 46 1/4	47
Onomea S. Co.....	50	@ 22	22	23
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Gas.....	30	@ 39 1/4-40	39 1/4	40 1/4
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,115	@ 54-55	54	54 1/4
Trustee's Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	145	@ 55-57	53 1/4	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ..	20	@ 155	154 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	75	@ 8	8 1/4	10

The sugars have been quiet, and made fractional declines.

Giant Powder was in better demand, and on sales of 310 shares advanced two and one-quarter points to 75, closing at 74 1/2 bid, 75 1/2 asked.

Spring Valley Water has been steady, selling as high as 83 1/2, closing at 83 1/2 bid.

The gas stocks have been active, 1,300 shares changing hands. San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up to 58, a gain of two points, but at the close sold off to 54, closing at 54 1/4 bid; Pacific Gas, 39 1/4 bid, 40 1/4 asked.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Shortly before his death, Thomas B. Reed was the centre of a group at the Century Club, in New York. The talk got around to Roosevelt. "Y-a-a-s, I admire Roosevelt very much," drawled Mr. Reed; "I admire him very much, indeed. What I admire most about him is his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments."

Luigi Arditi, under the guidance of his pupil, Mme. Valleria, and her husband, once paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where he was shown all the relics connected with the immortal Shakespeare. "Ah," exclaimed the enthusiastic conductor, when matters were explained to him, "Shakspeare, Romeo e Giulietta, Macbet, Hamlet. Ah! I understand, ze librettist."

A subscriber of the *Argonaut* says that some days before the arrival of President Roosevelt at Vallejo, a dentist of that city had a Lake County lady in the chair and acquainted her, in the course of their conversation, with the approaching Presidential visit. Whereupon the highly interested lady remarked: "Is Mrs. Cleveland coming along, too?" The dentist, it is said, did not recover for an hour.

A statement was printed in the *Topeka Capital* that William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, wore a plug hat at the dinner given to President Roosevelt in Topeka. Soon after Mr. White returned to Emporia he sent this dispatch to the *Capital*: "Deny story that I wore plug hat. Mob forming around office. Sheriff refuses protection. Wife consulting an attorney, seeking divorce. Printers threatening strike."

In his "Ostre Mer," Paul Bourget declared that "life can never get entirely dull to the American, because whenever he can not strike any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was." To which Mark Twain replied: "I reckon the Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was."

When the skeleton of the first gorilla brought to Europe by Paul du Chailu was on show in London, the public was admitted on presentation of cards. The late Duke of Argyll wrote to Du Chailu that on such and such a day "the Duke of Argyll proposed to visit the gorilla." Du Chailu, who was of a very quick temper and refused to be patronized, at once wrote back that the gorilla was to be seen every day between certain hours, and that if the Duke of Argyll presented his card he would no doubt be admitted like the rest of the public.

At a recent meeting of the London Authors' Club, Canon Teignmouth Shore spoke of having met James Russell Lowell shortly after that gentleman had gone as minister to England. "That distinguished man was cogitating over his first public utterance in this country, and wondering to what length he should speak. He had thought of speaking for about forty minutes. He had asked a countryman of his what his view was, and had received this answer: 'Well, Mr. Lowell, my advice to you is that if you find, after you have been speaking two minutes you have not struck oil, you had better give up boring.'"

Senator Vest once paid this eloquent tribute to a dog in a suit brought against a farmer who shot his neighbor's faithful beast in malice: "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and

death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death." On the strength of this speech, it is said, the jury was so moved that it awarded the plaintiff a verdict of five hundred dollars.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard's family physician and long-time friend, Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, is fond of relating the following anecdote of the poet: While endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after his wife and the servants had retired, Mr. Stoddard found a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine-can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above. "What are you doing?" she called down. "Opening a can of sardines." "With what?" "A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet; "what did you think I was opening it with?" "Well, dear," she said, dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer."

The will of Captain W. F. Norton, Louisville's eccentric capitalist and landed proprietor, who died recently at Coronado Beach, contains a clause in which the deceased made these provisions for his funeral: "That no services of a religious character be held; that a special train of Pullmans be chartered to take his remains from Louisville—where he has for so long been buried alive—to Cincinnati; that the buffets of the cars be well stocked with good things to eat and drink, in order that his friends do not thirst or hunger; that while the remains are being cremated at Cincinnati an orchestra render 'a programme of popular and select music.' The programme is attached to the will, and it is stipulated that when an intermission is reached the friends ask the orchestra to join them 'in drinking my bon voyage.'"

An Anecdote of Sibly Sanderson.

Sibly Sanderson made her last American appearance, two seasons ago, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette." One of her associates, in recalling the event, writes:

The Saturday of the matinee was cold and overcast. Snow threatened, and coat collars were turned up high. Most of the principal singers at the opera-house arrive early when they are going to sing—sometimes two and a half hours before the curtain rises.

At a quarter to two there was no sign of Miss Sanderson. The call-boy went to her dressing-room to give the quarter of an hour warning. He received no answer.

Pushing open the door he found that the singer was not there. Her maid had been there, and all the preparations for her arrival had been made. The costumes were in readiness and the cosmetics were spread over the table. Then the maid had gone out to look for her mistress.

When the word went round that the prima donna had not even arrived, consternation prevailed on the stage. Messengers were started breathless to the singer's hotel, while the telephone bells rang nervously.

In the midst of this excitement one of the door-men brought word that there was a strange lady at the wrong entrance to the opera-house who might be Miss Sanderson. It was she. In a beautiful gown, cut low in the neck and covered with a sable cloak that was not even buttoned at the collar, the prima donna was scolding her cabman for having brought her to the wrong entrance.

The cold wind blew her skirts about her feet, and the snow was falling. But she was standing with her neck bare, talking as unconcernedly as if she were in the mild summer air.

"Miss Sanderson, do come in!" called the stage-manager; "we had just notified Mlle. Seygard to come and sing your part. Do hurry in."

"Is it so late?" inquired the soprano, with her most engaging smile; "I had no idea of it."

So the performance began half an hour late. The intermission after the first act lasted for nearly an hour, because Miss Sanderson had taken cold while she was standing on the sidewalk, and had to have a physician to treat her throat, so that she could finish the opera. This last appearance was typical of many occasions on which it was important for her to do her best.

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—EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE. THE GOOD LIVER knows only one whisky, the best and purest Jesse Moore "A.A."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Summer Man.

In summer, at the mountains blue.
Where life is fair but men are few.
He gayly sports, he has his day:
And by the sad sea wave also
He is a much admired beau
Until the season fades away.

He dresses in the height of style,
There's fascination in his smile,
He's nimble in the giddy dance;
He picnics, plans with ready skill,
With love-makings he plays at will,
But is not hurt by Cupid's lance.

He wins the good will of mammas,
The dark suspicion of papas
He waves away with graceful tact;
He sings love-songs with tender power,
He always wears a little flower.
He knows both how to speak and act.

At archery, in tennis court,
He rivals all in the gay sport,
But plays so that the fairest wins
And yet, through some most subtle art,
The vanquished belles still take his part,
And leave him with unpunished sins.

But summer joys, alas! are brief;
He's cut down like the tender leaf
When blushing fields grow sadly brown;
Mammas and splendid girls no more
Admire him as they did of yore;
He's but a dry-goods clerk in town.

And all who smiled in sweet July
In dull September pass him by;
Now he's of quite another clan;
And though he wears a faultless hat,
And just as stylish a cravat,
He only is a summer man.

—Harper's Weekly.

Vacation Time.

Hey for the out-of-town summer resort!
Hey for the place where the lucky disport!
Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake!
Hey for the earwig, the ant, and the snake!
Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough!
Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough!
Hey for the 'sketeers, the chiggers, and flies!
Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bliss that we shortly shall know!
Think of the blisters we'll get when we row!
Think of the blooms in the woodlands so gay!
Think of the hours we'll find in a day!
Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows!
Think of the skin that will peel from our nose!
Think of all this while beginning to pack!
Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay,
Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day,
Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden sass,
Going to shows their dull hours to pass.
Blighted with bath-tubs, tormented with ice,
Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price.

It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport
That we lucky ones get at the summer resort.
—Chicago News.

The Newest Summer Girl.

Moth-hall my raglan, mother, and put away my hat
With feathers all around it—I'll have no need
for that;
My muff and furs, dear mother, pray put them on the shelf,
For I am ready, mother, to innovate myself!

The gentle spring is coming,
And in a chirping whirl
The merry birds are calling
The newest Summer Girl!

Pray hustle out my straw hat, my belt and shirt-
waist suit,
For summer's coming, mother, and I must be a
"beaut"!
Dig up my last year's Trilbies and polish them
anew,
And don't forget my fan, dear, for it has work
to do,

The seashore time is coming,
When on the crowded beach
I must be designated
A seasonable peach!

Where moan the wild waves, saying the things
they've often said,
I must be out for conquest, dear mother, on the
dead!
It's naught to you, dear mother, for you have
got your man,
But I must make my lucky this season, if I
can!

So wake me early, mother,
While yet the shadows stalk,
I must be up to practice
A captivating walk!

I must get up on rules, dear, to start the season's
race,
For time is fleet, dear mother, and I wax old
apace;
So wake me early, mother, and don't neglect to
set
Your clock for, say four-thirty, lest you perchance
forget

That gentle spring is on us,
And we must soon unfurl
The banner that announces
The newest Summer Girl!

—Baltimore News.

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London,
St. Paul, June 10, 10 am | Philadelphia, June 24, 10 am
New York, June 17, 10 am | St. Paul, June 17, 10 am

Philadelphia—Quebec—London—Liverpool.
Noordland, June 13 | Westernland, June 27
Friesland, June 20 | Belgenland, June 4

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minn'haha, June 13, 7:30 am | Minnetonka, June 27, 7 am
Mesaba, June 20, 9 am | Minneapolis, July 4, 3:30 pm
New York—London, via Southampton,
Menominee, June 19, 9 am | Manitou, July 17, 9 am
Marquette, July 3, 9 am

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Quebec—London—Liverpool.

New England, June 11 | New England, July 9
Mayflower, June 18 | Mayflower (new), July 16
Commonwealth, July 2 | Commonwealth, July 20

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada, June 13 | Dominion, June 27
Kensington, June 20 | Southwark, July 4

BOSTON Mediterranean SERVICE

Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Vancouver, Saturday, July 18, August 29, October 19
Cambrian, Saturday, June 20, August 5, September 19

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.

New York—Rotterdam, via Boulogne.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Noordam, June 10 | Potsdam, June 24
Rotterdam, June 17 | Stendam, July 1

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.

Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Zeeland, June 13 | Vaderland, June 27
Finland, June 20 | Kronland, July 4

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Teutonic, June 10, noon | Cedric, June 19, noon
*Victorian, June 16, 9:30 am | Majestic, June 24, noon
Germanic, June 17, noon | Celtic, June 26, 6:30 am
*Liverpool direct, 3:40 and up, 2d class only.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic, Saturday, June 27
Doric, Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila), Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic, Friday, September 11

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA
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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903

America Maru, Thursday, June 11
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru, Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru, Friday, July 31

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 13, 1903,
at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, June 25, 1903, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 10, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway,
etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 31, June
5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change
to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Ever-
ett, Whatcom—11 A. M., May 31,
June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change at Seattle to this
company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle
for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., June 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, July 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 29, June 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, July 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Re-
dondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San
Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San
Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),
Ventura, and Hueneene.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., June 6, 14, 22, 30, July 8.
For Eureka, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo,
Altata, Topolobampo, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas
(Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

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PARIS, FRANCE.

SOCIETY.

The Palmer-Holbrook Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Olive Holbrook, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Holbrook, and Mr. Silas Palmer took place on Wednesday at Trinity Chapel, Menlo Park. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. N. B. W. Galloway, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father. Miss Flora Elmore, of Oregon, was her cousin's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Bessie Palmer, and Miss Bernice Drown. Mr. Sidney Palmer was his brother's best man, and Mr. Frank King, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. Harry Holbrook served as ushers.

After the church ceremony, the guests were driven to "Elmwood," the Holbrook country place, where a reception was held, followed by a wedding breakfast, served in a large tent erected on the tennis court. At the bride's table, beside the bride party, were Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Lucie King, Miss Huntington, Miss Carrie Eyre, Miss Sue Elmore, Mr. Dennis Searles, Mr. Hubert Mee, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Brockway Metcalfe, and Mr. Sidney Pringle. At the table of the bride's father were Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Rev. and Mrs. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, Mrs. Denman, and Mr. Stetson. At the table presided over by Mrs. Samuel Knight, the bride's sister, were Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes.

Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will spend the summer at the Holbrook country place at Menlo Park.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Frances Hopkins and Mr. Eugene Murphy will take place on Saturday, June 20th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, at Menlo Park. Mr. Murphy has taken a country place at Menlo for the summer, and, after a wedding trip of two weeks, the young couple will occupy it.

The wedding of Miss Elita Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, and Mr. Herbert Gee will take place on Wednesday at noon under the oak-trees in front of the Redding home at Menlo. Miss Katherine Clark and Miss Edith Redding will be the maids of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Muriel Hubbard, Miss Georgie Lacey, Miss Cherry Bender, Miss Dorothy Dunston, Miss Elsie Clark, and Miss Margery McLennan. Mr. Fred Burroughs will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. William R. Hewitt, Dr. Moore, Mr. Donald Smith, Mr. Ralston Hamilton, Mr. William Chapin, and Dr. Clyde Laughlin. Upon their return from their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Gee will reside in Reno, where the groom is established in business.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Gage, daughter of Mr. Stephen T. Gage, and Dr. Joseph Loran Pease took place at the home of the bride's father, 1300 Harrison Street, Oakland, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. James Hulme, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Alma Brown was the maid of honor, and Miss Carrie Nicholson, Miss Belle Nicholson, and Miss Adah Brown were the bridesmaids. Dr. L. F. Herrick was the best man, and Mr. George Gage and Mr. Stephen Gage acted as ushers. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Dr. and Mrs. Pease will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Mrs. Anna E. Pratt and Mr. Ernest S. Simpson took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride on Lyon Street. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson departed for the south on their wedding journey.

The marriage of Miss Lillian A. Sullivan, daughter of the late Dr. James F. Sullivan, to Mr. Ward A. Dwight took place on Wednesday afternoon at the parochial residence of St. Mary's Cathedral. Rev. Father Ramm performed the ceremony. Owing to the recent death of the groom's father, the wedding was a very quiet affair.

The wedding of Miss Emilie Tietjen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Tietjen, and Mr. Alexander F. Williams took place on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents on Lombard Street. Rev. J. Fuendeling officiated. Miss Lena Tietjen was the maid of honor, and Mr. George Williams acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Alice Findley, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Findley, and Captain Harold Edward Cloke will take place at high

noon on Tuesday in Christ Church, Sausalito. Miss Edith Findley and Miss Anna Sperry will attend the bride, and Captain Conklin will be the best man. Captain Koehler and Captain Helms will serve as ushers.

The wedding of Miss Annabel Flower, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Flower, of New Orleans, and niece of ex-Governor Flower, of New York, and Mr. Ogden Morrison Earl, son of the late John O. Earl, took place on Wednesday, April 28th.

The wedding of Miss Nellie Jackson, daughter of Mrs. E. Jackson, and Lieutenant Ernest Allen Greenough, of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place on Thursday, at half after eight o'clock, at the residence of the bride, 1714 Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Mowbray, of Fruitvale. Miss Amy Jackson was the maid of honor, and Miss Dollie Jackson and Miss Minnie Shade were the bridesmaids. Mr. Frank H. Graham was the best man, and Mr. John W. Jackson and Mr. Frank Erlin acted as ushers. Lieutenant Greenough and his bride will depart for Fort Worth, Wash., in a few days.

The wedding of Miss Augusta Goodhue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Goodhue, of Beaumont, Tex., and Lieutenant Allen J. Greer, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., son of Judge J. M. Greer, of Memphis, Tenn., took place at Trinity Church on Monday morning. The ceremony was performed at half after nine by Rev. Frederick W. Clappett. The bride was attended by Miss Fairchild, of New Orleans, and Lieutenant Juan A. Boyle, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., acted as best man. Later in the day, Lieutenant and Mrs. Greer sailed on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines. Lieutenant Greer will be stationed with the Fourth Infantry in Southern Luzon.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Walters Burruss, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Burruss, and Lieutenant John R. Reed, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place in Santa Barbara at noon on Tuesday. Later in the day, Lieutenant and Mrs. Reed departed for the East. They will take up their residence at Newport News.

Mrs. Chauncey Thomas held a reception on board the United States steamer *Bennington* last Saturday, at which she entertained Captain and Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. J. B. Milton, Mrs. Henry Glass, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. N. P. Chipman, Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Katherine Selfridge, Miss Milton, Miss Ruth Gedney, and Miss Audrey Lewis.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., departed on Tuesday for West Point, to attend the graduation of their son, Douglas MacArthur, who stands first in his class. Captain Parker W. West, aid-de-camp to the general, was to have been of the party, but was prevented by illness from making the trip. General and Mrs. MacArthur will be gone several weeks.

Lieutenant Ashton Potter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Potter are expected here shortly, en route to the Philippines. They expect to sail for Manila about August 1st, and in the meantime will visit Dr. and Mrs. McNutt.

General Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., arrived in Washington, D. C., last week, and entered upon his duties as quartermaster-general on Monday.

Colonel George B. Rodney, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived from the East on Tuesday, and will be the new commanding officer at the Presidio, succeeding General Jacob B. Rawles, retired.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., spent a few days in San Rafael last week.

Lieutenant-Commander George E. Burd, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston*, and ordered to the Union Iron Works for duty as assistant inspector of machinery.

Colonel Edmund Rice, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., with the first battalion of that regiment at present at the Presidio, will go to Vancouver Barracks about the middle of June.

Major John McClellan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will conduct the professional examinations in Hawaii for lieutenants for detail in the ordnance department of the Hawaiian Islands.

Captain B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., of the quartermaster's department, who is at present in the Philippines, has been ordered here for duty.

Lieutenant Juan A. Boyle, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Joseph W. Glidden, U. S. A., have exchanged regiments, Lieutenant Glidden coming to the Nineteenth Infantry, and Lieutenant Boyle going to the Fourth Infantry, which sailed for the Philippines last Monday.

The last scheduled event of the season of the San Francisco Golf Club was held on the Presidio links last Saturday. It was a "bogey" handicap tournament, and resulted in a tie between R. I. Bentley and J. W. Byrne for first honors, with a score of 3 down, and a tie between C. F. Mullins, Dr. J. R. Clark, and Dr. T. G. McConkey for third honors, all having secured 4 downs.

Baldwin & Howell, the well-known real-estate agents, have just moved into their new offices and salesroom at 25 Post Street.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr (*nee* Moore) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

—THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market Street.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Drury Melone, former secretary of State, has been filed for probate in the superior court. Melone died on the twenty-fourth of May, at the age of sixty-five years, and left a will of the date of April 12, 1898. To Mrs. Sarah B. Melone, his widow, deceased left the home property of Oak Knoll Ranch, and all the land lying adjacent to it. All the rest of his estate the deceased leaves to the widow and his four surviving children, share and share alike. Mrs. Melone is named as sole executor without bonds.

The will of the late Henry G. Newhall has been filed for probate. Mr. Newhall declares his entire estate to be the separate property of himself, and he leaves it almost in its entirety to the White Investment Company to hold in trust for his three children until they become of age. To his widow, Mary L. Newhall, the deceased leaves his household property and an income for life from first-class securities. His fine library is given to his friend, G. C. Power, of Ventura County. Edwin W. and Walter Newhall, brothers of the dead man, are named as executors in the will. The value of the estate is said to be about three hundred thousand dollars.

The contest of the probate of the will of the late Winfield Jones, which has been pending in the probate court for some time, has been dismissed by petition of the contestants, and without prejudice to the rights of either party. The contest had been filed by Mary and Virginia Jones, sisters of the deceased, who live in an Eastern State. They objected to the action of their brother in devising the bulk of his property to various charities.

The contest of the will of the late Caroline E. Cogswell, which her nephew, Alexander O. Richards, instituted last February, has been dismissed upon the application of the latter, who has been paid \$15,000 by the heirs of Mrs. Cogswell. Under the will he received only \$1,000 of his aunt's estate, which was valued at \$500,000. Mrs. Cogswell's death occurred on February 6, 1902, and her will left many small bequests to charities and to numerous relatives.

According to the new time card which has just gone into effect on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific, the theatre train now leaves San Francisco at 11:30 P. M., fifteen minutes earlier than before, arriving at Palo Alto at 12:30 A. M., and stopping at principal way stations. Saturdays the train will run through to San José, arriving there at 12:55 A. M. A new accommodation train will leave San Francisco at 8 P. M. daily for Palo Alto and principal intermediate stations. The broad-gauge 5 P. M. train will be extended from Los Gatos to Wright Station, arriving there at 7:30 P. M.; returning, the train will leave Wright at 6:40 A. M., arriving at San Francisco at 9 A. M.

Miss Edna Telfener, daughter of Countess Telfener, and niece of Mrs. John W. Mackay, was married in Rome to Signor Gino de Martino, son of the former under secretary for foreign affairs, on Monday. The civil ceremony was performed at the Capillo by the mayor. The bride's witnesses were Lewis Milledings, secretary of the United States embassy, and Count Pacchi. The bridegroom's witnesses were the Duke of Lerrano and the Duke of Sermoneta. The religious ceremony took place in the private chapel of the Gabrielli Palace, where the Telfeners live.

There are many reasons why a trip to Mt. Tamalpais offers the most enjoyable outing of any resort near San Francisco. The cost is small, the scenery is charming, the accommodations at the Tavern excellent, and the view from the summit and veranda is incomparable.

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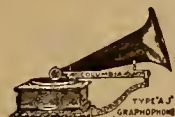
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. A. W. Sperry, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Master William Crocker sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis have taken one of the cottages in the grounds of the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mrs. E. C. La Montagne will spend the next two months at Monterey, where she will be joined later by her mother, Mrs. John A. Darling.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs were at Monterey during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger have given up the De Guigne place in San Mateo, and are occupying their country place at Woodside.

Mrs. William P. Morgan was a visitor to the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant and family will leave in a few days for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend a portion of the summer.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and her daughter, Miss Ethel Harrison, will leave on June 20th for New York, en route to England, to be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels were at Paso Robles last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, who have taken the Mills house at Menlo Park for the summer, have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who have just returned from the Yosemite.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been in Southern California during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have started on a drive from Willets to Eureka, Humboldt County. On their return trip they will follow the coast line to Fort Bragg, and then proceed to Willets.

Governor and Mrs. George C. Pardee and party are sojourning in the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer and Miss Warren were guests at the Hotel Vendome last week.

Prince Poniatowski sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean and Mr. Athole McBean are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have returned to Fruitvale after spending the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Azalea Keyes and Mrs. McKenzie were in Venice when last heard from.

Mr. E. A. Bruguère, who was called to Newport by the serious illness of his brother, Louis Bruguère, was in New York during the week. The complete recovery of Louis Bruguère is said now to be assured.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Winifred Burdge, and Miss Grace Sperry have departed for their Eastern country place on Shelter Island. During the summer Miss May Burdge and Miss Florence Nightingale will return from abroad and join Mr. and Mrs. Smith in time to return to Oakland with them in the fall.

Mrs. Richardson Clover sailed from Europe for New York on Wednesday. She will make a short stay in Washington, D. C., before coming to California, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Francis Newlands has been spending a few days in San Francisco en route from Reno to her home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson has arrived from New York on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen, Miss Bessie Allen, and Miss Ruth Allen will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf, Mr. Howard Metcalf, Mr. William G. Henshaw, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Emma Farrier, and Miss Eva Powell are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her sister, Miss Taylor, left for the East early in the week. They will go to Buzzards Bay, where they will spend the summer with General and Mrs. Taylor.

Miss Marie Louise Parrott has been visiting Miss Lucie King this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Langhorn will spend July and part of August at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells expects to leave for her home in Vermont next week, after a month's visit with her parents at Fruitvale.

Mrs. Bernard Peyton and Miss Julia Peyton will spend the summer months at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson and Miss Maud Simpson have been sojourning in Sonoma County during the week. They were accompanied by Miss Helen Partridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel have closed their town house on Jackson Street, and are now at their country place at San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and family have taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have spent the winter months.

Miss Marion Froelich is visiting Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Harry Simpkins expects to leave soon for an extended trip to Europe.

Miss Edna Davis was the guest of Miss Edith Sonntag at the Hotel Rafael for several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague are occupying a place at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rochat, Miss Rochat, and Miss Emily Rochat were guests at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are sojourning in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Boyle were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. H. R. Muzzy and Miss Irene Muzzy have departed for a fortnight's visit to the

Yosemite. In the fall they expect to leave for Europe, to be absent a year.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg and Miss Mahel Hogg have returned from their trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Len D. Owens have returned from a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Robert Burns, Miss Jessie Burns, Miss Florence Rochat, and Dr. Robert Burns, Jr., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Caroline L. Ashe has returned from a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe, at their country place in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman have returned from their trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been for several months.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon (née Bruce) were guests at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. Everett N. Bee is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. William Greer Harrison left on Thursday for a fortnight's yachting cruise with Mr. John D. Spreckels on the yacht *Lurline*. Among the other guests are Mr. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. E. F. Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann sailed from New York for Europe last week. They will go first to Ireland.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Folsom, Mr. L. L. Bromwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McNicoll, Mr. Thomas Denigan, Mrs. Clarissa W. W. Patch, Miss Nellie B. Patch, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shainwald.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Walker, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burge, Miss S. Marce and Mr. E. J. Jordan, of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Patterson, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Nance, Mrs. M. C. Griffith, Mrs. J. B. Carson, Miss E. Carson, Miss Sue McNah, Miss Pollock, Mr. Allen Pollock, Mr. F. W. Stephenson, Mr. Robert Belcher, Mr. Herbert F. Mann, and Dr. Adam G. Lyle.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kidder, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. James Brun and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hastor, of St. Louis, Mrs. W. G. McKay, of Portland, Or., Mr. J. V. Washington and Mr. W. G. Downey, of New York, Mrs. C. B. Seely and Miss Seely, of Pittsburgh, Mr. H. T. Hohson, of Davenport, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fortescue, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gove, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothers, and Mr. J. W. Twiggs.

Bunker Hill Day.

On Wednesday, the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, will be celebrated as usual by the Bunker Hill Association, Sons of American Revolution, and Society of California Pioneers, at Sunset Park, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. A special train will leave Third and Townsend Streets at nine-fifteen on the morning of June 17th, returning from the park at 5:30 P. M. Tickets for the round trip are one dollar for adults and fifty cents for children. An excellent band will accompany the societies, the finest talent is being engaged for the literary programme, and games and dancing will make the day enjoyable for all. In town, on Bunker Hill Day, salutes will be fired from all the forts in the harbor, and flags will be flying everywhere.

President E. H. Harriman, of the Southern Pacific, who was operated upon for appendicitis two weeks ago, is now convalescent, and will sail for Europe on Tuesday.

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LEAVE	FROM JUNE 1, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00a	Bonita, Sulson, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25p
7:00a	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey	7:25p
7:30a	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25p
7:30a	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25p
8:00a	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, (connects at Marysville for Grizzly Bluffs and Chico)	7:55p
8:00a	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25a
8:00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25p
8:00a	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen, Junction, Bakersfield	5:25p
8:30a	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, (for Red Bluff, Portland)	7:55p
8:30a	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25p
8:30a	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Ukiah, and Angels	4:25p
9:00a	Martinez and Way Stations	5:55p
10:00a	Vallejo	12:25p
10:00a	Crescent City Express, Eastbound	
10:00a	Port Costa, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans (Westbound arrives at Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	1:30p
10:00a	The Overland Limited—Ogden	
12:00p	Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25p
12:00p	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	5:25p
1:00p	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00p
3:30p	Bonita, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55a
3:30p	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55p
4:00p	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25a
4:00p	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25a
4:00p	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4:25p
4:30p	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55a
5:00p	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connects at Saugus for Santa Barbara	8:55a
5:00p	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Bakersfield	12:25p
5:30p	Niles, San Jose Local	7:25a
6:00p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10:25a
6:00p	Oriented, Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago (No day coaches run on this train between San Francisco and Reno)	4:25p
	Bonnet Limited, Westbound—From New York, Chicago, New Orleans, El Paso, Los Angeles, Fresno, Berkeley, Raymond (from Yosemite), Martinez, Arrives	8:25a
7:00p	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25a
7:00p	Vallejo	7:55p
7:00p	Sacramento, Truckee, Reno and Intermediate Stations	7:55a
8:05p	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, Arrives	8:55a
9:10p	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11:55a
11:25p	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	5:25p

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)		
7:45a	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8:10p
8:15a	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:55p
12:15p	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	10:55a
4:15p	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations (on Saturday and Sunday runs through to Santa Cruz, connects at Felton for Boulder Creek, Monday only from Santa Cruz)	8:55a

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slips) 17:15, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:15 p.m. From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—12:00, 12:30, 12:45, 10:00 a.m., 12:00, 2:00, 4:00 p.m.		
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COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)		
5:10a	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30p
7:00a	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30p
7:00a	New Almaden	7:40p
7:15a	Monterey and San Jose (Sunday only)	8:30p
8:00a	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Palmdale, Capitola, Salinas, San Luis Obispo, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, (principal stations) Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. Connection at Capitola to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove and at Palmdale north bound from Capitola and Santa Cruz	10:45p
9:00a	San Jose, Fresno, Palmdale, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Hollister, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations	4:10p
	Pacific Coast Express—Westbound—From New York, Chicago, New Orleans, El Paso, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Arrives	1:30p
10:30a	San Jose and Way Stations	1:20p
11:30a	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	5:30p
11:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00p
11:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	9:40a
11:30p	Del Norte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Del Norte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	12:15p
3:30p	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	8:36a
4:30p	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	10:45a
5:00p	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations	9:00a
5:30p	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	10:00a
6:15p	San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:45a
6:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	8:35a
7:00p	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Bellingham, El Paso, New Orleans, New York (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	8:25a
8:00p	Palo Alto and Way Stations	10:15a
8:30p	Palo Alto and Way Stations	10:45a
11:30p	San Jose and Way Stations	9:45p

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
 * Saturday and Sunday only.
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 ‡ Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.
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 a Via Coast Line.
 b Tuesday and Friday.
 c Arrive in Niles.
 d Daily except Saturday.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Boast not, and the world knows not who you are; boast, and it despises you for what you are.—Life.

"Wiggs says his new house has eighteen bath-rooms." "Must be a fine place! What does he call it?" "Plumber's Paradise."—Life.

"Jones is a conscientious fellow." "What makes you think so?" "I watched him play solitaire for two hours last night, and he never cheated once."—Brooklyn Life.

We prefer to live in a small town where all the people sympathize with you in trouble, and if you haven't any trouble will hunt up some for you.—Formosa New Era.

A Western paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."—Ram's Horn.

"Has he had much success as an author?" "No. The publishers couldn't sell more than a hundred thousand copies of his last book before it came out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Oh! yes, it was the first time they had met, but they became real chummy at once." "Is that so?" "Yes, they discovered that they indorsed the same breakfast food."—Philadelphia Press.

Wise for his years: The mother—"Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?" Bobbie—"Yes'm; but I don't believe everything I hear."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Host (pairing off his guests)—"Mr. Makinbrakes, you will please take Miss Gumwell out to dinner." Mr. Makinbrakes—"Certainly. But, great Scott, where? Don't you have dinner here in the house?"—Chicago Tribune.

Most satisfactory results: Kingley—"You've been to these literary clubs and metaphysical things for two or three years now, and what does your culture amount to?" Mrs. Kingley—"Don't I know everybody?"—Town and Country.

Here is one candid author who tells the truth to his journal: "I generally take a run every day—but not for exercise. The hatcher and the baker are either on my doorstep or ten yards behind me. That's why I run!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"My new play is sure to make a hit," said the eminent actress; "it gives me an opportunity to show twenty superb gowns." "Gracious! how many scenes do you appear in?" "Only five, but one of them's a scene at the dressmaker's."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," said the New Yorker, tauntingly, "you don't see any grass growing in our streets." "That's so," replied the Philadelphian, "clever scheme of yours." "What's that?" "To keep tearing your streets up so the grass can't grow."—Washington Star.

The probabilities: "McGoozle, where are you going to spend the summer this year?" "Well, we are hesitating between a tour of Europe and a couple of weeks at my wife's uncle's farm, near Naperville—with the chances strong in favor of Naperville."—Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Horikand (reading the markets)—"Pity th' President didn't hev no more luck when he was a-huntin' down there in Mississippi." Mrs. Horikand—"Why, Silas?" Farmer Horikand—"Haint you been a-readin' how th' bears is playin' smash with th' cotton crop?"—Baltimore American.

A woman's hargain: Mrs. Ennepe—"I think, Henry, that our daughter has made a very satisfactory marriage, and that she will succeed very well in the management of her husband." Henry Ennepe—"Why so?" Mrs. Ennepe—"I overheard her talking to him this morning, and she got him to agree to a proposition like this: 'If you will do as I want, I promise to do the same.'"—Baltimore American.

The doctor's wife went to the door. She and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp didn't know that. "De lady next door," he said, "give me a piece of her home-made pie, an' I tought—" "I'm sorry, interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."—Chicago Post.

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Railroad took off his leg." "Yes, and so providential!" "Providential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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1:45p	9:00a	12:50p
5:15p	10:00a	3:30p
11:30p	11:30a	4:45p
1:30p	1:30p	5:45p
2:35p	2:35p	6:00p

Notes: The 6:15 p.m. train stops overnight at the "Tavern of Tamalpais," generating heat at 7:20 a.m., arriving in the city at 9:25 a.m. Week Days only.
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Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

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 SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a.m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 2:00, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p.m.
 SUNDAYS—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:10, 6:25 p.m.
 † Except Saturdays.

Leave	In Effect	Arrive
San Francisco.	May 3, 1903.	San Francisco.
Week Days.	Week Days.	Week Days.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
		7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Caho, Colven, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Osen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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	Local Daily	Limited Daily	Local Daily	Overl'd Daily
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" Merced	1:20 p	1:40 p		1:28 a
" Fresno	3:20 p	3:00 p		3:15 a
" Hanford	5:00 p	3:51 p		7:56 a
" Visalia	10:25 p	4:48 p		5:00 a
" Bakersfield	7:10 p	5:50 p		7:35 a
" Kansas City		2:35 a		7:20 a
" Chicago		2:15 p		8:47 p

a for morning. p for afternoon.
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 7:45 a.m. week days does not run to Mill Valley.
 DEPART SUNDAYS—7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 11:30 a.m.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:35, 3:50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p.m.
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 3:15 p.m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
 Sundays, 8 a.m.—Cazadero and way stations.
 Sundays, 10 a.m.—Point Reyes, etc.
 Legal Holidays—Boats and trains run on Sunday time.
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Those impulsive people who continually insist that this government ought to intervene in the domestic affairs of other nations, should occasionally read the proceedings of European legislative bodies. We must not forget that the United States has frequently paid large sums of money to the families of foreigners who had been

lynched and massacred in the United States. Our government has generally taken the money from the secret service funds, and has refused satisfaction to the aggrieved foreign governments under the pretext that it has no jurisdiction over criminal offenses committed in the States. When met with the retort that when the States of the United States commit torts against powers friendly with this government, the United States should compel such States to repair such wrongdoing, the United States Government replies that it can not exercise coercion over the sovereignty of its States. Let us, therefore, go a little slowly in attempting to dictate to foreign governments how their criminal courts shall handle offenders. It is the old story of the mote and the beam.

Only three weeks ago, the Italian Chamber of Deputies was discussing the refusal of the United States to give any satisfaction for the lynching of a number of Italian subjects at Erwin, Miss., in July, 1901. The opposition interrogated the foreign secretary, Alfred Baccelli. The secretary replied that the Italian embassy and the Italian consular corps in the United States had left no stone unturned to bring the culprits to justice; but the United States Government claimed that it was utterly unable to do anything, and that the affair concerned the State of Mississippi. When asked if the Italian Government had not received money from the United States Government, Secretary Baccelli replied that the United States Government had paid some fifty thousand dollars to the families of the victims, but that the Italian Government had refused to have anything to do with such a matter, as it could not accept blood-money for the lives of its murdered subjects; still, it had not prevented the widows and children of the murdered men from receiving this money as some sort of extra-diplomatic compensation at the hands of the United States. Further interrogated, he declared that this semi-secret payment of blood-money was entirely without the purview of the Italian Government, and in no way diminished the strength of its demand for the punishment of the murderers of its subjects. He added that both President McKinley and President Roosevelt did all they could to settle the matter, but that the resistance of the individual States to the Federal government prevented any success. He closed thus: "The United States is a great nation, probably at the head of all civilized nations; but this matter of refusing satisfaction to friendly nations, whose subjects had been massacred or lynched within its borders, will ever leave a dark stain upon its reputation."

The speech of Secretary Baccelli was received with applause from both the government and the opposition deputies. This will give Americans some idea of how the United States is discussed in foreign legislatures. When it comes to matching murders, massacres, and lynchings, dishonors are easy.

Since the return of the President to Washington, his tone has led the press to believe that he will urge Postmaster-General Payne to prosecute actively the investigations of the post-office scandals. These scandals have brought out a curious story of political and personal intrigue at the capital. We give it on the authority of Walter Wellman, of the Chicago Record-Herald, who is one of the best informed correspondents in Washington. According to Mr. Wellman, Henry Cabot Lodge, junior senator from Massachusetts, and the personal and political friend of President Roosevelt, is a very ambitious and greedy politician. Not content with gobbling nearly all the Federal offices in Massachusetts, he "goes for everything in sight in Washington for his political friends." Postmaster-General Payne has come to be the trusted political advisor of

President Roosevelt. In fact, he is so close to the President that he "worries" Senator Lodge. Hence the Massachusetts senator has determined to set an infernal machine in motion which will destroy Postmaster-General Payne—destroy him politically, not physically. The easiest way to do this was to start an investigation in the Post-Office Department. Although Mr. Wellman does not say so in so many words, he implies that there is always something in the Post-Office Department which very much needs investigation.

This naïve admission by Mr. Wellman, a postal partisan, is reminiscent of the cynical French marquis, who, when he wished to get rid of an old mistress, always wrote to her thus: "I have discovered everything—farewell forever." The ruse was invariably successful. "With a mistress," remarked the marquis, "there is always something to discover."

Such, apparently, would seem to be the case with the United States Post-Office Department. Like the marquis's ruse, Mr. Lodge's intrigue was successful. The crafty senator played on the jealousies of rival chiefs in the Post-Office Department, all manner of things were brought to light, and an investigation was begun. The richness of the resulting scandals seems to have astounded everybody—perhaps even Senator Lodge, certainly Postmaster-General Payne, and possibly the President most of all. Several big men in the department have been suspended, one resigned under fire, while his wife stole his secret papers from the government safe, and two are under arrest and have been indicted by the grand jury for felony.

Our authority, Mr. Wellman, assails Senator Lodge for his "unworthy motives," and endeavors to defend the inculpated officials. In this he makes but a sorry showing. But as the officials concerned are to be tried, we will content ourselves with saying that we hope they will have justice—no man should have more, and no man should have less, even in Washington.

Again we say that this story is given on the authority of Walter Wellman, not on ours. But what an amazing tale! It sounds as if it dated from the days of the decadent Romans, when Romulus Augustulus sat on the throne of Augustus Cæsar, or from the era of the Emperors of the East, when corrupt courtiers now fawned at the feet of Byzantine potentates, and anon, whispering into the imperial ear, wrought ruin to rivals and disposed of liberty or life. Yet Mr. Wellman's tale does not date from those dark days. It is told of Washington, the capital of a great republic, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and three, and under the Presidency of that sturdy Republican, Theodore Roosevelt.

Is Mr. Wellman dreaming, or are we?

The United States Land Office officially announces that on June 15th, 1903, one million acres of land in California will be thrown open to entry. This may be taken up either under the desert land act or as homesteads in one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tracts. The strip stretches from Mojave to the Colorado River.

We wish to warn all intending settlers to let this land alone. There is a good deal of talk about "making the desert blossom as the rose." Some deserts blossom, but not this one. Nobody will ever do more for this desert than Mother Nature has done. The only blooming that nature has brought about there is that its freckled bosom blossoms with large alkali pustules or pimples, punctuated with sagebrush and cactus. This sums up the flora of the new promised land. The fauna includes jack-rabbits, horn-toads, lizards, Gila monsters, and venomous snakes. The soil is coarse sand and gravel, and on top of the coarse

CALIFORNIA
SETTLERS,
BEWARE!

gravel there is a fine alkali powder which, when the wind blows—and the wind blows often—sweeps over this scorched and barren land like the dreaded sandstorms of the Sahara, which, by the way, they much resemble. Even far to the south-west, across the lofty mountain ranges, these desert sand-storms sometimes sweep, reaching the favored dwellers in Southern California in the midst of their orange groves. Even this distant touch of the desert winds causes trees to wither, grass to scorch, and men and animals to suffer keenly. Over this dreadful desert the sun moves like a ball of fire across a sky of brass. Rarely does a cloud break the intensity of its pitiless rays.

Those credulous persons who may believe that this is the kind of desert which, by irrigation, may be turned into a garden, are doomed to disappointment. There is no water on this desert strip. The waters of the Colorado may be led on the lands of the Yuma Desert; but that is far lower in level than are these. Much of this Mojave strip is at an elevation of two or three thousand feet. As for artesian water, the writer personally knows of one well which was bored for nearly two thousand feet, ending in igneous rock, and producing nothing but profanity.

The last hope for the settler on this barren land would be the discovery of the precious metals. They may exist there. We do not say they can not be found. But we know that the land has been prospected by experienced miners for half a century. If a tenderfoot can find a gold mine where an old California miner fails, he is a smart tenderfoot. But we doubt his success.

We warn all Eastern people not to be deluded by false even if well-meaning representations concerning this strip of land between Mojave and the Colorado River. It is strewn with the skeletons of prospectors, the bones of animals. It is a Place of Skulls.

The dense ignorance which prevails in the East touching the West, and particularly the Pacific Coast, is made plain by the recent pother concerning fuel. Since the great coal strike last winter, the fuel question has deeply impressed the Atlantic States. In many places fuel rose to famine prices, and at some places it could not be obtained at all. This plight led to the stories of "prominent citizens" holding up trains and confiscating coal enough for their domestic uses.

These facts have caused the American consuls abroad to be assailed with letters from American citizens at home concerning artificial fuels in use in Europe. The writers particularly seek for information concerning the machinery and processes used in Germany, France, and Austria for the manufacture of briquettes from lignite, peat, coal-dust, sawdust, etc. The American consul-general at Berlin has written a pamphlet on the subject, giving much information. He is quoted in the *New York Evening Post*, which comments on the vast output of briquette factories in Germany—millions of tons of briquettes annually. The *Post*, quoting an American engineer, says: "In the United States we haven't got beyond the stage where a more or less experimental machine press under a wooden shed is considered a briquette factory."

Now all of this discussion, and the discovery that coal-dust, sawdust, and other debris can be made into excellent briquettes for fuel, ignores utterly the fact that in California such an industry has been carried on for some years. True, we have not yet begun using the vast accumulations of sawdust from our lumber mills. We devote that principally, at present, to filling up our magnificent mountain streams and poisoning the fish. We have limitless quantities of crude petroleum; we have sawdust to burn. Some day we will put the two together, and out of the compound make more briquettes. But even with this oversight, we still are making briquettes from coal-dust, and have been for years. It is true that, in point of population, California is a very small part of Uncle Sam's domain. Still, the dense ignorance concerning us shown on the other side of the continent, while it may be unflattering to us, is equally unflattering to the Atlantic intellect.

The Southern Pacific Company has been testing the worth of its engineers. Danger-signals have been set along its lines, with the result that many engineers have dashed off without regarding them. Switch-lights have been passed unheeded. Semaphore-signals also had no

effect; fuses between the rails sent forth fierce red flames which were not noticed; torpedoes exploded unheard, while the trains tore by at the rate of forty miles an hour. As a result the company has suspended some thirty men; they have not been discharged, but simply relieved from duty for a time. It is probable that this strictness on the part of the company will result in more watchfulness on the part of the engineers.

Incredible as it may seem, this action of the company in safeguarding its trains has been severely criticised by a part of the daily press. These papers have denounced the company for "setting false signals" and "false lights," for "hoaxing employees," and as "taking desperate chances on killing or maiming engineers and firemen." It seems to us that the company, on the other hand, is trying to avoid the chances of killing or maiming passengers.

The same newspapers bitterly attack the company when there is an accident on its lines, as witness the mysterious derauling of the Coast Line Limited near Santa Barbara last week. Yet when the company takes perfectly defensible—nay, praiseworthy—measures for ensuring the vigilance of its employees and the safety of its passengers, the same part of the press attack it.

As to the accusations of "bad faith" and "false signals," they are so puerile as to be grotesque. Not a first-class passenger ship ever crosses the Atlantic without a "false fire-alarm" being given at least once each trip. Neither crew nor passengers ever know whether the alarm is false or real. As a result there is never any panic. The writer knows personally of a case where a fire broke out on the weather side of the promenade deck of a big Atlantic liner. The passengers were, as usual, all on the lee side. They heard the fire-alarm; they witnessed with idle curiosity the crew taking their stations; they went below to dinner; they noticed that some of the stewards were absent; but they did not learn until three days later, when they got into port, that a fierce fire had been put out on the starboard side of the ship while they were at dinner.

Correspondingly, there is neither harm nor wrong in setting false danger-signals along railway lines. If the engineers get used to stopping for false danger-signals, they certainly will stop for real ones. As to "danger" from danger-signals, that is what the signals mean. If the engineers are going to jump and break their necks when they see false danger-signals, soon all the cowards' necks will be broken, and the engines will then be run by brave men.

The commencement exercises of the San Diego High School were boycotted by the graduating class. It seems that a week before commencement day, some members of the senior class broke into the school building, painted their class number on the roof, and otherwise damaged the property. Six of these marauders were brought before the school trustees, and suspended. At this suspension, the senior class took umbrage. Hence the boycott.

This is a curious incident to take place in a small commercial city, in a republic, in the year 1903. The cultivation of "class spirit" in colleges is a survival of the old mediæval university idea, when educational institutions were frequently monastic, sometimes cloistral, and often walled fortresses in the midst of busy trafficking towns. The monks, the fellows, the pedagogues, or the professors, as the case might be, who presided over these halls of learning, were antipathetic to the burghers of the town surrounding them. Young men are easily influenced—they readily imbibed the antipathy of their preceptors for the burghers. Thus the university became a force arrayed against the surrounding city. It was student against city, town against gown. As time went on, the feeling became so strong that individual quarrels easily led to general rows; rows often bred riots; riots sometimes led to bloody battles between students and burghers; in which the cry of "town" or "gown" was the slogan of the contending factions.

Logically, the fostering of the "university spirit" led to the evolution of the "class spirit." While all the classes were allied against the "townies," they were sometimes hostile to one another. Out of this grew "hazing" and "faggotting." Gradually they came to arrange themselves by years. The second-year men were hostile to the first-year, but not unkindly disposed toward the fourth-year men. But there still remained the old university spirit—the feeling of hostility toward the burgher or shop-keeper, of which spirit "town and gown" was the battle-cry.

Many of the old university ideas have become general in the United States. We are a democratic community, but the cloistral fashions of mediæval monastic universities have prevailed over our republican ideas. The present writer was at New Haven on Baccalaureate Sunday some thirteen years ago, when for the first time the youths of Yale paraded for the edification of their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, in mortar-boards and gowns. It caused an immense sensation throughout scholastic America. It was sneered at in the

West. But all the same it made its way. For some years now the fashion has prevailed even on the Pacific Coast.

There is a limit to mediæval university ideas in democratic America. We think the limit may be drawn at the public schools. If anything belongs distinctively to "town" rather than to "gown," it is the American public school. The youthful students of the middle ages were generally the sons of the nobility and gentry, and their hostility to "townies" was partly based on the fact that the youth of the town were the sons of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. But in this, our democratic land, the youth who attend the rural public schools are farmers' sons; those in the urban public schools are the butcher's, the baker's, and the candlestick maker's sons. For such young men to imitate the monkey-like destructiveness which is only tolerable because traditional in ancient European institutions, yet which is ridiculous even there—for such youths, we say, to imitate the supercilious pranks of fantastic mediæval dandies who looked down on city youths because they were shop-keepers' sons, and tore down signs and tore off doors because they belonged to shop-keepers—for these youths to indulge in such performances as mutilating wooden school buildings, erected for the children of the whole community, from burghers to beggars, and paid for by taxes taken from the tills of their fathers' shops—all this is calculated to make a horse laugh.

We advise the San Diego board of education to swear out warrants for the arrest of these mediæval young house-breakers, have them tried, and then sent to the industrial school. They need it more than they need the public school.

Investigations now being carried on by the secret service of the United States have resulted in making it appear that the South, in addition to its campaign to render inoperative the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, is also engaged in nullifying the Thirteenth Amendment, which provides that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." This does not mean that slavery of the ante-bellum variety is yet re-established in the South, but it does mean that in some portions of that section, notably certain counties of Georgia and Alabama, a system of negro servitude prevails which is akin to the abolished institution, and might, if left to grow, become a substantial renewal of negro slavery. This system of peonage is worked through the courts with the connivance of officials under laws which permit the State to sell the labor of its convicts. It is recited that charges are trumped up against negroes, that they are then fined by the complacent magistrates before whom they are taken, and the fines collected by selling the negroes to those who desire their labor. The master takes a contract from the negro to work for an excessive period in payment of the fine, and they are taken to the plantations of turpentine camps, where they are kept in stockades, and compelled to work as much longer than their contracts as their masters can invent petty fines and penalties to keep them. The condition of the negro while in this bondage is said to be worse than in the days of slavery. He is locked up at night, cruelly whipped for trivial causes, and, if he attempts to escape, is tracked down with blood-hounds and taken back. This kind of slave traffic has been discovered in the counties about Montgomery, Alabama, and in Lowndes County, Ga. It was first brought to the attention of the Department of Justice by United States Attorney Reese at Montgomery, who received instructions from the Attorney-General to proceed against the offenders, and under such instructions several arrests have been made. Considerable evidence covering specific instances are now in the hands of the government officials, who, by vigorous prosecutions and punishments, propose to furnish some deterrent examples. The power of the United States has been invoked because it was found impossible to make any headway with the aid of the authorities of the neighborhood, where wrongs against a negro are of less consequence than the mistreatment of a mule. Congress was empowered to enforce the Thirteenth Amendment by legislation, and has provided that any person who aids in the arrest or return of any person to a condition of peonage shall be punished by a fine not less than \$1,000, nor more than \$5,000, or by punishment of not less than a year, or more than five or years, or both. There is sufficient power and authority, and the reports say that there are ample facts at hand to enable the national officials to go ahead and stamp out the nefarious business.

The failure of J. Eppinger & Co., grain dealers, seems to grow worse the more it is investigated. Sifting out the immaterial, the essential facts seem to be that the firm has been speculating unwisely for a long time; that, last fall, in company with three other firms (Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Girvin & Eyre, and George W. McNear & Co.), forming the "Big Four," it found itself with many ships chartered early at high rates, while the current rates were low, short of grain to load with the price soaring, and faced, for the first time in years, by sharp competition outside the Big Four; that this combination of circumstances brought disastrous losses; that, in an endeavor to recoup this spring, money was borrowed on every available asset, and wheat sold short for future delivery in expectation of a big crop; that, on account of bad wheat weather, the crop has shrunk 40 per cent, involving big losses on short sales, when, the firm, being pressed by creditors, failed. More serious than these evidences merely of poor judgment is the strong suspicion that, in the desperate straits in which the firm found itself this spring, it issued warehouse receipts for grain not in existence, and borrowed money upon them. It is particularly stated, for example, that the company issued receipts for 22,000 tons of grain in the Port Costa warehouse when only 4,500 were really there. The

FUEL,
EAST
AND WEST.

MEDIÆVAL
SAN DIEGO
STUDENTS.

A
BAD
FAILURE.

ENGINEERS
AND DANGER-
SIGNALS.

offense, if committed, is a serious one, punishable by a fine of \$5,000, or imprisonment for not exceeding five years, or both. Only a minute investigation can establish or disprove the fact. The liabilities, according to Henry Ach, attorney for the firm, are "something between \$1,250,000 and \$1,400,000, and the assets \$600,000 to \$700,000. But," he says, further, "liabilities always expand and assets contract; the liabilities may exceed the realization on the assets under forced sale by \$1,000,000." The creditors, with one exception, are likely to be paid pro rata from the assets under insolvency proceedings. The exception is the London, Paris and American Bank, creditor for \$357,000, which professes to have title to 20,000 acres of land, worth the full amount of its claim. If the bank's title is legally unassailable, the other creditors will get, at the best, from 20 to 30 cents on the dollar. These creditors, with their approximate claims, are as follows:

Anglo-Californian Bank, \$65,000; American National Bank, \$77,000; Bank of Monterey, \$35,000; Colusa County Bank, \$110,000; Comptoir National d'Escompte, \$50,000; First National Bank of Fresno, \$10,000; First National Bank of Stockton, \$15,000; International Banking Corporation, \$30,000; Isaac Kohn, \$105,000; London and San Francisco Bank, \$90,000; Nevada National Bank, \$50,000; San Francisco Savings Union, \$50,000; Wells-Fargo Bank, \$45,000; Bank of Woodland, \$22,000; Bank of Yolo, \$55,000; M. Blum & Co., \$30,000; Thomas Abell, \$40,000; C. W. Clark, \$12,000; sundry creditors, \$50,000.

British politics is just now deeply stirred over a proposal so to modify the economic policy of the United Kingdom as to threaten the continuance of free trade and substitute a policy in which protective measures are prominent. Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, is the spokesman of the new scheme, which he announced in an address at Birmingham on May 15th. For six years or more, Mr. Chamberlain has been deeply enamored with schemes for imperial federation. The present suggestion is part of it, but the author himself has changed his position. Originally, he made the acceptance of free trade within the empire an essential preliminary to British duties against the foreigner in favor of the colonial, for which some of the dependencies, notably Canada, were clamoring. No substantial agreement has resulted, because the colonies could not afford to forego the revenue derived from British manufactured imports. Neither would they agree to a political federation in which they would be taxed for the defense of the empire without representation in Parliament. There was considerable colonial favor, however, for a tariff federation, with preferential treatment of British goods. So, the imperialists being confined to a federation by tariffs only, Mr. Chamberlain has abandoned his demand for inter-empire free trade, and makes the adoption of a preference for colonial products his electoral platform to be used when the occasion arises, be it next week or next year. Briefly stated, his tariff scheme proposes that by virtue of its rates British people at home shall be mainly fed with food grown under the British flag, while the colonies and dependencies shall be supplied with goods mainly manufactured in the United Kingdom. It means a tax on the foreigner for the purpose of protection. Canada is generally favorable to the plan, for it is in line with the preferential tariff on British goods which that colony has steadily been urging. New Zealand and South Africa, while not enthusiastic, seem willing to give it a trial. Australian sentiment is also fairly favorable. At home, however, protection has not had smooth sailing, though offered under the guise of imperial unity. It is there questioned whether it is more than a political move to distract attention from internal questions, and save the present ministry from threatened overthrow. Lord Rosebery is opposed, and his party organs predict that as Gladstone split his party by insisting on home-rule for Ireland, so Chamberlain, if he succeeds, "will shatter the unionist party into fragments." Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord Ripon agree that the new departure "would be a fruitful cause of dispute between the mother country and the colonies, and of conflict with foreign countries." Mr. Chamberlain's argument that protection would increase wages "three or four times" has not won the support of British workmen. The latter contend that dear food and high prices, which are certain to result, are more alarming to them than a phenomenal increase of wages is enticing. They are less concerned about the healthy and prosperous colonies than about their own personal conditions. At the reconvention of Parliament on Tuesday the situation became acute. Premier Balfour, while admitting that the question of preferential tariffs might wisely be discussed at this time, refused to sanction Chamberlain's plan. Other members of the Conservative party attacked Chamberlain vigorously. It was reported he was about to resign. On Wednesday, however, Balfour eloquently answered objectors by declaring that on so vast a question it was foolish to pass at once a final judgment. He asserted that he had an "open mind" on the subject, and so long as he had, he would not compel a colleague (Chamberlain) to conform. Thus, according to press accounts, "by agreeing to differ," Balfour has "saved Chamberlain." The question is, Will Chamberlain now continue his propaganda or drop it?

FREE TRADE VS. PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

A singular state of affairs has been brought to light through the action of this city's health department in seizing thirty thousand bottles of Apollinaris water which were purchased several years ago by the Federal government, shipped to the Philippines for military use, found unusable by the authorities there, and reshipped to San Francisco to be here disposed of. It is not clear that this Apollinaris water is actually injurious to health, but it is said to be "still" and flat, and about as undrinkable as a liquid could well be after knocking about the tropics for four or five years. But why is the government making merchandise of suspicious water at all? If the Apollinaris is bad for soldiers it certainly can not be very good for civilians. And besides this, it is intimated that the recent action is only "according to the usual government procedure"! The people of San Francisco will be pleased at that. Spoiled pork, embalmed beef, moldy hard-tack are alleged by the local health officers to have more than once been brought from the Philippines, where they had been condemned, and sold in San Francisco markets by a wise and benevolent government, whose legislative branch last year passed a "pure-food" law. Evidently a back-acting "pure-food" law is the kind of a "pure-food" law badly needed—a United States Government "pure-food" law that will convict the United States Government and send it to the lock-up.

Shortly after midnight on June 11th a palace revolution wrought the death of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia. Some of their immediate following were also assassinated. Prince Karageorgevitch has been proclaimed king. This new monarch's family have long been pretenders to the Serbian throne. He is a grandson of the original "Black George"—the whole name, "Karageorgevitch," meaning "Black George's Son." In 1838 the then Karageorgevitch pretender secured possession of the Serbian throne, but the European powers intervened and terminated his brief reign. The new monarch is a grandson of a swineherd, and therefore not obnoxious to the Serbian people. The murdered king, Alexander, was a son of Milan, fifth of the Ohrenovitch dynasty, whose founder, by the way, was another swineherd. In America, it is said, there is but one generation from shirt-sleeves back to shirt-sleeves. In Serbia there is apparently but one from swineherding back to the husks of the swine. King Milan, the father of Alexander, was most emphatically a prodigal son. He was a blackguard king, an unfaithful son, an unfaithful husband, and a depraved father. Out of such a father's loins only a rascal could spring, and the late and unlamented Alexander was most emphatically a rascal. Like father like son. The mother of the late king, Queen Natalie—who was abandoned by the father, King Milan, and spurned by the son, King Alexander—now lives in exile in France.

ASSASSINATION OF SERBIAN MONARCHS.

Over the death of this scion of royal rascaldom and his left-handed royal consort, there has been apparently no mourning in Serbia. The populace are cheering King Black George and illuminating their capital city. The immediate cause of the murder is the suspension of the constitution by King Alexander. Various tales are told of the assassination. Some have it that the king slew Colonel Naumovics, his adjutant, who hurst in the door of the royal bedchamber; others that Naumovics slew the king; yet another statement is that the king shot the queen when the conspirators hurst in the door. A Berlin narrative of the palace tragedy is even more dramatic. It makes out that the king and queen fled in their night-clothes, and were shot down by the assassins on the palace roof. These varying narratives will perhaps never be made to accord. It is so with royal tragedies. The world does not yet know the truth concerning the death of Rudolph of Hapsburg, son of the Austrian emperor.

King Karageorgevitch is a son-in-law of the Prince of Montenegro, who is a pet of the Russian court. Therefore, it is probable that Russia may not disapprove of his accession, even though it be a bloody one. Furthermore, the late King Alexander was not allied to any reigning house; there will, therefore, be no distressed royal relatives attempting to overturn the new government. But the assassination of any crowned head causes great perturbation in royal circles in Europe. For their own safety they may be apt to bring about the punishment of the assassins.

In one of the San Francisco dailies, a Japanese ranch-hand advertises that he is "honest, kind, and gentle." He utterly fails to say whether he will stand without hitching. By contrast we read in the dispatches that a Montana ranch-hand named Gabriel had applied for a warrant for the arrest of a rancher who hitched him to a plow and drove him beside a mule. Gabriel says he was in debt to the rancher, and that the latter forced him to work the debt out, using him as a beast of burden. The "gentle" Jap who is advertising for a job would seem better fitted for Gabriel's job than was Gabriel himself. There is one point in the matter, however, which is not entirely clear. We learn from this protest that Gabriel thought himself disgraced by being hitched up with a mule. But the dispatch is darkly silent as to what the mule thought of Gabriel.

A RANCH-HAND WHO WILL STAND.

The politicians of the Sunny South are figuring upon the possibilities of the next senatorial election. They have decided that they do not want Senator Bard to succeed himself, and there are innumerable statesmen down there who are convinced that they could fill his position very satisfactorily to themselves and to the public. James McLachlan, congressman from the Los Angeles district, Henry T. Oxnard, who combines beet-sugar and politics, and U. S. Grant, Jr., are among the aspirants. In order to have any possibilities, however, it is necessary to get Senator Bard out of the way, and the programme is to nominate him for Vice-President. There is a point that the programmers have overlooked—the consent of Senator Bard himself.

POLITICAL PROMOTERS IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Mayor Schmitz last year vetoed a lot of salary items in the budget. The supervisors objected to his veto, and passed the budget over his head. This year the mayor has sent a message to the supervisors, while the budget is still in their hands, recommending that items amounting to \$172,000 be cut from the salary roll and appropriations for other current expenses, and added to the allowance for permanent improvements. The mayor is on the right track. It is, as

THE MAYOR TRIES TO THROW OUT THE LOAFERS.

he says, not sound business for the city to devote nearly six millions of dollars yearly to salaries and wages, "and probably less than \$350,000 for all improvements, repairs, and betterments to streets, sewers, public buildings, and parks." Every intelligent business man knows that the clerical employees of the city do so little work in proportion to their pay that they would not for a moment be tolerated in any well-conducted office. If the mayor, by cutting out a few useless employees, can reduce the vast volume of City Hall soldiering, it will be a good thing. The supervisors, if they are wise, will think a long time before they repeat their action of last year.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT HAS RECENTLY GAINED AN UNENVIABLE NOTORIETY. ONE OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IS A QUARREL BETWEEN SECOND-ASSISTANT POST- MASTER-GENERAL SHALLENGER AND THIRD- ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL MADDEN, AND IT

is all about the loss of registered mail matter, for the loss of which there is no excuse. Assistant Madden claims that when registered mail matter is lost the clerk who is responsible for the loss shall make it good. To the average person this would sound like a reasonable proposition, but Assistant Shallenherger is not an average person. To his mind the person who works for the government should not be required to perform the duties for which he is paid, and it is a gross injustice to require him to make good the loss that results from his negligence. The discussion between the two assistants resulted in a deadlock, for the great majority of those who have been responsible for the loss of registered matter are under the supervision of Assistant Shallenherger, and he refuses to permit the loss to be charged to them. The dispute was referred to Postmaster-General Payne, but he was too busy investigating other scandals in the department, so it has been referred to a commission.

There is war among the publishers of school text-books.

WHEN PUBLISHERS FALL OUT.

Every year the school department advertises for bids for certain supplies, and every year heretofore there has been one bid, the various companies having formed an agreement to avoid competition. This year, however, there was a break in the programme. The American Book Company has withdrawn from the combination, and is exhibiting a tendency to talk out in meeting. The agent of the company says that the three houses that have controlled the jobbing trade here—Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, Payot, Upham & Co., and the Whittaker Ray Company—have combined against the public, and that the American Book Company has decided to make them sell books at a reasonable price. The combination between these houses, according to Mr. Gunn, by which they have been enabled to charge what they please, has existed for many years, and they have charged exorbitant rates. The retail price in some instances is forty-three per cent. above the wholesale price. The company threatens to start a store of its own here.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has taken up the problem of the noisy Fourth in an effective manner. He has issued a proclamation prohibiting the discharge of cannons, guns, pistols, revolvers, dynamite, cannon crackers, or other firearms on the Fourth. Displays of fireworks, rockets, crackers, torpedoes, and other explosives, not prohibited as firearms, will be permitted in vacant lots and streets, but not in alleys, hack yards, or confined spaces. The example of Mayor Harrison should be followed in other cities. This silly method of celebrating the Fourth should be stopped. Every year thousands of dollars worth of property is destroyed. Every year hundreds of people are killed or injured. Every year the senseless celebration of the Fourth is succeeded by a protest against the method of celebration. It is time that the protest came in advance, and that the waste of life and property be ended.

FOR A QUIET FOURTH.

There are some papers that are still sceptical regarding the Western Pacific Railway, but the work that the company (according to the *Chronicle*) is actually doing should put an end to all doubt. It has already spent nearly a million dollars to secure rights of way and terminal privileges. More than four hundred thousand dollars was spent in Oakland in the purchase of a majority frontage on the streets where the company desired a right of way. Seventy-five acres of marsh land have been bought in the neighborhood of Islais Creek in this city for terminal purposes; property has been acquired at Dumhart Point, and at other places in Alameda County. A right of way has been secured through Stockton. Grading for the track is going on in Oakland, and surveying parties are in the field routing the line in the northern part of the State.

PROGRESS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

At its recent annual meeting the Merchants' Association received a report on the construction of the "safety station" for those hoarding the Market Street cars in the neighborhood of the Lotta Fountain. This station structure is fifty feet long and six feet wide, constructed of concrete raised five inches above the level of the street, and protected by ornamental huffers placed at each corner. It was built at an expense of five hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty-five cents, and has attracted general attention in other cities, Chicago being the first to adopt the idea. Other important suggestions of the association have been acted upon. The proposition of having grooved rails for street railways was laid before the supervisors, and adopted by them. Third Street, where a new track is being laid, is the first to receive this kind of rail. Advocacy of the widening of Third Street has resulted in plans appropriating a portion of the sidewalk widening the roadway ten feet.

GOOD WORK OF MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Government breaking its own laws.

THE GOVERNMENT BREAKING ITS OWN LAWS.

The action of this city's health department in seizing thirty thousand bottles of Apollinaris water which were purchased several years ago by the Federal government, shipped to the Philippines for military use, found unusable by the authorities there, and reshipped to San Francisco to be here disposed of. It is not clear that this Apollinaris water is actually injurious to health, but it is said to be "still" and flat, and about as undrinkable as a liquid could well be after knocking about the tropics for four or five years. But why is the government making merchandise of suspicious water at all? If the Apollinaris is bad for soldiers it certainly can not be very good for civilians. And besides this, it is intimated that the recent action is only "according to the usual government procedure"! The people of San Francisco will be pleased at that. Spoiled pork, embalmed beef, moldy hard-tack are alleged by the local health officers to have more than once been brought from the Philippines, where they had been condemned, and sold in San Francisco markets by a wise and benevolent government, whose legislative branch last year passed a "pure-food" law. Evidently a back-acting "pure-food" law is the kind of a "pure-food" law badly needed—a United States Government "pure-food" law that will convict the United States Government and send it to the lock-up.

THE PUNISHMENT OF BIG RED.

How the Indians Revenged a Faro-Dealer's Death.

"Hold on there, pardner; let that money alone."

Red's voice sounded like the snarl of a coyote. He got half out of his chair as he spoke, one hand dropping in menace to the butt of the six-shooter at his hip, and the other reaching out restrainingly toward the dealer, who was in the act of removing from the layout a pile of chips from which Red had taken his hand but a few moments before.

The other players moved uneasily in their seats, getting their feet into position for quick movement, and the crowd of on-lookers, banked in a half-circle at their backs, pushed toward the ends of the table, leaving plenty of room in Red's immediate vicinity for the passage of possible bullets, but craning their necks to see the matter in dispute. Elsewhere in the room it attracted no attention whatever. The whir and clatter of the roulette wheel came unbrokenly, and there was no pause in the stud-poker dealer's monotonous calling of the cards, or the rattle of dice at the crap-table; the dark-faced Mexican dealing monte in the corner shot a glance in the direction of the faro-table, but that was all. From the bar in the front room came boisterous laughter and the clinking of glasses, and the jingle and grit of spurs everywhere mingled with the hum of excited voices.

"Don't yuh hear me—put that bet down an' pay it." Red's wicked little eyes were flashing with rising anger, and his hand descended toward the chips in dispute.

But the dealer's slender white fingers closed about the pile before he could touch them. "Why shouldn't I take it?" he answered, coolly; "it was open, and the card lost."

"Not by a d—n sight!" Red snapped; "th' copper was on till yuh knocked it off. I won, I tell yuh. Pay me, an' be mighty *pronto* about it, or I'll—"

"Throw up your hands—quick!" the dealer interrupted, sharply, but without raising his voice above its usual low tone. With lightning-like movement he had whipped a cocked revolver from under the table, and the surprised Red was gazing into its unwavering muzzle. There came a slight contraction of the facial muscles of the man holding it, a steely glint crept into his eyes, and, warned by these signals not to trifle, Red slowly raised his hands to a point a few inches above his head, the fiery red of his face fading away into a ghastly yellow of fear.

"No, I'm not going to pay that bet. I'm dead onto your game, Mr. Big Red Wallace," the dealer said, with mocking politeness; "I saw you knock the copper off yourself, just before the turn. An' I'm dead onto you; you've shot a woman and killed two unarmed men, an' so you've got a reputation as a killer, an' I think you're mighty bad medicine. But you're a cur, a mangy, low-down cur, th' biggest brute an' bully in Arizona, an' I'd make dead meat of you right now, only you aint worth the burying. That's all; now git out."

The color surged back to Red's face, giving it an expression of deadly hatred, and getting up, he turned and went slouching away along the lane the crowd opened for him, his blood boiling with rage at the snicker with which the on-lookers welcomed his discomfiture. In the front room he paused at the bar to swallow a glass of whisky, and then went on to the door. A dog got in his way, and a savage kick from his heavy boot sent it yelping down the street; he was in a savage mood, his heart was driving the blood to his brain so furiously that he could not think coherently, but he was conscious of supreme humiliation that he, the terror of whole counties, had been held up and kicked out of a gambling-house in the sight of a hundred men. He rushed out into the street. It chanced that an inoffensive Chinaman happened to be passing the door at that moment, and with a howl of joy Red leaped on him. There followed a ki-yi of fright and a whoop of triumph; then the luckless Celestial went scurrying down the street, leaving Red dancing about in drunken glee, brandishing his knife in one hand, and swinging the Chinaman's queue in the other.

Tiring after awhile of this diversion, Red started down the dilapidated street. Like many a better man he had a reputation to sustain, a reputation, like the other's, to which its owner was not justly entitled, but which public opinion compelled him to maintain. A green, inoffensive countryman, drifting to Arizona from a farm in some Eastern State, accident had made of him what he was. Attacked in a fight in which he was taking no part, a much heavier man knocked him down and was kicking him, and dazed, almost unconsciously, he had defended himself by shooting his assailant dead. That deed gave him envied standing with his rough associates, but a standing that he was compelled to uphold within the year by killing another man, who was trying to earn the glory of killing a killer, and in the latter encounter it chanced that a bullet from his revolver struck a woman, inflicting a slight wound. After that he had only to bully and bluster and threaten to be thought a bad man, and being naturally a coward he had formed the habit of bolstering his courage with the fiery liquors sold on the frontier. But that was now all at an end; if he did not "make good" even the Mexicans would treat him with contempt.

Ten hours later the sun was down, and he was standing silently in the black darkness, near the stream of light that poured from the open door of the gambling-

house. His right hand held a cocked revolver, and he was watching the door as intently as a cat watches a rat-hole. A dozen times he was disappointed in the man coming out, and as often his hand was raised and lowered again, but the thirteenth time his arm straightened rigidly, and a jet of flame burst from the weapon. The next moment he was standing over the corpse of the gambler, in fiendish glee emptying his revolver into it.

There was no interference with him. The gambler was a man with a long record as a man-killer; he was an able man with the revolver, and fully capable of attending to his own affairs; he had made a mistake in his estimate of Red, for which he had paid, and clearly that was all there was to it. No doubt Red would see to having him buried the next morning, in compliance with the polite custom governing such affairs, which was all that remained to be done. For as long as two minutes, perhaps, the games inside were suspended, and then went ahead again.

Leaving his victim where he had fallen, trusting to the neighborly offices of admirers to remove the body to a place of temporary keeping, Red swaggered into the bar and ordered drinks for the crowd, an invitation that was accepted with alacrity by all present. He drank deeply and often for an hour, between whiles bragging and relating boisterously how he had "made good" on his reputation; and, finally, threatening with the same fate all who might ever cross his path, he went reeling out into the street. He was in a state of great exhilaration; his courage was up, and urging him on to further deeds of daring. Twenty miles away lay a ranch where lived a man that was his mortal enemy, and now that he was in the humor for such work, he would go and wipe out his score with him.

Finding his way to the corral, he caught and saddled his horse, and, mounting with some difficulty, started out across the prairie. It was getting near midnight, which, with the effects of the whisky on his brain, made him sleepy; the easy gallop of his horse had a soothing effect, and he had gone scarcely five miles before his chin was drooping upon his breast, his eyes closed, and his hands dangling idly at his sides.

It was broad daylight when he awoke; rubbing his eyes and looking about, he cursed long and loud at discovering that he was miles away from the trail; the horse, finding himself at liberty to choose his own road, was making for the home ranch by the nearest way. Red's next discovery was that he was furiously thirsty. Stopping the horse, he put his hand to his brow and began searching with his eyes the peaks of the tall hills around him, presently making out upon the top of the tallest two small points that stood close together and pointed skyward: piles of rock placed there by Indians so long ago that even the tribes themselves knew nothing of who had erected them; they signified that there was water somewhere in their neighborhood. For an hour Red rode toward the peak upon which they stood, and, reaching its base, turned to one side to ride around it. Now it could be seen that the two heaps leaned slightly southward, and going in that direction Red soon brought the two in line, when he again changed his course to ride straight away from the hill. He was now in very rough country; high, rocky hills shut him in on both sides, and the ground under his horse was broken by deep arroyos, and here and there a strip of ancient lava. It seemed that he would perish before finding the water, but at last he came upon it in a deep pool worn by a rainy-season waterfall at the base of the cliff it poured over, and both man and horse drank deeply.

His thirst quenched, Red rolled a cigarette and sat in the shade of a rock smoking and thinking. Should he go back and get his man? he asked himself. He was sober now, and with the going of the whisky his courage had evaporated, and his money was all gone; he could get no more liquor until another pay-day. No, he decided at last, he would save him for the next time he went to town; his reputation would not suffer in the meantime. Besides, he was tired, and the sun was hot; it was far pleasanter lying there in the shade, smoking and dozing, than it would be in the saddle. He was not hungry; thanks to the whisky he had drunk, he would have no appetite for a day or two.

He was in the midst of his fourth cigarette, and gazing through half-closed lids down the ravine in front of him, when he saw something that sent him to his feet on the instant, wideawake and keenly alert. It was a human face, dark brown, fierce, and framed in a mass of long, black hair, that was kept in place by a band of red cloth about the forehead. Only a moment it peered at him from above a rock, and then was gone from sight; any other man might have questioned his eyes, it appeared for so short a time, but Red had seen an Apache buck before, and his knowledge of that Indian's characteristics gave him to know that he was in great luck to have seen him at all; his presence there was as surprising to the Indian, himself hunting water, as was the Indian's to him, else a bullet would have been his first intimation that an Apache was near. Red's horse stood a few yards away, getting his breakfast from a patch of bunch grass, and he started toward the animal on the run, but had not taken a dozen steps, when the crack of a rifle came from down the ravine, and the horse sank quivering to the ground, shot through the heart.

With a burst of profanity, Red stopped, hesitated a moment, then ran to the horse's side and snatched up his rifle from its scabbard, and went scurrying back

to the rocks. The falling water had scooped out the face of the cliff, making a shallow cave, and had rolled down from above a huge boulder that lay partly inside the cavern, half filling the entrance. Not an instant too soon to dodge a second bullet, which knocked a chip from the cliff at his side, Red darted to cover inside the cave. As when "covered" by the gambler, his face was yellow with fear, and he was quivering in every muscle; he was almost sobbing, and his breath was coming in gasps. The Indian was only a scout, he knew, and if he could only wing him before the rest of the band came up, he stood a good chance to get away. Cautiously he crept to the side of the boulder, and pushed out his rifle, but his rapidly beating heart was sending the blood into his eyes in such a torrent that he could hardly see, and his hands were shaking so violently that he could not hold the rifle still. With an oath, he drew back and fell to cursing softly, cursing his luck, cursing the Apache, and cursing the country and himself. His face was drawn and twitching with terror, and great drops of perspiration were running down it. For several minutes he raved like a man insane, and then grew quiet again. No sound coming from the Indian, he slowly regained control of his faculties. What would the boys think to see him penned up like a rat in a trap by a single Apache, he wondered. His fancy pictured their contempt.

A brave man would have lost no time in making a dash to escape before the rest of the Apache band should come up. Already, as he could see through a crevice, a slender column of smoke was curling upward from behind the mass of rock hiding the Indian, and two answering columns were ascending from the crest of a ridge five miles away. Red thought of trying to escape, even planned for it, and went so far as to push his coat with the muzzle of his rifle to where the Apache could see it; but his nerve failed him at the critical moment, the instant following the shot the Indian sent into his coat, when, with the other's rifle empty, he could have got a start of at least a few yards. Instead, he drew back, shivering and cursing again, and the opportunity passed. Half an hour afterward he caught sight of an Apache dodging from one rock to another, and fired, but with such nervous aim that he missed; and the next instant a dozen rifle balls made white spots on the rocks about him.

Cursing himself for having let his last chance to get away escape him, he shrank back from his loophole, fearful lest a bullet enter it, and lay face downward on the ground. The Apaches, too, were content to remain inactive; it was more to their taste to wait for hunger and thirst to force the white man out than to risk their lives in rushing him. And Red was already getting quite thirsty; he had been more than two hours without water, and with his entire system fevered by the vile whisky he had drunk the previous evening, that was a long time; and the sun creeping around to the south, was now pouring its blistering rays in upon him, fast drawing the last particle of moisture from his quivering body. That there was plenty of water in the pool less than a dozen feet away served only to increase his misery, as he did not dare to venture from behind the boulder to get any of it; short as was the distance, to traverse it was suicidal.

The Apache is inured from infancy to the hardships of desert life, to its heat and thirst, and so endures cheerfully conditions that mean death to the white man; a few hours without water in the burning sun of midsummer is the limit of the latter's endurance; delirium, with its tantalizing visions of running water and green landscapes comes then, with death in close attendance. And Red was in no physical condition to withstand even so much. During the next five hours he suffered all the tortures of the damned; a dozen times he essayed to get water from the pool, but as often Apache bullets sent him cowering back into the cave. His skin was parched and burning, as though he had been seared all over, his bloodshot eyes were shriveled and almost closed, and his tongue, swelled to twice its natural size and cracking open, was beginning to protrude from a mouth as dry as the dust out in the ravine. Such suffering was beyond his power of endurance, water he must and would have; suddenly he ran from the cave in the direction of the pool, reached the water in safety, and was in the act of dipping his hat into the precious fluid when a sputter of shots broke the stillness. In terror he ran back to the cave with his hand hanging limp, with the blood spurting from a great hole in his wrist. He felt no pain, only the shock, and a deadening, and it was not till he examined his hand that he knew that his wrist was shattered and almost cut in two. Then he dropped to the ground, whimpering and complaining like a whipped puppy: "Oh, you red devils, you've done for me, you've done for me!" he moaned; "oh, God, why did I ever come to such a hellish country? Oh, Lord, I'm done, it's all off! D—n it all! D—n everything and everybody! Oh, God, my God!"

For half an hour he raved, alternately calling upon his Maker and cursing wildly, his voice growing fainter and less distinct, till it died away entirely. At the end of another half-hour he suddenly got up, with a smile struggling into his distorted face, and mumbling incoherently, went staggering out of the cave. A dozen puffs of smoke up on the rocky sides of the ravine greeted his appearance, and with the report of the rifles he spun half round and pitched face downward in the little pool of water which for hours he had so longed to reach.

BOURDON WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1903.

THE NEW VENICE CAMPANILE.

Spectacular Ceremonies Attending the Laying of the "Centre-Stone"—How the Italians Showed Their Loyalty to King Emmanuel— Illumination of the Grand Canal.

The belated arrival of the King and Queen of Italy in Venice yesterday, marked the climax of the festive ceremonies connected with the "laying of the corner-stone of the Venice Campanile." H. I. H. the Count of Turin, representing the royal family, came at the appointed time to dedicate the new work upon the Campanile and open the biennial art exposition, but King Edward the Seventh and Emperor William timed their visits to Italy without regard to the date fixed for the Venice ceremonies, and Emmanuel the Third and his Queen Helena were compelled to remain at home in Rome to receive them. This gave an excuse for two royal receptions and two water processions, and excuses for these festivities are pleasing to Venetians.

The corner-stone for the reconstruction of the Campanile was planted in the centre of the foundation instead of at the north-east corner, as is customary, and hence should be known as the centre-stone. It rests upon the original foundation that was laid a thousand years ago. It covers the usual historical data, including all of the current coins of the realm.

During the ceremonies attending the laying of the centre-stone, the weather smiled in typical Venetian fashion, but just as the royal and patriarchal procession was filing away from the ceremonial pavilion, a cloud loaded with hailstones rolled over the old *procuratie* and pelted the audience and the scene with lumps of Alpine ice as big as a nut. Lightning and thunder shot out of the cloud, and immediately following a simultaneous flash and peal the great central flag of the trio that hang and fly in front of the cathedral of San Marco on Sundays and other *festas*, was torn in two and fell to the pavement, a heavy, limp, wet mass, leaving only a foot or so of soggy green bunting hanging to the halyards.

We were especially fortunate in viewing this spectacular ending of the solemn ceremonial. Most of the spectators and actors in the historical drama, including the royalties and clerics, who played the leading rôles, were compelled to hasten to shelter to avoid the pelting of the hail-stones; but our party, with General Leonard Wood as the guest of honor, were snugly installed in the best of proscenium boxes—the parlor of an apartment in the Procuratie Vecchio, immediately opposite the centre of the stage of the moment, and not a hundred feet from the stricken banner.

To all visual appearances, the flag was torn in two by the lightning, and had it occurred when the first corner-stone was laid, a thousand years ago, the incident would have furnished material for some dreadful portent. To the clerical party it might have portended that in the rise of religious edifices the fall of non-Papal authority was foreshadowed. What good the non-clerical party could see in the happening is hard to imagine. Considering the significant fact that a scion of the House of Savoy—the arch enemies of the Papal authority—laid, and the patriarch of Venice blessed, the centre-stone of the Campanile when it was put in its everlasting new place, the members of the International Peace Congress may frame a prophecy that will be very comforting to them.

Although we have had many close-range opportunities for inspection of the young King and Queen of Italy, we mixed with the crowd in the piazza last evening and peered up at the royal windows for half an hour to see Emmanuel and Helena bow their salutations and grin their gratulations to the loyal multitude below. There were many thousands of us on the pavement. Soldiers and sailors, officers and men, two bands, a torchlight procession wedged in among shawled women and restless children. And yet in all this crowd there was no crowding, no boisterous conduct, no smell of whisky that we noted. It was what might be called a clean crowd, viewed from the point of view of physiology and politeness. *Con permesso* was sufficient password to open almost a free lane for man, woman, or child, from one confine of the multitude to any desired point. When tall Helena, with her striking jet-black crown of hair, and little Emmanuel the Third, with his black and green uniform, appeared at the central window of the royal apartment, looking out upon the piazza and down upon the crowd, there was a salvo of hand-applause, a cheer, an uncovering of heads, a band-blast of the national march, a pleasant "*buona notte*," a melting of the populace into the moonlight, and a drawing of the curtain on an interesting historical event.

There will be a grand concert by two bands in the piazza to-night, and an illumination of the Basin of San Marco. This latter is one of the most spectacular effects possible to imagine. The whole line of the Riva degli Schiavoni, the front at San Giorgio di Maggiore, the hotel battery from the royal palace to the Academia Bridge, the point of the Dogana and La Salute, and sufficient of the Giudecca to frame in the irregular outline of the great basin is lit up simultaneously, first with red bengal-fire, and then with green; throwing high lights and shadows in such strong contrast that daylight is outdone and moonlight is put completely out. At the present moment, a great, old-fashioned cadet training-ship of France is lying off the Hotel Danieli, and her battery of search-lights adds

to the possibilities of the spectacle. She is towering in her architectural proportions, and somewhat resembles the frigates of the time of Nelson and Trafalgar. She has full-rigged sailing masts, huge overhanging davits hung full of boats and power-launches, and the flag she flies at her peak on festal occasions would make a fair-sized tent for a company of marines. She has an ugly straight bow, and her stern is a trifle heavy for grace, but the manners of her cadets and of her crew on shore remind one of the "*Chicago Incident*" by the difference.

VENICE, May 16, 1903.

THE ROAD TO FAME TO-DAY.

(With due acknowledgment to the distinguished author of "*Mandalay*,")

By the old Encyclopædia, in those hulky tomes I see,
There's a bright historic setting, and that setting is for me;
For the wind is in that quarter, and the publishers exclaim:
"Lay it hack, you hudding author; lay it hack for hopes of fame."

That's the road to heights of fame,
Where the lucre pays the game;
Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-heggin' of the same?
O, the dizzy heights of fame
Where the publishers exclaim:
"Can't you let us 'ave—well, anything—that hears your honored name?"

They will bring one out in yellow; out in green the next
they'll hring;
Those pictures of the times of every risqué king,
An' we see their swords a-slashin' of their enemies, an' then
See 'em give un-Christian kisses to the wives of other men.
That's the way to wield your pen;
Makes you feel that they *were* men;
Then write another chapter just to tell it all again.
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

When the modern was the rich field, and its sale was fairly
free,
We'd git our little stipend from "The Mighty Powers
That Be";
For a tale about our village, and its humble daily train,
An' we use'er snatch a livin' an' pile up a modest gain.
Givin' fancy freest reign
In a quiet country lane,
When the plot of every novel wasn't 'arf way hack to Cain.
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

But that's all shove he'ind us long ago an' fur away,
An' there aint no checks a-waitin' fur the modernist to-day;
An' I'm learnin' of the lesson, that the yearly fiction tells:
"If you 'ear the Past a-callin', you won't never need naught
else."
No, you'll not need nothin' else,
If you take what History tells
Of the courtin' an' the fightin' of those old historic
swells,
That's the road to heights of fame. . . .

Pick me out one of the Louis'; they will like the worst the
hest;
One who broke the most Commandments, and who rather
cracked the rest;
For the wind is in that quarter, an' it's there I'll make a
name.
By the old historic setting runs the rapid road to fame.
That's the road to heights of fame,
Where the lucre pays the game;
Can't you 'ear the bloomin' dramatist a-heggin' of the same?
O, the dizzy heights of fame
Where the publishers exclaim:
"Can't you let us 'ave—well, anything—that hears your
honored name?"
—Beatrice Hanscom in the June Bookman.

Miracles Versus Science.

A New York audience, composed of priests of the Roman Catholic Church and several Protestant denominations, attended the demonstration recently made by Dr. Albert C. Geyser, who strove to elucidate ancient Bible miracles by means of electricity. Of his performance, Dr. Geyser said:

"I made use of a twelve plate static electric machine to provide the energy. Setting two glass wheels of the battery in motion, I showed how simple it was to produce a halo of electric fire about my head, while I remained at a distance of several feet from the apparatus. After calling attention to that passage in the Bible which refers to the descent of the Holy Ghost in a pillar of fire, I tried to show that the enveloping of a person in a pillar of flame is not a miracle at all. A member of my audience volunteering for the experiment, I placed him on the platform before the apparatus, adjusting on each side the two steel rods forming positive and negative poles. Shortly after starting the machine tiny sparks flashed from the subject's clothing, swelling to curling blue flames, which enveloped his body. When the experiment was over not a thread of his clothing had been singed. I felt afterward that I had been able to demonstrate that miracles were in no way inconsistent with science."

Reports received from the Philippines say that in spite of the good intentions of both Archbishop Guidi, the apostolic delegate, and Governor Taft, the question of the purchase of the friar lands is growing more complicated because of the efforts of the friars, especially the Dominicans, to conceal their possession of a large part of the shares in companies purposely formed to appear as the owners of the land. The reports state that if the situation remains unchanged, it is probable Governor Taft will abandon the idea of purchasing the land, which will entail a great loss on the friars and the promoters of the companies, as they will have to prosecute each of the present sixty thousand tenants.

The recent rise in the price of cotton to between 11 and 12 cents a pound, the highest point in thirteen years, has added something like \$110,000,000 to the value of the American crop for the year 1902, assuming it to be 11,000,000 bales, which is now the lowest estimate made by any of the reliable statisticians.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The only American to receive the medal at this year's Salon of French artists is Lionel Walden, a pupil of Carolus Duran, whose seascapes have just been pronounced by the jury worthy of the third-class medal, thirty of which have been bestowed in the section of oil-paintings.

John B. Jackson, at present American minister to Greece, Roumania, and Serbia, has also been designated American diplomatic agent to Bulgaria. He replaces in that capacity Consul-General Dickinson, of Constantinople. The change is made as an outcome of the case of Miss Stone, when the Bulgarian Government declined to receive a diplomatic agent, who was also minister to Turkey.

The first full-blooded Indian to arrive at League Island Navy Yard is now doing duty on the *Minneapolis*. He is known in the Crow tribe, of which he is a member, as Great White Bear, and is descended from the Indian chief of that name. He is twenty-three years old, was educated at the Carlisle Indian School, and has a brother who formerly served in the United States cavalry.

King Victor Emmanuel has sent as a gift to President Roosevelt a volume made up of the war reports of Prince Eugene of Savoy, the illustrious Italian general, and a copy of Dante's "*Divine Comedy*," with a comment in Latin by Stefano Talice da Ricaldine. The books are elegantly bound in full red morocco, and bear the royal crest, with the king's monogram in the four corners of each volume.

John Kendrick Bangs, it is said, will, for the present, at least, devote his time almost entirely to writing for the stage, working chiefly on musical comedies. He has severed his connection with the new *Metropolitan Magazine*, of which he was recently made the editor, in order to have more time for his new work. With R. C. Penfield, he has collaborated on a musical comedy, which is an adaptation of "*The School for Scandal*," and it has already been purchased by Miss Mabelle Gilman, who will play the part of Lady Teazle in the fall. The music will be by A. Baldwin Sloan.

The friends of the late Thomas B. Reed in Washington, D. C., express great surprise that he should have left a personal estate in New York valued at \$437,000 net, after the payment of all debts and obligations and all fees of administration. For Mr. Reed always pretended to be very poor, and when he gave up politics in Washington, announced that he was going to practice law in New York to earn something for himself and family. It is said, nevertheless, that he received many large fees for legal and literary work. For each of the many articles which from time to time appeared in the magazines from his pen he received \$500. He also charged \$500 for each of the lectures he delivered. He estimated his legal services at a very high value, and unless his clients made a bargain with him in advance, they were sure to be surprised when they received his bills. His estate goes to his widow, Susan P. Reed.

During his stay in New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Senator Bailey, of Texas, has been attracting much attention. He still wears his big black Texas sombrero, his long black broadcloth frock coat, his low-cut vest, with an expansive white shirt bosom, a "long-horned" collar, and a white muslin tie. Bailey has lost weight lately, and is said to look the better for it. Notwithstanding his frequently expressed contempt for the society of the rich and fashionable, he takes very kindly to the associations in which he now finds himself, and is gratified by the admiration of the crowds that throng the Waldorf. Bailey has temporarily abandoned politics for horses. He has acquired a breeding farm in Kentucky, and entered into the business with great interest and ardor. His associates in New York are horsemen, and not politicians, and whenever the reporter approaches him for an interview these days, he looks at him in a forbidding way, and says, sternly: "I am not talking or thinking of politics now."

The official reception of Edmond Rostand at the French Academy on June 4th was one of the great events of the Paris season. With the exception of M. Villemain, few literary men have been "immortalized" at such an early age as Rostand—thirty-five—and the great curiosity about the poet's much-discussed speech, resulted in an enormous demand for seats, M. Pingard having received over six thousand requests for the few hundred he was able to distribute. Rostand appeared in a new academic uniform coat, which was made in somewhat old-fashioned style, with ancient embroidery and buttoned up to the top. His sponsors were Paul Hervieu and Jules Claretie. Rostand's speech is considered a masterly bit of prose. Says one who was present: "He spoke in an incisive voice, with modulations sometimes soft as a caress, at other times energetic with artistic effect and sureness which could not have been excelled by any of the great comedians present among the audience." The deaths of Ernest Legouvé and Gaston Paris, by the way, leave two vacancies in the Academy, which are to be filled this week. One of the applicants is Ernest Lajeunesse, one of the most eccentrically dressed journalists in Paris. He usually wears a Breton waistcoat covered with all kinds of curios, which he values at one thousand dollars.

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

"Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires," Octave Mirbeau's New Play which has been Making a Great Sensation at the Comédie-Française in Paris.

Octave Mirbeau, the well-known writer, has made quite a stir in Paris with his three-act piece, "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires," which is exactly the correlative of the English phrase, "Business is Business." The play has made a sensation, and all Paris is flocking to see it. Never before has any playwright pushed to such limits the depiction of the modern vulgar, self-made man of affairs, to whom such words as mercy, honor, human kindness, and the like are meaningless, and who knows but one motive power in life—the power of money. The principal character in the play is Isidore Lechat. He is a millionaire, a financier, a political aspirant, and is interested in all sorts of enterprises. In addition to his many other pieces of property, he owns a newspaper to boom his schemes. However, although he owns a journal, he is not a journalist. He even professes contempt for writers. He thinks that the only man whose writing is worthy of respect is he who can write his signature at the bottom of a big check. He uses his newspaper principally to intimidate public officials and to terrify commissions and boards into meeting his demands.

Lechat's country place, an hour's distance from Paris, is baronial. He has the habit of inviting every evening a group of men whom he picks up at random in Paris to dine with him. This takes place daily, to the despair of Mme. Lechat, a worthy matron, who has never grown used to her splendor and who is always taken unexpectedly with not enough dinner for her guests. She has certainly been married long enough to know her husband, but being one of those good-souled women of a tranquil and resigned frame of mind, she accepts him with all his faults, and spends her time in defending him against her daughter, Germaine, a young person who entertains feelings for her father which are by no means flattering.

Germaine is inclined toward the intellectual life, and is continually absorbed in reading books, either verse or prose. This in itself would bring about a complete incompatibility between her and her father. But there is more than this. She not only has no sympathy for her father's pursuits, but looks down upon him as a dishonest schemer—a swindler, in short, and she has but one desire, which is to flee from his house, a place which fills her with despair.

But as a young girl can not flee into the world alone, she furnishes herself with a companion. Her choice falls upon a young chemist who is in her father's employ. She urges him to elope with her, and to take her far away from her father's surroundings to some place where they can live by their own labor, without profiting by the ill-gotten money, the impure fortune of Lechat. Her brother, Xavier, a much-spoiled youth of two-and-twenty, however, does not share her ideas, and does not incline toward the intellectual life. He, on the contrary, is very glad that his papa is a millionaire, and is busily occupied in spending papa's money.

Such is the Lechat family, presented in a first act which is full of life, movement, and of color. It goes without saying that both Isidore Lechat and his wife are ignorant of the intrigue that their daughter is carrying on with Lucien Garraud. For that matter, Lechat concerns himself little with what takes place at his home. He is entirely devoted to business, so much so that he continually brings to his house promoters and all sorts of schemers, and delights in listening to their attempts to entrap him, and then with his subtle brain to baffle them. In the second act, a couple of such fellows are engaged in attempting to catch the old fox, but are discomfited by the terms of a contract which he has already in his pocket, and which, if they sign it, leaves the advantages all on his side.

No sooner have the two disconcerted promoters retired than Lechat has another affair on his hands. He receives a visit from a ruined nobleman, the Marquis de Porcellet, a neighbor, whose estates Lechat has completely surrounded by his own vast domain through successive purchases. The marquis has already borrowed on his estate some 120,000 francs from Lechat. He has come to renew his mortgages, and to borrow 200,000 francs more. But Lechat refuses. He holds the marquis at his mercy. He can turn him out and occupy his lands and castles whenever he wants. With the utmost brutality, he tells this to the marquis, and when he sees that the old gentleman is terrified, he proposes to him, with singular candor, a combination by which everything can be arranged: the marquis has a son; Lechat has a daughter; why not marry them and settle the affair so?—"business is business." At first the old nobleman becomes indignant, refuses, and rises to go, but Lechat makes him seat himself, and after a scene, which is one of the most powerful in the play, this unscrupulous man of affairs forces the man of ancient blood to yield to his powerful will. He works upon the marquis as he worked upon the two money-brokers.

Mme. Lechat and her daughter are sent for. They arrive, and are amazed to hear the marquis, with solemn humility, present the demand for Germaine's hand as the bride of his son, Count Rastel de Porcellet. Here, however, there comes an unexpected development. Germaine flatly refuses the flattering alliance which is

offered her. When her stupefied father shrieks out, "What, you hussy, do you mean to say you decline the marquis's offer?" she cries, "Yes, I refuse irrevocably because I have a lover." Lechat is wild with rage, and makes as if to strangle his daughter. He would surely do so were it not for the interposition of his alarmed wife. For the first time in his life he has met with opposition, and it is from his own daughter. The marquis, pale with emotion, withdraws, saying: "I think after this we have nothing more to say to each other!" When Lechat has partially recovered his composure, he casts Germaine pitilessly forth from his door. "Let her go to the devil if she will," he cries, "she and her Lucien, but let me never see her face again."

Misfortunes never come singly. Another is announced. Lechat's son, Xavier, his favorite, has just been killed in an automobile accident at the gate of the château. Lechat is almost crushed by the blow. An attack of apoplexy is prevented by unloosening his cravat and dragging him to a couch by the window. He coughs, groans, and chokes, and then tears come forth, possibly saving his life. When he has recovered sufficiently to receive the mutilated body of his son, which is being borne into the château, the two promoters appear with another contract. Looking up through his tears, Lechat instinctively glances over it, and when he finds again that they have endeavored to get the better of him, he shouts: "What, you would rob me, would you?" and, putting his finger on the doubtful clause, he demands that it be revised. As he dictates its terms to the two discomfited promoters, he turns away, and again bursts into tears, and tells his secretary, who comes for him, that he will look at the bleeding body of his dead son "as soon as he has finished his business." The most profound impression is caused on the audience by this powerful and brutal dénouement. There is no epilogue. Even in the face of sorrow, his son's death, his daughter's dishonor, Isidore Lechat is the man of affairs.

All the critics agree that "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires" is certainly the greatest triumph of the Comédie-Française since "Denise," and that De Féraudy's powerful impersonation of the unscrupulous financier surpasses any character study which has been presented on the boards of the famous House of Molière since the days of Got. Much comment has also been caused by the fact that De Féraudy makes up to look like Camille Pelletan, the radical deputy and minister of marine, while M. Leloir, who acts the part of the ruined nobleman, resembles strongly the late Lord Dufferin.

"Business is Business" is sure to keep the Comédie-Française crowded for weeks, and I am certain will be gobbled up by enterprising New York, London, and Berlin managers immediately, for the play is of absorbing interest, and preaches as true a moral lesson on the worship of the golden calf and its results on our life of to-day as any sermon. ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, May 7, 1903.

Railroad Detective William Ahearn had a surprising experience a few days ago at Sacramento, being startled by a shower of golden double eagles that fell from a straw telescope basket that an expressman was removing to his wagon from the baggage-room at the depot. For the protection of all concerned the basket was opened and was found to contain six hundred and eighty dollars in gold coin that had been wrapped in a piece of brown paper and tied with a bit of string. The lady who owned the basket was sent for, and reclaimed her property. She said she came from Placerville and was going to visit friends in this city, but declined to tell her name. She said she was not surprised to get her money back, as she never supposed that a railroad company would let any of its customers lose anything through the carelessness of its employees. She could not understand that there could be any safer way of carrying money than the method she took, and after thanking Mr. Ahearn and others for their courtesy took her leave.

The other day a merry-go-round in a park near Evansville, Ind., ran away with itself. There were thirteen children on the swing at the time. The conductor grabbed up the children one by one and threw them from the swing. One of them was thrown against a post and her skull was fractured. She is not expected to survive. One child had its jaw broken, another had an arm broken, and several were badly bruised. Just as the conductor jumped from the swing it broke in pieces and the wooden horses were thrown in all directions.

At one time this spring there were so many private cars in the yards at the City of Mexico, that the railroads hardly knew what to do with them. Of course most of the owners wanted to come North at about the same time, and as the hauling capacities of Mexican locomotives are sadly limited, the railroad, it is said, was compelled to issue checks to show who was next, as they do in barber shops on Saturday night.

The Ferris Wheel, the massive structure which was one of the main attractions during the World's Fair, in 1893, was sold at public auction in Chicago recently. A junk dealer bid in the wheel, and the sum paid for buildings, boilers, etc., was \$1,800. The wheel cost originally \$362,000, and outstanding against it are bonds amounting to \$300,000 and a floating debt of \$100,000.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Trout-Rod on the Wall.

This slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the creel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now hanging on the wall
Such memories recall
Of the past,
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I can see the shady pool,
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er.
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the heauty rise,
As the artificial flies
Strike the pool.
I can hear the water hoil,
And the crazy reel uncoil
From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the hank!
And the specks upon his flank—
How they shine!
Oh! none hut anglers know
Why my eyes with tears o'erflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, the reel, and fly,
And the line.—James H. Hoadley.

By the Stream.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose houghs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle,
All the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water.
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle,
And I dangle,
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the harped and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout so wary grown.
Now I strike him!—joy elastic!
Scouring runs!—leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle,
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts observant,
Say to me, "Your humble servant!
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle,
There to dangle,
With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the hook no page encloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!—Fitz-James O'Brien.

The Angler's Trysting-Tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there huds on our willow-tree?
Buds and hirs on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee,
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?
—Thomas Tod Stoddart.

An Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would he,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious huddling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that hank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or see a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a hook,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There hid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and heg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
—Isaac Walton.

A SAN FRANCISCO SAILOR'S LOG.

Albert Sonnichsen's Interesting Account of His Deep-Sea Wanderings—Rounding Cape Horn—How Sailors Pass Their Leisure Time—Their Literary Likes and Dislikes.

Frank T. Bullen, whose tales of the sea more nearly reflect life on the briny deep as it appears to the common sailor than any other of our present-day writers, will have to look closely to his laurels, now that a new aspirant for honors in that field has risen in the person of Albert Sonnichsen, the young San Francisco writer, who first attracted attention several years ago with his timely volume, "Ten Months a Captive Among the Filipinos." Mr. Sonnichsen ran away to sea when a mere boy, and spent some five years on ship-board before he encountered his harrowing experiences in the Philippines. He has sailed many seas, worked on various kinds of vessels, and has been stranded in Calcutta, in Liverpool, in Marseilles, and in many other widely separated ports of the world, and everywhere he has picked up strange odds and ends, which he has deftly woven into his absorbing volume, "Deep Sea Vagabonds."

His narrative, however, is something more than a mere recital of travel and adventure. It possesses real literary value, bubbles over with humor, and contains much wholesome philosophy, and valuable information. Above all, it abounds in striking character studies of the English, German, Russian, Turkish, and Oriental sailors with whom he has rubbed elbows during his extended wanderings. Mr. Sonnichsen is a keen observer of human nature, and, while he has taken a delight in watching the dock-laborers of Spain, the grain-lifters in Russia, the peasants and fishermen in Austria, the coal-miners in England, and the coolies in India, his fellow-sailors have interested him most. He describes sympathetically their eccentricities, their daily round of duties, their superstitions, their recreations, their literary tastes, their dissipations ashore, and the terrible fascination which the ocean has for the man whose blood has once learned to throb with the beating of the sea. "For here," says Mr. Sonnichsen, "a man's bad qualities show up quickest against a background of whatever good he may have in him. If he is selfish, he shows it at the mess-tin; if he is a coward, he reveals it in the first gale; if he is a sneak, his attitude toward the officers will make it known."

One of Mr. Sonnichsen's most striking chapters is his account of the mutiny on board the *Pitcairn*, on which he set sail from San Francisco for the Orient. A long passage, miserable weather, poor food, and a lack of reading matter had put the crew into a discontented and depressed spirit until quarrels in the fore-castle were becoming daily occurrences:

One was started by an argument as to whether Queen Victoria had a mole on her chin; another by the presence of a fly in the soup. Had these bickerings terminated in actual fighting it might have been better, but they simply created bitter feeling. Liverpool Bob was especially aggressive, and became, after a time, almost unbearable. He had an opinion on everything he knew anything about, and on a few things of which he knew nothing. Politics was his specialty. Bob and I were the two sincerest friends on the ship, but at times we came near slugging each other. Neither of us was very patriotic; neither of us thought our respective country the only thing in the way of national greatness, but our patriotic zeal suddenly warmed up, and we argued it out on extremely jingoistic lines. This spread among the others; the Irishmen took my side, and we held stormy debates worthy of an Irish parliament. One faction damned England; the other damned the United States with an ardor that sometimes brought us to the verge of open hostilities. The Revolutionary War was especially rich in material, nor did we bind ourselves to historical accuracy. We got to manufacturing history; we, the American faction, created huge British armies, gave accounts of fierce battles in which the Americans never exceeded half the number of British, and always beat them, in a manner that would have made Mr. Bancroft's eyes blink. The British faction showed no less inventive genius, and transported tremendous armies of Frenchmen into America under Lafayette and a score of other French generals I have never heard of before or since. Then, not satisfied with past history, we went into future history, and argued over a war which hadn't been fought yet. Mike, at the head of an American army, was looting London shops; Bob, with a British fleet, bombarded every American city worthy of mention. Jack raised an insurrection in Ireland, and chopped off the heads of all the English statesmen who opposed home rule. Cockney gathered together a magnificent fleet of privateers, and simply wore himself out hauling down flags from Yankee ships, substituting British Jacks in their places. Thus the debate wore on, day after day. It was highly humorous, of course, but not to us—we were all in dead earnest. We spoke sarcastically, ironically, and cynically, but not humorously. We felt just as had over those wars as if we personally had conducted them, and were responsible for all the actions of the participants.

We should like to quote in full Mr. Sonnichsen's graphic account of how the crew finally broke out into open mutiny, and how, after being starved out, they were forced to make peace with the tactful German captain, but lack of space forbids, and a few disjointed extracts would only spoil the enjoyment of the reader.

Mr. Sonnichsen says that the average sailor is very well read, for time hangs heavily on his hands at sea, and reading is one of his principal diversions. Tales of adventure, on land as well as sea, are enjoyed most by the men. Clark Russell, we learn, is not a favorite among the people of whom he writes. Says the author:

He is not true to his subject, is the almost unanimous opinion. We were discussing sea-stories in general one day, when Jack expressed an opinion, which, I think, is a pretty general one. Said he: "Why can't those blooming literary cranks paint sailors as they are? Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast' comes nearest to it I know of, but that's of fifty years ago. He's all right. Here's this Clark Russell, an able seaman, you can see by his writing, but he knows more about

seamanship than sailors. He might be able to write a good text-book on ship-work, but when he writes novels he paints sea life about as true as dime novels illustrate life in the West—it's all cutlasses and boarding-pikes with him. Shore folks have the idea we're a lot of old water-logged, barnacle-covered shellbacks, always hitching our trousers and chewing plug tobacco. As a matter of fact, how many of us in this fore-castle chew tobacco? Why, none of us. We're pretty weak on the drink I'll admit; but, good God, think of the many months we go without it! Then we don't 'shiver our timbers' or shout 'ship ahoy!' when we see a friend coming down the street. Not on your life. We leave that to amateur yachtmen. Whenever I hear a man talk salt like that I know he's putting up a bluff—some greenhorn home from his first voyage trying to impress the girls."

Dickens, on the other hand, is quite a favorite among seamen:

Even the foreigners who read English like his novels. Books of travel are not much appreciated, for seamen travel much themselves, and never see other countries from the same point of view as tourists. Some of the older men, sea-dogs of the old school, care little for reading. In their opinion it is frivolous. Blame sight better darn your socks, or your dungerees (overalls), or make fancy mats. But they are growing fewer—dying out with the wooden ships.

Mr. Sonnichsen and a friend once managed to pass much of their leisure time in painting marine landscapes all over the ship. He says:

During our watches below in daytime we had painted some marine landscapes on the inside of our chest lids, and later on those of our shipmates, much to the gratification of all hands. Even the captain came fore'd and pronounced our efforts "damn good," and got us to paint pictures on his furniture in the cabin. Then we were given all the fancy jobs about the decks—painted the ensign crossed by the house-flag on the boats, life-belts, and fire-buckets, with decorative effects in lettering. Nor did we do so badly, considering the tools we worked with. The brushes were made of tufts of jute, of which our cargo consisted, tied to sticks of wood. Our paints were from the ship's paint-locker, limited in variety, so our color effects were not just as we wanted them. However, the red lead used to prevent iron from rusting and the green wood-work paint made some brilliant sunsets. Ennis, the third mate, seeing our work, suddenly discovered latent artistic ability in himself, and he turned out some lovely clipper ships on capstan covers and door panels. Art soon became almost the entire topic of conversation among all hands, sketches were tacked up everywhere, palettes were scattered about, and soon the *Bannockburn* came to resemble a sort of art gallery, or, better still, an art school. I had a book containing the biographies of the old masters, and we took turns reading aloud. Newton had a text-book on oil painting, and that was made public property, and became well thumbed. Those who could not produce could appreciate, and criticised color effects quite as intelligently as many professionals. Art had indeed become a fad aboard the *Bannockburn*, a fad that extended even to the captain. He would waddle about the decks; a painting would catch his eye, he would stand before it at varying distances, closing first one eye, then the other, expressing his admiration by occasional oaths of approbation. I think had there been more time and paint he would have liked some big pictures on the sails.

Of their fishing and hunting exploits, Mr. Sonnichsen writes:

Sometimes there would come a shout of "bonitos!" from fore'd on the fore-castle head, and then cards and books would be thrown aside, and all would rush up to look over the bows. Shooting along in big schools, leaping out of the water, we would see the bonitos, keeping barely ahead of the vessel, darting from side to side in the deep blue water. Then there was an exciting time. One or two men crept out on the jib-boom, just clear of the ship's cut-water, and at the end of stout lines dangled large hooks, with white rags fastened about their shanks, jiggling them just clear of the water. Swish! a coppery object flashed out of a foam spot, and a big bonito wriggled and jerked at the end of the line. Up he came, struggling, and with a swing was landed on the fore-castle head, where he was at once pounced upon, killed with a knife, cut and dressed for cooking. Before this could be finished another would be flopping on deck, and then another, and so on, until we had enough for two days' mess. This meant work and excitement for the whole watch, while the cook fumed and swore in the galley. More than could be consumed were never captured, for sailors have an instinctive dislike to the wanton killing of sea creatures—except they be sharks. Between sharks and men there is an undying antipathy. One never misses a chance to harm the other, given a fair opportunity. We caught a shark seven feet long one day on a hook as big as a sloop's anchor. It took all hands, including the officers, to haul him up on deck, and then he knocked two men head over heels before the bos'n could dispatch him with an ax. Somebody shoved a capstan-bar down the creature's maw, and it was almost bitten through. After we had effectually killed him, we dumped the carcass over the side again.

Albatrosses, too, were often hooked in a novel manner:

We captured several of these huge creatures by means of pork-baited fish-hooks dragged astern. One Sunday we had one served us for dinner, and as it lay there in the platter done to a nice nut brown, it much resembled a well-baked turkey, but there the resemblance ceased. The flesh seemed to have been soaked in linseed oil, and was tough as rope yarn. The little Cape pigeons also kept us company—so thick were they at times, circling about our rigging, that the atmosphere became darkened. These creatures we never harmed, for there is an old superstition that they are the souls of seamen who have died at sea, and to kill them brings certain disaster. So strong was this belief that even to-day, when but few sailors believe it, it is still respected. But there was little temptation to do otherwise, for so pretty and dove-like were they that it was one of our greatest pleasures merely to watch them. In size and shape they resemble doves; their feathers were of a slate gray, with white streaks in the wings and tail. Old Niels was a firm believer in that old superstition about them. The albatrosses, too, he said, were skippers who had gone down with their ships. They silently follow passing vessels, trying to send messages home to family and friends, and their wild screams are given in despair at not being able to do so. Stormy petrels are men who have died on lookout, and when storms are brewing, they come to warn the ships.

Mr. Sonnichsen's description of his first trip around Cape Horn—which was especially rough—is a vivid bit of word painting. He writes:

For two solid weeks it blew a roaring gale with a few rare half-hour intermissions. With top-sails, foresail, mainsail, and sometimes reefed top-gallant sails set, we scudded before the wind at a twelve-knot rate. Such waves I had never seen. I did not actually measure the distance between their tops; it seemed two miles, but I will swear by one, anyhow. I have read somewhere that waves never reach over fifty feet in height. Our rigging was over a hundred, and still when we sat on our royal yards and the ship was down in the trough of a sea, we could not see beyond the waves before and astern

of us. Nor is this to be wondered at so much, for in this belt, and only here, wind and waves have the sweep of the globe's circumference. On would come those mighty green foam-capped mountains, heaving the big ship skyward, until it seemed our masts must pierce the clouds. It was a horrible sensation, even to me, who had never suffered seasickness, and that sickening fear as the ship topped over the crest, never leaving one, weighing in one's bowels like a weight of lead. Fear is located somewhere below the stomach, I know that, because I here had the sensation long enough to analyze it thoroughly.

For a moment the vessel balances on the crest, in a smother of foam, then, that awful moment the stern falls, that sickening slant, a momentary pause, and then—down—down—down, into a great dark green abyss, so deep that the sun does not reach, and as we sink, the bellying sails drop listless, for even the wind is cut off by the wall coming up astern. A short pause, then a heave, and up again—up—up—up, until with a rush the wind catches the sails again, and that heart-sickening roar from aft, growing—growing, until it strikes the stern with a smash, washing over the bulwarks on both sides as it shoots forward. And then it begins all over again—the same experience.

At such times only the most experienced seamen were sent to the wheel, and two at once, for when those caps strike the stern it takes muscle to hold the helm. A canvas screen was raised abaft the wheel, so that the helmsmen could not glance astern, for even experienced seamen have been known to leave their post in a panic at sight of those gigantic combers tearing up from astern, as though to swallow all, and to leave the wheel at such a time would mean instant disaster—loss of masts at least, for the ship must be kept directly before the seas. The least inattention might cause her to broach, and should she be caught by a comber ahead, then would come her finish. This was an experience we had off and on for almost two months, and men and officers were worn under the constant strain on body and nerves alike. But the owners wanted a quick passage, and then—the vessel was well insured. Also, we must beat the *Yarkand*.

Mr. Sonnichsen's next book will be awaited with interest by his San Francisco friends, for one can not help speculating whether it will be a novel or another tale of adventure at sea. He is only twenty-six years of age, and as his five years before the mast and remarkable experiences among the Filipinos have practically monopolized the greater portion of his life since he left school, the natural inference is that he has practically exhausted his available material, and will now either have to seek new people and adventures for future volumes, or branch out as a writer of fiction and try his hand at a novel.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

At a banquet at Rockland, Me., the other day, John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, said: "I am glad I am not a rich man. I would not exchange my freedom, home life, and content of heart for the wealth of a Morgan or a Carnegie." Referring to the death of Frederick O. MacCartney, a socialist, who represented Rockland in the legislature, he added: "I did not agree with Mr. MacCartney in all his views, but I respected the man for his sterling qualities. He was working for a principle which he believed to be right. We are living in an age of socialism, as I understand socialism. I fear no theories, no fanatics, and no millionaires, but I do believe in and trust in the judgment of the good, every-day people of this country to work out these problems. Wealth is all right, but it is not to be considered for a moment with a clear mind, good health, and a clear conscience."

The United States Supreme Court has decided the two cases brought by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, against other publishers, involving the charge of infringement of copyright in the publication of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. were the assignees of the authors in both cases. Both works were originally published serially without being copyrighted, and for this reason the court held that no relief could be granted. An interesting feature in connection with the case was that a son of Dr. Holmes was one of the justices who passed upon the case involving the copyright of his father's works.

In a report to the State Department, Mr. Squires, the United States minister to Cuba, says that the Cuban death rate of the year just closed was the lowest in the island's history, being 21.19 per 1,000, while that of Washington, D. C., was 21.21 per 1,000. Between 1870 and the present time the highest death rate was 91.03 per 1,000, in 1898, the year of the Spanish war, when the reconcentration camps were in operation and many people were starving. The lowest rate in the Spanish régime was 29.30 per 1,000, in 1885, and the average rate for the thirty years ending 1900 was 41.95 per 1,000.

Moore's Flat, located some miles from Nevada City, is without a postmaster, and all efforts to obtain one have been unavailing. Unless the position is filled this month, the office will be abolished and the people of that town will be compelled to go to North Bloomfield for their mail. Several months ago Postmaster George Hegarty died, and the office has since been conducted by his son, who intends leaving the town. The position pays about two hundred dollars per year. There are many old-time residents in town, but for some unexplained reason no one will accept the office.

Henry Romeike, who started the first press-clipping bureau, and by means of which his name became familiar in many countries, died recently of apoplexy in New York. Mr. Romeike was a member of the Press, the Lotos, and the Thirteen Clubs.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Howells Thinks He Sees Ghosts.

In "Questionable Shapes" Mr. Howells makes a right-angle turn from the literary rut which has been responsible for most of his books, including last year's product, "The Kentons." The "shapes" referred to are those of ghosts—ghosts whose reality may be a "questionable" matter. The book contains three stories. The first concerns an apparition which a cautious gentleman observes momentarily seated on a chair in his room at a summer hotel at four o'clock in the morning. The night before had been dietetically unexceptionable. Mr. Howells vouchsafes no theories on his own account, and the story appears to be chiefly a demonstration that to have a tête-à-tête with a bona-fide ghost and afterward to make capital of the experience is as bad manners as to kiss and tell. At any rate, too much talking cost this ghost-seer some thirty thousand simoleons, though it is only fair to say it won him a wife.

The second story is almost unbelievably bad. It is verbose, rambling, improbable, and generally uninteresting. Of course Howells can not tell any story without giving it a certain distinction, but the good character-drawing by no means redeems this story from dullness.

"Though One Rose from the Dead" is the third and best of the tales. It relates to an artistic and cultured couple who have lived absolutely alone for three years in a house on the shores of the Sound. In this time they believe they have come to be in constant telepathic communication. Either has only to wish for the presence of the other and he or she is there. The complication comes when the wife dies and the husband waits in the lonely house for her to come and call to him. It is a story that holds the interest well, but in this, as in all, Mr. Howells is too cold, skeptical, and scientific, and gives too much assent to logical explanations of the phenomena for the story to be very thrilling. Still, the first and last tales are well worth reading; the second may be skipped with a good conscience.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Notable Book by James Bryce.

A book from the pen of James Bryce is an event of importance. Scarcely a writer of the present day takes a broader view of men and affairs, is less swayed by party prejudices and passions, or has a clearer or more incisive literary style than the author of "The American Commonwealth." And when his subject is "Studies in Contemporary Biography"—analyses of the characters and careers of notable men who have been his friends or, at least, his acquaintances, the book can not but possess unusual interest. Nor is Mr. Bryce the man to let his friendship obscure his judgment. His is an intellectual integrity that is unswayed by such considerations.

The twenty articles that make up this volume are not so much biographical as analytical. Each is a summing up of the impression remaining, in most cases after many years of acquaintance. Throughout the book appear modest evidences of the intimate relations between the author and the men of whom he writes. Especially interesting is Mr. Bryce's study of Disraeli, the sketch of whom not only is placed first in the volume, but is the longest. Following this come Dean Stanley and Thomas Hill Green, the historian, succeeded by Archbishop Tait and Anthony Trollope, the novelist. Of J. R. Green, Mr. Bryce gives us a vivid portrait. The more prominent among the remaining names are Parnell, Lord Acton, Gladstone, and E. L. Godkin. Among the generalizations from the career of Mr. Godkin, so long editor of the *Nation* and *Evening Post*, is this now especially pregnant sentence: "Among the dangers that beset democratic communities none are greater than the efforts of wealth to control, not only electors and legislators, but also the organs of public opinion, and the disposition of statesmen and journalists to defer to and flatter the majority, adopting the sentiment dominant at the moment, and telling the people that its voice is the voice of God."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

"Paris by Night."

There are many surprising things about Mr. F. Berkeley Smith's book, "How Paris Amuses Itself," but quite the most surprising is that it should be published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. Was the Rev. Isaac Funk, D. D., away on vacation, we wonder, when the first accepted this risqué volume, with its vivacious descriptions of the Mimis, the Coras,

the Faustines of the Jardin de Paris, its spicy stories of *cabinets particuliers*, its pictures of stars of *revues*, revealing vast expanses of pearl-powdered back? Is the quondam editor of the *New York Voice*, that one-time champion of the Prohibitionists, aware how many champagne corks pop, how much wine flows, how often absinthe figures, between the covers of "How Paris Amuses Itself"? We wot not. The reverend publisher is the victim of a cruel conspiracy.

F. Berkeley Smith is the son of F. Hopkinson Smith, and an artist as well as an author. The book is an unconventional guide to Paris, especially to the naughty places, which Americans and English abhor, but visit. It also advertises many restaurants, cafés, theatres, and wine-shops in a manner that should make Mr. Smith henceforth a welcome guest. The one hundred and thirty-five illustrations are from photographs, from drawings by Mr. Smith which are fairly good, and from drawings by several French artists, including Sancha, Cardona, and Galaniz, which are much better. Some of the pictures are in color. The literary style of the book fits the subject matter. Mr. Smith seems often on the verge of saying something real shocking, but never does. The volume should be popular. Mr. Smith speaks somewhere of his ineradicable English accent. He appears to manage his French accents no better, for there are several slips. But the readers the book will attract will not mind that.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Keen and clever portrayals of character and capital glimpses of Canadian scenery and Canadian village life are said to be among the more attractive qualities of Gwendolen Overton's new novel, "Anne Carmel," which the Macmillan Company will publish this week.

"The Mettle of the Pasture," James Lane Allen's long-announced novel, will be issued the latter part of this month.

A. T. Quiller-Couch's new book, "Hetty Wesley," is described as a "life of Wesley, put into the form of fiction."

Within a few weeks the Macmillan Company will publish three volumes by W. B. Yeats. One of these is a new edition of "The Celtic Twilight," which is reprinted with a portrait and a number of additional chapters. Another is "Ideas of Good and Evil," a volume of essays; the third is a play, entitled "Where There Is Nothing."

"The Lions of the Lord," the second novel by H. L. Wilson, author of "The Spenders," will be brought out this week. It is a tale of the old West, with Salt Lake City as the centre of action.

The veteran American author-diplomat, Dr. Andrew D. White, has been resting in Italy since his resignation of the post of United States ambassador to Germany, working meanwhile upon his recollections, which are to appear serially in an Eastern magazine.

"Wee Macgregor," the little book that is making J. J. Bell, its author, a little fortune, is practically all dialect. Next month Mr. Bell will publish a new story with no dialect in it at all, but plenty of dialogue. The title is "Ethel," and the story is simply of a courtship, told throughout in dialogue, between Ethel and her suitor.

"Denmark, Norway, and Sweden," a fully illustrated book of travel, by William E. Curtis, is announced for immediate issue.

Justus Miles Forman, the successful young author of "Journey's End," has written a much more ambitious novel, which will be published this summer. The book takes its title, "Monsigny," from the name of the heroine, Isaheau de Monsigny, a young woman of both French and English blood.

A novel entitled "In Old Alabama," by Anne Hohson, sister of Captain Richmond Pearson Hohson, is to be brought out soon. Miss Hohson is said to have delineated very skillfully the negro character, and to have given a charming picture of life in a small Southern town.

Owen Wister is at work upon a long essay, or series of chapters, upon the Sheep and Goat Family, which will form part of the next volume in the American Sportsman's Library. Another third of this volume, "The Bison, Musk-Ox, Sheep and Goat Family," will be written by George Bird Grinnell, who knows the sad but picturesque story of the bison peculiarly well; while Caspar Whitney, the editor of the Library, is practically the only

white man who knows the Musk-Ox well enough to write about it. The Macmillan Company will publish the book in the fall.

A large paper edition of Frank R. Stockton's posthumous novel, "The Captain's Toll-gate," has just been issued. The memoir of the author, written by Mrs. Stockton, bears her autograph in this edition, which also contains an etched frontispiece portrait with the author's signature reproduced and a bibliography of his writings.

The Macmillan Company will soon publish "A Gentleman of the South," by William Garrott Brown.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Lute Song.

What will you send her,
What will you tell her,
That shall unbend her,
That shall compel her?

Love, that shall fold her
So naught can sever;
Truth, that shall hold her
Ever and ever.

What will you do then
So she'll ne'er grieve you?
Knowing you true then,
Never will leave you?

I'll lay before her,
There in her bower,
Aye to adore her,
My heart like a flower.

—Madison Cowein in June Harper's Magazine.

The Game of Life.

Not the quarry, but the chase,
Not the laurel, but the race,
Not the hazard, but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy away.

—Gelett Burgess in June McClure's Magazine.

At Dusk.

Earth, mother dear, I turn at last,
A homesick child, to thee!
The twilight glow is fading fast,
And soon I shall be free
To seek the dwelling, dim and vast,
Where thou awaitest me.

I am so weary, mother dear!—
Thy child, of dual race,
Who gazing past the star-beams clear,
Sought the Undying's face!
Now I but ask to know thee near,
To feel thy large embrace!

Tranquil to lie against thy breast—
Deep source of voiceless springs,
Where hearts are healed, and wounds are dressed,

And naught or sooth or sings—
Against thy breast to lie at rest—
A life that folds its wings.

Some time I may—for who can tell?—
Awake, no longer tired,
And see the fields of asphodel,
The dreamed-of, the desired,
And find the heights where He doth dwell,
To whom my heart aspired!

And then— But peace awaiteth me—
Thy peace: I feel it near.
The hush, the voiceless mystery,
The languor without fear!
Enfold me—close; I want but thee!—
But thee, Earth-mother dear!

—Florence Earle Coates in June Scribner's Magazine.

Two years ago Canon Cauvin, living in the village of Contes, France, died, leaving a fortune of several million francs. When his will was opened it was found that his sole legatee was his old domestic, a Mme. Toselli. The relatives immediately began a contest, and this failing a nephew wrote a novel, called "The Canon's Heritage." This had the old servant as the principal character, and the story was published in the local paper. Several copies of the paper were sent to the woman, which exasperated her much, and when she saw the walls of the town covered with flaming posters advertising the novel, she sought out the author in Nice and shot him twice.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Townsend's Story of the Sierras.

Edward W. Townsend, best known to the public as the creator of "Chimmie Fadden," has on the market a new book in a new vein. "Fort Birkett" is a stirring tale of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, into which are interwoven scenes of gold-mining, handit camps, claim-jumping, and "love's young dream."

The story begins with the expedition of two Eastern men, a New York lawyer and a young mining engineer, into a certain mining camp high in the Sierras. No sooner are they started, however, than they are met by a delegate from the handits, and turned from the trail in order that the outlaws may be protected from the pursuing posse.

The sympathy of the reader is immediately enlisted in behalf of the handits, who are made so by the legalized steal of the railroad company. After a sturdy stand to protect their land and homes, the settlers are vanquished by superior numbers of armed men, and driven farther back into the mountains. Whereupon, "So long as I live," swore Frank Evanson, one of the settlers, "I shall take from the company some part of what they took from us." Immediately the reader appreciates the human-nature side of this stand and casts his lot with the outlaws.

The "honor among thieves" looms up to a fine manly stature in many of these citizens, and makes of them good hero-stuff. One of the finest touches in the book is the introduction of Birkett on his way into the valley to bury his dead partner within sound of a church bell, "not," as he explains, "that we was much on church-going, but we made an agreement that the one that petered out first was to be took by the other and buried within sound of a church-bell." This phase is strongly reminiscent, in its grim pathos, of Bret Harte's "Tennessee's Pardner."

The love-story that humanizes the fighting and treachery runs along in the same tumultuous vein. Dr. Hammatt, a scholar and a gentleman, who, with the outlaws, has suffered injustice at the hands of the land-grabbing company, lives in this mountain fastness with his young granddaughter, Constance. The meeting of the young New Yorker with this sweet and natural wild-flower growing on the hillside is like a flash of tinder to a fuse, and soon the exigencies of the case turns the little wild-flower from a dainty, "black-eyed Susan" to an intrepid "shooting-star," and thereafter Miss Constance Farwell, scout, detective, and deliverer, becomes a daring heroine, and at last marries Mr. Vanderlyn Lennox, of New York, and carries with her the best wishes of her readers for long life and prosperity.

Published by W. J. Ritchie, New York; price, \$1.25.

More Short Stories by Alfred Lewis.

Like sparkling waters hounding lightly, merrily, and cheerily along o'er a stony bottom run Alfred Henry Lewis's stories in "The Black Lion Inn"; not unchanging, peaceful, and calm as the flow of a mighty river, but rather as each eddy and swirl and dash of iridescent spray depicts a new turn in the little stream's fancy, so each succeeding tale awakens a new thought and new interest. In this, it would seem, must rest the greatest success of the volume. A collection of short stories, even by the best of authors, often tends to weary the reader, and there is a tendency to browse through the book, selecting here and there that only which seems to offer most. Not so, however, with Mr. Lewis's latest work. All of the stories are good, and he has so deftly interwoven the narratives that no sooner is one finished than its successor is taken up with avidity. Withal, there is a variety of style as well as of story, and the very atmosphere or personality of each separate raconteur about the huge, blazing log-fire, seems to add greatly to the charm. For the author happily has chosen to speak with the different tongues of a "chequered citizenry." To begin with, there is the jolly doctor of charming wit and philosophy; next, a red-nosed gentleman, prosperous of the world's goods, and frankly owning to a warm weakness for hurgundy; in contrast comes the sour gentleman, retired, yet ready to swoop down on a business profit should the chance present; then the old cattleman, who, of course, must spin a yarn akin to those of Wolfville; Sioux Sam must not be forgotten, and each tells his story well, naturally, vividly.

Even the introduction is a story, for Mr. Lewis can not resist his natural bent, and at once one is interested in the discovery of the hoary, old, Black Lion Inn whither our

traveler has gone to refresh himself from too great conviviality and where, snow-bound, he chances to meet such pleasant company. The illustrations by Frederic Remington, sixteen in number, are excellent.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

An edition of George Eliot's "Silas Marner" is the latest among little books. It is just six inches tall, four wide, and a half inch thick; it is well printed in large type on very thin, but quite opaque, paper, and is bound in red hucknab with gilt tops. It is quite an admirable little book for the price. Published by John Lane, New York; price, 75 cents.

We have received a copy of the libretto of George Ade's first, and very successful, opera, entitled "The Sultan of Sulu." The verses have a very Gilbertian swing, and are amusing enough without either music or actors. The volume has a number of pictures representing the scenes in the opera as produced in New York. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, paper, 50 cents.

The latest publication in the series of Temple Classics for Young People is entitled "Heroes of the Northland," and consists of Norse legends paraphrased in simple English by Katharine F. Boulton. Eight effective black-and-white drawings and a frontispiece in colors, by T. H. Robinson, add to the attractiveness of this little leather-bound book. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D., and Arthur May Mowry, A. M., have collaborated on a grammar-school reader entitled "American Heroes and Heroism." The selections of stirring stories cover a wide field—from Nathan Hale to Hohson, from Washington to Clara Barton. They will, we think, interest the young, both inside and outside the school-room. The book contains many illustrations. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

Three university professors—George R. Carpenter, A. B., Franklin T. Baker, A. M., and Fred M. Scott, Ph. D.—have jointly contributed to the American Teachers' Series a work on "The Teaching of English in the Elementary and the Secondary School." In their preface the authors say: "The earnest discussion of the teaching of English within the last quarter-century has made it necessary to have a succinct statement of the issues in question, and a careful summary of the most sound opinions regarding them. Such a statement and such a summary we have tried to present." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"Richard Gordon," by Alexander Black, is a very readable, well-illustrated novel of New York life. Gordon is a young lawyer with a taste for art, who falls in love with Julia Darwood, the daughter of an old general. The author possesses great ingenuity in weaving into the story exciting episodes, and throughout an air of mystery is maintained. The story, which ends happily, is sprinkled with epigrammatic sayings. Here is one of them: "The man who takes all women seriously, sooner or later will take some woman tragically. Then he is done for." Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Practical Points in Nursing, for nurses in private practice, with an appendix containing rules for feeding the sick, recipes for invalid foods and beverages; weights and measures; dose list; and a full glossary of medical terms and nursing treatment, by Emily A. M. Stoney, graduate of the Training School for Nurses, Lawrence, Mass., late superintendent of Training School for Nurses, Carney Hospital, South Boston, Mass.; third edition, thoroughly revised; illustrated with seventy-nine engravings in the text and eight colored and half-tone plates"—thus runs the title-page of a stout book of four hundred and fifty pages, of the contents of which the title-page appears to be a fair and accurate description. Published by W. B. Saunders & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.75.

The rather notable musico-literary enterprise undertaken by the Oliver Ditson Company is carried forward by the publication of two more volumes of the Musicians' Library. The numbers of this Library are each uniform in size, edited by well-known authorities, embellished by portraits of composers, and introduced by critical essays. The names of Henderson, Frank Damrosch, Daniel Gregory Mason, and Rupert Hughes appear among the list of editors. The two volumes row from

the press are "Fifty Songs by Robert Franz for High Voice" (there is also an edition for low voice), edited by William Foster Apthorp, and "Twenty Original Piano Compositions of Franz Liszt," edited by August Spanuth. Each volume is full folio size. The press-work is good, and so is the binding. Published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; price, flexible paper, \$1.25; cloth, \$2.25.

"Philosophy 4: A Story of Harvard University," by Owen Wister, is one of the most amusing, vivacious, clever novelettes that have appeared in print in years. The picture of Billy and Bertie, the clear-eyed, healthy, hearty youths, is perfect. That of Oscar, the suave and impenetrable tutor, is an achievement. The book is the first of the Little Novels by Favorite Authors Series, and is just big enough to slip into the pocket. A picture of Wister forms the frontispiece. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"John Percycfield," the book, is without plot. John Percycfield, the man, is a hachelor, a semi-humorist, a ghost-seer, and a philosopher. He is the scion of an ancient family, and very proud of it—too proud for ordinary folks to find him very likable. It is as a ghost-seer that he is most interesting, though not very interesting even then, despite the fact that, on one occasion, "I saw my body sitting there on an armchair, complete from head to foot, sharp and distinct. . . . And then I saw around the body, projecting from it six or eight inches, I should say, a slightly luminous gray cloud." Great optics had Percycfield, and perhaps there are those who will like to view ghosts with him through three hundred and eighty-two pages. The author of the book is C. Hanford Henderson. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Notable Dickens Exhibition.

A new Dickens Fellowship has been organized in London, and has started out, it is said, with a "veritable boom." It had over two thousand members in a short time, and has held an exhibition of Dickensiana in Memorial Hall, where Fleet Prison once stood, wherein Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller abode. "Everything" (says one of the London papers) "was gathered together that related to the master story-teller—first and special editions of his works, pictures of scenes and places made celebrated by his pen, manuscripts and corrected proofs, letters, drawings in illustrations of his works, and relics manifold from his writing-desk and quill pen to his spoon-warmer and linen collar. . . . There was the original 'little wooden midshipman' from the shop in the Minorities described in 'Domby and Son.' There was an old copper boiler from the inn at Chigwell—the original of the 'Maypole' in 'Barnaby Rudge.' There were two chairs from the Bull Hotel, in Rochester, where Mr. Pickwick had a room, and a staff from the Marshalsea prison of 'Little Dorrit.'"

The Ledger Monthly, which was founded by Robert Bonner in 1843; the Household, which has been published since 1868; and Every Month, which made its appearance in 1895, have been combined into one publication, to be called the Household Ledger.

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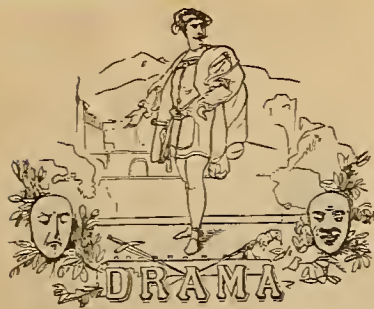
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While the big guns are still at it, hammering away at the good old question of subsidized theatres, arguing the pros and cons as to whether the public should have its dramatic standards elevated and its tastes educated, the public, blissfully oblivious of all this wasted solicitude, is eagerly paying for the privilege of witnessing innumerable toes elevated in the dance, and for a more complete education in rag-time.

At present there are four theatrical companies in San Francisco drawing good houses in light, musical burlesques. To be sure, they call "In Washington" a "musical eccentricity," but save for a greater incoherence, or a more airy impalpability of plot, "In Washington" does not greatly differ from other entertainments of the kind that rely principally for their drawing powers on "show-girls," in handsome costumes, who sing, dance, ogle, and act as shrill-voiced interlocutors to the funny men.

I have not really the dimmest idea what it is all about, but there seemed to be a hazy background of political wire-pulling for the obtaining of concessions in the Pan-American Exhibition by some mythical personage—who does not appear. This part of the entertainment—in other words, the plot—was entirely run by a young man with a huge mustache and an automatically working set of facial muscles, named, I think, Herbert Sears, who seemed to know what he was about, and who preserved an admirable air of sanity in the midst of the burly-burly of twinkling feet, soprano laughter, and comedian inanities.

Everything in this thickly peopled entertainment, which is a good one of its kind—though not, I am fain to admit, my kind—runs like clockwork. At periodic intervals, the comedians, Caverly and Raymond, a cheerful and untiring, but deeply, darkly, profoundly unoriginal couple, do their turn to a tolerably steady accompaniment of laughter. At in-between intervals, the unseen spaces back of the stage suddenly eject unlimited quantities of girl. For individuals are lost sight of in the whirl of color, motion, and glitter that comes bending, tripping, ogling, laughing, kicking, and going through countless evolutions to display its aggregate wealth of bright eyes, waving locks, trim ankles, and plump shapes. They are en masse an extremely sprightly battalion of helles, and young enough absolutely to delight in their work.

Cheridah Simpson, the enterprising Chicago chorus-girl, who has pushed her way to the front, not through beauty but because she has a fine shape, and a voice of appreciable size, is the leading female member of the troupe. It is said that there is an enormous output of chorus-girls from the Middle West—begging their pardon for speaking of them as if they were a wheat crop—and if the majority of them are anything like as successful as Cheridah Simpson in eliminating the frightful Middle-West accent, they must have inherited the business capacity of their forebears.

Conscientiousness in details is getting to be the hall-mark of the chorus-girl. A vast deal of very thorough drilling has gone into the grand march, which is the feature of the second act, and which exhibits some fifty or sixty gorgeously costumed Amazons practicing intricate evolutions with perfect accuracy and precision. One should not be too near to take in the striking spectacle they afford, which gains by distance. At close range, the general effect suffers, and you are liable to discover that many of the girls are counting openly, and almost aloud, like conscientious children. Indeed, many of them are nothing more. Some, for the time being, are mere marching automata, deaf and blind to everything but time and position. Some wear a look of unsmiling concentration, while others count and smile simultaneously and perseveringly. For your chorus-girl—who wants to rise from the ranks always heeds that time-worn but ever valuable admonition—was it from Mrs. Gilflory of "Mighty Dollar" fame to Libby dear?—if you want to get on, smile, smile, always smile."

"In Washington" is punctuated with the usual number of coon-songs, set off by an unlimited quantity of dancing, kicking, and accompanying pantomime from the blooming helles who light up the stage. Two of the liveliest and most limber kickers are called "the Esmeralda sisters." I wonder if they are not, in common with many other professional dancers, unconsciously perpetuating the name of Esmeralda, the joyous and beautiful dancing-girl in Hugo's "Notre Dame."

I picked up that book the other day after seeing "If I Were King" to familiarize myself anew with the epoch of which Justin Huntly McCarthy treats in his play. I should not wonder if the modern dramatist had borrowed a few rays of inspiration from the sombre Frenchman, while putting in the color and atmosphere of his play. How many wild tavern scenes there are in "Notre Dame," seen through a darkling Rembrandt atmosphere; how much of street spectacle, what up-tossings of secret waves of vice and crime. And there is the brief but striking sketch of Louis the Eleventh, a human tiger, with a tongue of satire. All this, however, is but the framework to the dismal tragedy that centres around the priest and the dancer.

I once witnessed a dramatization of "Notre Dame" put on at the Baldwin years ago by McKee Rankin, who played Quasimodo; Harkins was the terrible priest, struggling in the fangs of his despised and vitiated passion; Mabel Burt was Esmeralda, and Holland was a gay and gallant Phoebus. But the play was a poor, colorless, flashy thing in contrast with the terrific force of the novel, which leaves behind it an impression of abiding gloom and horror, and of the resentful cruelty of fate. No audience could enjoy this tragedy worked out in dramatic form to its dire fulfillment, and those forgotten dramatists who put it into shape closed the play by hestowing the hand of Esmeralda in marriage upon a virtuous and worthy Captain Phoebus! An odd and almost laughable climax one feels it to be, after re-reading Hugo's chronicle of mediæval cruelties and base superstitions. Mr. McCarthy, however, has erred in the other direction in his drama of the Middle Ages, which we discover, when we fall to analyzing our after impressions, inclines too much, in spite of many positive merits, to the level of merely sensational, superficial, spectacular prettiness.

Purveyors of entertainment of the musical burlesque order are often liable to fall into the error of considering theatrical shows containing well-managed spectacles, superior both in merit and sustained drawing power to those that exhibit individual excellence. But it is not always so. There is nothing more interesting or attractive to humanity than originality, individuality. Ranks of handsome, effectively costumed chorus-girls are most unquestionably a goodly sight to see. They please the eye mightily. But in the end, the mind craves some little distraction from the purely spectacular. And then the individual specialties come in.

This is the specially attractive quality in the performance of "The Circus Girl," the second attraction presented at the California Theatre by the really excellent company there assembled. It is that class of company in which the work of all the principals is clever and spontaneous, and the people themselves are so engaging that it becomes difficult to distinguish the leading members of the troupe. Except with one or two—for example, Alfred Hickman—there are scarcely any signs of that distressing, machine-like routine of business which robs humor of so much of its freshness and spontaneity.

There are three pretty girls in three prominent parts, each of whom is in full possession of that indefinable attractiveness which makes an audience dwell with pleasure upon their least look, action, or word while they hold the stage. Isabel Hall, as La Favorita, is a very coquettish circus girl, carries herself with an air, has a reasonably pretty voice, and gives her solos with a great deal of dash. Marie Doro is a very young girl, so small and slender and pretty that one would like to take her by her little chin and pat her cheek as if she were a dainty child. She has a little thread of a voice, but contrives to infuse such a delectable flavor into her vocal morsels as to cause her audience to desire a further taste. The tiny beauty dances prettily, too, her graceful motions reminding one of the airy, aimless flutterings of a bright-winged butterfly.

Violet Dale, the third of this attractive trio, is an intelligent actress, a good dancer, and very adroit and expressive in the humorous pantomime, in which she plays a very good second to Slavin, the leading comedian

of the company. The pair went through a travesty in dumb show of a garçon waiting on a customer, a man at a show vainly trying to look past the mighty pompadour of his neighbor in front, and a severe shaving bout, in which the realistic writhings of the victim in the chair won particularly sympathetic hilarity from the men in the audience.

Slavin, the pocket comedian, whom we have met before, is one of the horn-funny kind. He is as ebullient as newly uncorked champagne, and, to continue the comparison, the spirits of his audience go up like the liberated cork. The least thing he does—a scant remark, a flip of his foot, a wiggling of his toes—surprises the laughter out of you before you are aware.

Harold Vizardo, as the giddy and effervescent old Lothario, rivals Slavin in his ability to amuse. George Fortescue—who represents a circus proprietor on business bent, tendering circus hills to friends, acquaintances, and strangers with impartial hospitality, who affably offers to introduce the "charming ceiling-walker, Miss Anastasia Glu Glu," and who says with feeling to his dinner-guest, the skeleton, "Don't eat too much," and to the ring-master, "Don't spoil your figure"—contrived to make his impersonation, even in the comic fantasia of opera bouffe, hear something of the impress of bluff reality.

Indeed, whether by chance or not, the company seems to be particularly well-cast, down to the slightest rôles, and form quite a gallery of comic sketches. The little French maid, with her provocative smile and her absorbent pocket; Lady Diana, intrepid and authoritative even while being buffeted hither and thither in the wind of her pretty daughter's caprices; the two good-looking young men, in both of whom was missing the usual air of having been selected at random from a harpeshop; the volcanically eruptive police commissioner; the pompously swelling ring-master; the circus proprietor's wife, over-blown and cockneyish, who says, "What shall you wear to the hall to-night?" and who naïvely responds to the melancholy Lucile's declaration that she will go in tears, "La, my dear, I don't think they will allow that, even in Paris"; the terrible Turk, impassively giving himself over to the culture of knotty muscles, and with his enormous strides, contrasted with Slavin's infantile trippings, reminding one of the fairy-tale giants—each and all have a distinct and individual share in the general success.

There are six names given on the programme of the composers and authors who are responsible for music and book, so it is scarcely surprising that the choruses are especially taking, and what is even more surprising, generally relevant to the matter in hand. The chorus is well-trained, the voices fresh and pleasing, and the girls good-looking. The costumes are nothing like as costly, new, splendid, and glittering as those at the Grand Opera House, but they do very well in an entertainment in which talent ranks higher than trimmings.

There are several immensely funny scenes in the performance, notably that in the office of the police commissioner, during which the steady grin of the self-controlled spectator changes to such a cataclysm of mirth that he occasionally makes a vain effort to cease, and to discover whether the rest of the house is abandoning itself to such uncontrollable and insensate shrieks of laughter as himself. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nat Goodwin's Return.

The most important event at the theatres on Monday night will be the re-appearance of Nat Goodwin at the Columbia Theatre in a new four-act comedy-drama of the present time, entitled "The Altar of Friendship," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. The plot revolves about an easy-going, light-hearted Englishman, a literary light, who attempts to aid a vivacious American girl in her search for a husband, her father having ordered her to enter the matrimonial state or forfeit a fortune. When it is announced that the father is about to appear on the scene, Richard Arbutnot, the author, proposes that they outwit the determined parent by entering into a mock engagement. Before long, they realize that they are growing very fond of one another, and the joke becomes serious. Then the girl accidentally hears that Richard is paying court to a beauty in his employ, and in a fit of pique breaks the engagement. All sorts of complications ensue, but finally the lovers are re-united, and all ends happily. Maxine Elliott is not with her husband this year, but instead is visiting her sister, Mrs. Forbes Robertson, in England. However, Goodwin's company is a notable one, including among other favorites Julia Dean, who, for several seasons was a member of the James Neill company. The cast is as follows: Richard Arbutnot, Nat Goodwin; Arnold Winnifred, Fred Tiden; Colonel Sartoris, Neil O'Brien; Joseph Pinner, J. R. Crauford; Lord Algoner Flexmore, J. Carrington Yates; Mr. Spender, Fred Tyler; Edward Beech Horton, Frank G. Bayly; Bishop of Wexford, George S. Stevens; Gibson, L. E. Woodthorpe; Marner, Roy Clements; Sally Sartoris, Zeffie Tilbury; Florence Arbutnot, Julia Dean; Lady Chalmers, Alice Ingram; Mary Pinner, May Martyn; and Mrs. Beech Horton, Suzanne Perry. The play calls for three elaborate stage settings, representing Arbutnot's chambers in Clement's Inn, London; the hall in Lady Chalmers' country house at Wimbledon; and the billiard-room at Wimbledon.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Alcazar.

The late Frank Mayo's dramatization of Mark Twain's story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," is to be the attraction at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It is of the quietly realistic order, to which belong "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres," and presents excellent character-sketches of Missouri types. Mark Twain spent his boyhood among these people, and reproduced them with dry humor and tender pathos in his story, and Mr. Mayo has retained these characteristics in his dramatic version. White Whitlesey will have an opportunity to show his versatility in the rôle of the lovable old philosopher, who, through his fad for thumb impressions, exposes the author of a great crime. Howard Scott will impersonate the devilish mulatto, and Norval McGregor, who was leading man with the Janet Waldorf company during its tour of the Orient, will be the half-brother. "The Face in the Moonlight," one of Robert B. Mantell's great successes, will be the next offering at the Alcazar Theatre, and then comes a big revival of "The Three Musketeers."

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The famous "four emperors of music"—Edward Howard, Frank Russell, Alvert Edwards, and Harry Whiting—will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week. The other novelties are the Schenk brothers, Willie and Charlie, acknowledged to be the world's greatest head and hand balancers, who will re-appear after a tour of Australia, South Africa, and the Orient; Saona, who is well known as an impersonator of great men; and Anna Wilson, the charming operatic mezzo-soprano, who will make her vaudeville debut, singing the page's song from "The Huguenots" and some popular numbers. The hold-overs are Frank Keenan, in an amusing sketch, "The Actor and the Count"; George Hanlon, the clever pantomimist, and his sons; Hale and Frances, who will vary their wonderful hoop rolling and club juggling act; and Paxton's living art panorama.

"The Isle of Champagne."

"In Washington" at the Grand Opera House and "The Circus Girl" at the California Theatre will be continued another week, while at the Tivoli Opera House "El Capitan" will give way on Sunday evening to the tuncful three-act comic opera, "The Isle of Champagne," in which Edwin Stevens will again be seen as King Mumm, one of his best rôles. Arthur Cunningham will have the baritone rôle of Apollinaris Frappé, and Oscar Lee will be his son, Prince Kissengen. The army of the king will consist of the two jolly comedians, Hartman and Webb, who, under the names of Moet and Chandon, manfully defend the isle. Caro Roma has the part of Abigail Peck, who freights a ship with water for sale in the land where that beverage is unknown; Annie Myers is Diana, the belle of the place; Bertha Davis, the Priscilla; and Fogarty, the Sammy Binnacle, master of the ship. The three conspirators—Perrier Jouet, Monopole, and Heidsieck—are played by Messrs. Yoho, Formers, and Jacques.

The New Burlesque at Fischer's.

Barney Bernard as Mary MacPainski, of Butte, Mont., is the hit of "Twirly-Whirly," the new Weber & Fields travesty, which promises to crowd Fischer's Theatre for many weeks to come. His make-up is very ludi-

crous, and his lines satirizing the sayings and doings of the eccentric Mary McLane keep the audience in roars of laughter. His skit on the theatrical offerings of the day with Winfield Blake, entitled "That's How It Is Done Nowadays," is also encored repeatedly. All the other principals contribute their share to the success of the burlesque. The German comedians, Kolb and Dill, have an effective entrance in an air-ship; Maude Amber wears some stunning gowns and sings some pretty new ballads; Harry Hermensen, Flossie Hope, and Gertie Emerson have a catchy hornpipe song and dance; Winfield Blake makes a hit with the coon ditty, "My Rainbow Coon"; Olive Vail scores with her "Dream Days in Seville"; and little Frank Hermensen amuses with his laughable antics as the monkey. The production is beautifully staged and costumed, and goes with a snap and dash that is refreshing.

London "Times" Ignores Actor's Invitation.

The genial Mr. Walkley, who writes the entertaining dramatic notices of the London *Times*, has just fallen into a rather curious dispute with Martin Harvey, the actor-manager. Only a few months ago, it will be remembered, he was denied admission to the *première* of H. A. Jones's "The Whitewashing of Julia," because Mr. Jones felt that Mr. Walkley had ever been unfair toward him and toward his work. In the controversy which followed, it was revealed that the general run of London actors regarded the tickets sent to the papers for first nights in the light of courtesies and invitations, whereupon Mr. Moberly-Bell, the manager of the *Times*, sent out a circular to the effect that hereafter the *Times* would purchase seats for its critics. This worked well until Martin Harvey opened in a new play, "The Exile," at the Royalty Theatre. Tickets were sent to the *Times*, and the *Times* as promptly sent a check in payment of them. Mr. Harvey—or his manager—returned the check with the remark that the tickets were invitations, and, therefore, could not be paid for. The *Times* then returned the tickets and asked for other seats. These, according to Harvey's manager, were not to be had. The *Times* could accept the invitations or ignore the piece. The piece was ignored.

Signor Cremonini, the handsome and popular young tenor who was a member of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, died recently at his home in Cremona, Italy, from spinal meningitis. Besides his widow, the tenor left four children. Signor Cremonini was only thirty-four years old, and visited America during the seasons of 1894-1895 and 1900-1901. He made his American debut as Rudolph in "La Bohème," one of his most famous rôles, and among the other operas in which he had sung were "Tosca," "Faust," "Lucia," "La Traviata," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Rigoletto."

Al Hayman, who is at the head of the theatrical syndicate, arrived here from Japan last week, accompanied by Mrs. Hayman. He is completing a pleasure tour of the world, on which he started from New York in December last. This is his first visit to San Francisco in six years. He was for many years manager of the Baldwin Theatre, and accumulated a fortune here that enabled him to establish himself at the head of larger theatrical enterprises when he went to New York.

Through the destruction of the Theatre Republic by fire, Nance O'Neil has been practically barred from appearing in San Francisco at the present time. It is understood that she will tour the Coast, and then play a short engagement here later in the summer, prior to her appearance in September at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

This is a delightful time of the year to make the trip to Mt. Tamalpais, via the Sausalito Ferry, Mill Valley, and the Scenic Railway. You witness a variety of picturesque scenery, enjoy excellent accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais, and return to the turmoil and bustle of the city refreshed and delighted.

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The new North Shore time-card, which went into effect June 1st, provides nineteen trains to San Rafael, Mill Valley, etc., leaving San Francisco, via Sausalito Ferry, at 6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:00 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:40, 5:20, 6:00, 6:50, 8:45, 10:30, and 11:45 P. M. Trains arrive at San Francisco at 6:25, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:05, 9:45, 10:25, 11:55 A. M., 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:35, 6:15, 6:50, 7:45, 9:35, and 11:25 P. M. The Cazadero trains leave at 7:30 A. M. and 4:40 P. M. and the Point Reyes extra at 9:30 A. M. All these trains run daily. The schedule is the same on Sundays and holidays as week days.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix of said estate, at the law offices of J. L. Kennedy, Room 417, Parrott Building, No. 555 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIA T. LARSEN,
Administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, June 15, 1903.
J. L. KENNEDY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room 417, Parrott Building, 555 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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VANITY FAIR.

The other day, Abdul Hamid the Second, Sultan of Turkey, conferred on Mrs. Ogden Goelet the cordon of the Chefsakat. The decoration came as a sequel to the detention of her yacht *Nahma* for forty-eight hours in the Dardanelles (says the New York Tribune). The Turks, who guard this strait, and who try to enforce the rule that no warship shall pass without permission from the sublime porte, had thought they foresaw at last the destruction of Constantinople. A ship built on the lines of a cruiser came steaming into the Hellespont. It was headed toward the Black Sea and the capital city of the Ottoman Empire. It looked like a warship. It must be a warship, they declared. It had on its deck two cannon. The Turks asked for the name of the audacious admiral who dared invade Constantinople. There was an American flag flying from the taffrail. It might even be possible that the ship was loaded with American gold with which some New York syndicate had come to buy the Holy Land. How could they fathom such a mystery? What deep-laid plot of war or finance was afoot? When the ship's captain announced that neither an admiral nor the president of a corporation was sailing the ship, but only a woman on a pleasure cruise on her own steam yacht, they were at first dumfounded. Could a woman find anything to interest her outside of her embroidery? Had she a husband or master who was aware that she had run away with a part of a navy? Blessed Allah! What manner of woman was this? According to dispatches, the Ottoman soldiers only shook their heads at Mrs. Goelet's explanations. Her answers were extremely courteous, but quite incomprehensible. Although she said she had no intention of bombarding Constantinople or laying Stamboul waste, the Turks only shook their heads. Two days went by, and still the guardians of the Hellespont were obdurate. She must get an official permit. At last, the protestations of Mrs. Goelet reached the Sultan, who immediately sent word to let the yacht pass, and as an expression of regret for her detention he empowered the grand vizier in person to present Mrs. Goelet with the order of the Chefsakat.

According to the New York Commercial Advertiser, some enterprising New York women are earning comfortable incomes through hiring apartments, furnishing them simply, and sub-letting to people who wish rooms for a week or two. One woman is mentioned who has ten flats on her hands on streets running into Central Park west. She arranges with her landlord that the flats are to be sub-let, she making herself responsible for the quality of her tenants. If her tenant stays but a week, and she gets no other during the month, of course she is out of pocket, but as a general thing she does well, and has more applicants than she can oblige. Of course, she does not mean to spend more than she is obliged in furnishings, so she curtains the windows with cheap lace, and places just as little furniture as will do. The same spirit of economy presides over the table and bed linen, rugs, and kitchen utensils. She perhaps pays her landlord \$23 or \$25 a month for the unfurnished flat; she gets \$10 a week for it furnished. It is estimated that she spent \$150 on the furniture, so that it is evident that if she is fortunate in keeping her flats rented she will make a good thing out of it, and without much trouble.

Commenting on the announcement that the government is to deal strictly with army officers who have married Filipino girls and abandoned them, the Kansas City Journal says: "There is nothing particularly new in the revelations with respect to 'morganatic' marriages by United States army officers. Before the Civil War it was almost the customary thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington Territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often has pointed out to him half-breeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished Civil War generals, and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young lieutenants they were stationed in the wilds of the North-West, far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it, and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the girl taken for a temporary wife. At the little town of Puyallup, ten miles from Tacoma,

there are two fine-looking men who bear the name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married their mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant, and stationed at the Puyallup Indian Agency, long before the Civil War. In later years, he married an American woman in the Far East, and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific Coast. His sons were taken East and put through one of the leading colleges. He frequently visited them, and openly acknowledged them. On one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances, and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-timers about Tacoma will tell the visitor how he made her old age comfortable while caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage."

There have been many resignations from the Yacht Club of France because of the blackballing of former Prime Minister Waldeck-Rousseau, who was rejected through the votes of members of the club belonging to old conservative families because his ministry was responsible for the framing of the religious associations law. The proposer and seconder of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, as well as the vice-president of the club, resigned on the day of the blackballing. The members who have resigned will form another yacht club, from which politics will be excluded. Discussing this matter, the *Matin* says disintegration will be all the Yacht Club of France will gain by the incomprehensible demonstration of some of its members.

Another seizure of goods which were brought here by cabin passengers from the Orient has just been made. The confiscated articles were found in the trunks of Henry S. Potter and his wife, of St. Louis, who arrived here recently. Mr. and Mrs. Potter made no declaration on the following list of dutiable goods: 50 embroidered doilies, 1 chataine bag, 2 linen drawnwork table covers, 4 hand bags, 6 stamped leather card cases, 1 silk gilt table cover, 1 box of 100 lantern slides, 1 black silk shawl, 3 kimonos, 1 metal photo frame, 2 silk photo frames, 2 wooden photo frames, 2 Japanese pipe cases, 1 bronze ornament, 1 water-color painting, 1 hair ornament, 6 decorated china bowls, 2 lacquer trays, 2 silk parasols, 36 hand-painted doilies, 2 pieces of colored silk cloth, 8 sandalwood fans, 2 bone fans, 76 colored photos, 1 Satsuma vase, 1 silk crepe kimono, 1 decorated china salt and pepper set, 5 wooden photo frames, 1 silk sofa cushion, 1 fancy bamboo basket, 1 photo box, 1 photo frame, 2 pottery plates, 3 Japanese dolls, 1 piece of woolen cloth, 1 wooden tray. The Potters say that their failure to inform the customs officers of what goods they had was merely technical. The articles do not seem imposing or of great value.

A representative of Klaw & Erlanger, the theatrical managers, went to Washington, D. C., recently to see what could be done about importing twenty-four geisha girls from Japan—eighteen dancers and six singers—to take part in a spectacular play called "The Nightingale," written by Kitishima Kata Hasche, better known under her pen name, "Otano Watanna." This is the young Japanese woman who recently accused David Belasco of plagiarizing her work in his "Darling of the Gods," and the proposed production is the outcome of that quarrel. Miss Hasche asserts that the Belasco play is only an American drama with a Japanese setting, whereas hers breathes the real Japanese atmosphere. To carry realism to the fullest extreme, it was decided to bring over, if possible, some of the flesh and blood which give the land of cherry blossoms its characteristic color. The first move of the theatrical agent was upon the Japanese legation, where he was warned that it would be hard work to induce any of the high-class geisha girls to leave their employment at home and travel; and that, if he succeeded in that particular, he would be required by the Japanese Government to put up a satisfactory bond for their safe return at the end of their American engagement. For this, the agent said, he was prepared. He then went to the Treasury, to see whether the girls would be admitted under the immigration laws, if they had entered into contract abroad. He was informed that the Treasury must be assured that they were bona-fide performers of the class to which they assumed to belong, and not women of bad character, and

that they would then come in under the classification of artists. No bond will be required in this country. This is understood to be the first time these precise conditions have come before the department for adjudication under the immigration laws.

Some of the insurance companies in Denmark have a policy which insures a girl against spinsterhood. When a girl baby is born, \$225 can be deposited with the company, and if she is unmarried at thirty she receives an annuity of \$25, which is increased by \$25 every ten years. If she marries before she is thirty she gets the \$225 back, and if she dies, to her relatives is given \$25.

An Investment Worth Investigating.

It may not be known that one of the best investments offered in this city is shares in La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation, yet a large number of careful investors have recognized the fact, and are investing in its shares.

During the past four years this company has made such progress on its plantation that it is now recognized by the rubber interests as the one company that has actually solved the question of cultivated rubber.

The rubber sold yearly from the cultivated trees on this plantation furnishes a permanent fund, which guarantees the interest paid semi-annually on its shares, and the additional profits which will accrue, beginning with the sixth year from date of certificates, will provide a good income for life to the investor.

The immense demand for rubber and diminishing supply has caused the price to advance, and those who invest in a good plantation in the early stage of this industry are sure to receive the consequent benefits in being first to realize the profits of such investment.

The quality of rubber produced on this plantation is pronounced by a large importer of rubber as the most beautiful example of rubber curing he has ever seen, and a bright future is predicted for it.

He dared: Parke—"Peterkin has a lot of moral courage, hasn't he?" Lane—"How do you know?" Parke—"Why, I got half way through a story I was telling him when I asked him if he had heard it, and he said he had."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 10, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,100	@ 106½	107½	108½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 110	110½
North. Cal. P'wr 5%.....	1,000	@ 100	99½
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 101½	101¾
Oakl'nd Trans 5%.....	3,000	@ 113	113
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	6,000	@ 111½	111½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	2,000	@ 112½	112½
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906.....	1,000	@ 106½	106½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	8,000	@ 99¾	99¾	100¾
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water.....	215	@ 82¼-83¼	81¾	82¾
Banks.				
Anglo Cal.....	25	@ 98¾-99¾	99¾
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	220	@ 74-74¾	73¾	74¾
Vigorit Con.....	400	@ 3-3½	3
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S.....	25	@ 43¾-45	42¾	44
Onomea S. Co.....	30	@ 22	21½	22½
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Gas.....	580	@ 42-42½	41¾	43
Pac. Lighting Co.....	35	@ 56	55¾
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	630	@ 56½-59¾	56¾
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	425	@ 55½-58	56	58
Miscellaneous.				
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	5	@ 91	91
Cal. Wine Assn.....	145	@ 100-100½	100½

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the light and power stocks, about 1,670 shares changing hands. San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 630 shares sold up to 59¾; closing at 56½. Pacific Gas, 4½ bid, 43 asked.

The sugars have been quiet. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar on small sales sold off two and one-half points to 43¾; closing at 42½ bid, 44 asked.

Spring Valley Water on sales of 215 shares sold off one and one-quarter points to 82¾.

Giant Powder has been steady; 220 shares changing hands at 74 to 74¾.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

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Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

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How to Remove Them.

How to Make the Skin Beautiful.



There is no remedy which will restore the complexion as quickly as MME. A. RUPPERT'S Face Bleach. Thousands of patrons afflicted with most miserable skins have been delighted with its use. Many skins covered with pimples, freckles, wrinkles, eczematous eruptions (itching, burning and annoying), sallowness, brown patches and blackheads have been quickly changed to bright, beautiful complexions. Skin troubles which have baffled the most eminent physicians have been cured promptly, and many have expressed their profoundest thanks for my wonderful Face Bleach.

This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required), \$5.00.

Book, "How to be Beautiful," mailed for 6c.

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FOR SALE BY
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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Not long ago, a certain door company received an order for a car-load of doors from an embryo Texan town. The order was filled and the doors ready for shipment, when a telegram was received canceling the order, and announcing that a letter of explanation would follow. The letter arrived, and was found to be brief and much to the point. It read: "Cancel order for car-load of doors. The town has suddenly gone prohibition, and so many doors could not be used in twenty years."

The other day the London *Pall Mall Gazette* referred to W. S. Gilbert as "the late W. S. Gilbert." This called forth a note of protest from the famous comic-opera librettist, in which he said: "There is a line in your issue of yesterday that must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. I refer to a line in an article headed 'A Naval Battle,' in which I am referred to as 'the late W. S. Gilbert.' I am always sorry to spoil sport, but common candor compels me to admit (reluctantly) that I am still alive. Yours faithfully, W. S. GILBERT."

Recently, an American traveling in Russia, who had neglected to provide himself with a passport, when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains, was held up by an official with a demand for his passport. For an instant the American was stumped, but, so the story goes, he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket he pulled out his life-insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinizing the imposing-looking seal and the array of signatures. Then, with a satisfied air, he handed back the paper, and the American passed on.

The story is told of a kindly Massachusetts man who chanced in a restaurant in one of the frontier towns, where he met a waiter armed with a sorrowful towel tied about his waist, a dented tin tray, and a couple of guns. The Easterner looked him over in a gentle way, and asked him if he had any breakfast-food. "I guess yes," responded the cowboy waiter; "we got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spare ribs, mutton chops, corned-beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, toast bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk, and beer. Breakfast-food? Well, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Frederick the Third of Prussia, who delighted in his reputation as the most laconic man in Europe, once met a Hungarian magnate, taking the waters at Carlsbad, who had also acquired fame for abruptness of speech. This tempted the Prussian monarch to meet him and try him in the arts of brevity. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel. The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result: Frederick—Bathing? Hungarian—Drinking. Frederick—Officer? Hungarian—Magnate. Frederick—Sol? Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective? Frederick—King! Hungarian—Congratulate!

Howard Eaton, who has lived in the Bad Lands since 1879, and was a friend and neighbor of President Roosevelt during his sojourn on the banks of the Little Missouri, says: "The Marquis de Morés, who came there the spring before Roosevelt arrived, was preparing to go into the cattle and beef packing business on a large scale, an expectation which was never realized. Along about 1885 the marquis made a deal with Roosevelt for about 400 or 500 head of cattle. Roosevelt and his men brought them up to the corral, and Roosevelt went to the office and told the marquis that he was ready to deliver them, but the Frenchman said that he had just learned by telegraph from Chicago that the market had dropped about half a cent a pound, and asked that the price of the cattle be fixed upon that basis. Roosevelt refused to do this, and told his cowboys to turn the cattle out on the range. There was considerable feeling between the two about this, and finally the marquis sent word to Roosevelt that if he had anything to say about the affair a communication would reach him at his office. As the marquis had boasted of having fought seven duels, Mr. Roosevelt inferred that this was a hint of a challenge, and promptly returned word that any communication sent him would reach him at his ranch on the Little Missouri. The marquis hastened to reply that he had not meant anything

of the kind, but had merely referred to the business end of the controversy. I said to Mr. Roosevelt afterward, 'If it had come to a scrap, what would you have done?' 'By Godfrey,' was the reply, 'I would have chosened rifles at some short distance, fifty yards, I think.'"

Like many Frenchmen, especially those hailing from the south of France, President Loubet is very fond of those national dishes in which garlic forms an important ingredient. Once, in his lawyer days, when he was pleading in court after having partaken of some such dish, his democratic tastes in this respect placed him in a somewhat embarrassing position. The presiding judge happened to be a man of aristocratic origin and breeding, to whom the odor of garlic was absolutely intolerable. M. Loubet rose and began his argument. He had not proceeded very far when the judge was observed to sniff rather uncomfortably and to take out a perfumed handkerchief, reinforcing it a few moments later with a smelling-bottle. These measures, however, proved of no avail as a protection from the pungent and penetrating effluvia which emanated from the future president of the republic. At last, his olfactory sense rising in open rebellion, the indignant judge shouted: "Usher, open the windows; open the doors. For heaven's sake let out this abominable smell." Since then M. Loubet, it is said, though he still preserves his simplicity of life, has eliminated garlic from his articles of diet.

Cecilia Loftus says that Sir Henry Irving is one of the kindest and most courteous men to play with that she ever met. "But," she adds, "he is confusing sometimes by his side remarks on the stage. Under his breath he is constantly making jokes when the play is going to suit him, and when it is not he talks at you to correct you. He used to stand just behind my spinning-wheel in 'Faust' and repeat my lines with me when I did not read them fast enough, keeping always just a beat or two ahead of me. 'Tempo, tempo!' he would keep exclaiming, till I hardly knew what I was saying. He is not as a rule an exacting taskmaster, however. Once, I remember, Faust slipped up on his lines. Meeting me (Marguerite) he should have said:

"Pretty lady, pray accept my escort,
I fain would guide thee home."

"After stuttering and coughing a bit, he delivered himself as follows:

"Pretty lady, accept my gratitude,
I fain would lure thee home."

"Sir Henry, as Mephisto, was standing up stage behind a tree. I heard an exclamation from him best represented by a dash. When the curtain had come down, the actor playing Faust apologized to him profusely: 'Pray don't mind it, my dear fellow,' said Sir Henry; 'you kept the bloody metre, anyway!'"

How a Young Couple Saved for a Home.

How did we do it? Simply by going without everything we needed. When I was first married my salary was thirty dollars a month. My mother-in-law, who lived with us, decided to save enough out of my salary to build us a home.

When the cellar was finished, I became ill and lost my position, and had to mortgage the cellar to make my first payment.

Although we went without food for thirty days the first year, we never missed a monthly payment.

The taxes, interest on mortgage, and monthly payments on house were now three times the amount of my earnings.

However, by dispensing with the services of a doctor, we lost our father and mother-in-law, which so reduced our expenses that we were able to pay for the parlor floor and windows.

In ten years seven of our nine children died, possibly owing to our diet of excelsior and prunes.

I only mention these little things to show how we were helped in saving for a home. I wore the same overcoat for fifteen years, and was then able to build the front porch, which you see at the right of front door.

Now, at the age of eighty-seven, my wife and I feel sure we can own our comfortable little home in about ten years, and live a few weeks to enjoy it.—H. M. Perley in *Life*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy
cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The President's Invoice.

"Let me see," says Ted,

As he scratched his head;

"Those beaded moccasins

Were given to me

By the Chief Sore Knee;

That picture of the twins

I believe I got

From a Kansas tot;

The badger, eating there,

From the same State came;

I forgot the name

And hang me if I care.

Those blankets and pots

With the gaudy spots

Are from New Mexico,

I may not be glad,

But I'm far from sad,

It's not a State, you know.

And the golden keys—

Such a wealth of these—

Are from the Golden State

Where they grow big trees

And some L.L.D.'s,

Out near the Golden Gate.

But the other truck

That has run amuck

And landed in my car,

I'd like mighty well

If any could tell

Me whence and what they are.

Some brides of hair

And many a pair

Of buckskin trousers;

There are pipes of peace

(May their tribe increase),

A million souvenir spoons;

There are bowie-knives

That have taken lives,

Elk antlers by the score;

With the deerskin suits

And the riding boots,

And belts a hundred more.

O what shall I do

With the things, say you?

And where shall I unload?

Though I need them not,

Yet with each a lot

Of warm affection flowed

From a loyal heart;

'Twere the ingrate's part

Such gifts to scorn or scoff;

So right where we are

We will stop the car

And gently dump them off."

—W. S. Gillilan in *Baltimore American*.

Verses of Childhood.

"Oh, what a thrilling tale is this

How funnily I feel!"

Cried Tommy as he monkeyed with

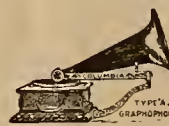
A long electric eel. —*Yale Record*.

Why Modify Milk

for infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk a perfect cow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of infant food? Use it for tea and coffee.

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DISC AND CYLINDER TALKING MACHINES EXCLUSIVELY.



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was awarded the Grand Prize, Paris Exposition, in competition with all makes.

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AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London.
New York. June 17, 10 am | St. Paul. July 1, 10 am
Philadelphia. June 24, 10 am | New York. July 8, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queensdown—Liverpool.
Friesland. June 26 | Belgenland. July 4
Westernland. June 27 | Haverford. July 11

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Mesabo. June 20, 9 am | Minneapolis. July 4, 2:30 pm
Minnetonka. June 27, 7 am | Minn' hahs. July 11, 6:30 am
New York—London, via Southampton.
Menominee. June 19, 9 am
Marquette. July 3, 9 am
Manitou. July 17, 9 am

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Queensdown—Liverpool.
Mayflower. June 18 | Mayflower (new). July 16
Commonwealth. July 2 | Commonwealth. July 30
New England. July 9 | New England. August 6
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Kensington. June 20 | Southwark. July 4
Dominion. June 27 | Canada. July 18

BOSTON MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Cambroman. Saturday, June 20, Aug. 8, Sept. 19
Vancouver. Saturday, July 18, Aug. 29, Oct. 10

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.
New York—Rotterdam, via Boulogne.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Rotterdam. June 17 | Statendam. July 1
Potsdam. June 24 | Rydam. July 8

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Finland. June 20 | Kroonland. July 4
Vaderland. June 27 | Zeeland. July 11

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queensdown—Liverpool.
Germanic. June 17, noon | Celtic. June 26, 6:30 am
Cedric. June 19, noon | *Armenian. June 30, 10 am
Majestic. June 24, noon | Oceanic. July 1, 11 am
*Liverpool direct, 3:40 and up, 2d class only.
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic. Saturday, June 27
Doric. Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila). Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic. Friday, September 11

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru. Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru. Friday, July 31
America Maru. Wednesday, August 26
(Calling at Manila)

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, June 13, 1903,
at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, June 25, 1903, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 10, 1903, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway,
etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 31, June
5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change to
company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, Port
Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Ever-
ett, Whatcom—11 A. M., May 31,

June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change at Seattle to this
company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle
for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., June 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, July 3.

Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 31, June 5, 12, 18, 24, 30, July 6.

For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Re-
dondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.

Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.

State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.

For Los Angeles, via San Pedro and East San
Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa
Simeon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo),
Ventura, and Hueneeme.

Coos Bay, 9 A. M., June 6, 14, 22, 30, July 8.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo,
Alta, Topolobampo, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas
(Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.

For further information obtain folder.

Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery Street (Palace
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EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or
entire articles from European newspapers and re-
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cisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of en-
gineering works, technical studies, such as electrical
works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by
addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,
21 Boulevard Montmartre,
PARIS, FRANCE.

SOCIETY.

The Gee-Redding Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elita Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, and Mr. Herbert Boughton took place at "Oakleigh," the Redding country place, at Menlo Park, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. N. B. W. Gallaway, pastor of Trinity Church, Menlo Park. Miss Katherine Clark and Miss Edith Redding were the maids of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Muriel Hubbard, Miss Georgiana Lacey, Miss Elizabeth Bender, Miss Dorothy Dustan, Miss Elsie Clark, and Miss Margery McLennan. Mr. Frederick Burrows acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. William R. Hewitt, Dr. William Moore, Dr. Donald Smith, Mr. Ralston Hamilton, Mr. William Chapin, Mr. Edward Greenfield, and Dr. Clyde Laughlin. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, served on the tennis court, which was covered with a canopy. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Gee departed for Santa Barbara. Upon their return from their wedding tour, they will reside in Reno, where the groom is established in business.

The Cloke-Findley Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bird Findley, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Findley, and Captain Harold Edward Cloke, U. S. N., took place on Tuesday in Christ Church, Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. W. F. Venables. Miss Edith Findley was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss Anna Sperry acted as bridesmaid. Captain Conklin was the best man, and Captain Koehler, Captain Helms, Lieutenant Jameson, and Lieutenant Abbott were the ribbon-bearers. A reception and wedding breakfast followed at the home of the bride's mother. After a short wedding journey, Captain Cloke and his bride will reside at Fort Baker, where the groom is stationed.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, in and about San Francisco, will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Edith Findley, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Findley, and Mr. George Gardner, of Cleveland, O., was announced on Tuesday at the Cloke-Findley wedding at Sausalito. Miss Findley has just returned from Paris, where she has been for the past two years with Mrs. Henry Schmiedell.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Tohin, daughter of Mrs. Richard Tohin, and Mr. Aloysius Joseph Welch will take place on Wednesday morning, June 24th, at half after ten o'clock at St. Ignatius Church.

The wedding of Miss Frances Hopkins and Mr. Eugene B. Murphy will take place next Saturday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, at Menlo Park. Mrs. Augustus Taylor will act as matron of honor, and Mr. Daniel Murphy will be the best man. Mr. Murphy has taken a country place at Menlo for the summer, and, after a wedding trip of two weeks, the young couple will occupy it.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mr. George A. Newhall will take place at noon on Thursday at the residence of the bride's parents on California Street. The wedding will be a quiet one, owing to the recent death of Mr. Newhall's brother. The attendants of the bride will be Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Miss Carolan, and Miss Sara Collier.

The wedding of Miss Kate Clement, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Clement, and Mr. Dixwell Hewitt will take place on Wednesday at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Jessica Marion Davis and Mr. Arthur C. Nahl will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, on Pine Street, on September 16th.

The wedding of Miss Alice Beatty Willis, daughter of Mr. O. P. Willis, of Sacramento, and Mr. David Biggs, of St. Louis, will take place on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, at the home of the bride's father in Sacramento. After a wedding journey on this Coast, Mr. Biggs and his bride will depart for St. Louis, where they are to reside. Miss Willis is granddaughter of the late Judge H. O. Beatty, and niece of Chief Justice William Beatty and Mrs. George E. Bates, of this city.

The wedding of Miss Ermine L. Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth N. Thompson, of 2933 Pacific Avenue, and Mr. Samuel M. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, and a grandson of the late Samuel Wilson, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday evening. The ceremony will be performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. R. C. Foute. Mrs. Elmore Leffingwell will be her

sister's matron of honor, and Miss Helen Wilson, a sister of the groom, will act as maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Charlotte Rixon, of Los Angeles, Miss Ethel Baechtcl, Miss Carrie Paine, of Eugene, Or., and Miss Ruth Clark. Mr. Leffingwell will be the best man, and Mr. Harry Moser, Mr. William Knowles, Dr. Frank Tarpey, and Mr. William Corbett will be the ushers. A reception will follow the church ceremony at the home of Mrs. Leffingwell.

The wedding of Miss Janet Newlands, second daughter of Senator Francis Newlands, and Dr. William B. Johnston, son of the late Dr. W. W. Johnston, took place at the Episcopal Church, Chevy Chase, Md., on Wednesday. The church ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, served at "Woodleigh," the Newlands country place. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston will reside in Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Camille G. Byrne, daughter of Mrs. K. L. Byrne, and Mr. Thomas Hall Fox, son of Mr. A. W. Fox, and a grandson of Senator William Stewart, of Nevada, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. J. J. Prendergast.

Mrs. George D. Toy gave a tea at the Hotel Rafael on Monday at which she entertained Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Mrs. F. H. Green, and Mrs. H. F. Lefavor.

The ladies of St. Mary's Guild, Trinity Episcopal Church, were entertained by Mrs. Colin M. Boyd on Wednesday at her country place, "Casa Boyd." A chary feast, with music and dancing on the spacious lawn, was a feature of the occasion.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Peter D. Vroom, U. S. A., retired, formerly inspector-general in the Philippines, who arrived from Manila on the transport *Sheridan* last Saturday, has been the guest of Captain Parker West, U. S. A., during the week.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., formerly naval attaché at the United States embassy in London, returned to New York with his family early in the week. Captain Clover, after a visit to Washington, D. C., will come to San Francisco, when he will return to sea duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Hyde, U. S. A., the new chief quartermaster of the Department of California, and Mrs. Hyde arrived from Oregon last week. Colonel and Mrs. Hyde are the guests of Mrs. Hyde's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, in Oakland.

Major J. A. Maney, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived here on Tuesday, and reported at headquarters, will leave with his company on July 1st for Manila.

The cruiser *New York* went on the Hunter's Point dry-dock early in the week to be cleaned and painted. She is the first commissioned warship to go on the new dry-dock. Her deep draught made it impossible for her to be cleaned at Mare Island.

The question involving the control of John C. Breckenridge, the wealthy young Californian, came up again in Paris last week. The court, after receiving the report of the committee of the three medical experts appointed on May 30th to examine Breckenridge, decided upon the removal of the latter from the hotel where he has been receiving treatment from doctors and nurses selected by his mother, Mrs. Frederick Sharon. The exclusive control, direction, and treatment of Mr. Breckenridge were confided to Dr. Motet, a specialist. The decision of the court recited Breckenridge's condition, specifying the injuries to his back which resulted from his jumping out of a widow during a hallucination. The court did not decide whether Mrs. Sharon or Mrs. John C. Breckenridge, wife of the invalid, should superintend his treatment, Dr. Motet being the court's selection without prejudice to either side. The lunacy proceedings brought against Breckenridge by Mrs. Sharon will be heard later.

The Newport store of Mrs. Bessie Stewart, daughter of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, is to be sold out by the sheriff to satisfy a judgment in favor of Michael McCormick, who fitted up the place for her. For several seasons Mrs. Stewart has conducted a woman's furnishing store. Society, appreciating her efforts to make a living, was a liberal patron, but not sufficiently so to enable her to more than make expenses. Business went from bad to worse, and, although not pressed for rent, Mrs. Stewart abandoned the store.

James L. Flood has leased 27,000 square feet of the basement of his new building, at the intersection of Market, Eddy, and Powell Streets, for ten years to a corporation which is known as Tail's. It will expend at least \$100,000 in fitting up the place as a café and restaurant.

John Hays Hammond, the mining expert, has been suffering from ptomaine poisoning at Colorado Springs.

— THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market Street.

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If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

Battle of Bunker Hill Celebration.

The beautiful grounds of Sunset Park next Wednesday will be visited by many hundreds of patriotic and enthusiastic people, who will celebrate there the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Hon. George C. Perkins will be the orator of the day, and Rev. William Rader will be chaplain, Professor Ebenezer Knowlton has written and will recite a poem appropriate to the day. Mrs. Louise Wright McClure will sing "The Star Spangled Banner"; Alfred Wilkie, the popular tenor, "The Sword of Bunker Hill"; and other patriotic selections will be rendered by leading vocalists and by the Second Regiment Band. The park and grand-stand will be elaborate with flags and bunting, and nothing will be left undone that can possibly add to the comfort and enjoyment of the societies and their guests. After the literary exercises there will be ample time for dancing, strolls in the picturesque redwoods, rowing on the lake, and to take part in the races and games, for which prizes, attractive to both young and old, have been generously contributed.

The special train will leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:15 A. M., and, returning, leave the park at 5:30 P. M. Excursionists from Oakland and Alameda can take the narrow-gauge train leaving Fourteenth and Webster Streets at 8:15 A. M., or the narrow-gauge train leaving Park Street station, Alameda, at 8:45 A. M.

Michael Hawkins, an old attorney, has filed a petition asking that he be appointed as guardian of the property of Peter J. Donahue, who is said to be confined in an asylum in England. Hawkins claims to be the cousin of the unfortunate millionaire, and alleges that his large financial interests demand the appointment of a competent and able manager to care for them. Hawkins admits the filing of a similar petition by Baroness Mary E. von Schroeder, sister of Peter Donahue, but contests her appointment on the ground that she lacks the necessary business experience and ability to cope with such large affairs as the estate would entail. He is willing, however, that she be appointed with him.

An interesting transaction of this week has been the sale of the fifty-vara lot on the south-east corner of Hayes and Pierce Streets by the Moses Hopkins Estate to Stephen J. Stuparich and H. Adam for thirty-five thousand dollars. This corner is opposite Alamo Square, and commands a grand view of the city. It was bought by Moses Hopkins twenty years ago, with the intention of building a residence for himself. The new owners contemplate improving the property by the erection thereon of a large apartment-house, a new departure in that part of the city.

Daniel Frohman has secured the American rights of a four-act play, "Sheridan," by Gladys Unger, daughter, of Frank Unger, formerly of this city.

Pink Corals.

Strands of Pink Corals, all sizes, at A. Hirschman's, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

Phelan Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 806 Market Street), informs the public that the late partnership has been dissolved, and that he still continues his practice at the same place with increased facilities and competent and courteous associates.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott leave for a trip to Mexico this week.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, and Mrs. W. D. H. Gibson and her children are making a short sojourn at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green were in Venice when last heard from.

Miss Ida Gibbons returned last week from Chicago, where she officiated as bridesmaid at the wedding of her brother, Dr. Morton Gibbons and Miss Mary Stubbs.

Miss Thérèse Morgan has been the guest of Mrs. Walter S. Martin at San Mateo during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer (*née* Holbrook) sailed last week for the Hawaiian Islands on their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee expect to visit Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin at their country place in Napa during the month of July.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs arrived in New York from Europe early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman have been passing a few days with Major and Mrs. John Darling and Miss Hastings at their country place near Rutherford.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have departed for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will pass a few weeks in New York before sailing for Europe, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have closed their residence on Pacific Avenue, and with their two children have gone to Blythedale, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, after a visit to Yosemite Valley, will go to their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., are at Coronado, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins is expected here in a few days on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, at Piedmont.

Bishop and Mrs. Nichols and family went East last week to be present at the graduation of William Ford Nichols, Jr., from West Point.

Miss Celia O'Connor and Miss Maud O'Connor have returned from Coronado, and are stopping at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, wife of Lieutenant H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., was a passenger on the steamship *Korea* which arrived here Monday afternoon. Mrs. Roosevelt will be remembered as Miss Eleanor Morrow, daughter of Judge W. W. Morrow, who left here some eighteen months ago with her husband for the Philippine Islands. During her absence she has journeyed among all the Philippine Islands, and visited the prominent cities of China and Japan. She will remain on a visit to her parents and friends for a few months.

Baroness von Schroeder, who has been spending several weeks at her ranch in San Luis Obispo County, was the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin for a few days early in the week.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington arrived from Los Angeles early in the week.

Mrs. W. J. McClung, Miss Alma McClung, and Miss Gladys McClung are at Pacific Grove for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon and Miss Marie Voorhies visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin is a guest at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Folger and family are spending the summer at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Miss Bertie Bruce expect to leave this week for a trip to Yellowstone Park, where they will pass several weeks.

Prince George of Bavaria, who arrived here from the Orient on Monday, accompanied by his tutor, Dr. Mayo, visited Monterey during the week. He is at present making a short stay at the Palace Hotel.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt and family have gone to Santa Barbara to spend the remainder of June.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin have taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Thomas (*née* Evans) are sojourning at San Luis Obispo.

Mr. E. O. McCormick left for the East last week on a business trip.

Mrs. George Franklin Shiels, after a visit to Monterey, has joined Dr. Shiels at San Mateo.

Mrs. Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles, was the guest of the Misses Morrison, of San Jose, during the week.

Mr. Fred Barstow has returned to New York.

Mrs. E. F. Preston sailed for a trip to Tahiti on the Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* last week.

A party including Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Craven, of Yonkers, Miss Eells, Miss Harrington, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Gertrude Eells, of Ross Valley, Hon. C. E. H. T. Cumming Bruce, of Scotland, and Mrs. F. R. S. Balfour visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. E. H. Sothern and party were guests at the Hotel Rafael last Sunday.

Mr. Realston L. White, who was in Rome when last heard from, will pass part of the summer in Switzerland.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels sailed from Boston last week for Europe to be gone six weeks. She will travel in England and Scotland.

Miss Elizabeth Center was the guest of

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Trilley at Pacific Grove last week.

Mrs. Frank Wilson visited relatives in San Jose during the past week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Heyneman, Miss Heyneman, Mr. Walter R. Heyneman, Mr. William Moser, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heller and children, Mr. M. Grinbaum, Mrs. M. Grinbaum, and Miss Eleanor D. Arnold.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Foster, of Chicago, Miss Florence Grant, of New York, Miss Goodwin and Miss Reta Goodwin, of Victoria, B. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Kendall, of Oakland, Miss Euphemia Forbes, Mrs. K. Grant, Mr. Louis Robertson, and Mr. A. Robertson.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Edwards, of Victoria, B. C., Mr. J. A. Fairchild, of Los Angeles, Miss L. Tregore and Dr. A. K. Crawford, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Miss M. H. Davis, Miss Lillian Symmes, Mrs. W. S. Gage and child, Miss Ena Langworthy, Mrs. John Cashin, Miss Cashin, Miss Voorman, and Mr. John D. Banmann.

To the Lot-Owners of Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1903.

TO THE LOT-OWNERS OF CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY: In view of the so-called labor trouble at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, or rather of the boycott which certain labor unions have declared against the cemetery, I deem it but just to you all, as well as to the association, to state a few facts which bear upon the subject:

At the time of the demand for higher wages we were paying \$2.25 per day, while other cemeteries were paying from \$1.75 to \$2 per day for the same work. The demand was that after April 1, 1903, we should pay \$2.50 per day for nine hours' work, and a full day's pay for part of a Sunday or holiday, and that we employ none but members of the Cemetery Employees' Union.

On March 29th, we had the following notice posted at the cemetery:

"To the employees of Cypress Lawn Cemetery: On and after April 1, 1903, the wages of men employed by the day will be \$2.50 per day.

"Nine (9) hours will constitute a day's work. Men working any part of Sunday will be allowed a full day's pay.

"Our pay-day will be on the 10th, as usual.

"E. B. McPHERSON,
"Superintendent Cemetery."

This was entirely satisfactory to our employees.

On April 9th our superintendent discharged a man for using vulgar language. Soon after the association received a threatening letter from the Labor Council, and later a committee called on me and demanded that we take this man back to work, and that we compel three non-union men who were working at the cemetery to join the union. Two of these men have been in our employ for over ten years, and the other one for about two years, which fact alone should indicate to men of intelligence that they were faithful workers.

The committee was told that the men were at liberty to join the union if they desired, but that I would not compel them to join if they decided against so doing. I certainly would not discharge them, as, being an American myself, I believed they had a right to earn a living and support their families, whether they belonged to a union or not.

I fully believe that organized labor has done a great deal for the workingman, and will at all times give it every assistance in my power, but I am unalterably opposed to organized despotism, and I will never consent that the president of the Hackmen's Union shall ever manage Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

To my mind I have conceded everything except the management of the cemetery itself. I claim and am certain that we know our own business best, and, therefore, propose to take no dictation from any outsider. I also claim and propose to exercise the right to employ such men as I deem will render us the best service, as Cypress Lawn Cemetery has only attained its present beauty and perfection by the employment of competent workmen selected by our management.

The burial of the dead is a sacred duty that comes to every one, in time, and it seems to me a sacrilege for labor to unite in unnecessarily disturbing these duties. It is, indeed, going a step too far, and is an interference that must surely meet with your unqualified condemnation. Very truly yours,

H. H. NOBLE,

Mgr. Cypress Lawn Cemetery Assn.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO
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LEAVE	FROM JUNE 1, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7:25P
7:00A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey	7:25P
7:30A	Martha, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6:25P
7:30A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7:25P
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, (connects at Marysville for Grizzly, Biggs and Chico)	7:55P
8:00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10:25A
8:00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4:25P
8:00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Bakersfield	6:25P
8:30A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willow, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7:55P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4:25P
8:30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tualuma and Angels	4:25P
9:00A	Martha and Way Stations	6:55P
10:00A	Vallejo	12:25P
10:00A	Crescent City Express, Eastbound—Port Costa, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans (Westbound arrives at Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)	1:30P
10:00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6:25P
12:00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25P
1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00P
3:30P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	10:55A
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55P
4:00P	Martha, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:25A
4:00P	Martha, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10:25A
4:00P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4:25P
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:55A
5:00P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connects at San Jose for Santa Barbara	8:55A
5:00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	12:25P
5:30P	Niles, San Jose Local	7:25A
6:00P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	10:25A
8:00P	Orcutt, Niles—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago (No day coaches run on this train between San Francisco and Reno)	4:25P
	Sunset Limited, Westbound—From New York, Chicago, New Orleans, El Paso, Los Angeles, Fresno, Berkeley, Raymond (from Yosemite), Martinez, Arrives	8:25A
7:00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25A
7:00P	Vallejo	7:55P
7:00P	Sacramento, Truckee, Reno and Intermediate Stations	7:55A
8:05P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Grizzly, Portland, Puget Sound and East	8:55A
9:10P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11:55A
11:25P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	12:25P

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).		
(Foot of Market Street.)		
17:45A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).....	18:10P
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5:55P
12:15P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	10:55A
4:15P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations (on Saturday and Sunday runs through to Santa Cruz, connects at Felton for Boulder Creek; Monday only from Santa Cruz).....	18:55A

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Slips)
12:15 3:00 5:00 8:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—18:30 19:00 19:30
18:05 19:30 A.M. 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

**COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).
(Third and Townsend Streets.)**

6:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	7:30P
7:00A	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30P
7:00A	New Almaden	7:10P
7:15A	Monterey and San Jose (Sunday only)	18:30P
8:00A	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, (principal stations thence) Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. Connection at Castroville to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove and at Pajaro north bound from Capitola and Santa Cruz	10:45P
9:00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations—Westbound—From New York, Chicago, New Orleans, El Paso, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Arrives	4:10P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	1:30P
11:30A	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	1:20P
1:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	5:30P
2:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	7:00P
3:00P	Del Monte Express—Santa Cruz, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Principal Stations	9:40A
3:30P	Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	12:15P
4:30P	San Jose, Gilroy and Way Stations	8:36A
5:00P	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations	10:45A
5:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	19:00A
6:15P	San Mateo, Redwood, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	18:00A
6:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	16:45A
7:00P	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, New York (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley)	6:36A
8:00P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	19:25A
8:30P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	10:15A
9:11:30P	San Jose and Way Stations	19:45P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
x Saturday and Sunday only.
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† Sunday excepted. † Sunday only.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Margaret, I think you cheapen yourself by going so much to the theatre with Mr. Jones." "No, mother; on the contrary, I'm making myself very dear."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A matter to adjust: Ike—"Kentucky courthouses should be made without doors." Ike—"Yes; it's rank cowardice to shoot an innocent bystander from behind a door."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not too soon: "This is rather an unusual hour for you to be going to lunch. Not hungry so early, are you?" "No, hut I will be by the time the waiter condescends to notice me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Murphy—"Will ye give me yer promise that ye'll love me forever?" Bridget—"Sure, an' O'd loike to do that same, Murphy, hut O'im hardly of the opinion that O'll lasht as long as that."—*Ram's Horn.*

She—"Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?" He—"Sure. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

The physician's affront: "So you have decided to get another physician." "I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "the idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are!"—*Washington Star.*

Qualified: Superintendent (of gas-works)—"What do you know about laying gas pipes in the street?" Applicant (for place as foreman)—"I know they hadn't oughter be laid until the street has just been repaved." He got the place.—*Judge.*

"What is that car coupled behind the Presidential train?" asked the tall reporter. "That is the photograph car," said the train hand. "Photograph car?" "Yes, it contains the pictures of all the big families in the West."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Say!" demanded the ugly individual suddenly appearing from a dark alley, "what time is it?" "You're just about two minutes late," replied the Chicagoan; "that other gentleman you see running away has my watch."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Cause of the mirth: "Bridget," said Mrs. Hyflite, "your lady friend mustn't stay so late hereafter. Her uproarious laughter woke me up at one o'clock this morning." "Yis, mum; I was tellin' her about how you tried to make cake was day."—*Indianapolis Sun.*

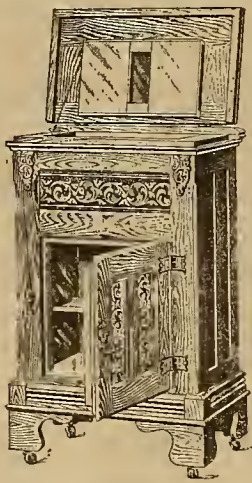
Barnes—"I'm afraid I'm losing my mind. When I borrow money from any of my friends, I'm sure to forget all about it." Howes—"Why, that is no sign of mental decline. On the contrary, it shows a fine business capacity." Barnes—"But I also forget when a friend owes me something." Howes—"That's all right. That's tact."—*Boston Transcript.*

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steadman's Soothing Powders.

He wasn't sure: "Stand up, McNutty," said the police magistrate; "are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, an' it's meself as can't tell that till O'hear th' evidence," replied McNutty.—*Chicago News.*

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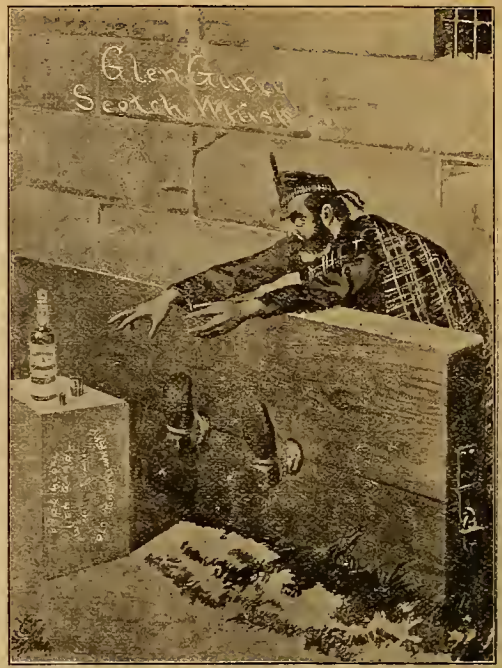
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Week Days.	Sundays.	Sundays.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
		7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	7:25 p.m.

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9:30 A M—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p.m., Fresno 3:20 p.m., Bakersfield 6:00 p.m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a.m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p.m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 p.m.

9:30 A M—VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12:01 p.m., Fresno 3:20 p.m., Bakersfield 6:00 p.m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a.m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p.m. The latest train in the Valley. Carries composite and reclining chair car. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11:10 p.m.

4:00 P M—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7:10 p.m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a.m.

8:00 P M—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11:15 p.m., Fresno 3:15 a.m., Bakersfield 7:35 a.m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a.m., Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p.m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and reclining chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:25 p.m.

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ARRIVE—6:25, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:05, 9:45, 10:25, 11:55 A. M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:35, 6:15, 6:55, 7:45, 8:25, 9:15, 11:25 P. M.

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When Anthony Hope wrote his "Prisoner of Zenda" the world smiled. "How very amusing," said the world, "and yet how absurd. For to take these secret staircases, these palace intrigues, these mediæval murders, and put them in a nineteenth-century setting seems preposterous, don't you know." And the world wagged its noddle knowingly. But the world was wrong, as the world so often is. The scenes which Mr. Hope set in his mythical kingdom of Ruritania were not one-

tenth so startling, not one-hundredth so bloody as the scenes which have just taken place in Servia. In Ruritania, most of Mr. Hope's happenings were only seemingly sanguinary—people stole through secret corridors at midnight, sculled noiselessly along ancient moats at midnight, and fought fierce duels by lamplight at midnight, yet there was very little blood-letting. The Servian happening was grewsome, grimy, gory. In Servia, the midnight search through palace corridors led to the finding of the quarry. The quarry was the king and queen, and soon the noise of dynamite-shattered doors was followed by the death-shrieks of the sovereigns perishing by the bullets and swords of their assassins.

There is no particular moral to be drawn from these ugly Servian assassinations. King and queen, courtiers, ministers, soldiers—all seem to have had little doings with morals, and no moral may be drawn from their doings. But it is interesting to draw a few deductions and point out a few parallels which may be prophecies. The most striking thing about this affair is that it is not a popular but a palace revolution. It was not even a purely military revolution, for the mass of the army seem to have had nothing to do with it. It was essentially a palace revolution, led by military officials who had the entrée to the palace. It shows what militarism means. It shows how easily the fate of countries may be controlled by small knots of men when they are soldiers. What has happened in Servia to-day may easily happen in Bulgaria to-morrow, and in Roumania next week. That it may happen in greater countries is not impossible. Militarism and military dictators have existed ever since the days when the Praetorian guards chose the Roman Cæsars. Doubtless, militarism and military dictators always will exist, in new countries as well as old. For in the so-called republics to the south of us, scarcely any other form of government has been known, from Santa Ana down. For many years our sister republic, Mexico, has been ruled by the firm hand of Porfirio Diaz—ruled with the sword. So was Guatemala ruled by another stern soldier, Barrios, who lost his life on the battlefield—perhaps shot from behind. So was Venezuela ruled by Guzman Blanco, who was prudent enough to flee with a score of millions, and round out his days pleasantly in Paris instead of dying in a ditch in the tropics, as did Barrios. So still is ruled Venezuela. So are ruled most of the republics of Central and South America.

When the world is amused at the mediæval anachronisms of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—when it smiles at palace assassination and midnight murder in the nineteenth century—then the world has indeed a short memory. It is only a little while ago—since our own Civil War—that a palace revolution pushed Isabella from her throne in Spain. General Prim was the dictator in that affair. Queen Isabella, fortunately for her, had gone to San Sebastian for the sea bathing, accompanied by her children, her court, her husband, the king, her lover, Marfori, and her confessor, the Archbishop of Cuba. Had she been at Madrid she and her monkey menagerie might have met the fate of Alexander and Draga of Servia. Isabella fled to France, and Prim became dictator. Here again the Spanish people had practically nothing to do with the revolution. Yet how far-reaching were the results for Spain and all Europe. Prim's candidate for king was Leopold of Hohenzollern, the mere discussion of whose name led the ill-advised Third Napoleon to plunge into war with Prussia. The titanic struggle between France and Germany, the erection of Prussia into a first-class power, the unification of Germany into a mighty

empire—all these results sprang from the palace revolution by which Prim drove the dissolute Isabella from the Spanish throne. Like so many other of these military dictators, Prim met a violent end. Before he had accomplished his revolution he died by the assassin's hand, shot down in the street at night by murderers, whose identity has never been revealed.

And this is only one of several palace revolutions in Spain, which have been brought about by the brawling subalterns of Madrid. These turbulent lieutenants, who number some thousands, need only a leader to bring about events which disturb the peace of Europe and cause far-reaching consequences, such as we have pointed out.

A military revolution, which was so personal as to be almost comic, was that of the eighteenth Brumaire. When Bonaparte determined to dissolve the Chambers and make himself dictator, he made his irruption into the legislative hall, accompanied by a small body of troops. He was laboring under such excitement that he evidently forgot his rôle. He never was an orator, and his wild and stammering cries that "the country is in danger" brought forth volleys of questions from the deputies around him. These questions he could not answer; he grew confused; and the scowling deputies finally began to denounce him as a traitor. The puzzled soldiery knew not whom to believe, and matters looked ominous for the embryo dictator. But Bonaparte was saved from imprisonment, and perhaps from being shot, only by the quick-wittedness of his brother Lucien, who was an orator, and who made a dramatic speech, threatening to kill his brother Napoleon if he was disloyal to the fatherland. His eloquence so fired the hearts of the soldiers that they speedily drove the deputies from the legislative chamber. Even then, the other military heroes, of whom Paris was full—and each of whom was a rival of Bonaparte—hesitated in their allegiance between him and the Chamber; they wavered until it became dangerous for them to remain longer aloof, when they all yielded a reluctant fealty to Bonaparte—all except Bernadotte.

This, too, was a dictator's revolution—neither the French people nor the French army as a whole inspired the revolution of the eighteenth Brumaire.

The affair of General Malet is not so well known as the eighteenth Brumaire. Most historians minimize it—notably Thiers, and all those who glorify Napoleon, as it showed how flimsy was the fabric he had erected. In fact, all French historians, even Bonaparte's foes, are inclined to minimize the incident, for it reflects little credit on the French character. It is told more fully in the memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier than elsewhere. He was prefect of police under Napoleon at the time. The Malet story is so startling as to be almost incredible. It belongs to the Romance of History.

General Malet was a fiery republican, and had witnessed with deep anger the overthrow of the republic by Bonaparte. Therefore, when Napoleon had made himself emperor, he placed Malet, with many other recalcitrant republicans, behind the bars. After the lapse of years, Malet's mind gave way, and he was removed from prison to an asylum in the Faubourg St. Antoine. There he hatched his plot with a single confidant, the Abbé Lafon. The small number in the plot perhaps accounts for the remarkable way in which it worked, for they kept their secret to themselves until matters were ripe.

It was in the month of October, 1812. Napoleon was then in Moscow, around which his vast army lay, held in the iron grip of a Russian winter. There his doctors were trying to cure him of a new attack of a shameful disease, while he passed his time in drawing up a con-

of laws for the Comédie-Française, a band of stage-players whose females he used as a harem. The rigorous winter made the arrival of couriers from Napoleon infrequent.

Malet and Lafon laid their plans for the night of the twenty-third of October. They succeeded in escaping from the asylum, and went to a room near the Place Royale, occupied by a Spanish priest. The imperial police ransacked all Europe for him, but his name has never been known. Their plan was to appear at a couple of barracks, announce Napoleon's death, read an alleged Senatus-Consultum establishing a provisional government and investing General Malet with command of the army; thus they hoped to secure a battalion of troops; with these they would repair to another barracks, repeat their procedure, and secure more troops; this would enable them to send detachments of troops to important points, to arrest certain public functionaries, to proclaim the spurious Senatus-Consultum throughout the city, to rally at the Hotel de Ville all the plotters and discontented politicians of whom Paris was full, and there inaugurate a provisional government which would win the approval of all France. Numerous documents were prepared, including detailed plans for the distribution of troops, orders to the commanders in the various garrisons, etc.

What trifling events affect the plans of men! A heavy rainfall took place during the night, which much retarded the movements of the conspirators. It was nearly four o'clock before they reached the crucial barracks, commanded by brave but thick-headed soldiers. Colonel Soulier and Colonel Rabbe, commanders at the two posts, implicitly believed the documents read to them, and Malet was speedily at the head of twelve hundred soldiers. But by the time Malet had divided up his small force and reached the Ministry of War and the Ministry of Police, it was nearly seven o'clock. When they invaded the bed-chamber of Pasquier, his body-servant resisted, and received a bayonet-stab. The news of the emperor's death and the false Senatus-Consultum were read to Pasquier, who detected the fraud, but was prudent enough to keep silent. He and the Duke of Rovigo, the Minister of War, and other high officials, were at once taken to prison.

General Malet continued on his rounds. He went to the office of General Hulin, who commanded the military division at the Place Vendôme. The spurious documents were read to him, but Hulin refused to believe them. Malet immediately shot him in the head, and Hulin fell to the ground. From there he went to the office of General Ducet, chief of staff. Ducet also denounced the forgery, whereupon Malet leveled his pistol at Ducet's head. But Adjutant Labord grasped Malet's pistol-hand, and shouted for help. The soldiers of Ducet's guard immediately came to his assistance, and arrested Malet. This was the beginning of the end. The puzzled soldiers who were accompanying Malet here became convinced that something was wrong, and they submitted quietly to arrest. This put an end to the revolution. It had lasted less than five hours.

The men incriminated were speedily tried. The conspiracy had been short—so was the trial, so was the shrift. Malet stoutly denied that he had any accomplices; in fact, none could be traced, except the priest Lafon. The other twenty-two were apparently blind tools—shall we say of Malet or of Providence? When asked by the judge, M. Réal, "Who are your accomplices?" Malet sneeringly replied, "You, M. Réal, would have been one of them had I succeeded." Probably this was true.

General Malet, General Lahorie, whom he had made minister of war for a few hours, two other general officers, the two colonels, Soulier and Rabbe, together with eight junior and non-commissioned officers, were all sentenced to death. The trial took place four days after the inception of the Malet plot, and the morning after the trial they were all shot to death in the Plain of Grenelle.

Why tell this old story, the reader may ask. Partly because it is a wild story, a true story, and not so well known as some others; partly because it shows what power is in the hands of violent and resolute men when they have the training of soldiers. That the weak government of a corrupt king and a dissolute queen like Alexander and Draga of Serbia should be overthrown by a cabal of determined soldiers may not seem strange; but was it not strange that the government of a mighty empire, ruled by one of the most

indomitable of men, whose flag then floated from the Iberian peninsula to the golden turrets of Moscow, from the English Channel to the lands along the Adriatic Sea—that the capital of such a mighty empire should practically pass into the hands of a crazy soldier and a crack-brained priest, both escapes from a madhouse, and remain in their hands even for so short a space of time as five hours—is this not calculated to make all monarchs thoughtful?

President Roosevelt has returned to Washington, and has been enthusiastically received. While some of us may have considered the President's trip too strenuous a one to be called a pleasuring, still it was a picnic compared to what he is up against now that he is home. There are many thorns in the Presidential cushion. All sorts of dangers and dilemmas have arisen in Washington during the past two months. Not the least of these is the post-office investigation, which has rapidly developed into a post-office scandal. Then, Wall Street has announced that it will boycott the Republican campaign fund.

Still, the President's good fortune clings to him. Senator Hanna more or less gracefully withdrew his opposition to Ohio's indorsement, and Mr. Roosevelt is now apparently assured of the unanimous nomination in the Republican convention. All is peace within the party. The tariff mutterings over the "Iowa idea" seem to be dying away. Probably Cuban reciprocity will be decently interred at midnight in a nameless grave.

But there is one cloud on the Presidential horizon. It is only a little cloud—it is no larger than a man's hand—yet it may grow into a political cyclone fitted to wreck and ruin the most promising of booms.

No longer to keep the reader in suspense, let us leave our sibylline sentences and speak plainly. We have been examining the figures of the Kankakee *Clarion*—whose editor is one of the most famous statisticians in the West—concerning the recent Presidential tour. We find that the President during his travels met some millions of American citizens, in number and in variety divided about as follows:

Members of committees of State legislatures.....	900
Chairmen of committees of State legislatures.....	30
Speakers of State legislatures.....	25
Job-lots of State officials, treasurers, secretaries, auditors, comptrollers, etc.....	1,000
Members of municipal committees.....	3,000
Chairmen of municipal committees.....	30
Adjutant-generals, quartermaster-generals, judge-advocates, lieutenant-colonels, and majors on governors' staffs.....	500
Ditto, ditto, ditto on militia major-generals' staffs.....	1,500
Ditto, ditto, ditto on militia brigadier-generals' staffs.....	5,000
School-children as "human flags".....	50,000
School-girls as States of the Union.....	100,000
School-girls simply waving flags.....	500,000
Cadets of private military schools.....	700,000
Commanders of cadets aforesaid.....	700
Miscellaneous school-children.....	3,000,000
American citizens, in the saddle.....	150,000
American citizenesses, in the saddle.....	25,000
American citizens and citizenesses, on foot.....	37,500,000
Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.....	40,000
Veterans of the Spanish war.....	60,000
Veterans of the Rough Rider Regiment.....	80,000
Distinguished orators at banquets, local spellbinders, "the man who talked Tom Reed to a standstill," "the only man who ever downed Depew," etc.....	2,500
Total.....	42,220,185

Here lies the danger. This Tarpeian rock is up against the Capitol. While the school-children as human flags, the school-girls as States of the Union, and the high-school cadets have no votes, the Mister Speakers, the prominent citizens, the tin colonels and majors, the State officials, and the spellbinders all have. What is more ominous, they control votes. Out of this long list, many will some day go to Washington. In ancient days, all roads led to Rome; in our country, nowadays, all roads lead to Washington. Try to imagine the mood of a prominent citizen, a judge-advocate, or a Mister Speaker who has to cool his heels in the White House anteroom—fancy the feelings of a spell-binder who has grasped the Presidential hand at the festive board, who has received the Presidential assurance that the spell-binder's burning words would never be forgotten—fancy, we say, such a spell-binder's feelings when he meets Mr. Roosevelt in Washington, and the President does not know him, and is no longer spell-bound—when the spell-binder receives the executive cut, the White House glassy eye.

What will all these prominent citizens, these Mister Speakers, these spellbinders say, when they get back to Kankakee, to Kalamazoo, to Milpitas, or to Podunk?

What will they do? They may not do a thing to him. And then again they may. Such is human vanity that none of us pardon being forgotten. The most cordially hated men in clubs and in society are those who forget or affect to forget their acquaintances. And Mr. Roosevelt is unfortunate enough to have had presented to him many thousands of men, all of whom will remember him, and most of whom he will infallibly forget.

The newspapers of Manila frequently complain of the ignorance of Americans about Philippine affairs. They profess to find, by perusal of American dailies, evidence not only of ignorance but of apathy about the commercial development of the islands. "They neither know nor care about us" is the lugubrious lament of all Manila papers. There seems to be some truth in this. We very seldom have seen extracts from, or comments upon, articles in Manila papers in our own. Almost the only information about the islands that is disseminated in this country comes through the War Department, and from a few brief Associated Press dispatches. This is the more strange since the Manila papers are not only numerous but bright.

There are at least half a dozen of them. Those that reach this office are the *Cablenews*, the *Freedom*, the *Times*, the *American*, and the *Commercial Bulletin*, dailies; and the *Sunday Sun*, a sprightly weekly. In general, they voice the opinions neither of the army nor the civil government, but of the American merchants and shippers. And they find much of which to complain. Perhaps it will surprise some to learn that the Taft government is unpopular with civilians. Their complaint is that the government caters to the Filipinos. They allege that white men, who have permanently established themselves in the islands and identified themselves with them, should be given at least equal consideration with the brown men. "Through the supremacy of American interests here," they say, "must come the greater good to Filipinos." It arouses dissatisfaction to see natives, some of them lately insurgent, given fat offices while Americans get none. The anti-Taft party seems to regard Wright with a favorable eye, and rather to hope that a vacancy on the Supreme Bench may soon call Governor Taft from the Philippines, when Wright is considered his logical successor. It is interesting to note that the opinion of Taft's administration held by the Manila papers is indorsed by Percival Landon, correspondent of the *London Daily Mail*, who says the administration's policy must be reversed or it will fail. He condemns the sentiment attributed to Governor Taft—"The islands will be administered by Americans solely for the benefit of Filipinos: if American merchants do not like it they can get out."

The industrial conditions in Manila, according to the Manila papers, are bad. Last year the merchants were in hopes that, by sending a representative to Washington, favorable legislation could be secured. Now they have given that up. Their delegate, Brewster Cameron, reports that the tariff on tobacco and sugar will never be removed, since that would hurt the American industries. He advises that those crops in the Philippines be given up. His advice has been received with jeers. "The next thing," says the *American*, bitterly, "he will ask us to give up shipping curios because it harms the New Jersey trinket industry." The papers are full of advertisements of things for sale, concluding with the significant phrase "Owner leaving for the States." The more adventurous, as evidenced by newspaper discussion, look upon the Panama strip as a future Mecca. If they can stand the terrible climate of Manila, they argue, the Chagres miasma will have no terrors for them.

There seems to be quite a general belief that too much leniency has been shown Filipino insurgents and ladrones. The Filipinos think a mild rule a weak one. All the papers applaud the government in the new policy of hanging highway robbers, no matter how "loyal" they become when caught. They applaud also the suppression of seditious plays, which the government has lately undertaken more vigorously. These plays—and there are many of them—have but one central idea: the downfall of the American government. One of the most popular is "Hindi aco Patay," Anglice, "I am Not Dead Yet," in which Katipunan flags and emblems figure prominently; it has been suppressed many times, only to appear again in a new place. "Aguinaldo's March," according to the *Times*, is always received by Filipino audiences with wild enthusiasm; the "Star Spangled Banner," in silence. It is noticeable that all newspaper criticism of the government's acts is subdued in tone. The several prosecutions for sedition are evidently not forgotten.

The Manila Filipinos have not been slow to adopt some American ideas. On May 1st, labor unionists—to the number of thirty thousand, it is said—paraded the streets, gorgeously arrayed, with several hands, and all business was suspended. Another late paper records that Miss Tomas Reyes has been given a judgment of five thousand pesos against Jao To Juy, a Chinese, for—breach of promise! Let us not utterly despair of benevolent assimilation quite yet.

In the light of recent dispatches it would appear that the movements in this country to relieve, by money contributions, the condition of the Jews at Kishineff, and to urge reforms upon the Czar's government have met with rebuff.

Offers of financial relief have been declined with an assurance that "Russia is entirely capable of extending relief, and, under the circumstances, can not accept outside aid." Neither will Russia receive any representations from a foreign power regarding the Kishineff affair, on the ground that Russia "refrains from interference in the internal affairs of other powers, and must insist on similar treatment for itself." There seems to be objection to internal criticism, as well as external. The resolutions of sympathy with the victims at Kishineff, and

condemnation of the attitude of the government, recently adopted by an assembly of scientists, authors, and journalists at St. Petersburg, were denied publication in the papers by the special order of the minister of the interior, and an entertainment at Odessa, organized in aid of the destitute Jews, was stopped by the governor because the minister of the interior had ordered "that public meetings for the purpose of organizing charity should not be tolerated."

Despite all this, Russia has evidently heard from the outside world, and her course will be measurably affected by what has come to her ears. It is said that not only has the lord mayor of London—himself a Jew—received reassuring advices, but it is reported that the Czar and his council will sanction legislative reforms in favor of the Jews, which Finance Minister De Witte is ready to introduce.

About two years ago the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision, in the case of Downes versus Bidwell, affecting the important question whether the Constitution of its own force follows the flag when the latter is raised over new subject territory. The gist of that decision was that the Constitution did not thus become operative, but that to extend it to such localities required an act of Congress. That decision has been recently renewed in a case arising in Hawaii. A Japanese, Osaki Mauchiki, was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment. The conviction was obtained after the adoption by Congress of the resolution annexing the islands, and previous to the passage of the act organizing Hawaii as a Territory. Under the prevailing municipal legislation of Hawaii, the conviction was had without indictment by a grand jury, and by a majority vote of the trial jury. The case came before the Supreme Court on appeal, in which it was contended for the prisoner that his conviction was illegal, because it did not conform to the constitutional requirements of a presentment or indictment by a grand jury, and a unanimous verdict for conviction. The decision recites that the resolution of Congress in 1898, left the laws of Hawaii in force when not contrary to the Constitution of the United States or any existing treaty, and holds that it was not the intention of Congress to interfere with existing criminal procedure when such interference would result in imperiling the peace and good order of the islands. No change was contemplated until Congress should so determine by specific action. Upon this question of intent the Supreme Court held, by a majority of one, that the conviction of the prisoner was in accordance with law.

It is unfortunate that the Supreme Court is so closely divided upon this question. The opinion was delivered by Justice Brown, and concurred in by Justices White, McKenna, Holmes, and Day. The dissenting opinion has the support of Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Harlan, Brewer, and Peckham. Justice Harlan, in the dissenting opinion, declared that, under the majority ruling, Congress could keep in force the Hawaiian laws in criminal proceedings, even though in direct conflict with the United States Constitution—a proposition which assumed an unwarranted congressional authority. It is notable that the attitude of the bench has not changed within the two years, or been affected by the new appointments. The four dissenting justices are the same who dissented from the ruling in the earlier case, and the positions taken then by Justices Gray and Shiras are now being held by their successors, Justices Holmes and Day.

The post-office scandal agitation has extended over such a long period of time, the facts have reached the public in such a piecemeal fashion, and there have been so many conflicting statements, that a brief and orderly statement of the facts to date may be enlightening. A few months ago, A. W. Machen was general superintendent of the free delivery system. George W. Beavers was chief of the salary and allowance division. Both were subordinate to the first-assistant postmaster-general, both were Democrats, and both were appointed under the second Cleveland administration. When Robert J. Wynne assumed the position of first-assistant postmaster-general, he found these two men so thoroughly entrenched in their positions, and so fully recognized as the supreme authority in their divisions, that neither of them seemed to deem it necessary to defer to Mr. Wynne's opinion or judgment in any matter of the department requiring consideration. The situation created some heartburning. Just at this favorable moment appeared charges against both Beavers and Machen. Beavers, getting wind of the charges, begged for mercy, and asked to be allowed to resign, which request was granted. Machen claimed nothing was wrong with his department, and claims so now. But he was then suspended. Wynne then formally asked of Payne that his entire department be investigated. This task was given to Joseph L. Bristow, fourth-assistant postmaster-general, who is believed to be an honest and fearless man. It is upon the facts brought to light by him that Machen has now finally been arrested on the charge of bribery by letter-box clamp contractors.

Gradually the investigation has extended, not only over the divisions of these two men, but now over the whole department under the charge of the first-assistant postmaster-general. As an explosion in one building of a powder plant will sometimes cause others in adjoining buildings, until the whole plant goes up in smoke, so the stir in one division has spread to others in postal matters, until the whole department is under the lime-light of official investigation. Thus Tyner became involved.

James N. Tyner was assistant attorney-general for the Post-Office Department. He was compelled to resign under charges of having violated civil-service rules, and of favoring fraudulent concerns, whose correspondence and literature should not have been given the privilege of the mails. Tyner is an old man, hailing from Indiana, and was appointed by McKinley. His case is complicated by the action of Mrs. Tyner, who abstracted documents from the department safe,

under circumstances which, if innocent, as claimed, are very suspicious. Meanwhile, forces outside the post-office have been active. In a five-column article, the Brooklyn Eagle charges favoritism and collusion in the renting of quarters for first and second-class post-offices. It is asserted in detail that there are instances in which the government is paying from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than private parties for similar properties, and that in some cases the difference will run from fifty to two hundred per cent. It estimates that in the State of New York alone the government is paying annually a half million of dollars too much rent. On top of all this appeared the charges of S. W. Tulloch, a former cashier of the Washington post-office, affecting the administration of the Post-Office Department under ex-Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith. Tulloch declared that there were irregularities, extravagance, and possible peculations in the post-offices of Cuba and Porto Rico during American occupation directly after the Spanish war. His assertions were "answered" after a fashion by both Smith and Perry Heath. They affirmed that his charges were "threshed straw." Prosecutor Bristow appears to think differently. His report, several columns in length, touching the Tulloch charges, shows that loose and vicious conditions have prevailed in the department for a number of years. For instance, several persons appeared on the pay-roll twice, there were numerous unauthorized expenditures, officials took needless journeys. Especially significant is the statement coming from the postmaster at the Washington post-office that more employees were given him than he could find work for. Evidently these were protégés of those "high up," for whom soft snaps had to be found. One of the latest subjects for investigation is Rand, the private secretary of the Postmaster-General himself. That is pretty near the top.

It has often been stated that Wall Street is hostile to President Roosevelt; it has recently been stated that it will furnish no funds to help elect him in the next campaign, and it has further been stated that Roosevelt is pleased at the fact. He believes that it will strengthen his chances. The Wall Street funds, it is said, will go to Cleveland, should he be nominated; or to any other Democrat of ultra-conservative tendencies. These rumors move the San José Mercury to prophecy. Looking forward into the apparently roseate depths of 1904 it sees the plain people voluntarily subscribing to a Roosevelt campaign fund. "There are thousands of business men," it exclaims, "who would contribute. Millions of citizens would give their pecuniary mite."

We wish we could look out upon this naughty world with so mild and optimistic an eye as does the Mercury. But we can not, and there is no use trying. Too painful are the memories that come of numerous people we know who try to dodge the tax-collector. Yet paying taxes is a patriotic duty. To avoid it is to cheat the great and glorious government that guards us, and likewise to cheat our fellowmen who can find no hole in which to hide, and who have to pay twice as much because we pay not at all. While most people pay taxes only because they have to, are they going to contribute voluntarily to a campaign fund? Not on your life! We think the Mercury not well-advised in several other things it says, but we benevolently pass all but this: "The power of money in a national campaign is greatly overrated." It takes nerve to say that, while William H. Clark is senator from Montana, while Addicks is still a power in Delaware, and while Rhode Island and Missouri have just been convicted of selling laws to the highest bidder. No; money still makes the mare go. We hope we are mistaken in thinking that it now takes more money to make her fleet than ever it did before.

Dame Rumor is always active in political fields on the eve of a campaign, and the garrulous lady is now busy telling about the possible candidates for municipal honors next November. The Union Labor party naturally figures largely in these forecasts. Some of the labor leaders are enemies of Mayor Schmitz. They will fight him in that party. Mayor Schmitz received many Republican votes at the last election, and in certain contingencies it is not improbable that he might receive the Republican nomination to succeed himself. The election of last year gave no indication as to the strength of the labor movement, for while it is practically certain that a large part of the labor vote went for Lane, the party failed to indorse any gubernatorial candidate. Those who oppose the labor element in politics would, it is said, be glad to see a candidate of the Union Labor party nominated for mayor this year, for such a candidate would be almost certain of defeat. The leaders of the Union Labor party, with a full realization of the weakness involved in their own family quarrels, would prefer to indorse the candidate of some other party rather than nominate a man of their own. Lane, if nominated by the Democrats, would probably receive their indorsement. He would probably receive the support of the Examiner also, which he lacked last year. But will Lane accept the nomination?

For the purpose of discouraging the bringing of trivial cases in the superior courts, it is a rule of law in this State that where a plaintiff's damages are assessed at less than three hundred dollars, the successful party and not the loser must pay the costs of suit. These costs—including jury fees and the fees of the court reporter, representing thirty-four dollars a day, besides the fees of witnesses, which are seldom paid, but always charged—foot up a considerable amount in a protracted case. The rule has been in jury cases that both sides must deposit the costs each day with the sheriff. But at the conclusion of the trial the successful party has been allowed to withdraw the money paid for costs. Under this rule it has frequently happened that the litigant securing a verdict for less than three hundred dollars from a railroad company,

has been able to draw down his money and then so dispose of it that he could not be forced to pay the costs. This has not been a difficult matter where the plaintiff had no visible property to levy upon. A new rule has now been adopted by which the costs must be paid immediately, and so the evasion of payment will not be possible. The result will be that persons who have not a clear case against the railroads will not be so ready to bring damage suits.

Recently, a young Viennese physician, Milan Sabcs, went to Dr. Koch's bacteriological laboratory to study the bubonic plague. He desired to gain information that would assist him in formulating sanitary regulations in Bukovina, where the plague was supposed to exist. Unfortunately, while in the laboratory, the doctor himself contracted the disease, and died. The German Government, as a result of this death, has forbidden any more experiments with plague germs. The German Government has a tendency to be autocratic and ultra-paternal in its methods, but in this case there is a lesson by which the self-constituted local plague experts may profit. These local experts have claimed to discover a number of cases of bubonic plague in this city. This local variety, unlike the plague in any other place where it has made its appearance, is apparently non-contagious, for these experts have not hesitated to carry their germs from place to place, and to exhibit them freely. The bubonic-plague germ that was being studied in Berlin was so infectious that even the physicians were stricken by the disease; the local germ is so innocuous that it may be handled with impunity.

The need of a parcels-post system is apparently more keenly appreciated in Europe than it is in this country. After vainly urging the government authorities at Washington for joint action, the British postal department has established an independent service. Under this system, parcels weighing eleven pounds are carried for seventy-two cents from any part of Great Britain to any part of the United States. In bulk, a maximum in girth and length of six feet is allowed. Since the government of this country has refused to cooperate, the British postal department has made arrangements with the Adams Express Company to carry the parcels in the United States. An agreement has been entered into with Germany by which the postal department of this country carries parcels of eleven pounds coming from there, and sends parcels of the same weight to Germany, but it is said that a movement is on foot to reduce the maximum weight to the limit recognized in domestic mail of four pounds. The Belgian Government is said to favor the establishment of such a service with this country, and the Anglo-American Chamber of Commerce at Brussels has asked the Chamber of Commerce in this city to favor the movement. The parcels-post has become a commercial necessity, and it is time that this government adopt it.

It is a common expression to hear that the climate of California is changing. Professor McAdie has recently published a report on weather conditions on this Coast that contains many interesting facts, while it contradicts rather than sustains the claim of climatic change. The average annual precipitation here is a little more than one-half of what it is in the Eastern States, but the deficiency is more than counterbalanced by the fact that the rainfall generally comes at the time when it is most needed. In no other part of the globe are the seasonal conditions more closely watched than in California, and in no part of the United States are the results of departure from normal conditions more serious. During the winter months, California is at the mercy of the area of low pressure that lies over the North Pacific. The greater number of these areas of disturbance pass inland north of the California boundary. The rainfall frequency of this city averages seventy-one days, and the average precipitation is twenty-three inches. The heaviest rainfall for a single season in fifty-three years was during 1861-2, when 49.27 inches of rain fell. From the records of the bureau, Professor McAdie says that there does not appear to be any evidence of a permanent change in climate. Wet and dry seasons come and go with little regularity. It is a curious but significant fact that the records of Sir Francis Drake, from June 17th to July 24th, compared with the more recent records of the weather bureau, "show a similarity too close to be accidental." Again, the giant sequoias, thousands of years old, testify that there have been no great climatic changes during their period of growth.

It is little more than a year since the merchants and business men of the northern part of the State organized a promotion committee to let the rest of the world know the advantages of residence in Northern and Central California.

It is always the experience that such movements arouse enthusiasm in their inception, that the busy merchant subscribes his money, and then turns his attention to the more pressing questions of his private business. Such, to a certain extent, has been the experience in this case, but the committee has continued to carry out the work for which it was appointed, and the aggregate of what it has accomplished is somewhat surprising to those who have not followed its detail. Up to the end of last month the committee had received inquiries about the State from 42,873 persons. These inquiries were contained in 21,479 letters, showing that the work of the committee is reaching not single individuals but groups, who are considering the advisability of making their homes in California. The inquiries have come from every State and Territory in the Union, from every dependency except Guam, Porto Rico, and from twenty foreign countries. The committee has mailed 22,912 letters in answer to these inquiries, doing 312,479 pieces of literature. Within three months 312,479 persons have come to the State on "colonist" tickets. It is such work as this that makes for prosperity.

STEVENSON'S VILLON STORY.

"A Lodging for a Night."

[Many playgoers who have seen E. H. Sothern in Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," during its run at the Columbia Theatre, must have been impressed by the vividness of the scenes and by the strong pictures of Paris in medieval times as set forth in the play. Doubtless Mr. McCarthy drew some of his material from the memoirs of the time. But as material about François Villon is scanty, it would seem as if he obtained not a little from Robert Louis Stevenson's striking story, "A Lodging for a Night," of which Villon is the central figure. Other parts seem to come from the essay on Villon, by the same writer, in "Famous Studies of Men and Books." Those who have seen the play and have not read the story, will be interested in reading a part of Stevenson's hit of word-painting.—EDS.]

It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels molting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping toward the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon, the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of bourgeois by the imperious chance that rules the lives of absolute geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin were playing a game of chance. About them there hung some flavor of good birth and training,

as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosilily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"Some may prefer to dine in state," wrote Villon, "on bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"Or parsley on a golden dish," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon; "they are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there! You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantries touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny, doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon; "how do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"Hominibus impossibile," replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filipped his nose again. "Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said; "what have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the humpback and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to one side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the grewsome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon—"about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first. "Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table; "there's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth; "it's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here—not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood. "You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp; "damn his fat head!" he broke out; "it sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer; "sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body; "tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile, Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fled rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half-ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the

small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough; but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry the Fifth of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites—it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual—it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune—that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse.

THE RACE-SUICIDE PROBLEM.

Opinions of a Common-Sense Father of Four Children, Who Disagrees with President Roosevelt that Large Families are a Boon to the Nation.

President Roosevelt's protest against "race suicide," and his many letters and speeches during his recent Western tour, congratulating proud parents of large families on the number of their offspring, have provoked much discussion, pro and con, throughout the country. In the great number of letters to the newspapers, approving the President's view, it is a singular fact that none of them are written by women. An anonymous writer, a father of four children, who signs himself "Paterfamilias," seems to voice the sentiments of the majority of the people. He scores what he calls the essence of the President's sentiments that "the nearer Americans approach the physical status of rabbits the more patriotic they become," and adds:

The problems that confront the married pair of to-day are essentially different from those of thirty years ago—not to say a century ago, when the ambition of most married people was said to be to get "an acre of land and a hahy a year." Cradles no longer are included in the equipment of the bride. The young couple who get married to-day must meet the problems that face themselves, and not those which met their ancestors whom they are urged to emulate. The social problem is the greatest. It is of no sort of use to deny that, rightly or wrongly, there is at present a scale of living adopted in all grades of society that is far more expensive than that which prevailed a generation ago. I do not refer so much to the rich, or the well-to-do, but the grade of society where the man of very limited means has occupied and expects to occupy a position of comfort and enjoyment. Much of the increase is due to modern inventions, and to the relative cheapness of what were once esteemed luxuries, but are now looked on as merely the common comforts. Partly, the result is due to the fact that woman has become "emancipated," and, instead of being solely and only a "breeder of sinners," has launched out into many vocations and has become a wage-earner.

The young couple, too, who get married in the city or the small village at this day have become accustomed to many things with which they are not willing to part:

They have learned to dress well, to have expensive pleasures, the theatre, concerts, visits, and the like, which have been inspirations in their lives. They do not look forward to a life of self-sacrifice. They want to retain these things. They have had a little home fitted up, and they do not want to give it up; and as usually the husband has all he can do to support two there is little anxiety to increase the number. If one or two children are born, it is considered enough among those who are intelligent and even tolerably educated. There is no room for more, because, in the first place, there is no money, and because the wife does not want to care for more. If she has a single servant, she finds that her whole time must be taken up with the children; and if she is to have a large brood, she will either have to give up all expectation of living in the social atmosphere of her friends or the family will be plunged into debt. The result is, that families are small, and are growing smaller. The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life.

It used to be said that it did not cost anything to raise a baby, but that on the contrary it was an investment. Such a proposition can no longer be maintained:

Every baby costs a good deal of money. If the father is in any way able, he gets a good physician and a competent nurse—a trained nurse, if possible—while all sorts of dainty and other preparations must be made and maintained, which involve expense. Each baby cramps a little all that have come before it, with the result that the mother and father are soon obliged to sacrifice themselves almost entirely on the family altar. They must give up their comforts and pleasures; the mother must give up often even the necessities of life, and take up its worst burdens in order that the children shall not suffer. A death in the family is a double calamity, since the extortionate cost of modern burial is one of the crying evils, but one which can not be ignored. It makes me sick to look

at friends of mine who, ten years ago, were young and happy, and are now prematurely old and wan and sad. The young fellow who used to have the elastic step and the bright laugh, is now gaunt and dyspeptic, and has populist views of life. His wife, who was such a pretty girl, whom we all liked so well, who played and sang so nicely, and was the charm of any social gathering, now looks like a little old hen. Her face is careworn, her look is haunted; she betrays every evidence of being drained mentally, physically, and spiritually, to minister to four or five youngsters who must have "the best" of things, and who are lucky to get enough to make a decent appearance.

The writer deploras the family with no children at all. On the other hand, he thinks that the man who raises two, three, or four children is doing all that ought to be expected of him, and probably in most cases a little more. He adds:

My observation and experience have been that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in large families there has been an immense amount of suffering and privation, and that the mother has usually had to bear the greater portion of it. And the worst of it is, the fact that the large family has so many drawbacks, which are freely avowed by every member of it, does not prevent each member of that same family from getting married under circumstances which usually indicate an exact reproduction of the ills of which they have so long complained.

The writer says he is against large families, principally on account of the women:

They are compelled to bear most of the burdens of life, and are asked to give up all the comforts which they crave, and to which they are justly entitled. I consider it brutal to reiterate constantly that child-bearing is woman's function. I consider it no less than brutal to ask a woman to relegate herself to the position of a brood-mare, not for the personal happiness of either man or wife, but simply that the aggregate number of human beings in the world may be increased. I do not think that a large population in and of itself is a great blessing. In all things in the world I am concerned more with quality than quantity.

In conclusion, the writer says: "We need better citizens; not more of them; and until there has been some way provided by which every child born into this world has as good a chance as it ought to have in the race for success, I shall continue to hold to the opinion that the fewer there are in the family the better."

The Local Campaign Begins.

The Republican County Committee, T. D. Riordan, chairman, met on Tuesday, and adopted a call for a convention, to be held on the fifteenth of September, for the purpose of nominating a mayor, eighteen supervisors, a treasurer, an assessor, a tax-collector, a recorder, a city attorney, a district attorney, a public administrator, a county clerk, a sheriff, a coroner, two police judges, and other officers, to be voted for on Tuesday, November 3, 1903. The convention will consist of three hundred and nineteen delegates, one for each seventy-five votes cast, in assembly districts as now constituted, for Pardee for governor. The apportionment of delegates will be as follows: Twenty-eighth assembly district, thirteen; twenty-ninth, twelve; thirtieth, fifteen; thirty-first, thirteen; thirty-second, fourteen; thirty-third, nine; thirty-fourth, sixteen; thirty-fifth, twenty-one; thirty-sixth, seventeen; thirty-seventh, twenty-five; thirty-eighth, twenty-five; thirty-ninth, fourteen; fortieth, twenty-one; forty-first, twenty; forty-second, twenty-three; forty-third, twenty-three; forty-fourth, twenty-two; forty-fifth, fifteen. The primary election will be held on Tuesday, August 11th.

At Wiesbaden, the other day, two well-dressed women, who attempted to present the Kaiser with bouquets as he rode through the Nerothal accompanied by two of his sons, were rather severely handled by a scolding policeman until the Kaiser noticed the commotion, and waving the guardian of the peace aside, accepted the roses and apologized in a few well-chosen words for their impolite treatment. A few days later, at Frankfort, however, the attentions of another lady admirer were not so much appreciated by the Kaiser. Carried away with enthusiasm, she threw a bouquet into his carriage, but her aim was so bad that the flowers struck the Kaiser's helmet with such force that his consort, who was sitting beside him, drew back in alarm, fearing some harm might befall her royal husband. The enthusiast was arrested, severely lectured, and then discharged. The Frankfort people had been warned previously not to throw flowers into the imperial carriage.

The calamity which overwhelmed the Oregon town of Heppner is said to have been without parallel in the history of the Pacific States and Territories. Heppner lay in a narrow valley, through which flowed a small creek. A cloudburst, ten or twelve miles above, swelled the stream to the volume of a great river. The wall of water swept down upon the town and carried away about 200 of the 250 houses, and drowned some 300 people in a few moments. At the present time, the ruined village is under martial law, and the surrounding country and neighboring cities are pouring in supplies of all kinds for those who are homeless. The loss to property is estimated at \$500,000. Doubtless the town will be rebuilt. Prudence would seem to suggest the hillside rather than the valley floor for its site.

The Pingree potato-patch plan, for giving working people in need the free use of land to grow vegetables for themselves, has lasted longer in Detroit, where Mayor Pingree (afterward governor) started it, than anywhere else, but now, after ten years, it is to be abandoned because there are none to cultivate the vacant lots.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

During his Western tour, President Roosevelt traveled more than 14,000 miles in sixty-six days, and delivered 263 speeches.

Elihu Root, Jr., son of the Secretary of War, has taken the highest prize that can be won by a student in Hamilton College, where his father graduated and where his grandfather was a member of the faculty for half a century. He has just been awarded the Clark prize for oratory and composition, which indicates that he has inherited his father's special talents.

William Jefferson Pollard, known as "the Stentor of all Missouri," is now judge of the fourth district court of St. Louis. His voice, which is described by an enthusiastic local paper as "weird, wonderful, witching, powerful as the *basso profundo*, penetrating as Gabriel's silver trumpet, and sweet as an *Eolian harp*," won him the position of reading clerk in the Missouri State assembly, and in many city and State Democratic conventions. He was also one of the reading clerks in the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896.

Signor Luca Beltrami, who has been intrusted by the municipality of Venice with the reconstruction of St. Mark's Campanile, is one of the most distinguished architects and art critics in Italy. As an authority on Italian Mediaeval and Renaissance architecture, he is almost without a rival, and this fact, together with his wide practical experience, should enable him to accomplish his task in the most satisfactory manner. In reply to an interviewer, who asked him if there would be any difficulties in reproducing both the tower and the loggia in every detail, he said there was none, as all the necessary elements—drawings, plans, and elevations—have been preserved.

Owing to his wife's poor health, Mark Twain is offering his country place at Tarrytown for sale, and with Mrs. Clemens and his two daughters will sail for Europe in September to take up his residence in Florence, Italy, where it is hoped Mrs. Clemens will fully recover from her attack of nervous prostration. "I am looking forward to a good time there," said the humorist, a few days ago, "and I am sure it will do my wife good, too. All our plans for the future, however, depend upon her condition. We have now no occupation, nothing. She is our life. When I say we have no occupation I do not mean that I do no work. I have to kill time in some way, and I work to keep out of mischief. Four or five times a day we are permitted to steal into my wife's room, but it is simply to refresh her with our faces, not our talk." Speaking of his own sickness a short time ago, Twain said: "Why, that was a pleasant adventure, a sort of vacation, that gave me a legitimate excuse for spending five weeks in bed."

Prince Peter Karageorgievitch, who was unanimously elected King of Servia on Monday by the joint session of the Servian parliament, has accepted the appointment and will ascend the throne as Peter the First. He is described as a man of very quiet tastes and excellent morals, who has been living at Lucerne and Geneva, Switzerland, for many years in exile, engaged in scientific pursuits. He is fifty-three years old, a graduate of the University of Vienna, and has taken a degree at Zurich. His late wife, the Princess Zorka, who died in 1890, was a daughter of Nicholas, the reigning Prince of Montenegro, a sister of the present Queen of Italy and of the wives of two of the grand dukes of Russia. The prince has three children—a daughter Helene, aged nine years, and two sons, George, his heir, who is sixteen years old, and Alexander, who is fourteen. The boys are both in the Russian army, under the immediate patronage of the Dowager Czarina, who has looked carefully after their morals, their education, and their advancement in military affairs.

While John S. Sargent's half-dozen portraits are considered the most interesting pictures at the Royal Academy spring exhibition this year, the consensus of opinion among the London critics is that the American artist's canvases lack distinction, appear to have been prepared with too much haste, and show evidence of a proneness to use too much green, in flesh tones and elsewhere. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Lady Evelyn Cavendish, Mrs. Julius Wernher, Mrs. Philip Agnew, Mr. G. McCorquodale, and Lord Cromer are the subjects painted. Concerning this matter of haste and superficiality in rendering the people of our day, Max Beerbohm, the brilliant brother of Beerbohm Tree, the actor, says in the London *Saturday Review*: "Behold them on his canvases, caught and fixed there for a brilliant instant in the midst of their whirling overwork and overplay, swished on in a manner that accords so brilliantly well to its matter—a manner that is, moreover, itself a justly contemptuous criticism, profound in its very superficiality. Here are ladies and gentlemen whose bodies are still vibrating from the motion of motor cars. Their ears are still buzzing from talks down telephones. Their eyes are still strained from staring at cinematographs. Their doctors have long warned them that if they do not take the rest-cure—that nasty reply which nature makes to her defiers—they will collapse suddenly and forever. But they go bravely on, dashing with an ever-sillier velocity down the incline; and here they are, on their way, snap-shot into immortality by a great painter and psychologist."

BY STAGE THROUGH EL DORADO.

Geraldine Bonner Views the Mining Country—Hotels, Waiter-Girls, and Chambermaids—The Placerville of '49—A Loquacious Driver and a Moonlight Ride.

Any one who was in Sacramento on Saturday, June 6th, can form some idea of the feelings of two ladies who, on that day, started out for a tour of the mining towns, from Placerville to Sonora. We were to drive from camp to camp, through the smiling California landscape, surrounded by a green and gracious nature, and shone upon at night by a full moon. That, at least, was the way it went when talked over beforehand in cold blood. When inaugurated in hot blood at Sacramento, it seemed sadly different.

That blazing, blistering, burning day is seared into my memory forever. There was a morning when we drove about in an air-tight back and saw the local objects of interest, and there was an afternoon when we sat in a darkened hotel parlor and fell asleep. Then, in the very shank of the day, we went out and caught a train. The heat came off the asphalt in waves, and the sun was like a smelting furnace just above one's head. A hot wind blew steadily, and bathed one's burning face with a still more burning breath. I have felt hot waves in New York, but never anything quite so dryly torrid as Sacramento, with the mercury ranging up among the nineties.

The hot wind escorted us the whole way to Placerville. It was steady, strong, and blistering. It played over the flat, rich landscape, which lay vacant and glaring, completely at its mercy. The whole countryside seemed in a state of sweltering torpor. We flew past houses drowsing among massed trees, where leaf and flower hung limp. Then by idle, golden fields, some close-cropped, some knee deep in grain. The oats showed a frothy sort of surface that responded in agitated whirls and stirrings to every whiff of wind, innumerable currents and eddies quivering over them. The wheat was heavier, less mercurial and sensitive. Its ochre expanse, streaked with rust color, moved with a slow deliberation in serpentine waves.

There were few people abroad. Houses looked deserted; before them dogs lay drowsing in the wayside dust. Here and there, down prim orchard rows, a Chinaman's jeans brought a touch of blue into the picture. Far away a wagon passing on some unseen thoroughfare tarnished the brightness of the afternoon with a blur of dust. And farther still, faint on the horizon like a painting on a faded drop-curtain, hung a line of mountains brushed with snow, so remote, so thin and aerial that they looked like a sweet, half-forgotten dream amid brutal realities.

We did not escape the heat in Placerville. It met us there. The brows of Placerville were beaded with perspiration, and the collars of Placerville were limp. The only denizens of the town who seemed to survive the general wilting were the waiter-girls at the hotel, who were very spruce, brisk, and well dressed. There was one who was quite a belle, and had a chevelure that for tasteful elaboration could not be beaten in London. She was a social soul, and as dinner progressed she would seat herself beside the gentleman to whose wants she was ministering, and converse with him. Then after dinner she came up and sat on the balcony, and was quite gay and coquettish. The chambermaid, who was older, and of a more sedate mien, also came out on the balcony, clad in muslins, and generally transformed like Cinderella. She strove to entertain an old gentleman by describing the exact and careful manner in which she made his bed; a subject which did not appear to interest him, as he more than once fell asleep.

The night of our arrival a broad moon brooded over Placerville. Mounting by a trail which scrambled over rocks, stream beds, and iron pipes we reached a high crest of red soil, and there sat down to rest. Below us the little town lay scattered through a series of cañons. The main street follows the largest cañon, and narrower byways branch from it, curving with the windings of the streams they edge. All were thickly embowered in trees, through the foliage of which the yellow, friendly lights of cottage windows shot cheerful gleams. Above and beyond, dark in the sleeping moonlight, rose the peaceful hills, once clothed to their summits in conical firs and pines, now bare and red in many places, as though the Indian skin was showing through holes worn in the blanket. Over all a great warm moon shone, riding high and serene in a cloudless sky.

Sitting on our rocky eyrie, I tried to reconstruct the Hangtown of '49. Where the main street of the present town lies, there was an open creek-bed, and beyond this again there appears to have been another. Both were rocky, mountain brooks, with stony banks. The pines and firs clothed the hills in solemn files, and came down to the brook's edge to mingle with a lighter growth of oaks and alders, and the feathery, frivolous trees of summer. And all along the creek-bed and far up on the banks, the miners had washed the earth and dug their pits. Some had tents that we might have seen glimmering through the trees, others built themselves log houses, others again slept in their blankets on knolls bare to the stars. Had it been '49 instead of 1903, we might have seen the lights of their fires gleaming redly from the creek bank, points of life amid the vast, encompassing world of mountain and forest.

On the Sabbath, Placerville lounged in the morning,

tilted comfortably back on the hind legs of its chair, and wearing its Panama hat over its eyes. It was very hot weather, and there was not much to do. This may account for the fact that Placerville spent part of the afternoon watching two small boys fight opposite the hotel. Battle seemed to be in the air. Hot days make people quarrelsome. "The sun was hot, the Capulets abroad," and the two small boys, from the profane bickerings which are almost friendly, were soon engaged in bloody conflict.

Male Placerville ranged up along the edge of the pavement, and egged on and applauded. The ladies in the hotel, according to their temperaments, drew their shutters, or sat in the windows looking out. It appeared to last a long time, and the applause swelled at intervals. Finally, the scene of conflict was transferred to the stable, where I should infer, by a crowding round the doorway of Panama hats and shoulders, a last round was fought. I was glad to think that I was going away from Placerville.

At half-past four the next afternoon we started to drive into Jackson by private conveyance. We had a driver, a pair of stout, sleek-skinned horses, and a surrey. We were going a distance of thirty-five miles, and were due at Jackson that night at somewhere about eleven. We were to sup at Plymouth, and were assured of a fair meal, as six stages stopped there for supper in their transit across the country.

The sun was overcast when we started, and toward the east a blue, thunderous cloud-bank filled up the sky. There was the smell of rain in the air, and a sultry lull hung over the afternoon. But it was California, and rain would have been an eccentricity of climate not to be accounted for. So we longingly watched the great blue bank of moisture sweeping across the Sierra while we plowed through clouds of red dust that lay on our clothes like cayenne pepper.

The day was hot, parchingly dry, and very quiet. The absence of bird-notes is one of the most curious features of the California country. A mysterious silence seems always to brood over the landscape of this great State, as though it were still in its primordial stage before nature had made small concessions to render it cozily habitable to man.

Man seemed a very insignificant feature in the country we traversed that afternoon. Sometimes we passed no human habitation for miles, the red road crossing broken woodland, or skirting dried creek-beds, where the stones lay bare and bleached. Then we would sweep through a scattering of houses, a dozen or so, drowsing under the shade of a line of locust-trees. The group of men on the porch of the "hotel" would rouse from what appeared a state of somnolence to push back their hats and look at us. "Has-beens," the driver would laconically remark, with a wave of his whip in the direction of the "hotel."

Some of these settlements had been great camps in the days of gold. Old stone buildings, ruinous and roofless, stood by creek-beds, from which every particle of earth had been washed. Our driver, who was a man of social temperament and much general information, showed us deserted mines from which millions had either been taken, or had been expected to be taken. Nature was now at work demolishing man's invasion of her loveliness. The hoisting works were in ruins, the miners' cabins open to the air, blank and empty. Once, in a stretch of vine land, we came upon a wild-looking man pumping water from a rusty pump. "That gentleman," said the driver, giving him a friendly hail, "owns almost all the land about here. He buys it up when the miners get disgusted and quit."

As evening came on by thin, pale degrees, we found ourselves beside the Consumnes River, an opaque, greenish stream, full-flowing and mirror-like. Here we saw more life, a stamp-mill or two, a hoisting-works ejecting a thin stream of smoke. A sweet, delicious chill rose from the river, and as we sped on in the early dusk we passed through whiffs of perfume from blossom-laden buckeye-trees, and sometimes the rare, delicate scent of drying hay-fields.

The darkness was well on us by eight, and the moon, on which we counted, a white blur under clouds. The loneliness of the road, the eerie half light, and the silence of a dormant nature, from which no friendly voice arose, imparted a somewhat sombre tone to the mind, and the conversation turned on hold-ups. The driver proved a mine of information on this subject. He sketched lightly, but graphically, the dangers of travel on the roads of Amador and El Dorado Counties. The jail in Placerville had been filled from time immemorial with notorious criminals. Stages and carriages were continually robbed by the gentlemen of the road. "But don't you get scared," said he, gallantly: "if we get held up I'll chew the rag with them, and all you got to do is to set quiet."

At nine o'clock a glimmering of lights through the black-drooping foliage of locusts told of the vicinity of Plymouth. We drove up—a cube of yellow radiance from an open door falling out over us—and hungrily requested dinner. The dim shapes of the population of Plymouth were described tilted back in arm-chairs on the hotel piazza. Female figures outlined themselves against the light of the open door. Six stage-loads of passengers had already supped at Plymouth, and gone on, replete and satisfied, but there was still enough left for us, albeit it would only be "a cold lunch." We alighted hopefully, and invited the driver also to partake of "the cold lunch." He declined on the ground that he had already supped. This seemed reasonable,

for he had at intervals been taking large bites from a piece of tobacco which, when we started, looked about as big as a cake of Baker's chocolate, and must have been down to the size of a domino when we reached Plymouth.

The rest of our drive was moonlit. We swept through stretches of wild, oak-dotted country, where the air was dry and the vague shapes of cows made black splotches on the road, then dove into woody cañons, which were softly chill, the darkness shot through with gleams of moonlight touching the ripples of running water. We slowly ascended long hills, the horses' hoofs padding in the dust the only sound, and dashed down the other side, jouncing over stones and into chuck-holes.

Twice we woke the echoes of small towns. The main street, with its arcade of projecting roofs, sent a spattering of lights into the darkness. There were always men on the hotel piazzas, and the rattle of our wheels called a few figures to the doors of saloons. Then we passed out to the suburban region of little dark houses edging the creek, the moonlight investing them with a look of foreignness and mystery. Festoons of creeping roses and the gnarled cords of the grape-vine lent beauty to their sordid shapes, the water at their doors glimmered in silvery spangles. Far up on the hillside, yellow squares cut in the blackness of the mountain's flank, were the windows of stamp-mills, and their roar, loud and aggressive, broke on the peace of the night. It followed us as we sped away into the darkness, like the triumphant shout of some feeding monster crunching and mouthing in a giant repast.

GERALDINE BONNER.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, June 11, 1903.

CORSIKA'S NOTED OUTLAW.

Remarkable Career of Brico, the Bandit.

The bloody vendetta of Baptiste Tramoni Brico, the famous Corsican bandit, came to an end last month, when the picturesque outlaw was ambushed and killed by a dozen of his enemies as he was leaving the house of an aunt, in the village of Borivoli, to return to his mountain hiding-place.

According to the *Commercial Advertiser*, Brico was a true hero of romance in that he was urged to his course of wickedness by an unfortunate love-affair. He was the son of poor peasants, whose wealth was a few sheep, and when he went into the army he left behind him a sweetheart, one Josephine Tramoni, who promised to marry him at the end of his service, which would be three years later, or 1892. Returning then to Corsica, he learned that Josephine's father was by no means eager to accept him as a son-in-law. But he did not lose heart until one day in August, 1894, when Father Tramoni, exasperated at his pertinacity, was unwise enough to say that never in his life would he consent to the marriage. Thereupon Brico meditated a month on his course of action. Finally he shot Father Tramoni from behind a hedge, and without stopping to get his bride, made for the hills. That was the beginning of his career as an outlaw.

The Tramonis, of course, were in duty bound to avenge their father's death, but instead of making war on Brico's family in general, they centred all their energies on catching him. The government stepped in to aid them. Brico became a will o' the wisp. In the mountains he found a fellow-spirit in one Giovanni, and the two performed enough deeds of valor to establish a saga. The country folk were frightened into silence about their actions by the mysterious death, in the little village of Mola, of four persons who were suspected of having given the police news of the whereabouts of the outlaws.

Although several gendarmes who attempted to catch the men in the mountains were killed, it was two years before the Tramoni family suffered again. The second victim was the eldest son of the house, Côme. His murder so aroused the authorities that they arrested the whole Brico family—father, mother, uncles, aunts, and cousins—charging them with giving aid and comfort to the outlaw. The day of the trial, Brico, just to show how he felt about it, shot a Tramoni relative, and the day following he shot the gendarme who arrested his mother. Thence on murders followed in quick succession until the Tramoni family promised soon to become extinct.

So long as the blood-thirsty Brico confined his attention to them and the police, the country folk helped him, for to kill both was his undoubted right. But in November he killed a cartman, whose sole offense was to be carrying some household furniture belonging to one of the Tramoni families. This unwarranted crime turned the whole island against Brico. Soon afterward he went down into the village of Mola and killed the seven-year-old son of the murdered Côme Tramoni, who was playing in the streets with other children. From that day he was hunted by every one. His companion, Giovanni, had been killed the year before in an encounter with the police. The two persons who still stood by him were his mother and an aunt. On May 12th, at noon, he bid good-by to his mother, telling her she would probably never see him again. He went to his aunt's house in a neighboring village, and when at night he was leaving it to go to the mountains, he was ambushed and killed. Now the gendarmes are after his slayers. The total list of Brico's victims numbered a round two dozen, which is a good record even for a Corsican bandit.

STOCKTON'S POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.

His Widow's Memorial Sketch.

Just prior to his death, Frank R. Stockton completed a novel which he entitled "The Captain's Toll-Gate." It is a love-story, pure and simple, with the scenes laid in Washington, D. C., and West Virginia, and the happy disentanglement of the various affairs of the heroine are sufficiently ingenious, and gives rise to so many old situations as to warrant the verdict entertaining.

Mr. Stockton's greatest fame, perhaps, came as the result of his having left a question unanswered in his short story, "The Lady or the Tiger"; in other words, laying the basis for endless argument. In this posthumous work, the opportunity arises for debating the question, Was Olive Asher a flirt? Incidentally, it may be asked, has he truly depicted the character of the "navy girl," so called? For Mr. Stockton presents such a young woman as receiving, nay, encouraging, the attentions of three men whom she has known scarcely more than a week; this merely for the reason that she has determined that it is better for her to marry, and desires as much material as possible from which to select. Her management of the three furnishes the ground-work for the story, and there is interjected, as well, the machinations of a designing spinster, who seeks to ensnare the captain, keeper of the toll-gate, a most admirable character, well delineated. The antics of the three victims, who happen to be guests at a country home near the toll-gate, are ludicrous, often silly. But, possibly, this is accounted for by the fact that they are in love. Of course, the climax must be reached in a wedding. This is provided for by a fourth man, who, though hopelessly out of the race at first, finally wins the girl and her affections, thereby establishing a line of defence to the flirtation charge.

The novel is prefaced with a memorial sketch of the author, in which his widow tells of the circumstances under which his stories were written, the influences that determined their direction, and the history of their evolution. Here is Mrs. Stockton's account of how her husband stumbled on one of his most famous characters:

When we set up our own household at Musley, N. J., I went to New York and procured from an orphan's home a girl whom Mr. Stockton described as "a middle-sized orphan." She was about fourteen years old, and proved to be a very peculiar individual, with strong characteristics, which so appealed to Mr. Stockton's sense of humor that he liked to talk with her, and draw out her opinions of things in general, and especially of the books she had read. Her spare time was devoted to reading books, mostly of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them to herself aloud in the kitchen in a very disjointed fashion, which was at first amusing, and then irritating. We never knew her real name, nor did the people at the orphanage. She had three or four very romantic ones she had borrowed from novels while she was with us, for she was very sentimental. Mr. Stockton bestowed upon her the name of Pomona, which is now a household word in myriads of homes. This extraordinary girl, and some household experiences, induced Mr. Stockton to write a paper for *Scribner's Monthly*, which he called "Rudder Grange." This one paper was all he intended to write, but it attracted immediate attention, was extensively noticed, and much talked about. The editor of the magazine received so many letters asking for another paper that Mr. Stockton wrote the second one; and as there was still a clamor for more, he, after a little time, wrote others of the series. Some time later they were collected in a book. For those interested in Pomona, I will add that the woman Pomona was a development in Mr. Stockton's mind of the girl as he imagined she would become, for the original passed out of our lives while still a girl.

Of his literary methods, Mrs. Stockton writes:

He dictated his stories to a stenographer. His favorite spot for this in summer was a grove of large fir-trees near the house. Here, in the warm weather, he would lie in a hammock. His secretary would be near, with her writing materials, and a book of her choosing. The book was for her own reading while Mr. Stockton was "thinking." It annoyed him to know he was being "waited for." He would think out pages of incidents, and scenes, and even whole conversations, before he began to dictate. After all had been arranged in his mind, he dictated rapidly; but there often were long pauses, when the secretary could do a great deal of reading. In cold weather he had the secretary and an easy chair in the study—a room he had built according to his own fancy. A fire of blazing logs added a glow to his fancies.

After the author had accumulated considerable wealth, he decided to purchase a suburban home in Virginia, not far from Washington, D. C., as the climate suited him. Says Mrs. Stockton:

After a rather prolonged search, we one day lighted upon Claymont, in the Shenandoah Valley. It won our hearts, and ended our

search. It had absolutely everything that Mr. Stockton coveted. He bought it at once, and we moved into it as speedily as possible. Claymont is a handsome colonial residence, "with all modern improvements"—an unusual combination. It lies near the historic old town of Charles Town, in West Virginia, near Harper's Ferry. Claymont is itself an historic place. The land was first owned by "the Father of his Country." This great personage designed the house, with its main building, two cottages (or lodges), and courtyards, for his nephew, Bushrod, to whom he had given the land. Through the wooded park runs the old road, now grass-grown, over which Braddock marched to his celebrated "defeat," guided by the youthful George Washington, who had surveyed the whole region for Lord Fairfax. During the Civil War the place twice escaped destruction because it had once been the property of Washington.

But it was not for historical associations, but for the place itself, that Mr. Stockton purchased it:

From the main road to the house there is a drive of three-quarters of a mile through a park of great forest-trees and picturesque groups of rocks. On the opposite side of the house extends a wide, open lawn; and here, and from the piazzas, a nobler view of the valley and the Blue Ridge Mountains is obtained. Besides the park and other grounds, there is a farm at Claymont of considerable size. Mr. Stockton, however, never cared for farming, except in so far as it enabled him to have horses and stock. But his soul delighted in the big, old, terraced garden of his West Virginia home. Compared with other gardens he had had, the new one was like paradise to the common world. At Claymont several short stories were written. "John Gayther's Garden" was prepared for publication here by connecting stories previously published into a series, told in a garden, and suggested by the one at Claymont. "John Gayther, however, was an invention. "Kate Bonnet" and "The Captain's Toll-Gate" were both written at Claymont.

Mr. Stockton was permitted to enjoy this beautiful place only three years:

They were years of such rare pleasure, however, that we can rejoice that he had so much joy crowded into a short space of his life, and that he had it at his close. Truly, life was never sweeter to him than at its end, and the world was never brighter to him than when he shut his eyes upon it. He was returning from a winter in New York to his beloved Claymont, in good health, and full of plans for the summer and for his garden, when he was taken suddenly ill in Washington, and died three days later, on April 20, 1902, a few weeks after "Kate Bonnet" was published in book-form.

The volume is also supplemented with five interesting illustrations and a bibliographical list of Mr. Stockton's writings.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Irving Bacheller's New Book a Good One.

"Darrell of the Blessed Isles" is one of the best books of the year. Its quaint philosophy and wholesome humor will strike deep, and leave a broad wake of optimism in the heart of every reader. And Mr. Irving Bacheller's work shows itself to be of the sort that improves with time, for "Darrell" outranks its predecessors by many lengths, and holds out the promise that even this may not be his high-tide register.

In the old clock-tinker, philosopher, scholar, wit, the author has created a unique and almost new character in the realm of fiction. In his little nook of a shop—where, as the tinker says, "the pendulums swing like the legs of soldiers on parade, some lagging, some quick"—old Darrell and young Trove meet and trim their sails for the Blessed Isles, whose names are the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. And when life grows stormy and imprisonment and disgrace threaten to separate the oddly chosen comrades, it is not to prison hut to the company of the bards and prophets immortal Darrell goes, saying:

"Know ye not there is a country in easy reach of us—the Blessed Isles. I mean the infinite sea o' time that is behind us. Stand high and look back over the dead level. Kings and empires and all their striving multitudes are sunk in the mighty deep, but thou shalt see rising out of it the Blessed Isles of imagination. Look! There is the city of Shakespeare—Norman towers and battlements and Gothic arches looming above the sea. Go there and look at the people as they come and go. Mingle with them and find good company—merry-hearted folk a-plenty. Talk with them, and they will teach thee wisdom. Hard by is the Isle o' Milton. List, ye boy! we're up to the shore and hard by the city gates."

The scene of the book is laid in the beautiful North Country during the 'fifties, when that part of the world was new and full of the life and fragrance of woods and fields, wholesome, happy, and primitive, when the boy, James Abram Garfield, trudged along the unbeaten highways minded to be a sailor, but, disappointed in that, returns home, contenting himself with the possibility of being a statesman; when "the iron way had come through the wilderness and begun to

rend the northern hills," and California was still a dim and distant possibility.

The love-story running through, and animating, the pages breathes the same sweet odors of youth and good faith, and herein lies the threefold strength of the book: romance to quicken the pulse of the heart, mystery to fire the imagination, and high thinking and quaint fantasy to stimulate the mind.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

A succinct answer to the anti-imperialistic arguments of Edward Atkinson has been written by Fred C. Chamberlain, of Boston, under the title "The Blow from Behind." The book deals in stubborn facts and figures, and seems to disprove some, at least, of the anti-imperialistic contentions. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.00.

R. T. Crane, a wealthy Chicagoan, has sent out a series of questions to college presidents and others in an endeavor to prove that an "academic" education is of slight use to the young man in business. He entitles the pamphlet "The Utility of an Academic or Classical Education for Young Men who have to Earn their Own Living and who Expect to Pursue a Commercial Life: An Investigation." Published by the Author, Chicago.

An original plot for a book must nowadays be almost as hard to find as the Holy Grail, but Richard P. Greaves has one that is brand new for "Brewster's Millions." Brewster is a young man of good family who, according to the conditions of a will, must legitimately spend one million dollars in a year in order to secure seven millions. He does it, but he loses forty pounds in weight, and gets gray and careworn in the mad race for poverty. The book is rather a tumultuous and breathless one, and fairly well written. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co, Chicago.

"The American Advance," by Edmund J. Carpenter, is a clear, straightforward account of the expansion of the Republic of the West and the contraction of the Empire of Spain. The Louisiana Purchase, the cession of the Floridas, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican session, Oregon, the Gadsden purchase, Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines are given each a chapter. Mr. Carpenter has little to say of the morality of the various means by which we have acquired territory, but confines himself chiefly to recording facts. The book is a good one, marred only by the author's acceptance of the "Whitman legend." Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$2.50 net.

The naïve self-confidence with which Carleton Noyes (who, as he himself informs the reader, is a young man fresh from the university) sets about to answer the question, What is art? does not conduce to confidence in his dogmatic conclusions on the subject, especially since he acknowledges that all the books of philosophers and writers on art gave him no enlightenment. "The attempt is made, here," he says, "to reduce their supposed mysteries of art discussion to the basis of practical every-day intelligence and common sense." A big contract! It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Noyes has written quite a sensible little book giving his ideas, though he by no means exhausts the subject or presents very original principles. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00 net.

So much space has been given in these columns to Vols. I and II of the work on "The Philippine Islands 1493-1803," now in course of publication in fifty-five volumes, that it must suffice to note here that Vol. III is now off the press, and appears to be quite as interesting as those which have preceded it. The documents which appear in translation cover three years in the early administration (about 1566) of the islands by Spain, and well show forth the difficulties encountered by the conquerors—among them Chinese immigration. The editors of the work are Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O.; sold only by subscription for the entire work; price, per volume, \$4.00.

People in search of a sane examination of the principles of Christian Science, telepathy, hypnotism, etc., will find it in "Psychology and Common Life," by Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph. D. The book is popularly written, and, while admitting, as all sensible persons do, that there are elements of truth in the contentions of faith curists, it shows that there is nothing supernatural about their

cures. Professor Hoffman practically accepts the dictum of Myers—"Whatever suggestion can cause, hysteria can cause; and whatever suggestion or hysteria can cause, suggestion can cure." As to telepathy, Professor Hoffman comes near admitting that there are super-normal means of communication between brain and brain. Other interesting chapters treat of the condition of the mind in sleep and of hallucinations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 net.

In his preface to his "Young People's History of Holland" William Elliot Griffis says: "I have laid emphasis upon things visible and tangible, and upon persons and events rather than upon theories and tendencies. I have given most space to the picturesque part of the Netherlands story, to the early movements of nations, the origin of cities, the crusades, the courts, feudalism, the eighty years' war for freedom, and those modern movements that have shown the varied life, both of the old republic and of the modern kingdom which fulfilled the hopes of republican days." The book is neatly bound, well printed from large type, and contains nearly thirty full-page illustrations, mostly from old engravings. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 net.

How Bronson Howard Wrote "The Henrietta."

In a reminiscential article in the June issue of the *Theatre Magazine*, Bronson Howard gives this account of how he came to write "The Henrietta" for William Crane and the late Stuart Robson:

"My personal acquaintance with Robson began in 1886, when I met him and Mr. Crane to arrange for writing them a new comedy. I recognized at once in that first interview that I was dealing with two men of the highest artistic instinct.

"Months afterward, at another meeting, to read the scheme of the comedy, both of these men were deeply shocked, both reminded me most earnestly that they were strictly comedians.

"Mr. Crane said that his proposed character reached, at one point, the purloins of tragedy. I thought 'purloins' was a very good word, and bowed my acknowledgment. Mr. Robson said that I was ending the second act with a pathetic scene for him, almost calling for slow music, while neither of them, in their whole career as partners, had ever done anything but the broadest comic work, even in Shakespeare.

"Well," I said, 'if Shakespeare were here he would agree with me, and he'd give you much harder work to do than I can.' They both gasped, but yielded to my determined persistence. The position assumed by these men in this interview illustrated a peculiarity of nearly all great artists that I have ever known.

"Unlike a commonplace actor, they usually doubt their own powers, because their ideals of art are always above what they or any one else can possibly reach. No one in the audience witnessing 'The Henrietta' ever doubted the power of Crane, when he sprang at his son's throat, nor the pathetic subtlety and deep feeling of Robson, when 'Bertie the Lamb' sacrificed his own happiness, and threw the bundles of letters, incriminating his brother, into the fire at the end of act two.

"Here was another point like that in 'Led Astray' where Robson, by entirely different methods, showed how every great comic actor can reach the deeply pathetic on the stage. His comic voice, not lending itself to this situation, as in the former play, was eliminated, for not a word was spoken, the author of the play ceased to be in evidence, so to speak; and Robson, in perfect silence, held the audience breathless, master of the situation, and of those who were watching him.

"I write this with that peculiar gratitude which an author feels, when he, himself, retires from a situation, leaving an actor alone with his audience to secure his own personal triumph. Are actors creators?

"I have always answered 'yes' to that question. Two incidents connected with the ante-production history of this comedy carry a lesson from great artists to their successors on the stage.

"After finishing the third act I received a letter from Mr. Robson, written on behalf of his partner, Mr. Crane, as well as for himself, urging me not to make their parts so prominent in the last act as to take interest from the other characters, or to injure the general artistic balance of the play.

"Authors are seldom burdened with letters like this, even from great actors; they never receive them from little ones."

Marie Corelli is to enjoy the distinction of having a biography written by no less a writer than T. F. G. Coates, author of "The Life of Lord Rosebery." It will be entitled "Marie Corelli: The Writer and the Woman."

A memoir of the late Dean Farrar, authorized by his family, is now in course of preparation by his eldest son, Dr. R. A. Farrar. It will be published at an early date in England.

It is announced that Thomas Bailey Aldrich is preparing a new volume of fiction.

LITERARY NOTES.

How Russia Grinds to Earth the Poles.

Georg Brandes was singularly well equipped for writing of the condition of Poland. By nature a lover of liberty and a radical in religion and politics: by birth a native of Denmark where there is great freedom of thought; by training accustomed to observe keenly, to weigh evidence, and to generalize, his testimony regarding the Polish people carries weight. Although his several visits to the country were not of long duration, he had the great advantage of being received into Polish society at Warsaw, and of talking freely with the prominent men among the ancient nobility. The terrible rigor of the Russian rule impressed him deeply. "Poland," he says, "presents the spectacle of a nation which is not only condemned to death, but which has been hurried alive, and yet which continually raises the lid of its coffin, and shows that its vital power is still far from exhausted." In Russian Poland there hangs over every man's head a dun cloud—Siberia. Men are hustled away to prison without knowing of what they are accused. There are no trials for political crimes. Executions are in secret. The Polish language is prohibited to be spoken in court or school-room. It is dangerous to utter the word freedom. The Poles are naturally a light-hearted and volatile people, yet during his stay in Warsaw, says M. Brandes, the only laughter he heard on the streets was his own. Still this people cling to the hope that some day, somehow, the name of their country may once more appear on the map of Europe.

M. Brandes made four visits to Poland, in 1885, 1886, 1894, and 1899. He records the impressions of each journey graphically, enlivening his analysis of Polish character with amusing anecdote and vivacious description. To the chapters on his visits he has added a brief account of the romantic literature of Poland in the nineteenth century, based on lectures, which, after interminable delays by the censor, he delivered at Warsaw.

Deep as was the sympathy of the Danish author with the Poles when he compared their lot with the freedom in his own land, the sufferings of this people as here graphically set forth must move still more deeply the American. The liberty of the citizen in this republic, little prized because familiar, will seem a priceless heritage to the thoughtful reader of M. Brandes's work on "Poland."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

Page's Padded Platitudes.

Thomas Nelson Page has written better books than "Gordon Keith." It is 548 pages long, though that in itself is no fault. The real trouble is, that it is both lengthy and without a trace of originality. Merely as a story it is fairly entertaining. It jogs along smoothly through little incident after little incident, mild complication after mild complication until, at last, it reaches the old conventional ending. It is all right—for those people who have lots of time, and want nothing so exciting that it interferes with meals. "Gordon Keith" is warranted not to do that.

The hero is a scion of an old and honorable Southern family. At the close of the Civil War, a lad in his teens, he finds himself with the triple heritage of pride, poverty, and prejudice. The father, a fine old gentleman, is obliged to take a place as overseer on the plantation that the family had owned for nearly two hundred years. The son endeavors to adjust himself to new conditions. Obstacles arise—but only for the purpose of being surmounted. Villains appear—but only that they may contrast with the sterling qualities of Keith, who presses steadily onward. As for the heroines of the love-affairs, they are somewhat tepid when they smack not of the melodramatic. The story extends from antebellum days nearly up to the present time. There are many morals emphasized, many truths impressed. The style is prolix, but then it is grammatical. That's something. Besides, there are eight illustrations.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Herbert Spencer versus Dan Cupid.

The terrible fate of a girl who loved a learned professor, yet could not understand Herbert Spencer, is recorded by Anna Robeson Brown in "Truth and a Woman." On page 89 we read:

Dread had crept upon her for the first time that morning, dread of him, of his gods, of the future. She had been reading "First Principles" steadily, conscientiously, and it was as if she advanced along a mountain-pass to a verge upon the gulf, upon the beginning, upon the chaos before the beginning, upon the knee, upon space unutterable, nebulous,

pulsing with huge forces, a thing immeasurable, beyond grasp of the mind. There were sentences she went over twice, thrice, and in the end only clutched at the vanishing skirts of an abstraction.

The reason Mary had to understand Spencer was because she had pretended to the professor that her mind was in accord with his on the great question of belief or unbelief in Christianity. During the early days, of their love she had deceived him as to her mental depth. He was intoxicated by her beauty. She could deceive him no longer. And now she discovered that her conventional mind could not master a single paragraph of "First Principles." It was an awful situation. Of course, she should then have told the professor the truth. But she loved him too much, she was weak, and the temptation strong. So she went on trying to compromise with truth till he found her out. There could be only one ending in such a case, and that a tragic one. The story, while sometimes faulty in the portrayal of character, grips the attention and holds it to the end. This is a time of scientific and religious toleration; still there may be such professors as Arthur Geraint, and there are surely many such girls as Mary Langland. The moral for them is clear: know your Spencer or avoid stern professors.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The seventy or eighty letters written in 1870-71 by Bismarck to his wife during the Franco-Prussian War, and but lately brought to light in Berlin, are being translated into English. They will be published in the United States by D. Appleton & Co.

Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson is at work on "A History of the United States Navy." About one-quarter of the work is done, and a year will probably elapse before it is finished. Possibly, however, it will begin to appear ere long in serial form in some one of the magazines before its publication in book-form.

J. Aubrey Tyson, whose first story, "The Stirrup Cup," was published this spring, is writing a second novel, which will be published in the fall.

A new work by Hezekiah Butterworth, the central character of which will be Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, will be published soon. It will be called "Brother Jonathan."

The Macmillan Company has in preparation a biography of the late John Fiske. For certain reasons the name of the author is not yet available, but he is an intimate friend of the Fiske family, and much of the two volumes in text and illustrations will be compiled from documents and pictures left by the late historian.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has just finished a novelette which will soon be published. It is based on her play, called "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," and will also bear this title.

"Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career," by S. H. Jeyes, is in press.

Robert W. Chambers intends to cover the period of the American Revolution more fully than he has yet done in his two historical novels, "Cardigan" and "The Maid-at-Arms." His plan is ultimately to complete four novels, each separate as to story, but together completely covering the Revolutionary period. When he will finish the other two is uncertain, as his next hook, upon which he is now engaged, will treat of contemporary New York City life.

"Margaret Fuller's Love Letters," with an introduction by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, will be brought out in book-form this week. They were written in 1845-46, and were addressed to James Nathan, a young business man of New York. Reminiscences of Margaret Fuller, written by Emerson, Horace Greeley, and Charles T. Congdon will also be included in the volume.

A new book by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be published in the fall. It is entitled "A Journey Round Rugen."

A new volume by Charles Battell Loomis will include the author's stories of "Americans Abroad" which appeared in the *Century*, and a number of other tales, among them "A Man of Putty," "The Men Who Swapped Languages," "When the Automobile Ran Down," and "Veritable Quiddors."

A large number of biographical papers by Grant Duff, which have appeared from time to time in English periodicals, will be contained in two volumes, to be published shortly

under the title "Out of the Past." Some of the papers are "Chesterfield as an Educator," "Walter Bagehot," "Dean Stanley," "Matthew Arnold," "The Empress Frederick," and "The Duke of Argyll."

Clara Morris, who is nearly convalescent from her recent severe illness, has finished two-thirds of a novel with the striking title, "Hulda's Brat." This will probably be completed in a few months, and then she will put the finishing touches on her second volume of theatrical reminiscences, "Life on the Stage."

Many who have read the announcement of Maurice Hewlett's new novel doubtless have wondered what its title—"The Queen's Quair"—means. In a prologue the author explains that a quair "is a cashier, a quire, a little book. In one such a certain king wrote fairly the tale of his love business; and here, in this other, I pretend to show you all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her that moved it, of that child of his children's children, Mary of Scotland."

INTAGLIOS.

Fog.

The ghost am I
Of winds that die
Alike on land and sea,
In silence deep
To shroud and keep
Their mournful memory.

A spirit white,
I stalk the night,
And, shadowing the skies,
Forbid the sun
To look upon
My noonday mysteries.

—John B. Tabb in *Harper's Magazine*.

Requiescat.

Spirit of the unresting deep,
Where he lieth, let him sleep;
'Neath thy tessellated floor
Sentinel'd forevermore

By sea-creatures, vast and dim,
Shadowlessly over him
Haunting through the quiet miles
Of sea-breathing forest-aisles.

Let the flexuous fronds of things
Cradle him beneath their wings

Where he lieth in his sleep
At the dim heart of the Deep.

—Fullerton L. Waldo in *Everybody's Magazine*.

The Hour.

The slow, sweet hour that shrines the setting
sun,
Or that which hroods above the summer
noon

Perfect in golden beauty—gone too soon
After its vanished sisters! Or the one
Long looked for, when the heavy day is done,
That comes dim-lighted by the rising moon
And fragrant with the roses born to June,
To whisper sorrow past and joy begun—
Nor this, nor any, do I name the best:
But if an hour shall come that sees us meet,
That brings thee close, thou, all unknown, yet
mine,
Stranger, yet most myself! Above the rest—
Above the one which finds us at Love's feet—
I'll set it, token of the Power Divine.

—Hildegard Hawthorne in *June Century Magazine*.

A recent critic who persists in describing Henry James as a photographer, speaks of his having "removed himself and his beautifully mounted camera bodily to the old country," and suggests that he did so because he wanted to delineate manners, and could find in America none to delineate.

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LITERARY NOTES.

More of Josaphare:

In "Flimflam, Society Girl," Lionel Josaphare has followed afar off the methods Carlyle employed in "Sartor Resartus." He endeavors, by mystifying the reader, to stimulate his interest. Interwoven with a nonsensical story in Byronic verse are satiric flings at familiar absurdities. Much of the sarcasm is keen edged indeed, and the whole piece is triumphantly redeemed by the many really striking phrases—better, in fact, than those quoted in these columns from the last number of the Flame Series.

Let no one be deceived by the title-page of "Flimflam," which recites that the brochure is by "Lionel Josaphare and Beatrice Van Slope." Beatrice is a myth. Josaphare is alone the author. That is clear.

Space forbids quoting from the sad story of Flimflam, who is described as a "hundred-weight of girl and fifty pounds of dress and jewelry, hair-pomp and hat," or even of relating how she "soliloquized upon a stingy diet. . . in foam of thready laces thinly clad." Nor have we room to reproduce "the distressing vicissitudes of a lady in sky-high society," she of the redundant daughter and enterprising eye. We should like also to quote from the laughably heretical "Californian Hymn to the Sun," but that, too, must give way in favor of some selected verses from a modern Dunciad called "Poets and Critics," in which truth and poetry, with the help of an Alexandrine, are chemically combined. The author, it will be observed, is speaking of the critic:

"Dehased in love, ashamed at innocence,
They hang the figleaf to the infant's hips,
Invite the famous and revile them hence,
And praise the climate round the singer's lips,
Go down the line and spit in each spittoon,
And raise the art of criticism at each saloon. . .

"By these no poetry is writ by rule,
No rule correct or line to be admired,
Whose thread unwinds not from a classic spoil
Of ancient make and patent long expired.
Watchers behind their low, familiar fence,
To them each stranger is a peril in suspense.

"Not easily new law the wrong suppliants;
Loath is mankind relinquishing dead spendors:
When men have lost the art of wearing pants,
With smiles of pride they yet will wear suspenders;

Yet unafraid, peculiarly, great minds
Will make their laws at variance with littler kinds.

"From criticism to libel is no plunge:
A smirk of satire he must not omit.
And to the skull that clasps his mental sponge,
He lifts his thumb and strikes a spark of wit;
Laughs jocularly as if slopping soup;
Uncorks the guffaws of a public prone to whoop.

"And many a weekly rag its critic pays,
Tatterdemajons of the ink brigade,
Who think their satire vitriol that slays,
That satire which is weak as lemonade.
Logic? They would not touch that pointed tool;
For logic is an instrument to wound a fool.

"And thus the pigeon-toed archsatirist,
Preparing for a long ironic frolic,
Goes aching to his task and gives a twist
That makes his precinct seem the country's colic.

And futures find on Poesy's cheek his blame
Cut black, a beauty-patch of everlasting shame."

This is, indeed, skillful hudgeoning, and much which we have not room to quote is more subtle and less severe. We fear reviewers will be greatly puffed up at being cannonaded with such heavy artillery, when they are accustomed only to bird-shot—or beans. "Poets and Critics" is worthy of having been launched at the *Edinburgh Review* in the days of Jeffrey. But now it is an anachronism.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

A Good Book About Trusts.

In view of the demoralization in "industrial" stocks which have marked the financial situation during the past few weeks in New York, Edward Sherwood Meade's study of "Trust Finance" comes at a particularly timely moment, especially as the view he takes has been, in a measure, vindicated by events. Mr. Meade believes that grave errors in judgment have been made by the men who have organized the great corporations of the past few years, not excepting the United States Steel Corporation. "If steel prices and the earnings of the steel trade decline, as they have declined in the past," he says, "there can be no question that the value of both issues of its capital stock will be seriously impaired, with a probability that title to its properties will pass to the bolders of its mortgage bonds." This is equally or more true of other securities. He remarks elsewhere: "There is in the United States a large mass of speculative securities behind which there is no guarantee of earning power sufficient to maintain their value under ordinary fluctuations of business prosperity." These conclusions are very well

supported in the book by exhaustive study of the more important corporations. Chapters are devoted to the régime of competition, the pool, the promoter and how he goes about his task, the sale of stocks, accumulation of surplus, funding policy, capitalization, bonds, etc. Mr. Meade writes coolly and dispassionately, with no apparent animus, and his array of facts convinces. He suggests, in conclusion, a legislative remedy for over-capitalization and watering stock. This is the book for the business man or publicist who wants to get a clear idea of the difference between safe and unsafe financing. The author is professor in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Discourses on War," a series of papers by William Ellery Channing, are reprinted with an introduction by Edwin D. Mead, by Ginn & Co., Boston.

Andrew Lang's biography, "Prince Charles Edward Stuart: The Young Chevalier," which appeared a number of years ago, is now reprinted in cheaper revised form, minus the illustrations, with the exception of the frontispiece. The work is a standard. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.25 net.

In "The Autobiography of a Beggar" I. K. Friedman has set forth in street-gamin's dialect a number of the stories told by huns who rendezvous in McQuinn's harrel-house. They are rather amusing, especially those which make up the "Autobiography." Pictures in harmony with the text are contributed by W. Glackens. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Triumph of Life" is the story of an American novelist who writes two kinds of hooks: a good book, which falls flat on the market; trashy hooks that sell. There are also two women in the case. Céleste Moreau and Marion Lee, whose influence upon the hero's life is as diverse as are his hooks. The work is the story of his struggle between the two influences. The author, William F. Payson, scarcely seems to have utilized all the possibilities of his quite original plot. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Brief essays about great men are "Albrecht Dürer," by Lina Eckenstein, and "Leonardo da Vinci," by Dr. George Gronau, two little duodecimos, admirably bound and printed, and each containing quite a number of illustrations, which appear to have been carefully selected. Obviously, works of this diminutive size do not aspire to be "Lives." They rather aim to emphasize that which was especially significant in the life and work of each artist, and in this these are indeed successful. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents each.

"The Triumph," by Arthur Stanwood Pier, is a really capital story, which only the clamoring flood of summer novels condemns to so brief a notice as this. There are two heroes, one heroine. The latter, Eleanor Craig, an orphan and a brave girl, discovers oil on her Western Pennsylvania farm. She wants to develop the property. Villainous contractors, sneaking foremen, disloyal friends, give her stacks of trouble. Her two lovers try to help her, but are rebuffed by her independent spirit. But finally she gives in—to the right man. There is an exciting climax with a shooting affray, while the "love interest" is strong, and the interest kept up to the last page. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

An exceedingly sane and practical little book, and one likely to be very helpful to teachers, is L. H. Bailey's "The Nature Study Idea." He pleads for actual contact with nature for the child. It is more important, he thinks, that the child should know a plant than that he should know its name. He advocates that which shall take the child into the open air, enlarge his horizon, bring him into contact with living things, increase his hold on life. He insists upon the human element as an essential in teaching. He endeavors to avoid formulae. "Nature study," he says, "is not science. It is not knowledge. It is not facts. It is spirit. It is concerned with the child's outlook on the world." The book is to be highly commended. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 net.

There is something exceedingly irritating about the biography of Thoreau, by Annie Russell Marble. Three lines down in the preface she calls Thoreau a "litterateur,"

the very last word which a person thoroughly in sympathy with the author of "Walden" would use. The instance is typical of the whole work. Throughout the book occur innumerable affectations; everywhere unusual words are used, often improperly. The entire effect is bad. There have already been several just appreciations of Thoreau. The present work—which the author calls "Thoreau: His Home, Friends, and Books," adds little to our knowledge. Either many new facts or great sympathy must justify a new biography. This author reveals neither; she seems merely to have wanted "to write a book," and to have thought Thoreau a fit subject to her hand. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

We learn from the title-page of "The Spoils of Empire," by Francis Newton Thorpe, that he is also the author of a "Constitutional History of the United States." He may be. But it is surely a tremendous saltatory flight from dry history to the sanguinary romance of this story. It simply runs with gore, reeks with blood from sacrificial altars. The scene is Spain and Mexico, in the year 1519 and thereabouts. At the beginning a king's daughter is about to be sacrificed to appease a god. She is saved at the last moment to be beloved by Juan Fonseca, a follower of Cortez. Later we find him also on the altar. Dorothea cuts his bonds, and he mows down the priests with his sword. But their trials are not yet over. Once again, Juan's bones crack upon the rack. Then come the halcyon days, and, of course, a wedding. The story is properly described as thrilling. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

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There is a vaguely despirited air about the performance of "The Altar of Friendship" at the Columbia this week. An actor, even when possessed of the ability and wide popularity of Nat Goodwin, can not with impunity dispense with one of the handsomest women on the American stage for a leading lady and not feel it in his receipts; more especially as his present support is almost as feeble and ineffective as the play.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley turned out a very entertaining play in "The American Citizen," the simple and wholesome humor of which partly atoned for its whole-souled sentimentality. The character of its hero, however, is not founded on truth. The foolish self-sacrifice that he practices in the last act is inconsistent with good sense and with that true manliness with which Mrs. Ryley supposes herself to have endowed him. The American citizen in ordinary is a hustling, commercial, commonsensical sort of person, who very thoroughly knows his own mind, and who hates mightily to be imposed upon. He loves to pile up money, and is generous with it, lavishing the glittering fruits of his toil upon his chosen mate, who exhibits in her fair and highly decorated person evidences of his material success and of his unerring judgment of the beauty of woman. Mrs. Ryley's American citizen, in particular, however, turns out to be just that faint-hearted, self-effacing type of man that women disprize as a wooer, and bully, brag about, and glory in as a husband. His weakness in this regard is overlooked in the play, because he so loved his little joke and fitted so well into the humorous side of Nat Goodwin's personality that, inconsistent as it is, the character in the main is exceedingly likeable.

In "The Altar of Friendship," Mrs. Ryley, influenced by the popular success of the earlier play, has striven to repeat it by repeating the type of her earlier hero. The imitation is palpable, the result but a feeble copy. Self-sacrifice is the key-note of the character, and of all irritating pivots for the plot of a play, the undeserved, useless hearing of another's burden of blame is the most irritating. To the normal, healthy judgment such action is weak, morbid, culpable, almost despicable.

The self-sacrificing hero, however, also copies his prototype in being something of a wag, and here again Mrs. Ryley's hand seems to have lost its cunning. The jokes served up in the piece have a dutiful, perfunctory air and a decidedly faint flavor. Mr. Goodwin produces them with his best air. His face lights up humorously, he contributes a gesture or an attitude that his long experience as a comedian has taught him to be an effective aid to the successful delivery of wit and humor. But of jokes that one can truthfully call jokes there are none except at rare intervals; and the frequent feeble simulations that do duty, with their full accompaniment of humorous hy-play, give the comedian something of the appearance of joking in dumb show.

It is difficult to decide whether it is Zeffie Tillbury or Julia Dean who supplants Maxine Elliot as leading lady. Julia Dean's part, for a very appreciable length of time, consists of little more than a series of exits and entrances, with an accompanying flutter of millinery. Whether or not the young actress has developed in her wider sphere is consequently scarcely apparent, but the pretty sincerity of her manner has unquestionably suffered. She has picked up, during her absence, some fashionable affectations of speech and manner, perhaps as a heritage from the beautiful Maxine. Miss Dean has one emotional scene in the last act which is the test. It was, through the burst of realistic weeping which accompanied it, almost, but not quite, moving. A highly emotional temperament is comparatively rare among histrions, and it is doubtful if Miss Dean possesses it. Sentimental comedy used to be her forte, but as Florence Arbutnot she represents merely a pretty and affectionate young woman of otherwise colorless character, who, in the course of events, suffers a cruel blow and cries very softly into her handkerchief without showing

any particular evidence of her grief in her features.

The author aims at the vivacious and sparkling type in the character of Sally Sartoris, but has signally failed to realize her conception. Sally talks a great deal of nonsense that is not bright enough to make it acceptable, and would only be listened to with indulgence from the lips of a bewitching young girl. A pair of mature lovers indulging in the cheerfully inane twitterings of enamored adolescence is a spectacle to make gods and angels weep. When a play carries itself along by its own merits, the imaginative faculty is put in play, and such incongruities are less disillusionizing. Otherwise the effect is almost mournful. Both Mr. Goodwin's experience and natural instinct enable him to keep to a certain extent in sympathetic touch with his audience, but the *rapprochement* is made difficult in a play so lacking in opportunities for an actor of his calibre. In his heart, he probably is distinctly aware that "The Altar of Friendship" is beneath his abilities. Nevertheless, new plays are an absolute necessity to popular players, who exhaust the drawing possibilities of old ones in a discouragingly brief space of time. They say that playing never succeeds unless the player enjoys his work. Perhaps that was the reason why the scene of the impromptu supper table on the stairs went so lamely. One could not but reflect that the participants were at that stage in the game of life when one entertains a rooted preference for comfortable seats with backs to them. One could fancy Oza Waldrop in company with any one of that youthful battalion of beaux in the Alcazar company spreading a napkin on the stairs with their supper thereon, and idly chattering, flirting, toasting each other, and having a nice, cozy, uncomfortable but youthfully jolly time under the sympathetic eye of the audience. But not, not Nat Goodwin and Zeffie Tillbury.

There is still another female rôle in "The Altar of Friendship," which is filled in such a manner as to cause one to suspect that economy has been the order of the day in the gathering together of Mr. Goodwin's support. The rôle of the type-writing girl is filled by a Miss May Martyn, who plays the part jerkily, with a queer mingling of breathlessness and deliberation, and an occasional effect of detachment from the agitation that is evoked by her share in events, that is faintly amusing.

Mr. Fred Tiden, as the unworthy young husband, is better suited than in a more sympathetic rôle. He is still a little rigid in his methods and lacking in hy-play. There is an angry and revengeful father, who hattles valiantly with a wordy ebullition of rage that seems to have been worked up with some appearance of strain and stress on the part of the dramatist; an inarticulate aunt, who is intended to be amusing, but who fails dismally; and two or three faintly touched up and ineffective drawing-room dummies.

The only artistic success so slight a play can gain, apart from that borrowed from the personal popularity of the star, is in the natural depiction of well-bred, well-dressed men and women, moving with easy, unstudied grace through rooms that reflect the well-ordered luxury of their lives, chatting, drinking tea, amusing themselves, and saying bright things brightly, with an occasional interlude of emotion that is founded on realities, and is given with an effect of nature. In this, neither the author nor the supporting company can be said to have distinguished themselves. Of the latter, however, struggling ineffectually with ineffectual rôles, it is scarcely fair to judge.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

George Alexander has secured the English rights of Octave Mirbeau's new play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which was described at length in the *Argonaut* last week in a letter from "St. Martin."

Brander Matthews has been chosen to succeed the late Professor Thomas Price as head of the department of English at Columbia University. Matthews has heretofore been professor of dramatic literature at Columbia.

Kirke La Shelle has signed a contract with Lawrence D'Orsay, by which this actor will star under his management for the next ten years. Augustus Thomas's comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket," is expected to remain the vehicle to exploit Mr. D'Orsay for the next three years. He was last seen here with the Miller company, and scored a big hit as the king in Annie Russell's production of "A Royal Family."

Amelia Bingham, who is to follow Nat Goodwin at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, June 29th, will open in "The Climbers,"

by Clyde Fitch. During her engagement she will also produce Haddon Chambers's "A Modern Magdalen," and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," another Clyde Fitch comedy. The special company to support Miss Bingham will include Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Ahlberg, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Bijou Fernandez, James Carew, Ernest Lawford, Madge Carr Cook, George Spink, Frances Ring, Maud Turner Gordon, Helen Lackaye, Carl St. Aubyn, Wesley Smith, and Lillian Wright.

A musician named Steindel, who lives at Stuttgart, recently gave two concerts there which astonished the natives. He himself played the viola; one of his sons, aged twelve, played the piano; while the cello and violin were in the hands of two other sons of his, aged nine and eight, respectively. The four are said to have played the most difficult chamber music without a flaw, and to the delight of the critics and the audiences, which included all the prominent musicians in the city.

The dramatization of the late Frank Norris's "The Pit" will be in four acts, of which the first will be laid in the lobby of the Auditorium at Chicago during the performance of a grand opera. There will be 200 people on the stage. Act two will be the rehearsal of amateur theatricals at the home of the Cresslers. Act three will disclose an art gallery in the home of Jadin. Act four will have two scenes, first the office of Gretry, Converse & Co., brokers, and the second the "pit," with 500 people on the stage. An English dramatization of the play has already been attempted, and the publishers of the hook have gone into the courts to restrain the Imperial Theatre in London from producing it.

Olga Nethersole is on the warpath because, after only ten performances, Beerbohm Tree withdrew Claude Lowther's new play, "The Gordian Knot," from Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and substituted "Trilby." It seems that the only person who won any distinction from "The Gordian Knot" was Miss Nethersole, who, as the adventures heroine of the play, was generally admitted to have scored a remarkable success. Miss Nethersole was specially engaged for this production by Mr. Tree at an enormous salary, as in order to accept it she was obliged to break up her own company, on tour in the provinces, and cancel all her engagements. Her part so far outshone Mr. Tree's, however, that he did not like it, and a beautiful row between the actor-manager and the actress was the result, when he suddenly determined to abandon the play. Miss Nethersole declares that Mr. Tree knows absolute nothing about stage management, and she will never play with him again as long as she lives. So there!

During courtship, he talks and she listens. After marriage, the order is reversed, or else they both talk, and the neighbors listen.—Smart Set.

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of one annuity of three and forty-two hundredths (3 42/100) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. GEORGE TOURNV, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 6 to 10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

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Beginning Sunday evening, June 28th, the famous musical comedy, **IN CENTRAL PARK**. The elaborate production and cast by the Rayne Brothers during their long run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.
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Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 21st. A brand new show! Lydia Yeamans Titus, assisted by Frederick J. Titus; Hayes and Healy; Allan J. Shaw; the World's Trio; Drawee; Vernon; the Schenk Brothers; the Biograph; and last week of the Four Emperors of Music.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix of said estate, at the law offices of J. L. Kennedy, Room 477, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIA T. LARSEN,
Administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, June 15, 1903.
J. L. KENNEDY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room 477, Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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SAN FRANCISCO

STAGE GOSSIP.

Second Week of Nat Goodwin.

For the second and last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Nat Goodwin is to revive H. V. Esmond's charming play, "When We Were Twenty-One," which proved so tremendously popular during his two previous visits here. It tells the story of four old bachelors who have constituted themselves guardians of "The Imp," the son of an old comrade. When he reaches manhood, the four cronies plan his marriage to Phyllis Ericson, the orphan daughter of another friend. Richard Carewe, who has sacrificed everything for the happiness of his ward, mistakenly believes Phyllis to be in love with "The Imp," and conscientiously smothers the feelings in his own heart for the girl. However, "The Imp" engages in sowing his wild oats, and finally falls in the snares of and marries an adventuress. His guardians, learning of this, endeavor to reclaim him without letting Phyllis know of it. She, however, discovers the truth, and instead of being broken-hearted, as Carewe expects her to be, announces that she is glad to be out of the engagement, and finally succeeds in letting Carewe know that she loves him.

Julia Dean, the dainty little ingénue, is to have Maxine Elliott's rôle of Phyllis; Alice Ingram will again play the mother; Zeffie Tilbury will be the Firefly; and Fred Tilden will appear as the Imp. J. R. Crauford as the "Sojer Man," and Fred Tyler as the Irish Laird.

Nance O'Neil in "La Tosca."

The Daly Musical Company's season will come to a close at the California Theatre on Sunday night, and next week Nance O'Neil will begin a month's engagement in Victorien Sardou's spectacular tragedy, "La Tosca." This will be Miss O'Neil's first appearance here as Flora La Tosca, a rôle which will afford her an excellent opportunity for some powerful emotional acting. The Sardou plays are especially suited to her personality, and it will be interesting to contrast her interpretations with those of Sarah Bernhardt, Fanny Davenport, Blanche Walsh, and Florence Stone, who have all scored successes here in the title-roles. E. J. Ratcliffe is to be the Scarpia in "La Tosca," and McKee Rankin and Charles Millward will have leading parts. "Fedora" will be the second of Miss O'Neil's Sardou productions.

Burlesque and Comic Opera.

Such has been the success of White Whittlesy in "Puddin'head Wilson" at the Alcazar Theatre that the management has wisely decided to continue the dramatization of Mark Twain's interesting story another week. "In Washington," which enters on its fourth and last week at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, is to be followed on June 28th by another of the Rogers Brothers burlesques entitled "In Central Park." At Fischer's Theatre "Twirly Whirly" is playing to crowded houses. Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson have a new song and dance entitled "My Starlight Sue," which promises to be as big a hit as their other song "Chimmie." All the principals are well cast, and have added so much new stage business and interpolated so many new songs, that those who attend the performance during the opening nights will find much that is new and entertaining to attract them a second time. At the Tivoli Opera House, "The Isle of Champagne" has started on another prosperous run. Edwin Stevens is very droll as the monarch who has been bred upon champagne, and his songs, "The Imp in the Wine," "You Can't Fool all the People all the Time," and "The Song of All Nations," come in for several enthusiastic encores nightly. When "The Isle of Champagne" has exhausted its popularity, "Madelaine, or the Magic Kiss" is to be elaborately revived.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

There will be no less than six new acts at the Orpheum next week. Lydia Yeamans Titus, the favorite comedienne, who has just returned from Australia, will head the bill. She will be assisted by Frederick J. Titus, in a musical skit entitled "The Wrong Organ," in the course of which she will sing several baby songs and her latest success, "Since Sally Left Our Alley." Hayes and Healy will present a very amusing skit, "The Ringmaster and the Circus Rider," and Allan J. Shaw, the original "Emperor of Coins," will introduce his own creations of novel coin manipulation. "The World's Trio," composed of Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, who are popular in San Francisco, will present a novel act, and Vernon, the ventriloquist, promises a unique turn. His moving figures are marvels of ingenuity and Mrs. Vernon, who assists in the act, will wear some stunning costumes. Drawee, the noted comedy juggler, completes the list of newcomers. Those retained from this week's bill are the "Four Emperors of Music," and the Schenk Brothers, the best head and hand balancers ever seen here. Some striking new motion pictures are to be shown on the bio-graph.

Trials and Tribulations of La Loie.

Loie Fuller's first appearance in New York, at the St. Nicholas Garden, a fortnight ago, came near being a complete failure. It was through no fault of her own part, but due to her brush with a union of electricians, which refused to permit her French electrician to manipulate the lights needed in her dances. When she finally appeared in her flowing draperies, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she thus begged the indulgence of the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the union refused to work with my own electrician, so I, in deference to their wishes, engaged an assistant whom they highly recommended. He has left me now without a moment's notice—gone out to get a drink—another drink, they tell me. It is perfectly shameful and outrageous that I should be treated in this way, but I am willing to do my part to try and entertain you." Then the dances started, with a stage-hand trying to manipulate the lights. Miss Fuller worked heroically through to the bitter end, and then sank down among all her draperies in a flood of tears. The exhibition was hardly a success, but the audience rose to their feet and cheered Miss Fuller, bringing her before the curtain again and again.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Salt Trust not Busted.

ST. HELENA, CAL., May 31, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos of your recent article on the Federal Salt Company, I can't see where there is much cause for rejoicing. The Federal Salt Company has been nominally fined, and, according to newspaper talk, gone out of business. Still the business is being carried on the same way, practically at same prices (five hundred per cent. over prices ruling three years ago). Instead of Federal Salt Company it is now the Amalgamated Salt Company. The jobbers keep mum about it; they have to carry no stock, and get ten per cent. for all they sell. It is "whipping the devil around the bush" business. The salt trust has not suffered, and the farmer has still to pay for salt which cost three years ago \$3.00 a ton about \$13.00. Upon investigation, think you will find there is more truth than poetry in above. But not wishing to get in an argument, I withhold my name and sign.

A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' READER OF YOUR PAPER.
[We do not need to "investigate." These facts were set forth by the Argonaut in its issue of May 11th. But they are worth reiteration.—Eds.]

Virtue Its Own Reward.

SANTA BARBARA, June 6, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The letter entitled "Dollars versus Decency," in your issue of June 1st, is amusing. A man who is moral, practices morality, and feels the beauty and purity of it in his heart and soul—he requires no advertisement of it, nor is he deserving of praise or reward therefor, because it is right and only right. Of course, it is true that there are other virtues which, combined with morality, make for success and popularity; such are, for instance, modesty, unselfishness, and due consideration for one's fellow-beings. The man who possesses these attains the goal of success and popularity, where very often the man who possesses the basic virtue of morality only does not. Virtue, i. e., morality—is its own reward, and brings its own rewards; it always has been so, and it always will be so.

There is no royal road to success or happiness; there is only the undeviating road of righteousness, and no amount of arguing or morbid reasoning will ever prove otherwise. Truth and purity are, and always will be, serenely supreme.

Respectfully yours, J. K. HECHT.

According to the London critics, the best that can be said of Beerbohm Tree's single production of Alfred Austin's "Flodden Field" on June 8th, is that, through the personal patronage of the king and queen, the Prince of Wales, and the leaders of society, a handsome contribution was made to the funds of Guy's Hospital, for which the performance was voluntarily given. Seats cost \$15 each. The house was full, and \$10,500 was netted. Mr. Tree refusing to deduct anything for the cost of the production. Of the poet laureate's dramatic efforts, the Daily Mail says: "Candidly, it is difficult to speak of it seriously as a piece of dramatic art. It would be hard to find anything more stupid, more utterly inept and ineffective than this expansion into melodrama of a fragment of English history. There is no plot, no drama, for the puzzled spectator to grasp or follow."

Among the players who will be seen in Shakespearean revivals in this country next season are Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner, jointly, Henrietta Crozman, Marie Wainwright, Viola Allen, Nance O'Neil, Grace George, and E. H. Sothern. Miss Crozman, Miss Allen, and Miss George will all appear in elaborate productions of "Twelfth Night."

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

When Governor Bailey, of Kansas City, was campaigning last year, the Democrats and Populists said he was not fit for governor because he was a bachelor, that it would be sheer waste to install an unmarried man in the brand-new executive mansion, built by the people's money, in a State where the raising of a large family was part of the unwritten law governing every citizen long before President Roosevelt commenced to worry about race suicide. These venomous attacks were repelled by the assertion that Candidate Bailey had never had time or a chance to marry, and that he would attend to it as soon as elected. The governor says he never made such a promise, but somebody evidently made it for him. The whole country, as well as Kansas, believed in it. The tide of anti-bachelor sentiment in Kansas was turned back. Governor Bailey was triumphantly elected. Then the offers of marriage commenced to come. More than two thousand women of miscellaneous ages, weights, and characteristics in all quarters of the known world offered to be his, and, incidentally, first lady of Kansas. So many letters could not be individually answered. The governor had printed a fixed form of declination, such as the magazine editors use in rejecting unsolicited literary efforts, reciting high order of merit in the applicant's work, and regretting that it was unavailable and must be declined with thanks. What some of the offers lacked in penmanship and spelling they made up in earnestness. And photographs! Enough to supply a professor of physiognomy and phrenology with "readings" for a lifetime came to the governor. A majority of the letters came from Kansas. These almost invariably demanded that the governor obey the behest of patriotic prompting, and marry a Kansas woman. Great, therefore, was the joy of the people of Kansas when the marriage of the governor and Mrs. Ida B. Weed, a widow, of about thirty-five, was celebrated a fortnight ago. Mrs. Bailey was born in Baileyville, Kan., home of the governor, and was his playmate until they were young man and woman. Her husband, who was a conductor on the Burlington Railroad, died several years ago. Since October, 1902, she has lived in Kansas City with her two sons, and until shortly before Governor Bailey was inaugurated, she was employed in the Parisian Cloak Company's store in Kansas City.

In her recently published pamphlet, entitled "The Avon Star," Marie Corelli, who has for several years been working very hard to keep Shakespeare from being forgotten, aims some characteristic slurs at the head of the traveling American. Among her "Hints to American Trippers" are the following words of advice: "Don't expect to buy picture post-cards, photographs, or sweeties at Shakespeare's birthplace. It is a shrine—not a shop." "The 'American window' in the Holy Trinity Church, presented by 'American admirers' of Shakespeare, is not yet paid for. One hundred and ten pounds are still owing. American millionaires, huck up!" "When attending service at Holy Trinity Church don't put cents in the contribution plate. Valuable as they are, they are no use in this country." "Don't go into the confectioners' shops, fourteen at a time, and order two glasses of milk and one bun for the whole party, so that those who don't want to pay for a drop of the milk or a crumb of the bun may ask for a glass of water gratis. This way of serving refreshments to the wealthy American makes Shakespeare's townspeople tired."

A New York hostess, who entertains a great deal, but refuses to have a telephone in her home, says: "This past winter I have been asked out evening after evening. It is almost impossible to keep track of my different dinners and musicales and other entertainments. And so many people tell me, 'We would have had you at this or at that, if you only had a telephone. We arranged the dinner or the party to the play at the last moment, and we telephoned all around.' If I had a telephone, I should be asked out so much that my life would be miserable. People will ask you in that delicious informal way. They will call you up and insist upon speaking to you personally. They will not listen to 'Meadows.' A writer in *Vogue* also remarks: "On my desk in my town and in my country library is my own personal receiver, and frequently it is a bore. People catch you. They tamper with your privacy. They telephone you suddenly and find you at home when really you ought to have been out. And more than one letter will kindly inform you that she is on a phonic fishing expedition and casting her

nets around to get in an odd man for dinner or for luncheon or for some other affair, where guests have failed. One becomes more or less careless with the telephone. There is a temptation to answer dinner invitations and other correspondence in this way. It puts you in touch with people, and you have a little conversation and actually make a morning or afternoon call and cancel a social obligation without leaving your apartment or your house."

The much-discussed beauty competition for men, arranged by the Vienna athletic societies, took place in the café off the Ringstrasse recently. There was a fair sprinkling of the fair sex, who took the greatest interest in the proceedings, carefully examining each competitor through opera-glasses. The president of the committee remarked that for many years people had been trying to improve the breed of cattle, horses, and pigs, now it was the turn of man's race. He said that perhaps there were ladies among the audience who would not agree with the award when finally made, as the jury would not take into account the well-turned mustache or good eyes, features which were dear to the opposite sex. Competitors were then led out in hatches of thirty. They were scantily clad in bathing suits, and each one, on his number being called, stepped to the front and exhibited muscles. It is said that few of the would-be Apollos could be called beautiful. There was plenty of muscle, but very few competitors were symmetrically built. The winner of the first prize for beauty of form was a young athlete from the Vienna Club.

Among the "important" reforms recently effected in the British army are the alterations of the caps of the men and the braiding of the officers' uniforms. A fortnight ago, also, Lieutenant-General Lord Grenfell issued an order pointing out that the practice of officers of having linen collars fitted to their frock coats was forbidden, except for officers of the Seventh Hussars and the Oxfordshire Light Infantry. The officers replied by calling attention to the fact that linen collars were worn fifty years ago, as was proved by portraits in the United Service Club. The Duke of Cambridge was responsible for this prohibition. After two weeks deliberation, the war office has now issued a new general order decreeing that the privilege of wearing linen collars shall be extended to all officers with the service dress, but "only as a tentative measure." The careful consideration and calculation devoted to the matter may be seen from the provision in the order that "not more than one eighth inch of collar is to show above the collar of the jacket."

Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University, has issued a circular to college hoarding-housekeepers in which he says the authorities have decided not to allow men and women students to board in the same house. "Hereafter," says the circular, "our friends who take student boarders will kindly restrict them to one sex. Of course, it is for you to determine which you prefer to have in your house, but we shall not be able to permit you to have both. We wish to urge upon you that our women students will not be allowed to retain rooms in any house if they are permitted to receive young men callers in their rooms. Will you permit me to urge upon you the importance of affording young women roomers reasonable use of your parlors for such interviews as naturally come in the association of students?" Some of the students are indignant over the circular, while most of them are highly amused.

A scheme to hire household servants by the hour is being evolved from the perplexed brains of Boston women whose wrestle with the servant-girl problem has made them fertile in expedients. The experiment is promising from the fact that girls are first to be trained for the service required in a school established for that purpose. A certificate of competence in the branch of housework for which she makes application in order for a woman to secure work at the wage rate hereafter to be agreed upon. The course of instruction covers ironing, cleaning, cooking, and sewing. This feature (remarks the *Portland Oregonian*) makes the plan a promising one. It brings housework up to the plane of skilled labor (where, if competently performed, it certainly should be), and insures in its performance the respect and confidence of employers as well as the self-respect of the workers. It promises to housemaids the coveted honor of "time of their own," and makes the hours for which they receive pay

belong without reservation to their employers. Some kinds of work, as window-washing, general housecleaning, washing and ironing, are now being done in this city "by the hour," the minimum rate for capable women being fifteen cents. So far as observed, the plan is satisfactory to all concerned, providing the worker understands what she is hired to do. It would be difficult, of course, to extend this system to the more minute details of housekeeping, and especially to cooking. Hence, the experiment in Boston, as being systemized upon the basis of thorough preparation for the work required, will be watched with interest by the great multitude of intelligent American housewives.

Pierre Loti (Lieutenant Julien Viaud), the French novelist, is described as the most unapproachable of men. "He speaks little, shuns society, and generally plays the hermit." But once every ten years or so he gives a great entertainment to hundreds of people, and always provides some quaint and original spectacle. He has just given a magnificent Chinese fête, carried out with amazing perfection. His house is packed with odd furniture and curiosities collected in all quarters of the globe. One of his possessions is a veritable mosque, every stone of which he brought from Morocco. It is related that after the building had been reconstructed by the novelist at Rochefort, he discovered that it looked out upon a wall and the roof of his neighbors, instead of permitting a clear view of the heavens, as demanded by the ritual, so he ordered the workmen to demolish it, and the mosque was rebuilt once more, facing in the right direction.

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THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 17, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed	
				Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	1,000	@ 98		94	100
Los An. Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 114		113½	115
Los Angeles Light- ing Gld. 5%	5,000	@ 107		106½	
North Shore Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 101		100	
Oakland Transit					
Con. 5%	5,000	@ 105½		106½	
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 109½-110		109	111½
Park and Ocean					
Ry. 6%	5,000	@ 118½		117	120
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1909	15,000	@ 111½		111½	
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1910	14,000	@ 112½		112½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1912	9,000	@ 112½		112½	
S. V. Water 4% 2d.	12,000	@ 100-100½		100	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	15,000	@ 100			

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed	
				Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	25	@ 56		58	
S. V. Water	196	@ 80½-82		82	
Banks.					
Anglo Cal.	10	@ 98½		97	99
Powders.					
Giant Con.	350	@ 71½-74		71½	73½
Vigort	500	@ 3½		3½	3½
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	50	@ 3½		4	
Hawaiian C. & S.	95	@ 42-42½		42	
Hutchinson	135	@ 13-13½		13	
Onomea S. Co.	20	@ 22		22	23
Pauabau S. Co.	15	@ 16		16½	
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric	200	@ 9		9	
Pacific Gas	465	@ 41-47½		47½	
Pac. Lighting Co.	100	@ 56		55½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,855	@ 58½-64½		61½	62
Trustees Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,745	@ 55½-61½		61½	62
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	10	@ 154		150	155
Cal. Wine Assn.	75	@ 99½		100½	
Pacific Coast Borax	40	@ 165-166		166	

Spring Valley Water sold off to 80½ on small sales, closing at 82 bid.

The sugars were weaker, about 315 shares changing hands at fractional declines.

The gas stocks have been active and strong, and on sales of 5,365 shares made advances of from five to six points. San Francisco Gas and Electric selling up to 64½, and closing in good demand at 61½ bid. 62 asked; Pacific Gas at 47½ bid.

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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY: 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876-18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865-38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869-108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852-80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879-146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that Sainte-Beuve detested rain. On one occasion, when he had to fight a duel, he appeared with a pistol in one hand and an umbrella in the other. "I am willing to be shot," he exclaimed, "but not to get wet."

An Englishman of somewhat questionable reputation, who was criticising the American way of spelling, once turned to Maurice Barrymore, the actor, and said: "I'll leave it to Mr. Barrymore. Is it right to leave out the 'u' in such words as harbor, neighbor, honor, candor, etc?" "Well, about harbor and neighbor I am not sure," replied Barrymore, "but when it comes to honor and candor I leave you out."

At a rehearsal at the London Lyceum Theatre, before Sir Henry Irving had arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of the actor-knight's highly characteristic mannerisms. As he finished his demonstration, Sir Henry's well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good! Very good, indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

The minister of a little Scotch village was at the bedside of a Scotchman named Donald, preparing him by pious exhortations for the great journey. "Have you anything on your mind, Donald?" he asked; "is there any question you would like to ask me?" And the minister bent down to listen to the dying man's reply. "Na, meenister, I'm na afeard. . . I wad like to ken tho' whether there'll be whisky in heaven?" Upon his spiritual counsellor remonstrating with him upon such a thought at such a moment, he hastened to add, with a knowing look: "Oh! it's no that I mind, meenister; I only thought I'd like to see it on the table!"

An anonymous writer in *To-Day* tells an interesting anecdote of a visit paid by Gladstone to a little bookshop near the Odéon, in Paris. As he entered, Gladstone saw a strange looking man in conversation with the book-seller and carrying an old copy of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair, and he had the eyes of an archangel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless, the respectful attitude of the book-seller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. 'Who is that gentleman?' asked Gladstone; 'he has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry.' 'Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. *C'est Paul Verlaine!*'"

Shortly after the appearance of his first book, "Ten Months a Captive Among the Filipinos," an enterprising manager induced Albert Sonnichsen to go on a lecture tour. The young author made his debut in a small New Jersey town, in a dismal, ill-lighted hall, before a handful of people huddled in the front seats, and a multitude of empty chairs. The manager, as dejected as the lecturer, sat in the rear, under the gloom of the balcony. Mr. Sonnichsen ended his lecture in a state of nervous collapse, and then, in order to live up to his programme, said: "I shall be pleased to answer any questions you may care to ask." An oppressive silence followed. Mr. Sonnichsen repeated his offer, with the same result. Something had to be done. In desperation, the lecturer pointed to "that gentleman over there," indicating the manager, and suggested that he looked "as if he wanted to ask a question." That disgusted individual, seeing an opening to get back at the author, who had attracted attention to him so unexpectedly, shouted back: "Yes, I do. Sonnichsen, how do you feel?"

When Booker T. Washington was asked by a Southerner recently to prove to a Northern audience that that section was really responsible for the introduction of slavery into the American colonies, Mr. Washington said he was reminded of the story of an old colored man who had a pig, which he sold one morning to a white man for three dollars. The white man drove off with his purchase, but on the road the pig escaped, and found its way back to Uncle Zeke's cabin. A little later, another white man came along, and Uncle Zeke sold him the same pig for another three dollars. On his way home with the pig the

second purchaser encountered the first returning in search of the escaped animal. After some wrangling, they decided to go back and refer the question to the old darkey. "Uncle Zeke," said number one, "didn't you sell me this pig at nine o'clock this morning?" "Sho' I did, massa." "But, Uncle Zeke," said number two, "didn't I pay you three dollars for this pig at twelve o'clock?" "Sho' you did, massa." "Well, then, who does the pig belong to?" "Sakes alive," said Uncle Zeke, "can't you white folks settle dat question between yo'selves?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

For the Sake of Her Little Ooes.

"Ab, yes, they need a father,"
The pretty widow said;
She looked down at her children.
And sadly shook her head.

She stood before the altar,
And when she turned away
Her children had a father;
Ab, happy, happy, day!

Oh, he was tall and handsome,
And she still young and fair;
Her children are at grandma's,
They've gone to settle there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pialet of the Plutocrat.

I have bought everything I can buy;
I have tried everything I can try;
I have eaten each eatable,
Beaten each beatable;
I have eyed everything I can eye.

I have sold everything I can sell;
I have told everything I can tell;
I have seized all the seizable,
Squeezed all the squeezable,
Till they've shelled everything they can shell.

I have ridden each thing I can ride;
I have hidden everything I can hide;
I have joked all the jokable,
Soaked all the soakable;
I have slid everywhere I can slide.

I have walked everywhere I can walk;
I have talked everywhere I could talk;
I have kissed all the kissable,
Hissed all the hissable;
I have balked everything I can balk.

I have crushed every one I could crush;
I have hushed every one I could hush;
I have drunk every drinkable;
Thought every thinkable;
I have rushed everywhere I could rush.

I have been everything I can be,
And the scheme of things will not agree;
I have spent all that's spendable—
Still it's not endable,
And I mean it's a bother to me.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Roundel of Julia Journeying.

When Julia motes, with keen delight
Divinely in her car she floats;
She vies with swallows in their flight
When Julia motes.

Yet no "tempestuous petticoats"
Half show, half hide her ankles slight,
Upon whose grace her lover dotes;

Ulstered and muffled like a fright
Her bideous disguise he notes,
And shudders at the uncouth sight
When Julia motes.—Punch.

In a justice court a negro witness said recently: "Jedge, ef dat lawyer don't quit pesterin' me, fust thing you know I'll whirl in en tell de truth!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Perfection

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Depew's Anecdote of Secretary Stanton.

At a birthday banquet, recently given in New York in his honor, Senator Chauncey Depew told this anecdote of Secretary of War Stanton: "In the Presidential election of 1864, the legislature assigned to me, as secretary of State, the duty of collecting the soldiers' vote. I spent the summer in Washington on this business, and frequently met both President Lincoln and the Secretary of War. The best recollections of my life are the hours I was privileged to spend with the great President, and to listen to his talk and his stories. The most disagreeable were my interviews with Secretary Stanton, who very curtly said that the New York soldiers were scattered in armies, divisions, brigades, regiments, and separate companies all over the country; that the places where they were located and where the ballots might reach them might be revealed to the enemy, and was information of the kind which he would never permit to be given. He dismissed the subject with an oath and a bang. I said: 'Sir, if President Lincoln fails to carry New York because the soldiers can not vote, the fault will be yours.' He said: 'It is a matter of indifference with me how New York votes, sir; my business is with the army.' Whatever reputation for good temper or amiability or conservative language I had accumulated up to that time was then lost.

"On my way from the war office to catch the train to explode in the New York papers, I met Elihu Washburn, the fast friend of Mr. Lincoln. He stopped me, wanted to know the cause of my excitement, and I told him my struggles for three months. He said: 'Have you ever mentioned this to the President?' I said 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'you do not understand him. While Lincoln is one of the greatest Presidents the country has ever had, if not the greatest since Washington, he is one of the best politicians we ever produced in the West. He would take a carpet-bag and go on foot and collect those votes himself, if necessary. Wait here until I return.' A promenade of an hour, up and down the hall, with officers flying hither and thither, was relieved at last by an officer saying: 'The Secretary desires to see you.' I rarely, on this my twenty-fifth or thirtieth visit to the minister of war, each of which had been more disagreeable than the preceding, was ever received with more cordiality, kindness, and politeness than by Mr. Stanton, after the visit which either the President had made to him or he to the President, and in an hour I was in possession of all the information, and on my way to Albany to prepare the papers for the soldiers' vote of New York."

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Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Westernland, June 27 | Havford, July 11
Belgenland, July 4 | Noordland, July 18

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnetonka, June 27, 7 am | Minn'aha, July 11, 6:30 am
Minneapolis, July 4, 2:30 pm | Mesaba, July 18, 9 am
New York—London, via Southampton.
Marquette, July 11 | Kensington, July 3, 9 am
Manitou, July 17, 9 am

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Commonwealth, July 2 | Commonwealth, July 30
New England, July 9 | New England, August 6
Mayflower (new), July 16 | Mayflower, August 13
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Dominion, June 27 | Canada, July 18
Southwark, July 4 | Kensington, July 25

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Cambrian, Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19

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Statendam, July 1 | Noordam, July 15

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Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Vaderland, June 27 | Zeeland, July 11
Kronland, July 4 | Finland, July 18

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Majestic, June 24, noon | Oceanic, July 1, 11 am
Celtic, June 26, 6:30 am | Cymric, July 3, noon
*Armenian, June 30, 10 am | Teutonic, July 8, noon
*Liverpool direct, 8:40 and up, 2d class only.
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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic, Saturday, June 27
Coptic (Calling at Manila), Thursday, July 23
Gaelic, Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic, Friday, September 11
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
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Hongkong Maru, Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru, Friday, July 31
America Maru, Wednesday, August 26
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
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Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:
For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 31, June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom — 11 A. M., May 31, June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay):
Pomona, 1:30 P. M., June 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, July 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 31, June 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, July 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Sao Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneme.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., June 6, 14, 22, 30, July 8.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, Topolohampo, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.) — 10 A. M., 7th of each month.
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SOCIETY.

The Newhall-Taylor Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Carrie Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mr. George Almer Newhall took place on Thursday at the residence of the bride's parents on California Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Clifton Macon. Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mrs. Augustus Taylor were the matrons of honor, and Miss Emily Carolan and Miss Sara Collier acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Walter Newhall was his brother's best man. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to the recent death of the groom's brother, Henry M. Newhall. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Newhall departed for the East, en route to Europe. They will be absent two months.

The Wilson-Thompson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ermine L. Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth N. Thompson, and Mr. Samuel Mountford Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, took place at Grace Church on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of the church. Mrs. Elmore C. Leffingwell was her sister's matron of honor, and Miss Helen Wilson, a sister of the groom, acted as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Charlotte Rixon, of Los Angeles, Miss Ethel Baechtle, Miss Carrie Paine, of Eugene, Or., and Miss Ruth Clark. Mr. Leffingwell was the best man, and Mr. Harry Mosher, Mr. William Knowles, Dr. Frank Topping, and Mr. William Corbett were the ushers. A reception followed the church ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, 2933 Pacific Avenue, at which only relatives and intimate friends were present. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson departed on a fortnight's wedding journey, and upon their return will reside at the Wilson home on Washington Street.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Sadie A. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Smith, of Oakland, and Dr. Harry L. Worley.

The wedding of Miss Frances Hopkins and Mr. Eugene B. Murphy will take place to-day (Saturday) at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, at Menlo Park. Mrs. Augustus Taylor will act as matron of honor, and Mr. Daniel Murphy will be the best man. Mr. Murphy has taken a country place at Menlo for the summer, and, after a short wedding journey, the young couple will occupy it.

The wedding of Miss Kate Clement, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Clement, and Mr. Dixwell Hewitt took place at the home of the bride's mother, 1703 Telegraph Avenue, in Oakland, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. William Carson Shaw, rector of the Church of the Advent, East Oakland. A wedding supper followed the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt departed on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Clara Louise Ede, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Ede, and Dr. Carl N. Wilson, took place at the home of the bride's mother, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. John A. B. Wilson, assisted by Rev. William Rader. Miss Anita Wieland acted as maid of honor, and Mr. Ralph Wilson, a brother of the groom, was best man. Dr. Herman F. Wilson and Mr. Willard Young served as ribbon-bearers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, served in the adjoining residence of Mr. William Ede, the bride's brother. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson have departed on an extended tour of Southern California, and upon their return from their wedding journey will reside at the home of the bride's mother.

The wedding of Miss Alice Beatty Willis, daughter of Mr. O. P. Willis, of Sacramento, and Mr. David Biggs, of St. Louis, took place on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock at the home of the bride's father in Sacramento. After a wedding journey on this Coast, Mr. Biggs and his bride will depart for St. Louis, where they are to reside.

The wedding of Miss Catherine Sheldon, daughter of Mrs. Mark Sheldon, and Mr. D. M. Hanlon took place at the home of the bride's mother, on Golden Gate Avenue, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Father Prendergast. Miss Josephine Hanlon was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss Jennie Hartmann and Miss Florence Mayer acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Joseph Sheldon was the best man, and Dr. Charles Parent and Mr. Richard Burke were the ushers. A

reception followed the ceremony. After a wedding journey in the East, Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon will reside with Mrs. Mark Sheldon.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Laws, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Laws, and Mr. Daniel Belden, of Oakland, took place on Wednesday evening of last week, at the home of the bride's parents in Sacramento. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. Edward Baker, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Oakland. Miss Alice Laws was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Harry Farr acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Belden departed for Lake Tahoe. Upon their return from their wedding journey they will reside in Oakland.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon in the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Henry Glass, Mrs. McCalla, Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Jr., Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Ynez Shorli-White, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur, accompanied by their son, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, arrived here on Thursday from West Point, where they went to witness the commencement exercises. Lieutenant MacArthur will spend some time here with his parents before reporting for duty in the Engineer Corps.

Commander Charles W. Rae, U. S. N., has been appointed chief of the bureau of steam engineering, upon the retirement of Rear-Admiral George W. Melville in August; Pay-Director Henry T. B. Harris, to be paymaster-general, upon the retirement of Rear-Admiral Albert S. Kenny this month; and Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Elliott, to be commander of the Marine Corps, upon Brigadier-General Charles Heywood retiring next fall.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., the new purchasing commissary for the Department of California, arrived on Monday from Chicago, where he has been purchasing commissary for the Department of the Lakes.

Lieutenant Henry L. Roosevelt, U. S. A., stationed at Alangapo, Philippine Islands, has been promoted by the President to the position of assistant quartermaster on the staff of the Marine Corps, with the rank of captain.

Lieutenant Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N., sails for Manila to-day (Saturday) on the navy transport *Solace*.

Captain Charles R. Howland, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., left for Santa Cruz early in the week to examine and report upon the location of a rifle range in that vicinity.

Mrs. George C. Boardman is the guest of Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., at Fort Douglas, Utah.

Lieutenant Victor C. Lewis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is in charge of the Presidio post exchange, has had added to his other duties that of judge-advocate of the newly appointed general court at the Presidio, of which Major Hohhs is president.

Paymaster William H. Doherty, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Toyo Kisen Kaisha Steamship Company has given orders for three large new steamers for the Asiatic route, which will be put in commission as soon as they can be turned out by the builders. Each of the new steamers will have a gross displacement of 13,000 tons, and will be speedy and well appointed for the handling of freight and the convenience of passengers. The Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company also intend to increase the capacity of its transportation facilities across the Pacific by operating larger boats. It is proposed to put the steamer *Germanic* on the run from this port and the Orient, and she will possibly replace the *Gaelic* that for several years has been running out of this harbor.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has departed for Alaska, where, in company with two government inspectors, he is to investigate the condition of salmon fisheries throughout Alaska. The matter of hatcheries will be especially looked after. Several scientists have already been sent to Alaska, and are now at work in different districts carrying out the instructions of the commission. Among those from Stanford are Dr. C. H. Gilbert, Professor Harold Heath, H. M. Spalding, and D. R. Rutter, all of the zoology department. Dr. Jordan will not attempt to carry on any personal investigations, but will superintend the work that has already been commenced.

At the regular monthly programme of sacred music to be rendered at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, the principal feature will be Mendelssohn's cantata, "Lauda Sion," sung by the choir of the church, under the direction of the organist, Dr. H. J. Stewart.

If you want to enjoy a delightful day's outing, take a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais, where the accommodations are excellent and the panoramic view from the veranda and summit incomparable.

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Reminiscences of the Man-of-War Lancaster.

News from the East telling of the dismantling at League Island, N. Y., of the old war ship *Lancaster*, recalls the time when she was a frequent and always welcome visitor in San Francisco Bay. The *Lancaster's* first appearance in our harbor was as the flagship of the Pacific Squadron, flying the pennant of Flag-Officer Charles S. Bell, U. S. N., as our rear-admirals were then called. This was in March, 1862, and the ship was then considered one of the finest in the United States navy. When she returned to port again, in September, 1863, after a cruise of fourteen months, Admiral Bell was still on board, but there had been changes in her officers. The executive officer was Captain E. P. McRea, one of the most popular and well-liked men in the service.

In the spring of 1865 Admiral Bell was succeeded by Admiral George F. Pearson, and there were other changes among the officers on board. McRea still remained executive officer, and among the new set were Lieutenants W. R. Bridgeman, Morton W. Saunders, and A. S. Barker, names since well known in the service of Uncle Sam. Saunders was a native son, and a brother of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. J. B. Haggin. It was during this visit of the *Lancaster* that, mainly owing to the efforts of McRea, the first evening entertainment ever given on board a man-of-war in our harbor took place on board the *Lancaster* on June 29, 1865. The invitations, which were eagerly sought for, read as follows:

"The Ward-Room Officers request the pleasure of your company on board the flagship *Lancaster* on Thursday evening next. Ship's boats will be in attendance at the navy landing, foot of Pacific Street, at 8 p. m."

The entire quarter-deck was inclosed with sails and hunting, and made a splendid hall-room, lanterns and innumerable lamps shedding a soft lustre upon a very pretty scene. In return for this dance, a hall was given by subscription to Admiral Pearson, U. S. N., and the officers of the *Lancaster* at the Occidental Hotel, which took place there the following week, Thursday evening, July 6, 1865, and was a brilliant affair. The committee of invitation included Colonel Richard C. Drum, Thomas C. Banks, W. H. L. Barnes, Robert J. Vandewater, Lieutenant W. W. Tompkins, William C. Little, William T. Coleman, Cutler McAllister, Benjamin Smith, John Hewston, H. M. Hale, Robert C. Rodgers. Of these, Mr. McAllister, Lieutenant Tompkins, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Smith were the floor managers.

Captain McRea was succeeded at Panama, in the autumn of 1865, by Lieutenant-Commander W. Cushing, the hero of the *Albatross* during the Civil War. He was the executive officer when the *Lancaster* was here in February, 1866. The flagship finally had San Francisco adieu in June, 1866, when she sailed for New York via Cape Horn.

Roswell C. Sargent, who was known as the wealthiest man in San Joaquin County, died suddenly in Stockton, of heart failure, on Monday, at the age of eighty-three. In 1848, Mr. Sargent came to California, and engaged in packing freight to the mines. Later, he turned his attention to the cattle business. He was the first man to see the advantages of reclaiming rich overflow lands, and commenced the first levees in 1862, but it required several years to construct the embankments around his sixteen-thousand-acre ranch, near Sycamore Slough. Since that time, large tracts of land have been acquired by Mr. Sargent. His estate is estimated to be worth fully one million dollars.

The gigantic date palm that ornamented the centre of the Palace Hotel court-yard for over three years, and recently died, has been replaced by a smaller and more hardy variety of the same tree. It is one of some date-palms imported from the Canary Islands by a Niles nurseryman some years ago.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins, of New York, is spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, who are residing for the summer in Piedmont.

Miss Loughborough has been the guest during the week of Mrs. John A. Darling at her country place near Rutherford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Earl E. Brownell, in Baltimore.

Mrs. William I. Kip and Miss Mary Kip, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Guy L. Edie, at Columbus Barracks, were in New York during the week.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin did not accompany Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey to the East last week, having postponed her trip until later in the season.

Mrs. Eleanor Folger and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger are sojourning at the Hotel Vendome, at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were in New York during the week.

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, who has been visiting Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels in Paris, will return to New York this week, and will open her Newport villa about the first of July.

Miss Laura McKinstry was in London when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison expect to visit California again about the first of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Miss Bertie Bruce have departed for the Yellowstone Park, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bahcock have opened their cottage at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. Stephen Castle and Miss Norma Castle sailed from New York for Europe on June 10th.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from their visit East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have been spending a few days at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Potter Hussey have opened their country place at Ben Lomond, and will remain there until autumn.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are spending the summer months at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Elizabeth Center expect to sail for Japan early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have arrived in New York, en route for Europe. After a sojourn abroad, they will return to San Francisco.

Mr. Frederic Hotaling was a guest at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Miss Isahel O'Connor, Miss Celia O'Connor, and Miss Ella O'Connor have returned from Coronado, where they have been spending the winter, and have joined their sisters at the Hotel Granada, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Horace Beach, and Miss Chase, of Chicago, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, and Miss McNear have been spending a few days in San José, at the Hotel Vendome.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Miss Minnie Cluness, and Miss Mahel Cluness have returned from a six weeks' trip to Honolulu and Japan. Miss Jessie Filmore accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Poett (*née* Dihlee), of Santa Clara, have taken an apartment at 1667 Washington Street for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker are sojourning at their country place near Cloverdale. Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood spent a few days in San José last week.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and Miss Bancroft, who arrived here last week, after a three years' absence abroad, are at present making a short visit to San Diego. On their return, they will spend the remainder of the season with the other members of the family at their country place at Walnut Creek. Mr. Bancroft is in New York awaiting the graduation of his youngest son, Philip.

Mr. S. G. Murphy returned to San Francisco this week, after a trip abroad of some five months' duration.

Professor and Mrs. Jackson E. Reynolds, after several days spent at Monterey, left for New York during the week.

Miss Genevieve King and Miss Hazel King have gone East to attend the commencement exercises of Smith College at Northampton, Mass.

Miss Florence Bailey, who has returned from an extended visit to the North-West, will spend the remainder of the summer with her mother in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

A party including Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Seward McNear, and Mrs. A. J. Dihlee, of Ross Valley, Mrs. Frank Keyes, of Columbus, O., and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, of San Rafael, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Belden are guests at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. Gardner Williams and family, of Washington, D. C., are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott will spend the summer in Lake County. In the early fall they will go abroad, and spend the winter in Egypt.

Miss Esthyl Hager was a guest at the Hotel Vendome last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman are occupying the Dodge residence in San Rafael during the months of June and July.

Mr. Hother Wismer will leave this week for the Sandwich Islands, to be gone about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, and Mr. Stanford Gwin were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf and party

have returned to Oakland, after a fortnight's visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones were in Santa Cruz last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Clunie were guests at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Mrs. E. H. Kittredge has returned from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Baldwin.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Gray, of Fresno, Mr. William D. English, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Melhorne, of Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Crossitt and Mrs. Kate B. Davis, of Boston.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Wetmore, of New York, Mrs. M. P. Gifford and Miss Jennie Gifford, of Honolulu, Miss Wrenn and Mr. H. B. Wrenn, of Chicago, Mr. J. W. Pollock, of Philadelphia, Mr. A. T. Morgan, of Butte, Mr. James A. Hilan, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton, Miss Ethel J. Davis, Mr. J. P. Laughorn, and Mr. W. M. Speyer.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

Alice L. Tuhbs, the widow of the late Herman A. Tuhbs, has filed a petition in Oakland for the distribution of her husband's estate, which is valued at about \$164,344. The sole legatees under the will are the widow and the deceased's mother, Susan A. Tuhbs. The estate consists of cash, real estate, and stocks and bonds. The principal securities are thirty shares of the Tuhbs Cordage Company, twenty-one shares of the Union National Bank, thirty-three shares of the Union Savings Bank, three hundred shares of the United Gas and Electric Company, and three hundred shares of the Kilauea Sugar Plantation in Hawaii. The real estate consists of property in East Oakland and San Rafael. The cash on hand amounts to \$5,262.24.

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G. H. Mumm & Co.	49,249	54,900
Ruinart, Père & Fils	6,051	8,526
Pommery & Greno	11,301	6,310
Vve Cliquot	4,455	6,060
Louis Roederer	4,637	4,116
Frper Heidsieck	5,276	3,209
Pol Roger	1,863	3,507
Dry Monopole	2,500	2,648
Puc de Montehello	1,611	2,407
P. Ruinart	1,697	1,697
Perrier Jouet	635	1,000
Bouche	714	672
Jules Mumm & Co.	394	669
Royal	284	284
Ayala	389	200
Reinghold	100	125
Bollinger	100	100
Various other Imports	7,375	8,730
Grand total	139,621	165,688

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The Argonaut.

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June is nearly over. Almost all the papers—big ones in roaring cities and boilerplaters in quiet hamlets—have printed their annual high-school "Commencement" editorials. According to their mood, they have offered the graduate their honeyed and uncritical congratulations—or, perchance, have mildly ridiculed the fatuous bumpiousness of young men who fairly stagger 'neath the burden of their brains—or possibly, indeed, have been moved to pity rather than to smiles in reflecting

on their awful and inevitable disillusionment. It may be these last are nearest right. One kindly editor of this sort remarks, we note, that "there is no more forlorn, no more dazed and lost creature on earth, than the young man who has gone through the schools, and now comes out into the world to hunt a job." True enough; still, there are institutions whose product is neither pitiable nor ridiculous, even for a moment—the schools where boys learn trades—in this city, for example, the Cogswell Polytechnic, the Lick, the Wilmerding. The last of these this year sent forth its maiden class—a small one—yet including young men skilled in carpentry, cabinet-making, forge-work, architectural drawing. Next year there will be electricians, plumbers, bricklayers, mechanics—artisans of every kind. Here are, and will be, no "dazed" or "forlorn" young men. These go into the world well equipped.

Why not more of these trade schools? Granting that an academic high-school education is the thing for the superior boy who will direct a business, enter a profession, go to college, what of the mediocre boy—he who graduates and he who finds the pace too hot and drops out? For what is he fitted? A clerkship? a place behind the counter? a high office stool? But there are already too many clerks, too many seekers for "white-shirt" jobs. Every business man knows it. Let him advertise for a well-educated young man of good address, salary sixty dollars a month, and what an army clamors at his door. Let him advertise for a dozen first-class artisans of any sort, and will he get them? It is very unlikely. Yet the pay to the average clerk is not so good as to the craftsman. How many hundreds of intelligent young men in white collars are earning \$8, \$9, \$10, or \$12 a week in this city. Bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, respectively, get \$6, \$4, and \$4.50 a day. The young fellows who hold or hunt ten-dollar-a-week jobs lack not in ability, but in training. Once they might have learned their trades as apprentices. To-day there is no apprentice system in many trades. Why should not the public schools take up the abandoned task of training our young men to manual efficiency? The world for its work needs skilled hands, as well as trained minds: why cultivate only the brain and let the hands lie fallow?

It is true, perhaps, that the national vanity is in a measure responsible for the glut in the "gentlemanly" occupations. We want to wear our Sunday clothes all the time. The native son is apt to be enamored of a high collar and a red cravat. He is likely to agree, reluctantly or not at all, with the dictum that it is better to be a good plumber with a bank-account than a peniless lawyer or a patientless medico. But what will become of the trades if all but the riff-raff desert them? Is it not significant that the Mosely commission of British workmen, while they praised the enterprise of our business men, found our machinery better than theirs, and envied the comfort in which the American workmen lives, were still unanimous in the opinion that American workmen are careless craftsmen? They affirmed that American bricklayers scamp their work. They found bad plastering even in the White House. One of them declared that English and Continental workmen are the backbone of American trades. If these things be true, what better remedy for such a condition than trade schools, where theory and practice go hand in hand—where the boy is taught to work as well as to talk about working?

It is not a question of whether or not an academic education is a good thing. It is whether it is a better thing for the average boy than teaching him a trade. Again, might not the thousands without intellectual ambition, who drop out during the years of the high-school course because they "hate study," be kept in

schools by the fascination which tools have for a boy? There is keen pleasure in being able to "make something," actually to create out of formless materials a serviceable, a beautiful, thing. All our schools are crowded, but the long waiting list at each of our too few trades schools indicates that many boys who would not attend the regular schools at all would gladly learn a trade at a trade school. Surely it is better to have a boy learning a trade than running the streets or driving a delivery wagon.

The teaching of trades in schools is a thing which should interest every householder who has suffered from ignorant plumbers; every business man who has paid good money for botch jobs in lathing, bricklaying, wiring; every owner of furniture showing with wear careless workmanship. We are said to be a practical people, yet if, while the apprentice system decays, we take no steps to replace it, we shall not deserve the title. It is time we got a move on. There are too many college graduates hunting cheap jobs. There are too many good jobs vacant of efficient craftsmen. Teach the boys a trade!

At this writing no news has been received in this country from the Colombian congress, which was called to meet at Bogota in special session on June 20th to ratify or reject the Panama Canal treaty negotiated between the United States and Colombia, and ratified by our Senate at its last session. In general, the news received from Colombia regarding the sentiment of the people toward the treaty is very conflicting. A strong party is said to oppose the treaty on the ground that its provisions regarding control of the canal route are inconsistent with the constitution of Colombia touching alienation of territory, and because the cash payment of \$10,000,000 and annual rental of \$250,000 are insufficient. From other quarters comes the news that the treaty will probably be promptly ratified. One thing, however, is very certain—the people of the region near the canal strip are strongly averse to having the big ditch go to Nicaragua, and seem ready to secede if the treaty is rejected. This feeling is strengthening. The states of Panama, Cauca, and Antioquia are the ones reported desirous of forming an independent republic. They have three-fifths of the area, one-third of the population, all the Pacific, and half the Atlantic, coast-line of Colombia. The question arises, What will be the proper course of the United States should the treaty fail, and these states revolt? Such a paper as the New York Sun thinks that we ought to keep our hands off, while taking the first chance to recognize the new republic. Further, the Sun thinks such a movement would be a very good thing for all concerned. But if the Republic of Panama became a reality, could we negotiate with it regarding the canal? This, it is said, would be impossible, since the Spooner act directs the President, in case of rejection of the treaty, to enter at once into negotiations with Nicaragua. According to the best authorities, Congress would have to be convened, and the Spooner act repealed, before such action could be taken.

But according to Walter Wellman, the inclination of the President is for "vigorous action" should the treaty be rejected. He thinks the Nicaragua route "thoroughly discredited as an engineering and commercial project." Mr. Wellman says further that "it is not true that President Roosevelt has threatened to seize the Isthmus," but the United States will not be "held up" by Colombia, and vigorous steps will be taken to "insure construction of the canal upon reasonable terms without injustice to Colombia."

This seems something like a difference between

tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Evidently, if Mr. Wellman is right, the President has something up his sleeve.

There seems to be no end to the revelations of rottenness and corruption in the Post-Office Department. The usually well-informed Washington correspondent of a New York Republican paper says that the investigation "will probably last all summer, and may even extend through the next session of Congress." The department as a whole seems for years to have been run as a political machine. Rural delivery routes were "placed" by Machen and his political friends where congressmen most needed votes. In return, Congress voted higher salaries and more money for the officials who had favored them. During the past week numerous new irregularities have come to light. The superintendent of free delivery at Washington is charged with soliciting subordinates in the service to buy mining stock, with pressing claims before Congress, and with giving blocks of stock to the private secretaries of congressmen with the obvious intention of furthering his interests. J. T. Metcalf, superintendent of the money-order department, is circumstantially charged with, and admits, trying to shift a money-order book contract from the lowest bidder to a higher bidder by whom his son was employed. This zealous proceeding would have lost the government \$45,000. He was dismissed. The extent of the corruption is shown by the revelation that six of the inspectors now investigating irregularities were themselves "railroaded" into their positions in an irregular manner. Three of these men thus hoisted into high positions were appointed to the Bakersfield post-office, and within a few days transferred. One is said to be related to E. L. Loud. Dispatches to the New York Sun and articles in the Washington Post, telegraphed to the Chronicle, also charge that Loud is interested in the Postal Development and Improvement Company, of San Francisco, manufacturers of a letter-box device, of which seventeen thousand were sold to the government at \$4.25 each, while their actual cost was only \$1.15. In an interview in the Chronicle, D. S. Richardson, general superintendent of the post-office here, and president of the company mentioned, is reported as saying that Loud "recommended the device to the favorable notice of Machen," but that the ex-congressman had no financial interest in the matter. Richardson also says the device cost \$2.25 instead of \$1.15 to manufacture. W. W. Montague, postmaster at this office, according to a company official, holds eight thousand shares of stock or one-fifth of the total. Mail-carriers are said to hold small blocks.

With the boom of ex-President Cleveland seemingly for the moment on the wane, the suggestion is recurring in Democratic circles to head the next Presidential ticket with the name of Joseph W. Folk, the fearless prosecutor of official bribers in St. Louis. Mr. Folk's influence has spread from the city to the State, and corruption in the Missouri legislature is now under investigation. Partly because of his own merit, and partly because of the paucity of available Presidential material in the party, the name of the St. Louis city attorney is attracting considerable attention, and he is being investigated himself by some of the would-be President-makers. They find him a Democrat, a good citizen, and a relentless scourger of misdemeanants in office—Southern enough for the South, and Western enough for the West. The Louisville Courier-Journal takes up the suggestion with enthusiasm. "It recalls Tilden," says Mr. Watterson, "and who shall say that it may not furnish the political history of the time with a duplicate page, the present hero of the 'four courts' repeating the story of the sage of Gramercy Park?" There are some others of the party, who, without apparent objections to Mr. Folk himself, foresee difficulties. These are reminding the enthusiasts that Mr. Folk would be opposed by the Jefferson Club in his own city, which organization is to St. Louis what Tammany is to New York; that he could not receive the indorsement of his party in Missouri and go before the convention as the favorite son of his State, that position being preempted by David R. Francis; and finally, that he never went off with the Populists on the silver craze, and would, therefore, be read out of the party by the Bryanites.

A prominent feature of the Reichstag elections in Germany is the remarkable success achieved by the Socialist party. It will be remembered that in 1871 Herr Bebel was the solitary representative of Socialism in the Reichstag. By gradual advances the number in 1898 was brought up to 58. The elections are held every five years. This year, without a complete return, it is estimated that the party has increased its representation by 25 seats, and that its total vote is 3,000,000, or nearly 1,000,000 more than in 1898. One seat has been gained in Berlin, and others in Dresden, Solingen, Pirano, Plauen, Sittau, Doehel, Altonburg, Dunstadt, Schwartzburg, Bielfeld, Beyreuth, and Bremen. There was pronounced Socialistic success in the Krupp town of Essen. The gain made in Saxony has caused Herr Bebel to denominate that district "the red kingdom." There is a possibility that the Socialist party may dominate the Reichstag. The full result will not be known until the second elections are held. There are said to be 118 districts in which a reelection must be had. Under German law a plurality is not sufficient to elect. The candidate must have a majority, or the polling must be repeated. Among the prominent candidates who must stand another campaign, by failure to secure a majority, are Professor Mommsen, the German historian, and Herr Richter and Herr Barth, the well-known leaders of the Radicals. Out of 117 members known to be elected, 49 are Socialists. The causes of the Socialist gains are variously attributed. The wrongs of the Crown Princess of Saxony are said to have had considerable effect. A more probable cause

is the increased taxation, due to a decrease in the government railway receipts, and the industrial depression generally. The Socialist shibboleth throughout the empire was "Bread, usury, and dear meat." In Berlin, Socialist women took a prominent part in the canvass, hunting out laggard voters, waiting around the factories and urging the workmen to the polls, and distributing an enormous number of copies of a poem entitled "Vote Red." An appeal to voters was issued by the Socialists which was replete with inflammatory adjurations, one of which, as a sample, was "Down with the taxation and tariff policy which oppresses the poor and favors the rich." The Berliner Tageblatt says the food question is responsible for the Socialistic gains, and accepts the results as a disapproval of the new tariff.

The close of the Spanish war found the religious orders in the Philippines in possession of great quantities of city real estate, and sugar and hemp plantations, obtained from the Spanish Government, much of which was being worked by slave, or the compulsory and unpaid, labor of the natives. The issue of the war gave the Filipinos a chance to get back at their taskmasters, the friars. If they had been free to act as they wished, they would doubtless have confiscated the land and expelled the religious orders. Their resentment against the priests was restrained by the United States authorities, who stepped into the breach, and through Governor Taft offered to pay eight millions of dollars for all of the property not used for purposes of worship, education, or charity. This offer being submitted to the Vatican, it was referred to a committee of cardinals largely representative of the monkish orders interested. It was decided to reject the offer and send a legate to the Philippines to negotiate on the spot for a settlement. Mgr. Guidi, the legate chosen, has been at work on the matter for some months without making much headway. His trouble is not with the government, but with the friars, who are determined that the purchase money, when paid, shall not go into the Vatican treasury, but into that of the orders as independent corporations. They do not even recognize the authority of the Pope to interfere in the settlement. The large amount of money involved has started various schemes to retain control of it. The friars appear indisposed to hold any negotiations with Mgr. Guidi. When the latter demanded of them an inventory of properties and an accounting of funds, he was told that the greater part of titles to the lands had been transferred to stock companies, and the purchase moneys distributed among the brotherhood orders in Spain. This has been regarded as a subterfuge on the part of the friars to accomplish a sequestration of the properties, especially as it is known that to a large extent the officers and directors of the fictitious corporations have been the clerks, bookkeepers, and other employees of the monks, and that no money passed at the time of the transfers. There is, in consequence, a serious deadlock. Mgr. Guidi has no power to compel the friars to produce the proceeds of the pretended sales. The government might use the power of eminent domain, paying the money into court to be distributed to such interests as might appear, but is not inclined to hasten on such an arbitrary course. The matter has been again referred to Rome, but the reference offers slight hope of settlement. The Pope has not the authority to require an accounting from the treasurers of the religious orders. They are practically independent of him except in spiritual affairs.

That Puget Sound ports cut very largely into the Alaskan trade that the merchants of San Francisco expected to get in the days of the Klondike excitement, is now familiar knowledge; but that the northern ports have overtaken and passed this city in the race for the Oriental trade is not so generally known. The Wall Street Journal has been compiling, from the government reports, some figures on this subject, which make rather startling reading. In the year 1900, San Francisco's exports to the Orient were valued at \$40,000,000, while those from Puget Sound ports amounted to only \$10,000,000. The next year, this city's exports declined to \$35,000,000, while those of the northern cities increased to \$20,000,000. In 1902, San Francisco was passed, the northern cities having \$37,000,000 to this city's \$36,000,000. For this year, San Francisco's exports are estimated at \$38,000,000, and those of Puget Sound ports at \$50,000,000. There must, of course, be a reason for this, and it is not wholly to be found in the apathy of the mercantile community here. The growth of Seattle and Tacoma is largely to be explained by the railroad methods of J. J. Hill. Trade will follow the lines of least resistance, and Mr. Hill makes a point of having his railways the lines of least resistance.

Some time ago an investigation was begun before the Interstate Commerce Commission to discover whether the anthracite coal-carrying railroads were acting within the law. The proceedings were upon the information of William R. Hearst. In order to establish the complaint, the railroads and the coal companies were called upon to produce the contracts between them for the transportation of coal. Some of the contracts were exhibited and others were refused the court by the witnesses of the defendants. The Interstate Commerce Commission applied to the United States Circuit Court for an order to compel the production of the contracts. The case has just been decided adversely to the commission. Judge Lacombe, in his decision, holds that there is great force in the objection that the original complaint was not made by a shipper of coal, but by a purchaser of the merchandise, but his decision is based on other contentions. The judge finds that the contracts which have been presented to him personally contain no information whatever relative to the transportation of coal. They are contracts for the

delivery of the coal by the coal operators from their collieries at points within the State of Pennsylvania, and, having no reference to its transportation beyond State lines, are not within the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The court also refuses to compel witnesses to answer questions which relate wholly to the sale of coal and not to its transportation. Other contracts were found to be "a part of the machinery by which a combination prevented the building of a new competing coal-carrying road." These, says the judge, would be relevant in a prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. "This, however, is not a prosecution under that act, nor is the Interstate Commerce Commission the forum in which such a prosecution could be conducted." Members of the commission have let it be understood that the case will be appealed.

The approach of the "glorious Fourth" is made evident by the noise of firecrackers, torpedo canes, and the deadly toy pistol, which assails one at every turn. The firecrackers imperil property from the fires they start annually; the torpedo cane imperils life and property by startling horses and leading them to run away; the pistol endangers not only the users—that might be endurable—but also the innocent passer-by. It is time that this senseless and very wasteful method of celebrating the Fourth should be prohibited, and it is the duty of the supervisors to put an end to it. They have the power to prohibit it, and upon them alone rests the blame for the accidents, the loss of property, and the expense entailed by the abnormal activity of the fire department.

Rumors are persistent that the gas companies of this city have entered into an agreement to advance the price of gas, but the officers of the company are just as persistent in denying that such an agreement has been entered into, or is contemplated. Nevertheless, it is admitted that the De Sahla-Martin interest in the Equitable Company has been sold to certain persons who are unknown, but are supposed to be the Bourn faction, which controls the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. This might result in pooling the interests of these two companies, but it would still leave the Independent Gas and Power Company out of the combine. Rumor has it that an attempt has been made to persuade Claus Spreckels to join the combine, but his personal and business representatives declare that there is no likelihood of his doing so, and it is difficult to see how he could. The mains of his company now cover portions of the Potrero, nearly all of the Mission, the southern part of the city as far east as Fifth Street, and a great part of the Western Addition, and in these districts he has made contracts with 9,394 consumers for three years at seventy-five cents, while the number of contracts is increasing at the rate of 800 a month.

Any person who passes the junction of Market and Kearny Streets during the busy part of the day can appreciate how useful is the isle of safety constructed by the Merchants' Association, and how great is the debt the people owe to that association. The work and expense of construction fell upon the Merchants' Association because the supervisors failed to act in the matter, but there is still an opportunity for the supervisors to redeem themselves from the charge of sluggishness. The junction of Market and Kearny is the most congested section of the city, but a similar point of congestion exists at the junction of Market and Powell Streets. With the completion of the Flood Building and the continued growth of the city westward, this condition of congestion will increase. At the corners of Stockton and Market and Market and Fifth Streets, similar conditions exist, and at each of these places an isle of safety will soon become an absolute necessity for the protection of persons getting on or off the cars. The board of supervisors should erect these immediately, before the danger period is reached. If they can not be persuaded to act, the Merchants' Association might be persuaded at least to assist, and thereby increase the debt of the public to them.

That the population of this city has increased rapidly during the last few years is evident from the activity of building, not only in the business part of town, but in the residence section as well. But the figures presented by the Spring Valley Water Company will surprise those who have not followed the subject closely. For the last twenty years, that company has kept a close record of the number of residents in San Francisco, and this year places the population at 440,000. This is considerably in excess of what the census figures would lead one to expect, and in 1900 the company's estimate was 402,000, while the census enumerators found only 342,782. The water company's calculations show 68,000 families, living in 48,630 dwellings. The company estimates six persons to each family. This would give 408,000 people. In addition, the company estimates 2,000 families, representing 12,000 people, who do not take water from the company, and 20,000 who sleep over stores or other business places.

The supreme court of the Philippine Islands has handed down a decision in the famous libel case against Dorr and O'Brien, editors of the Manila Freedom, confirming the decision of the court of the first instance, by which they were sentenced to imprisonment for six months in Bilibid Prison, and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars. Judge Ladd and Judge Williard dissented from the majority findings, and Judge McDonough was not present at the hearing of the case. The opinion was therefore signed by the three native judges and one American. On the sedition charge they were acquitted.

MR. FOLK, OF ST. LOUIS, AS A CANDIDATE.

GAINS OF THE SOCIALISTS IN GERMANY.

PUGET SOUND SURPASSES SAN FRANCISCO.

AN OBSTACLE FOR HEARST'S TRUST CASE.

MORE ISLES OF SAFETY NEEDED.

THE POPULATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ROUND ABOUT NAPLES.

By Jerome A. Hart.

It was five o'clock in the morning. Our ship was steaming up the Bay of Naples, under a slow hell. A morning mist wrapped the shore. Suddenly objects on land began to pierce the mist. "Look!" said the Old Traveler, "there is the Naples quay, and there is that celebrated mediaeval fortress, the Castel del Ovo."

"Nonsense!" cried the Man-Who-Had-Been-To-Naples-Before, "that building is not on the water-front, but up on the hill—it's the convent of San Martino."

The rest of us, who were hanging over the rail, were also hanging on their words. We were perplexed at this difference between our oracles. The first officer happened along, so we appealed to him.

"That building?" said he, squinting at it with one eye as sailor-men do; "no, that is not the Castel del Ovo, it is a macaroni factory; and those houses are not Naples—that is Pozzuoli—Naples is on the other side of the point."

Our two oracles looked abashed, but only for a few moments. We had rounded the point, and were coming to anchor under the lee of the mole.

"Ah," said the Old Traveler, sentimentally, "what a pity that you have got in so early. Now, if you had only got in at evening," he went on, with his *vox-humana* stop, "the ship would be surrounded with boats full of picturesque people—Neapolitans singing 'Santa Lucia.' I tell you what, you're not in luck. Now, when I arrived at Naples before, we had 'Santa Lucia' the moment the anchor touched bottom. I tell you, it was out of sight." And the Old Traveler gazed at us in a superior and compassionate manner.

At this moment a twang sounded from the water. It came from mandolins, guitars, and harps; it was followed by squeals from fiddles; and speedily, from port and starboard sides, there arose "Santa Lucia" in nine or ten different keys and in nineteen or twenty different voices—risotto tenors, spaghetti sopranos, and macaroni baritones. It was rather early in the morning, but it has to be a very cold day at Naples and very early when "Santa Lucia" gets left.

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It is difficult to write anything new about Naples. Its routine sights have all been described so many times that it would be wearisome to go over them again. But there are some new developments in governmental, official, and social circles there, if not in guide-book sights. Official corruption is probably not new in Naples, but Tammany methods of boodling are certainly not Neapolitan. There has been a reform movement going on in Naples now for some little time, led by a Senator Saredo, who has conducted an investigation something like that of the Lexow committee in New York. Saredo has been supported by the king. All manner of thievery has been uncovered. A system of sale of municipal positions was exposed; supplies purchased for the city were diverted into private hands; when a municipal loan was floated, several hundred thousand dollars stuck to official fingers; large sums were paid to municipal officials to secure gas, water, and street-railway franchises. At the very time when we were in Naples Matilda Serao, the famous novelist, whose books have been translated into many languages, was exposed as having acted as a go-between in the sale of positions on the police force and fire department. The newspapers were full of all manner of accusations, not only against leading officials, but also smirching private persons high in rank. Some two-score were under indictment, and all Naples was buzzing with excitement.

It sounded like an American city in the throes of a "municipal reform investigation." Does not all this seem as if Naples were up to date?

As a matter of fact, while there are few or no changes in the sights of Naples, there are many changes in its life. The venerable Magna-Grecian city is becoming modernized. It has a "boom." And the Naples "boom" is largely due to tourist travel. Every now and again you see a man with the legend "Pro Napoli" on his cap. He is not a guide, but the paid agent of a "boom" society started in Naples within the last year or so. Its ends are to encourage travel, to look out for tourists, to direct them to hotels, theatres, public buildings, and other places of interest, and generally to see that they are not robbed by the cabmen, guides, touts, and other accomplished crooks with whom Naples swarms. I never saw a city which needed such a society more. It is well managed, its officers being some of the best people in Naples. They are highly appreciative of the tourist boom, and the vast amount of money it is bringing them. Naples at one time had almost no American travel. In former years most Americans went to Europe by the northern route; if they went south, and got as far as northern Italy, they either grew homesick or went broke, and were obliged to return. In the old days, many Americans who had often been abroad had never visited Italy at all. Now the Mediterranean steamers take so many Americans to Europe that Naples is often their first stopping place. As a result, it has greatly changed in the last ten years. Now many cab-drivers speak English, practically all waiters do, and you find many little boys on the streets selling flowers and other trifles who speak English quite well, having learned it in the night schools. The tourist boom has brought much American money to Naples, and the effect is seen in the city. There are many new hotels and pensions there, as well as other new buildings.

People may smile at changes in so ancient a city as Naples, but even old cities change. Here is a trifle, but it shows the rapid movement of our time. A few years ago, when the stream of vehicles was returning from the races, the police divided the Toledo into two zones, for vehicles bound north

and south. This time we noticed a change. The police had divided the street into three zones, a wide zone in the middle, and a narrow one on either hand. We drove out to meet the returning race-goers. As the brilliant line came in from the races the carriages entered the Toledo near the Museum, thence descending the hill on the west side of the street. At the foot of the hill they turned and went up the other side, which round they continued for an hour or two in the child-like Italian fashion. We soon discovered the reason for the wide zone in the centre of the street. Within three years automobiles had become numerous in Naples. The other vehicles went at a walk, but the autos were not held down to such a slow pace. Therefore, the wide zone was left for them, as well as for four-in-hands, tandems, and vehicles whose drivers wished to return at a rapid rate of speed.

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When you are traveling, always do things while you can. Never wait. Is it a fair day? Go and do the outdoor things. Is it a rainy day? Do the indoor things—the churches, the galleries. Do you see in a shop window some trifle you want? Stop and buy it. Don't put it off—you may never see it again. You will always want that trifle, and you will always be sorry you didn't get it. If your first day at Naples is a rainy day, go to the Museum immediately; if the first day is a fine day, go up Vesuvius at once. The next day the Museum may be closed, or there may be an eruption on the mountain, or you may drop dead.

On our last visit to Naples I had intended to secure a collection of the Naples newspapers, pictorials, etc., which are numerous. I have rather a fancy for collecting newspapers. A news-boy sold papers at our hotel, but all he had were two Italian dailies and the *Paris Herald*. To secure the pictorials I had to go to some of the little news-stands in the centre of the city. I put it off from day to day, thinking I would have plenty of time. But the days passed. We barely succeeded, the third day before our departure, in going up Vesuvius. The day after this we had allotted to the Museum. True, we had been there before, but it is one of the great sights of Europe, and a visit there is never time wasted. But when we got there they had just installed a force of workmen to begin repairs and renovations. Visitors were not allowed to enter. They had begun only that morning—we were just one day late.

We determined to walk back to the hotel, so that I could stop on the way and buy my pictorials, but it began to rain, and we took a cab. As the cabman was hired by the course, he returned by the shortest route, which did not pass the piazza where the pictorials were for sale. The next day we were out all day at Baia, leaving just after breakfast, and returning about sunset. We were to sail at midnight. We had intended to leave our hotel, go aboard with our luggage, "get settled," and then return on shore to dine at the Café Gambirinus. It was agreed that after dining comfortably, we should sit outside the café, hear the band play, and watch the shifting picturesque Neapolitan crowd on the Chiaia and the Toledo. Then I was to buy my pictorials, and we would go on board. It was an excellent programme. But none of these things took place. When we took our luggage on board, darkness was falling. Dinner was ready on the ship. It smelled good. We wavered. We looked at the distance between ship and shore. We reflected on the wrangling boatmen with their demands for tips. It began to rain. So we remained aboard, and I never got my pictorials.

Thus we missed two things—the Museum and the pictorials. Still, after several attempts, we went up Vesuvius. But that is another story.

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Another new thing about Naples is the number of new hotels.

Several of them are situated in an elevated quarter, through which runs the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. Some of these new hotels command much finer views than those down on the bay shore. Still both quarters have their good points. Up on the hill the new hotels have finer view, better air, and less noise; down on the bay shore, on the Villa Nazionale, the Via Partenope, the Via Caracciolo, and similar localities, one is surrounded with the life of the Neapolitan people—likewise their noises and their smells. Still the scenes there are interesting—so, too, are the sights and sounds of the sea. On the bay shore you may from your hotel windows see the fishermen drawing their seines full of silvery fish. The fish-market at Naples is superb. The fish at San Francisco is superb. Would that our fish-market equaled our fish.

To sum up the merits of the two localities—if you make a short stay in Naples, get quarters down in the city—it is amusing and interesting for a little while. But if you make a long stay, go up on the hill, otherwise the noise and bustle will weary you.

It is from this elevated quarter where the new hotels are found that the Posillipo drive begins. The road to Pozzuoli and Baia runs over the crest of the Posillipo hill. At its top you pass a lift which descends to the level of the Piedigrotta tunnels, nearly five hundred feet below. Instead of going over the hill, you may drive through the grotto, if you wish, simply as a new sensation. The old tunnel, which dates from the reign of Augustus Caesar, is now closed to traffic. A new tunnel, bored some years ago, is three-quarters of a mile long. All manner of legends cling around the old tunnel, some coming from the Roman times, some from the superstitious middle ages. The tradition that Virgil practiced the black art is linked with this tunnel. His "tomb" is not far away. There is certainly food for ghost-stories here—I wonder how many foul crimes have been committed in those dark and gloomy vaults?

The village of Fuorigrotta is at the mouth of the tunnel, and the carriage road runs from there to the lake of Agnano,

an ancient crater. Here is found the famous choke-damp Dog Grotto, where the natives will asphyxiate a dog for you while you wait. From here the drive runs to Bagnoli, to Cumæ, to Pozzuoli, near which is a *solfaterra*, the crater of a half-extinct volcano. Many cracks in the earth are to be seen, from which sulphurous gases ascend. A hungry-looking volcano guide tried to inveigle me into walking over this crater, but after having nearly burned my shoes off at Vesuvius, I could not be tempted by a ten-cent crater like this. I entertained the same attitude toward the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli; when we reached the wire-barrèd gateway (admission, one franc), and another guide tried to tempt me with the stories of its beauties, I remarked: "Nay, nay, young man, nay, nay! Within a short time I have been dragged by guides around the Colosseum, the Stadium, the Pompeian Amphitheatre Within The Walls, the Pompeian Amphitheatre Without The Walls, and a perfect job-lot of small assorted amphitheatres, even the names of which I can not remember. I have reached my limit in amphitheatres. This is the limit here—see? It would take a derrick to get me out of this carriage. Go chase yourself! Allez-vous en! Scat!"

The guide was not fluent in English, but he understood my winged words. So did our coachman, who grinned broadly as he touched up his horses. I did not know why he grinned, but when we drove around a corner and up a slight grade, and then saw the amphitheatre spread out before us—without a guide, without money, and without price—I understood why the coachman grinned. All we had to do was to look down the hill. There are many such small swindles to be found abroad.

Apocryphal of amphitheatres, I once in Rome encountered in the Colosseum a fellow-tourist who was seated like Marius on a broken column looking like the sawed section of a red-wood-tree. He was trying to get his bearings with an Italian map of Rome. He had a look of such profound bewilderment that I stopped and asked him if I could be of any help to him. His countenance lighted up immediately at the familiar sound of American-English, and he replied:

"Why, yes, sir, you can, for a fact. Here's a map I bought from a peddler up street, and it's all in Eytalian. I asked him to show me the Colosseum, and he said that this was it all right. But on the feller's map I see this place has another name—A-N-F-I-T-E-A-T-R-O-F-L-A-V-I-A-N-O. Now what does that mean? Is this the Colosseum or aint it?"

"Yes," I replied, "you are in the Colosseum. But I believe the Italian map-makers generally call it the Flavian Amphitheatre."

"The h—I they do!" replied my aggrieved compatriot; "why don't they call it by its c'rect name?"

I had just been on the point of adding: "Don't you remember Macaulay's famous line about the gladiatorial combats and wild-beast shows here—'when camelopards bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre'?" But after this blast, I concluded that my friend would not recall the line, so instead I said "good-day." Ten minutes afterward I saw him trying to climb over the locked iron gateway, which shuts off the public from the dark vaults under the arena, which are "forbidden." When I left he was threatening the police officer who restrained him with the vengeance of the United States.

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To return to the Pozzuoli amphitheatre. One of the curiosities of Southern Europe—to a Western American—is the amount of stone-work one sees. Among the Italian immigrants there are large numbers classed as *muratori*—"wall-builders"; they are forced to seek some new calling in the United States. Numerous as are the wall-builders here, thrifty proprietors are all the time utilizing old walls. Often you will see an ancient wall of Roman masonry used for one side of a house; the other walls will be modern, and of concrete. A small farmer with five or ten acres of vines and olives will have his dwelling of stone, his stable of stone, his olive-press and wine-press house of stone, his out-houses of stone, and his wall or enclosure of stone. You drive for miles between walls of stone, and often over a roadway of solid slabs of stone.

Sometimes these labors in stone are appalling to us dwellers in a land where labor is high. For example, in driving over the hilly roads around Naples, you will often wind up a hill-side. The villas are terraced, the roads circuitous, and, of course, there are many "short cuts" or "goat-paths," as in all countries. But in this land of cheap labor and many stone-cutters, these "short-cuts" are nearly all elaborately executed steps in stone. Imagine our Sausalito short-cuts and Belvedere goat-paths with stone steps! In the United States we generally carve out our goat-paths with our own hoofs. Sometimes a progressive farmer or an irritated commuter, who has slipped on a slide and nearly broken his neck, will sally forth with a spade and cut a few rude steps in the bank. Then his neighbors will jeer, although they do not scruple to use his primitive stair.

In Italy you may even see stone slips where streams fall over roadside banks; and stone basins receive the waters at the bottom of the fall; stone conduits carry them all the way, if the bank slopes instead of being perpendicular; stone culverts lead the waters under the roadways. In the Old World they do not seem to build, as we do, for a few years. They build for posterity. In so many generations all manner of solid improvements have remained, like the famous Roman roads. The Appian Way to-day is nearly as good as it was two thousand years ago. We modern men may say: "This is all due to slave labor." In the old days they did have slave labor in the Old World, but they left colossal ruins behind them. They left eternal tombs, like the Pyramids; they left useful monuments, like the Appian Way. In the New World we had slave labor for a hundred years, but what permanent thing did it leave behind? Certainly not a roadway. I do not believe there is a good and durable road in all the Southern States, with the exception of a few miles of "shell-road."

like those at Mobile and New Orleans, used principally by people with fat purses and fine horses.

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I have sometimes thought that the ruin of roadways by electric car-lines was peculiar to the United States. But I find in Europe that I am mistaken. They are ruining roads here with their electric trams, just as we do at home.

Along the fine Corniche Road you find electric tramways running for many miles. So on the beautiful Posillipo Road around the Bay of Naples, the electric car-line makes driving difficult and at times dangerous. The Cook Tourist Agency is building an electric tram-line from Naples to Vesuvius, but they have bought a private right of way, and do not use the public roadway. All electric lines should be forced to do the same. Some day the people of this and other countries will wake up and find that they have given away their birthright—their highways—and have received nothing in return.

In driving out of Naples toward Posillipo you pass all manner of beautiful villas. One with very handsome grounds about it attracting my attention, I asked the coachman who owned it, supposing it was some Neapolitan nobleman. He told me that Signor Hauser, ex-manager of the Grand Hotel in Naples, had retired from business some years ago, and purchased this beautiful villa across the hill from his old hotel. The coachman added that he had begun life as a waiter. From that to occupying a Posillipo villa on the shores of the most beautiful bay in the world is quite a transition. It gives one an idea of the profits of hotel-keeping in southern Europe. Another beautiful villa is the property, so the coachman told us, of the "Duke" of Monaco. Probably he meant the prince. That royal person makes so much money out of his Monte Carlo gambling-hell that he owns palaces all over Europe. Next to this villa—possibly connected with it—is a tract of some six or seven acres of land, enclosed by a high wall. This is surmounted by a tall paling or fence, on top of which is a network of wires with electric bells. The whole must be at least fifty feet high. Our coachman said that it was merely a protection against thieves, but it may be a new kind of Marconi telegraph. Near this villa is a still larger tract—over twenty acres—covered with vines, olives, oranges, lemons, mandarins, and bearing every evidence of thrifty husbandry. Our coachman nearly dislocated his jaw trying to pronounce the owner's name. I subsequently found it belonged to a Yorkshire man named Strickland, and had been in his family for some generations. This will show how cosmopolitan are the villa-owners around Naples. Many of the modern villas are erected on the ruins of those once occupied by such famous persons of antiquity as Julius Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero. But in these our degenerate days the villas are not occupied by great warriors, great statesmen, or great poets. They are nearly all owned by millionaires whose sole distinction is their money. They come from all over Europe, and the most notable among the villa-owners is his highness, Alhert, by the grace of God reigning prince of Monaco and lord of the Monte Carlo gambling-hell. Other times, other manners. In the early Roman days their heroes were warriors, and out of them they made demigods. In these times our only demigod is the millionaire.

The neighborhood around Baia is so thickly sown with ruined villas, ancient Roman tombs, and ruins of even more ancient Etruscan tombs, antedating the prehistoric Roman times, that this must be indeed a ghost-haunted coast. One ruin here was the villa where Nero planned the murder of his mother, Agrippina. In another lived Lucullus, still another belonged to Tiberius.

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At Baia we stopped and had an excellent *al fresco* luncheon at the Hotel Vittoria, from the terrace of which we could gaze across the beautiful bay toward the islands of Procida and Ischia, and the opposite headland, on which are Sorrento and Castellamare. When we were ready to leave Baia and resume our drive, I hailed our driver from the balcony, and bade him "hitch up." I was startled by the crashing chorus of Echoes which arose from the stone-walled courtyard below. But the Echoes soon became visible as well as audible—they came from half a score of small boys who had rushed to call our coachman, and thus to acquire a lien upon me for a fee. Unfortunately they hailed the wrong coachman. Our own man, hearing the noise, came forth from a corner of the courtyard where he was sleeping in the sun, and proceeded quietly to harness up his horses unnoticed by the voluble young Echoes. When they had got their outfit all ready it turned out to belong to another party, who were not prepared to go, to the perplexity of the coachman and the Echoes. When we descended to take our own carriage, the Echoes discovered their error and immediately surrounded us in a serried phalanx. But they were doomed to disappointment. From the beginning, I had noticed one silent, small boy who was busily engaged in helping the coachman to harness the horses. Doubtless he expected something, but if so he said nothing, and was still putting straps into huckles as we approached. I took a handful of coppers from my pocket, and bade the Echoes stand in a row. They had rung in a little girl by this time. I counted the Echoes' noses carefully, methodically laid out one copper for each nose, and then, when their eyes were sparkling with greed, I suddenly turned and presented the whole handful of coppers to the industrious youth who was just putting the last huckle-tongue into the last strap. He was dazed by his good fortune, but his companions were indignant. We drove away covered with execrations from the Echoes.

But it is hard to beat the beggar game in Italy. A fleet-footed urchin grabbed the girl, and hounded like a chamois over an intervening short cut, heading us off at the next turn. He and his maiden fell into a fox-trot by the side of the carriage.

"Look, noble gentleman!" he began, "look, beautiful lady! See the little ragazza—the poor girl—have pity on her! See, noble signor—you can not refuse to give her something—your heart is too good—you are too generous, too noble, too handsome, to refuse. Have pity on her dreadful state, for look—she has one gray eye and one black one!"

We stopped the carriage. It was true. The maiden had indeed parti-colored eyes, in addition to which she rejoiced in a most appalling squint. I gave her one copper. Hereupon her escort set up a howl at being ignored.

"But why should you have anything?" I asked.

"You ought to give me two coppers," he replied, with a twinkle, "for I have two black eyes, and she has only one."

I was vanquished. I gave him his two coppers. I don't believe in beggars, but I think he earned them.

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Among the many drives around Naples, the one next in interest to the Posillipo drive is that at the other or eastern end of the city, leading toward the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

This drive passes through a poorer quarter of the city, where the natives live largely out of doors, and indulge in various functions of life usually conducted not only indoors but behind locked doors. These sights do not cease with the limits of Naples, for the high-road is like a city street many miles long. In fact, all the way to Pompeii, a distance of eighteen miles, there are houses and shops on both sides of the road for nearly every rod of the way. When going up Vesuvius by the funicular railway, you leave the main road at Resina, which is not far from Naples. When going to Pompeii, you follow quite closely the curving shore of the bay.

At the boundary of Naples is the Octroi barrier, a point where the tax must be paid on foods, liquors, etc. Everybody is stopped, including tourists. But this morning we noted an exception to the usual rigid examination when we saw a herd of goats being driven into Naples, and a herd of soldiers being driven out. Although the goats carried milk for sale, it was not yet in such shape that the government could tax it, so they were allowed to proceed. As for the soldiers, they were not going in the taxable direction, so they, too, were not stopped. I was struck by some points of resemblance as the herd of goats and the herd of soldiers met at the Octroi barrier. Neither knew where they were going, but the goats knew what for—they did not know they were going to Naples, but they knew they were going to be milked. The soldiers neither knew where they were going, nor what for.

All along the road the walls were covered with election placards. As we passed through the village of San Giovanni, we saw a staring poster headed "To The San Giovanni Electors!" It was a bitter denunciation of the doings of the local town council. It was signed by a number of gentlemen who professed the purest, most elevated, and disinterested motives, but who apparently wished to be town councillors themselves. When we entered the town of Resina, we saw placards headed "To The Resina Electors!" This was a similar denunciation, and concerned the delinquencies of the Resina officials, who control the roads up the mountain, the guides, the horses, the tourists' fees, etc. Mt. Vesuvius is in the Commune of Resina, and these officials evidently have choice pickings. Another placard was a personal one. It was signed by a certain Cavalier Luigi Montanari. The cavalier, it seems, was a candidate for office, and some election slanders had been set afloat concerning his birth. We drove by so rapidly that I did not quite get the gist of these slanders, as they were printed in small type, but the cavalier, in order to refute them, had printed a notarial copy of his birth-certificate in large poster type. This momentous event dated from 1841. Surely the Cavalier Luigi is old enough not to get excited over election slanders.

It is curious when one enters Pompeii, after reading these election placards all the way from Naples, to find exactly similar addresses to the populace concerning the merits and demerits of Pompeian ædiles cut into the stuccoed walls two thousand years ago.

As I have said, the drive from Naples toward Pompeii is almost a continuous street. The first village is San Giovanni. Next comes Portici, a town of over ten thousand inhabitants; it touches the confines of Resina, a place of over thirteen thousand population. Resina is built in the lava-beds which cover Herculaneum. Few tourists visit Herculaneum. It is dark, damp, and gloomy. The doorway which leads to the ruins is on the main street of Resina. Over it is the sign "Excavations of Herculaneum." We stopped to gaze, and the gaunt and hungry Herculaneum custodians looked at us eagerly. They scented a centime or two, but we shook our heads, and they sank back again. Few people go to Herculaneum, and those who do so never go there again. It is underground, and as Herculaneum was buried under igneous lava, as well as "lava de acqua," it was very hard to excavate. It is cold, dark, damp, and subterranean, while Pompeii is light, bright, and in the open air. Furthermore, Herculaneum has always been rather a disappointment. When it was first discovered a deep well or shaft was being sunk for water; this shaft tapped the theatre, and the bottom of the shaft dropped into the auditorium. Naturally, the first finds were very rich—the theatre, its lobbies, and its annexes were full of interesting material. Adjoining this, too, was the villa of Calpurnius Piso, evidently a wealthy collector, for his villa was full of objects of great artistic interest and value. Here a number of charred rolls of papyri were found, and the learned world grew excited; visions of the lost books of Livy rose before them, as well as dreams of Sappho, the Alexandrian Greek poets, and other vanished classics. But the charred papyri were almost charcoal. An ingenious Italian priest invented a method of unrolling them, however, and they were slowly deciphered. The first turned out to be a dull treatise on algebra, the second a duller attack on music,

so the excitement of the learned world abated. Since then interest in Herculaneum has languished.

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Even in Pompeii, only about one-half of the city has been brought to the light of day. When tourists from other lands complain of this, they should remember that Italy is a poor country, and has enough to do looking out for her living interests rather than dead ones. Besides, if foreign tourists want Pompeii excavated more rapidly, they can have it done by paying for it. Only about forty thousand francs a year come in for admission fees at Pompeii. At Herculaneum the annual admission fees amount to almost nothing.

Beyond Resina is Torre del Greco, which contains over twenty-five thousand people. This town has been destroyed by the lava-streams half a dozen times in the last three centuries. The next town is Torre Annunziata, with seventeen thousand inhabitants. Next we reach Pompeii.

I have spoken elsewhere of the changes in new Naples. There are few changes in Pompeii, but there are some on the road. When I drove from Naples to Pompeii, some ten years ago, I remember that macaroni drying in the sun lined the way for most of the distance; little dogs frisked back and forth between the swaying curtains of macaroni, and occasionally a yellow pup would poise his head on one side and coyly gaze at us with the macaroni-portière hanging on either side of his shoulders. I instantaneously lost my taste for macaroni. Previously, I had been rather fond of it. But never again in Italy did I touch that agreeable food.

Traveling is paradoxical—this trivial thing impressed me more than some picturesque sights—the mighty mountain Vesuvius, with its black cone and its other peak, Mt. Somma, the buried cities over which we were driving, the sweep of the beautiful bay, with Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and the headland of Posillipo—true, I remembered all of these things, but it seemed to me that I remembered more vividly the miles of macaroni and the little dogs. But this time I saw very little macaroni, and I saw no dogs at all. Could I have dreamed my previous experience?

These questions vastly puzzled me until I interrogated our driver. His answer relieved me extremely. Of recent years it has been found more profitable to manufacture macaroni by machinery. Hence, it has largely disappeared from the dwellings of the poor, who used to hang it in the back-yard to dry along with the family wash.

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Apocryphos of Americans newly arrived at Naples, we met one with his family in the winter garden of the Grand Hotel. They had just reached town the day before, and were leaving the day after. Choo-Choo Chimmie (as we shall call him) had been dragging his "women folks" up and down and around the hills of Naples till poor Mrs. Choo-Choo was as limp as a rag. But Choo-Choo Chimmie himself was in fine fettle. I asked him what he thought of Naples.

"Naples," he replied, oracularly, "is a fine town. We have not had time to do it as thoroughly as I could wish, for one day is scarcely enough, even for a small city. Still, we have been to Pompeii, went up the mountain far enough to say we had done Vesuvius, drove rapidly to Sorrento, spent ten minutes there, ten minutes at Castellamare, caught the little steamer *Nixie*, and just got back in time for dinner. The madame is a little tired" indicating Mrs. Choo-Choo, who smiled, faintly—"but the girly here is all right, and so is yours truly."

"May I ask," said I, "what your movements are after having explored Naples so thoroughly?"

"I propose," said Choo-Choo, "after we have done Greece, the archipelago, the blue Ægean Sea, the Ionian Isles, and that sort of thing, to which I have allotted four days—I propose to go to Egypt. We stop at Alexandria for four hours, and then go to Cairo, remaining there overnight. We shall go up the Nile as far as the third cataract—three days up, one day there, and three days down. I have allotted a day and a half for doing Cairo, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Boulak Museum, and old Cairo, leaving half a day for traveling to Alexandria before catching the post-office boat *Osiris* at Port Said. I take her because she is much faster than the ordinary P. & O. boats. We shall arrive at Brindisi at 4:25 p. m., March seventh, and I intend to do the Italian peninsula in about seven days. Skip Naples—one day and a half for Rome—one day for Florence—half a day for Milan—a day for the Italian lakes—the rest for train time, loafing, sleeping, meals, etc., winding up with half a day for Venice, whence we shall sail for Trieste. We then do the Balkan peninsula in about four days, reaching Vienna by March the umpty-umpty. Here," said Choo-Choo Chimmie, gravely—"here we may consider that we have got fairly started, and we shall take up Continental Europe."

Mrs. Choo-Choo looked at him, sighed, and closed her eyes. "From Vienna we go north," said he; "Munich, Nuremberg, Dresden, Hamburg—a day in each of the capitals, half a day in lesser towns. I think we can knock out Continental Europe in about four weeks, and then I intend to tackle the Land of the Midnight Sun."

At this moment a hell rang. Some gorgeous German flunkies and the plainer hotel lackeys lined up along the grand staircase; the porters rapidly unrolled a strip of crimson carpet from the staircase to the street. Down the staircase came the short and stumpy but majestic form of his serene highness, the Grand Duke of Pumpernickel, who was going forth in his chariot to take the air.

Choo-Choo Chimmie rapidly coupled on the girly and Mrs. Choo-Choo, blew a grade-crossing blast on his nasal whistle, threw the throttle wide open, and, with full steam on, dashed through the crowd to see the sight.

I tried to flag him to say good-by, but my farewells were lost in the Choo-Choo whirl.

THE PHRASE-MAKER.

The Story of the Ruby and the Woman.

The wick in the oil-cup was very short, and the squat flame threw a quivering gleam across the Phrase-Maker's face as he rubbed his parched lips with spiced gum. Through the grimy, sooty lattice, so closely wrought that no light penetrated it, drifted the roar of the street outside.

"I am white," said my host, serenely: "and on the avenue my people are trafficking. For ten years I have not left this room."

"Don't you want to go back?" I stupidly asked.

There was a clink of a ring against glass, and a fine scorn tinged the Phrase-Maker's voice as he spoke over his cup. "Possibly you think it a little vulgar to live in the Chinese fashion and smoke 'hop.' I used to think myself unfortunate, but I begin to fancy that, after all, I do not fare so ill. It is much to sit calm and watch the world go by."

The pallid hand set down the cup, and the dark eyes were fixed in a drowsy stare. The Phrase-Maker was not yet awake.

But I waited: presently, I knew, he would rouse and speak to me the accumulated wisdom of many opiate years.

The fitful ray from the oil-cup illumined a room of many recesses; the angles of the walls displayed dark bronzes, huge and shapeless pipes, weapons of antique weight; above, from the sagging ceiling, hung a tattered banner, darkly gorgeous, heavily motionless; about the floor were scattered bowls wrought of bronze and silver, pigmy lacquered tables, curiously shaped flasks filled with liqueurs—all the luxurious paraphernalia of a devotee of the god of Oblivion.

From a shelf-like shrine leered a strange, contorted demon in full relief, before whose knotted feet burned some joss-sticks. At the Phrase-Maker's knees squatted his servant, Lee Quoy.

All this was sleepily familiar to me. Since I had by accident found this fantastic recluse I had almost regularly sought him out. From the first he had spoken to me as to one who might understand if sufficient pains were taken. Once he had sent for me that he might repeat into my ears a new saying.

For it was thus he lived, going over the scenes in his life; and then, after much meditation, uttering some phrase that held the meat of his experience.

Many stories he had already told me, and some were as if out of my own life. "It was in the Caribbean," he would commence, "and I found rum slightly fevering as a steady drink." A long story would follow, with details circumstantial. Then he would affix the label, the gist of his tale: "An onion has many skins, yet a heart at the centre."

Sometimes he would have two phrases for a story, and he would favor either, alternately. We would gravely discuss the problem till final inebriation over his opium-pipe illumined his fancy into impatience of detail, and he would joyously adopt one phrase irrevocably.

To-day the Phrase-Maker was pondering deeply. At times his lean face was turned curiously upon the writhing god in the shelf-like shrine, as if he sought to win therefrom words for his meaning. Or else he laid cunning snares to entrap me into speech that would satisfy his ear. So finally I put a hand on his ribbed breast under the green jacket and roused him. He passed the spiced gum over his shriveled lips and motioned to Lee Quoy to clean his pipe.

"I have spent ten years trying to know about it, and I can not find the key," he said, enigmatically.

"The key to what?" I asked.

He pulled, at a tassel of the banner above him, and reached again for the spiced gum. Then he turned cavernous eyes upon me. "There was a woman, once," he said, harshly.

Now in all the time I had known the Phrase-Maker he had never spoken of a woman nor of women. I wondered at seasons whether he knew of their existence. So now I gasped in amazement.

"Who was she?" I presently inquired.

"I do not know," was the response. And then I, being wise, discerned that he was lost for words.

Reckoning time as he did, it was three smokes later that I rose to leave the Phrase-Maker's presence. In these many hours he had uttered five phrases: "A kiss is music heard by the lips . . . laughter and tears are the gates . . . the hollow of an arm . . . in the soft darkness . . . words whispered in the dusk."

The end of it all was a long, quivering "A-a-ah!" that throbbed in the shadowy room as I felt my way to the door. I asked again, "Who is she?"

The man sitting on the mat swept his lips with pallid fingers and his eyes glowed through the gloom. It seemed as if some divine modesty forbade him even to remember her name; he had told me none of the story. The phrases, incomplete and incoherent, were not final.

As I paused there, the Phrase-Maker dropped into oblivion of my presence. His hand sought for something under his jacket, and brought forth an object of gold. This he handled, with closed eyes the while, passing his palm over it with silken gestures, breathing softly through his parched lips. His servant, Lee Quoy, watched him in terror.

"What thing, Lee Quoy?" I said, reassuringly.

Lee Quoy could speak excellent English, but fright

narrowed his vocabulary to a few shuddering words. "His god!" he ejaculated.

I sniffed audibly.

"Yes. He make um god. Long time now he had god of gold with fine stone. Once I steal um. He try killee me. Looksee!"

I looked. Across the lad's brown forehead ran a jagged scar. It was but barely healed.

The Phrase-Maker's slender fingers of ivory caressed the ornament and his lips retracted and drew up, and the corners of his mouth stiffened, until his visage was that of a demon, the demon on the shelf-like shrine. Lee Quoy cowered on his rug, and I watched as one who watches a death-bed.

Then the Phrase-Maker opened his wrenched mouth, and spoke. From his tripping tongue rolled phrase after phrase, as if he were running over a catalogue of his life. Here and there I recognized some pregnant expression that stood for strong adventure; again I seemed to discern a secret never further told than in one dark phrase. But I could detect nothing that would indicate the mystery of the woman.

He commenced to grope, to halt, and to seek. Before very long, I knew that the Phrase-Maker was searching for the words with which to clothe the great experience of his life, and no words were ready.

Lee Quoy blubbered in my ear, and to quiet him, I must set him to fixing his master's pipe. Meanwhile, I watched the soul of the Phrase-Maker battle alone.

The gold and its jewel flashed.

"Here is his god," said Lee Quoy, tugging at the jewel on his sleeping master's breast.

I picked out of the boy's palm a brooch of ancient fashion. The gold was worn, and shone white. The ruby was blackened with dirt.

I looked at it carefully. In letters almost effaced by attrition I read the Phrase-Maker's secret.

Lee Quoy pointed to the ring on the left hand. "Him other god," he whispered.

"These be indeed gods," I assented sternly, "and terrible ones. Do not blaspheme nor profane." And I left, assured that Lee Quoy would never again attempt that theft.

When next I visited him, the Phrase-Maker greeted me with sublime composure. "I have much to say to you," he said, magnificently sweeping a bare arm toward me, "and I desire that you listen."

"Have you discovered a new phrase?" I inquired.

He put away the mouthpiece of his tobacco pipe almost with impatience. "No," he responded; "that is but a trick of mine to keep memory within bounds. Hell is memory let loose. The god who squirms above you in the shrine is supposed to be the demon of remembrance. But it is come over me that I am about to die. And I will tell you why death to me is sweeter than any life."

I squatted on a mat, and Lee Quoy gave me a glass of liquor and cigarettes. "Say on," I assented.

"I would speak of a good woman," said the Phrase-Maker, coughing heavily; "you do not know her. Nor shall you. She has nothing to do with people of your station."

I bowed humbly, and he went on.

The flame in the lamp licked up the last drop of oil before the Phrase-Maker was through. As I listened, the dark bronzes on the angles of the walls came out into grotesque relief, and Lee Quoy's heavy breathing seemed to mark the passage of years.

The tale was done. The heavy reek of opium and tobacco had drenched my senses in somnolence. The demon in the shrine was chattering impotently. The Phrase-Maker stretched out his pallid hand to the bowl of spiced gum, and, as he rubbed his lips, we smiled dizzily at each other. For in his story there had been no woman, nor mention of woman. This he did not know, for a merciful forgetfulness was come upon him, and he thought the threads of life lay untangled.

"Fill my pipe. I will smoke," he said.

Lee Quoy was obedient, and I watched, pondering.

A strange sound broke in upon my ears. The Phrase-Maker had waked. In his voice, terror and hatred streamed like phosphorescence in a tide race. "I am remembering!" he cried.

I looked at the demon in the shelf-like shrine. The contorted limbs, the writhing face, the indecent posture triumphed. Lee Quoy flung a vibrant curse at the god.

As his voice clanged in the room, the Phrase-Maker arose, a look of blind haste on his countenance. His green robe flashed down over his shrunken limbs as he straightened up. His pallid, eager face pleaded for the end. "I have lived with the living," he whispered, through dry lips; "now I remember only. It has lost its power." And he let fall his opium-pipe to break upon the mat.

Then he slowly turned upon the god. Putting out a bared arm he uttered the sum of his life: "Love is living. To remember is to die."

He gazed into the fiendish eyes, and we saw his countenance fall away, so to speak, as a face of wax before a blazing fire. First, his mouth lost all human semblance, and his eyes followed, but last. In the moment of his final look, he swayed forward, dead at the demon's feet.

And among the blackened joss-sticks rolled a ruby jewel, dimmed by years of caress.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1903.

MOKELUMNE HILL TO ANGEL'S.

Amusing Incidents of a Dusty Trip—Decaying Towns and Their Opposites—A Musical Discussion at San Andreas—The

"Stranger" Driver—Social Etiquette at Angel's.

It was ten o'clock at night, darkness was thick around us, the moon completely obscured by clouds, as we approached San Andreas. We were tired, dust-covered, and hungry. A dinner at Mokelumne Hill had not had that appeasing effect on the empty-stomach that one is justified in expecting. We had sat in a cloistrally severe dining-room, with an outlook from a back door on to parched, summery hillsides and patches of verdure, and struggled with Mokelumne Hill beefsteak and iced tea.

As we left there was a lurid pink effect of sunset flushing up the sky, and warming the bared, yellow hill tops. Mokelumne Hill lay green and drowsy in the flood of rosy radiance. Its main street, falling to ruin, showed groupings of men in front of saloon doors and the few shops that were still occupied. It was held in the spiritless quietude of decay. Grass sprouted from the angles of walls, broken windows made gaps on every side, a door hung loose from a rusty hinge. Once this little street had buzzed with the hum of life; money had run through the fingers of men here. Ginger had been hot in the mouth of Mokelumne Hill in the brave days when California was young.

We drove away into the pink sunset, and left it ruminating, our transit having roused a momentary interest in a town where the traveler is not an every-day occurrence. Then the night fell upon us suddenly, and the moon failed to come up, and in our dives into dark cañons and our star-lit progress over high hill tops, we forgot the picturesque town moldering in its memories.

The night was thick and murky as the lights of San Andreas twinkled out from the blackness of trees. There was something that suggested the opening of a novel of adventure in our entrance. It would have begun this way:

Ten o'clock had struck. No wayfarer was expected now, and the proprietor of the best hotel of San Andreas had left the bar and was watching the sociable game of cards that four shirt-sleeved men were playing in the office. The night was warm and still and every door and window was flung wide, the hotel appearing brightly lit and hospitably open. Its interior brilliant against the blackness about it, shone out like the stage of a theatre, the scene set, the actors grouped round the table in a card-playing tableau. In the front a line of locust-trees grew high, brushing their upper boughs against a balcony of wrought iron. The combination of this balcony—not more than a narrow strip across the face of the house—with the long windows that gave on it, and the fact that the walls were of solid brick and masonry, lent a Spanish suggestion to the whole place.

The rattle of wheels and the thud of horses' feet striking into the deadness of the country quiet made the card-players pause in their game. The arrival of a vehicle at San Andreas at ten o'clock at night was matter of attention. The host came blinking out from the brilliancy of the office. The card-players twisted round in their chairs. The sight that greeted them was even more novel than they had anticipated. It was not two mining men driving through the country. It was not two drummers en route to the metropolitan markets of Angel's. It was two ladies, weary and dust-covered, sitting behind a pile of dust-covered luggage.

The card-players stared, motionless. The host ran gallantly forward and the ladies alighted. In the glare of the open entrance their two horses stood, breathing wearily. The surrey was revealed to be as begrimed with dust as its occupants. The driver, an ancient man with long, gray hair falling from beneath a wide-brimmed felt hat, was seen to take his wage from the hand of one of the ladies; and then, preceded by the host and a boy carrying the bags, they entered the hotel. Should I continue the story in the proper vein I should here mention that the card-players could not but notice that the new-comers were of transcendent beauty, and though simply werc, at the same time, elegantly clad. I defy any one to find a better opening for a novel than that.

Upstairs it was still full of local color, but not of the same sort. The flavor of romantic adventure was not so pronounced. I am fain to confess that there was something in the dead vast and middle of the night rather fearsome about San Andreas. I went uneasily to bed in a room with a large hole in the plaster and a lock on the door, which upon some hectic past occasion had been broken. Being very tired, sleep would have been soon upon me despite these disturbing circumstances, had not the meritment of the card-players risen higher with the passing of the hours.

They were first merely talkative in a loud key, and then they grew vocal, and "Under the Bamboo Tree" floated out into the night. Then there was a period of comparative silence, which was suddenly dispelled by a shattering of glass and a great hubbub. Somebody was evidently enraged, and there was swearing. I seemed to be in the room directly above them, and I wondered if they shot at one another would it not be possible for one of the bullets to go through the floor and kill me. I seemed to have read of something of that sort. It would be an unpleasant way to die. And while I was thus musing, harmony seemed suddenly

restored and "The Bamboo Tree" broke out joyously in several keys. One of the songsters insisted that it was the "Bramboo" tree, and as they went down the steps argued loudly with his *confères* on the subject. Some one left behind in the hotel kept shouting at them as they passed down the street "Bamboo," and their derisive returning shouts of "Bramboo" were loud in the silence of the night.

It was not a night upon which one slept sweet and well, and in the morning I went down stairs feeling wan and gloomy. In the dining-room, hung with strands of red and yellow paper, I saw my companion sitting entirely alone, her eyes glued, in a gaze of hypnotized horror, on a large cup of black liquid that stood on the table before her. As I drew near I observed that its surface was flecked with white particles, detached and floating. Near by a waiting maid watched us with a side-long, apprehensive eye.

"What's that in the cup?" I demanded of her, pointing to the potion.

"Corfee," she responded, in a high key of surprise.

I sat down and for a space we tried to eat and make no moan, as befits good travelers in such dark moments. Then we turned to one another and simultaneously, without preamble, said: "As soon as it gets cool enough, let's order the carriage and go on."

It was a remarkable instance of thought transference.

It was somewhere about five when we started. We had spent the afternoon sitting on the narrow strip of balcony, looking down on the life of San Andreas, and at intervals, as the day waxed hot and hotter, moving our starting hour nearer to evening and coolness. This was easily accomplished. I went to the end of the balcony, where the locusts grew thin, and standing there could look down on the livery stable and see the livery man sitting in his window. His name was, let us say, O'Hara, and I would shout: "O'Hara, look here!"

And then O'Hara would come out in a long duster with the butt of a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, and squint up at me from under the brim of his hat.

"We don't want to start yet. It's too hot. Put it off for another half-hour."

To which the ever-amiable and obliging O'Hara would reply: "Just as you ladies wants. It's all the same to me."

I have since been told that I should have said "Mr." O'Hara. In fact, that my manner of address was familiar, not to say fresh. That being the case, I apologize to O'Hara should his eye ever chance to meet these lines. It reminds me of the rebuke I received from a friend of mine in Santa Barbara. She used to greet the gripman on the car with an invariable "Good-morning, Mr. Jones." One morning I asked her why she called him "Mr. Jones," why she didn't say Bill, or Dick, or Jim, or whatever his first name was.

"If I did that he'd say 'Good-morning, Julia,' to me. Wouldn't I enjoy hearing you say 'Good-morning, Bill,' and hearing him answer 'Good-morning, Geraldine.'"

But I digress. The shadows were lengthening, the first soft coolness of evening was in the air when we started. To those who have a streak of nomadic blood in them—the love of gypsy wandering where railroads and luggage are not—there is something indescribably delightful in this irresponsible starting out at whatever hour one wills, unhampered by luggage, unharassed by the need of punctuality. To escape the last clamorous moments at a depot, the burden of trunks, the horrors of hurry, is to avoid one of the real miseries of travel. And to set out this way in the cool of the evening, with all one's baggage under the seats, and the world striped with long shadows and full of the scent of buckeye and wild-grape blossoms, is to feel a joyous combination of irresponsibility and adventure. It does not matter what time you get in or how long the road is, you are certain to get rooms at your destination, and you are equally certain of getting a bad dinner somewhere en route. If there was any possibility that you might be wrong and get a good dinner, that would be a subject of mental preoccupation. But you know the dinner will be bad, and so you give it no more thought, and go forward with a light-hearted, vagabond joy.

Our drives in these early evening hours would have been unalloyed delight if it had not been for the dust. That was bad, certainly. Often we were encompassed in a moving cloud like the deities of mythology. With the falling of night it grew less, and the after-dinner part of the journey was almost free from it. Sunset also brought coolness, sometimes (by river-beds and in shaded cañons) chilliness to the verge of needing cloaks and jackets. The horses we hired were without exception good, sleek, well-fed, and steady travelers. And the drivers—I could write a volume on the drivers. We had all kinds, from one who became so interested in our conversation that he sat sideways, his ear trained full upon us, and got so preoccupied that he drove into all the chuck-holes in the road, to one who could not be induced to speak save to mutter that he was a "stranger in these parts." I think his was a case of bashfulness, as well as ignorance of the locality. I asked him how long it would take him to drive from Angel to Sonora, a distance he had just that day crossed.

"I don't know. I am a stranger in these parts," he said.

"But you've just driven in from there! You know how long that took you?" I exclaimed, with an eye of kindling indignation. "You can't have forgotten it in ten minutes."

He smiled in a meek, sweet way, and reiterated, blushing: "I dunno. I am a stranger."

It was nearly seven, and Angel's had dined when we rattled into that thriving camp. There is nothing dead about Angel's. The cropped yellow hills that surround it have been disemboweled and their gray insides strew the face of the country. Dark red hoisting-works, every window neatly outlined in white, rise up protectingly round the little town they keep alive. As we approached, the roar of stamp-mills was loud on the evening air. The bustle and hum of life drew in from these outer points of activity to the main street of the camp, which seemed the heart of a small whirlpool, sending eddies of energy out in increasing circles.

There is no other form of town which has such a bustle of life concentrated in so small a space as a live mining-camp. The main street of Angel's pulsed with the vitality of cities. Unspent force was vibrating in the air. To our eyes, accustomed to the apathetic listlessness of the moribund camps we had passed, it seemed a vortex of excited energies. The street, with the last light of day on it, gleamed with lit shop-windows under the uneven roofing of its arcade. And here walked quantities of people, jostling, talking, laughing. Many of them were women in the pale-hued habiliments of a warm summer evening. Some men walked with them, but most of the male population of the camp were sitting in wooden arm-chairs in the gutter. Whether this is a fashion peculiar to California mining towns, or whether Angel's invented it in a chivalrous desire to leave the sidewalk free and unencumbered, I am unable to state. The effect, as we drove up the street, was what struck me: A line of men with their backs to the road and their feet elevated on the posts which held up the arcade, each man crowned with a white straw hat and each man furnished with a cigar or cigarette. Such was our first impression of Angel's resting after the heat and burden of the day.

GERALDINE BONNER.

MURPHY'S, CALAVERAS COUNTY, June 11th.

DEVERY'S BOOM IN "DE NINT'."

"Big Bill" Starts His Campaign for the Mayoralty of Greater New York—His Unique Bug Club—What He Intends to Do if Elected.

The complete freezing out of "Big Bill" Devery from the executive committee of Tammany Hall has resulted in the irrepressible leader of the ninth assembly district announcing himself as an independent candidate for the mayoralty of Greater New York, and his unique campaign during the summer months promises to contribute much toward the gayety of nations. The first step which Mr. Devery has taken to advance his political aspirations is the organization of a social-political club—the Bugs of Greater New York—with headquarters at 306 West Twenty-Eighth Street, a few doors from his city residence, which is closed for the summer, while his family is occupying his fine country place at Rockaway Beach. The club building has been leased for two years, and handsomely papered, painted, and furnished, at an expense of twelve thousand dollars.

In the main reception-room hangs an idealized crayon portrait of the "chief," while gold bugs, fly bugs, and golden pumps are conspicuous adornments of the piano, window curtains, and other articles of furniture. In the basement, there is a grill-room, modern in every equipment as any in the Tenderloin, as well as a kitchen of ample accommodations for anything other than a barbecue. On the second floor there are three large card-rooms and a porcelain bath, where the members, after political discussions, may temper the anger that may be still within them. The third floor is similarly arranged, with the exception that the bath is eliminated, and there are hall bedrooms for politicians who are too tired after argument to go to their own homes for rest. The emblem worn by the club members is a big green bug climbing up the side of a pump. The club has been incorporated, has two hundred members, and five hundred applications are still hanging fire. The officers of the Bug Club are: King bug, William B. Abbitt; vice-king bug, George H. Dobbins; financial secretary bug, George Winter; big bug, H. P. Braisted; gold bug, Frank Howard; recording secretary bug, William A. Fraser; assistant-financial secretary bug, F. J. McManus.

When asked at the opening of the club why such a strange title as the "Bugs of Greater New York" had been selected, the standard-bearer of the "downtrod" masses explained: "Well, in the first place, bugs are always found about such damp places as pumps and hydrants. They cling together and they multiply, refusing to be destroyed. The bug always begins at the bottom and ends at the top. Then, there are so many men in New York with some sort of a 'bug' that it was thought that if all could be gathered into one political organization, any election could be carried by them. We will have bug houses in every election district in this city."

Devery's first announcement of his candidacy was looked upon as a clever bit of bluffing to bring Tammany

Hall to time, but it would appear now as if he were determined to wreak vengeance on Edward M. Shepard and all the new Tammany leaders' satellites who have attempted to belittle him. Already he has started to secure the two thousand signatures needed to assure the printing of his name on the official ballot by the secretary of State, and he says that his platform will be for "home rule, municipal ownership, working of city utilities, a liberal form of government, and a proper construction on the laws."

Since the opening of the Bug Club, Devery has not missed an opportunity to keep himself before the good people of Manhattan. He has acted as umpire in baseball games, rescued a baby from a burning house at Rockaway Beach, contributed two hundred and fifty dollars toward the relief of the persecuted Russian Jews, and attempted to win the union labor vote by going bail for Sam Parks, the notorious walking delegate of the Housemith's Union, who was locked up in the Tombs a few days ago on the charge of extorting two thousand dollars from the Hecla Iron Works.

But Devery does not trust to good deeds alone to win over the oppressed voters of the ninth assembly district, and the rest of the city, too. He believes in plenty of spectacular effects—torchlight processions, parades, picnics, chowders, "masquerade smokers," and, above all, speeches. And during the past two weeks, Bill has certainly indulged himself in speeches. He has had aromatic bouquets hurled at himself nightly by silver-tongued orators, and he has addressed audiences at the Pump—his old headquarters in the ninth district—in Morrison's Theatre at Rockaway Beach, at Frey's Hall in Woodhaven, and in the Grand Opera House Hall. He has flayed, to his heart's content, the principal enemies of the people, among whom he includes the "Squire of Wantage," as he has dubbed Richard Croker; the whole Low administration, to whom he refers as the "present anniversary-celebratin', statue-erectin' bamboozlers"; Charles "Without-a-Middle-Name" Murphy; and the Brooklyn boss, Hugh McLaughlin, who has come to be known by Devery's followers as "the old stick whittler, and member of the firm of McLaughlin, Shevlin, Others & Co."

As a "knocker," Devery is without a peer, and his ability to "hand back a hot one" to whomsoever ventures to criticize him is inexhaustible, apparently. Dr. Parkhurst's farewell shot at him, the other day, before sailing for Europe, called for a response, which had elements of vigor and precision about it. To the doctor's assertion that he would go back to Tammany as soon as he got his price, Devery retorted: "He'd better leave behind him part of the price he's takin' over to Switzerland, and I'll spend it on the poor. He'll do better preachin' to outcasts than buttin' into politics. I hope while he's in Switzerland he'll climb the Alps so high that he'll forget all about politics, an' come back and preach religion for a while."

John Noonan, whom Murphy has selected to be Tammany leader of "Big Bill's" district, has been formally expelled by Devery, who contented himself with saying: "John is a great leader. Murphy told him so, and then the bell rang. Say, a nickel is bigger to John than a cartwheel is to any man in this club. Noonan's a regular cotton bale. He don't know enough to move himself out of the way. He's the sort of man who wouldn't know he had a fish on his line until somebody pulled it in an' showed it to him. Noonan 'ud stand behind a cannon and pull the string an' never know what he was doin' until the cannon kicked an' knocked him into the bay."

If he is elected, Devery says he will work a big change in the city's government. He declares that the people will then "get an honest run for their money," and promises that the "bottom of the ditch will be the resting place of Charley Murphy and his gang of blood-suckers." He adds: "I'll have the workingmen, the anti-trust people, and the honest Democrats with me. There'll be no docks passed around to Charley Murphy's friends then. Dago Dan McMahon will have to disguise himself to live in New York. I'll find a use for Plunkitt. I'll make him one of the gas bags in the municipal lighting plant that I intend to install. I'll book passage for John Sheehan to the Sandwich Islands. I'll reorganize the police department. Maybe I'll keep General Greene as an exhibit. I'm goin' to fight all summer, an' I'll be fightin' election night. I've made the first move on the checker-board, an' it's up to them. We're close to the king line, and the first thing they know we'll smash them all off the board—and then grah the board."

When Tammany Leader Murphy was asked the other day if he believed that his action in keeping Devery out of the executive committee of the organization would help Tammany in the next city election, he said: "If I didn't think so, Devery would be in." But the ex-chief of police's friends resent the insinuation that he is not a vote-getter, and declare that Murphy is making a big mistake in refusing to accord the Democrats of the ninth district their rights as voters. They predict that Deveryism will prove as great a disaster to Tammany Hall this fall as it did two years ago, when Edward M. Shepard was so badly beaten. Devery himself has no doubts whatever of his being able to make a creditable run for mayor on an independent Democratic ticket. "The people," he says, "have had a crack at Tammany, and a crack at reform, and now they're goin' to take a crack for themselves. Will they do it good and proper. Well, I just guess yes."

FLANEUR.

New York, June 13, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paderewski is at his castle in Morges, Switzerland, suffering from severe inflammation of the muscles of the right arm. A specialist in Paris consulted with his regular physician, and they ordered him not to touch the piano for at least three months, so his recital in Paris next month and his private engagements in London have all had to be abandoned.

Supreme Court Justice Wesley O. Howard has handed down a decision denying the application of Roland B. Molineux for a mandamus compelling Superintendent of Prisons Cornelius V. Rollins, of Troy, N. Y., to turn over all photographs and measurements which were taken at the time the petitioner was under arrest in connection with the murder of Mrs. Kate Adams. The court holds that the proper remedy is for Molineux to institute an action for slander against the superintendent.

Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, died in London, at the age of seventy-three, on June 20th, after an illness of three months. He succeeded Cardinal Manning at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England in 1892. He was a member of an old and distinguished English Catholic family, which has given many able servants to the church, and was associated with the English as against the Irish section of Catholicism. Before he entered the priesthood, he volunteered for the Crimea, and served with credit in that campaign.

The court of appeals at Albany, N. Y., has sustained the judgment of the lower court in the case of Peter J. Garvey against the New York Democratic County Committee and well-known Tammany leaders, reversing the order of the special term, which directed a peremptory mandamus requiring recognition of Garvey as representative of the ninth assembly district, controlled by former Chief of Police W. S. Devery, whose campaign for the mayoralty of New York is described elsewhere by our New York correspondent, "Flaneur." The decision is a defeat for Mr. Devery in his efforts to secure a place on the executive committee of Tammany Hall.

Booker T. Washington has been invited by Lord Grey, W. T. Stead, and several officials of the English Government, acting, however, as individuals, to visit South Africa and make a study of conditions in the English territory there, especially those relating to the African race. The object of this visit is to have Professor Washington make a report of his views as to plans for the betterment of the industrial, educational, and moral conditions of the African race and people. The trip would involve an absence from this country of from four to six months. It is understood, however, that influential friends of Professor Washington, among them President Roosevelt himself, have advised the learned colored educator against acceptance of the offer, and it is practically certain that he will not accept.

During his tour through Australia, some years ago, the late Max O'Rell had a rather terrifying experience. Lying in bed one night in a Bush hostelry, worried by mosquitoes and thinking of the snakes against which he had been warned, he became aware of the presence alongside him of a cold, treacherous snake, probably a death adder, as it was only about three feet long. Death from the bite of this playful adder is rapid and painless, and the Frenchman recorded afterward his reflection that it was better perhaps to die that way than of gout or rheumatism. After an hour of agony, however, he slipped out of bed, struck a light, and went about the room searching for the favorite walking-stick he had carried specially for defense against reptiles. After a weary and nervous hunt he found it at last among the disordered bedclothes!

A gang of burglars have recently been operating in the neighborhood of Mark Twain's residence at Riverdale, N. Y., but, strange to say, the humorist's home has been overlooked. This has led Twain to remark: "I just wish I knew the fellows on my route. I have been expecting them, and from feelings of brotherhood, if for no more noble reason, I have been intending to give them a warm reception. My larder is open to them, and if they smoke, they can have the best in the box. You know all we literary people and second-story men have a good deal akin. We all travel in groups. We work one neighborhood until we feel that we have sapped the lemon dry, and then we move on to more fruitful soil. I don't know, but I am ready

to believe that the gentlemen who visited Riverdale and stole everything they could lay their hands on are now laying away treasure down in Ohio and some other rich preserve of the Union. These grafters are pretty wise fellows. They know when they have been long enough in one neighborhood, and when their victims seem to have become tired of them. Burglary, like many other things, has got to be a science, and the man who is a success at it ought to be respected. He has a family to support, maybe—little babies and a wife, who need nice clothes and things—and it is only fair that he should be given a chance to ply his chosen trade. It is cruel to put him in jail with forgers and common swindlers."

Career of Seymour W. Tulloch.

According to the New York Tribune, Seymour W. Tulloch, the man who is responsible for the revelations in the postal scandals, and who has been characterized as a "slanderer" and a "windbag," had no selfish end in calling attention to the irregularities, for his interests are far too remunerative for him to think of resuming any official place in the post-office at Washington, with which he was connected for twenty-one years. He is a man forty-seven years of age, a lifelong Republican, the son of a former secretary of State for New Hampshire, and a graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, where he took his degree in 1877. He began earning his living as a member of the United States Coast Survey, followed by a term as assistant in civil engineering at the University of Wisconsin, and it was not until 1879 that he first settled in Washington, when he entered the postal service under his father. He was retained through the administrations of Postmasters Conger, Ross, Sherwood, and Willett, and was summarily dismissed by Postmaster Merritt as soon as he took office, at the instigation of First-Assistant Postmaster-General Heath, to whom he is said to have become an obstacle by refusing to pass improper accounts.

The father of Seymour W. Tulloch laid the foundation of his large fortune through the purchase of a large tract of land regarded as almost valueless on account of its proximity to a colored cemetery, but which, about ten years ago, developed enormously when the government established Rock Creek Park and the "zoo" adjoining it. This property is now covered with handsome houses, and is one of the most fashionable sections of the national capital. As a result of this fortunate investment, the elder Tulloch, who came to Washington a poor man, left his son comparatively wealthy, and this heritage has been so judiciously managed that the son is now regarded as a millionaire. Since his removal from office, four years ago, Mr. Tulloch has been active in mining matters, for which his profession as civil engineer especially fits him. He is vice-president of a large gold mining company in Utah, and is connected with important mining enterprises in the states of Sonora, Durango, and Guerrero, Mexico, and in Dutch Guiana.

In order to prevent collisions at points of intersection of car lines, Manager Chapman, of the United Railroads, has issued a new order. This provides that cars must hereafter come to a full stop on the near side of the street covered by the intersecting car line, and a careful survey of the street must be taken. The motorman must not proceed without two bells from the conductor, to be rung after the situation is inspected. Then the car will cross the street at a reduced rate of speed, stopping on the far side at a signal, but not necessarily signaled by a passenger. Where two cars approach each other on level streets, the one to arrive first is given the right of way, but if one street is level and the other is not, or both are inclined, the car on the steepest grade has the right of way. Where two cars meet at a junction, the car on the curve goes forward first.

Complete returns of the colonist movement to California under the low rates established by the Southern Pacific and its connections, show that nearly forty thousand settlers have come into the State during the past four months, a considerable percentage of whom have remained to make their homes on the Coast. The results exceed those of all previous efforts made by the transportation companies to bring settlers to California from the farming sections of the East and Middle West, and the success of the undertaking has prompted a decision by the Southern Pacific passenger department to restore the low rates during the coming fall and spring.

Death of Anton Roman.

One of the best-known of the victims who lost their lives in the North Shore Railroad accident last week was Anton Roman, the founder of the *Overland Monthly*, and publisher of many notable books in the early 'sixties and 'seventies. In a recent Bret Harte memorial number of the *Overland*, Mr. Roman thus related how he came to go into the publishing business:

"In the month of December, 1851, while strolling about the city, having come almost direct by way of Shasta from Scott's Bar with over a hundred ounces of gold dust, a little more than two weeks' earnings of my share from a claim on that fabulously rich bar, I incidentally stepped into the bookstore of Burgess, Gilbert & Still on the old plaza. Then I had no possible intention of purchasing even a single copy of a book, and so informed a clerk. However, he seemed quite interested in what I told him about the miners—likewise observed my fondness for books—and easily persuaded me to exchange my gold dust for them."

"My original intention was to dispose of the books during the winter months in the Shasta mining region, and at the opening of spring return to my claim on Scott's Bar, but finding the book business apparently so profitable, I gave up gold digging and continued selling books, and later began publishing. In 1857 I left the northern counties, and two years later I established myself permanently, with a large stock of bound books, on the west side of Montgomery Street, north of California Street. It was from this store, nine years later, that the first issue of the *Overland Monthly* was published."

Among Roman's most notable early publications were John Hittell's "Resources of California," Bret Harte's "Outcroppings of Cali-

fornia Verse," and Charles Warren Stoddard's "Poems," which were followed by a long list of works, which have since become standard. In 1869 Mr. Roman's health failed him, and he sold the *Overland* to John H. Carmany. He is survived by a widow and son, Cornelius Roman, who is contracting freight agent of the Southern Pacific.

Columbia Gets Anarchist's Library.

The most complete collection of anarchistic literature in the world is now in the library of Columbia University. Some time ago a French anarchist, long a resident in London, and of considerable literary ability, died, and his library passed to administrators. Dr. Vladimir G. Sienkhovitch, the university bibliophile, learned of this, and following the matter up and finding it had escaped the notice of European librarians, he secured the collection for only £20. The collection includes nearly all the important papers in connection with the assassination of prominent rulers of Europe, and numerous manuscripts and portraits of well-known anarchists. There are 250 sets of newspapers and periodicals, 300 anarchistic pamphlets and books, nearly as many huge sheet-posters and broadsides, and such unique documents as a death warrant, forecasting to the inner circle the assassination of President Sadi Carnot, six hours before its occurrence. The books will be placed conspicuously on view in the library.

A new novel by Max Pemberton, entitled "Dr. Xavier," will be published in the fall.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Love's the Theme.

It may as well be said at once that the responsible author of "The Kempton-Wace Letters" is Jack London. We have no evidence of the fact save what is furnished by the book itself, but that suffices. Mr. London can no more disguise his work by omitting his name than could Algernon Charles Swinburne. His mania for evolutionary deductions is as familiar to readers of his books as is the "strenuous" philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt to the public at large. And since the publishers seem bound to get the public into a hot discussion over the volume, we may as well venture, somewhat timidly, the opinion that the book was inspired by a controversy which London had with somebody, probably of the feminine gender, in which he took the attitude of Wace. The actual work of writing Kempton's letters seems, however, to have been done by him alone.

The book is a remarkably spirited bit of controversial writing. In places it is even eloquent, while everywhere it bears the stamp of a vigorous mind trained to express ideas with clearness, force, and precision. There is no possible doubt that London wrote the letters of Wace, and if he had no collaborator, direct or indirect, in writing those of Kempton, he has achieved a notable success in character-drawing. Wace, represented as a young Berkeley professor, is thoroughly modern, material, scientific, not in the least emotional; accustomed to bring all phenomena instantly to the standard of reason, never to that of feeling. His intellectual vigor has made him self-sufficient and intolerant of those who, having reached a position through mazy paths, are unable to show others the way. Kempton, on the other hand, is a romantic poet, spiritual, pure in heart, reverent. His home is London, his attitude toward Wace that of a father. The contention of Wace in his letters is that passionate, romantic love of man for woman is something to be avoided. He calls it a madness which Nature designed to assure the perpetuation of her creatures, but with which man, in this day of reason, may well dispense. Love destroys the mental balance. It distorts the vision. It disarranges a man's life. Let it be anathema. Thus he preaches, and proposes to practice by selecting as his future mate a young girl of intelligence and physical charm whom he does not love, but who loves him. Against such a programme, Kempton, the poet, inveighs fiercely and sorrowfully. We do not propose to reveal the manner in which the book concludes, but let us say that, despite Wace's very good logic, the story ends the only way it could end without disappointment to the ninety-nine out of a hundred of its readers. The poets and the sweet singers of the last four hundred years have impressed it upon civilization too strongly, that the love of man for maiden is a beautiful and a wondrous thing, for any prose argument, however good, to have weight with us. Even intellectually convinced, we are still of the same opinion.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Adventures of a Sailor Amateur.

Readers whose tastes turn to tales of the sea will find much of interest in "Round the Horn Before the Mast." The book purports to be a recital of the personal experiences of A. Basil Lubbock, a young Etonian, who has seen more or less of the world. Having tired of contemplating the "midnight sun" no less than the "midday night" of the Klondike, he decided to come to San Francisco and ship for the South Seas. But he was unable to find a suitable ship, so determined to work his passage home 'round the Horn on a wind-jammer, feeling sure that nothing would come very hard after such experiences as he had gone through in the Klondike.

To the general reader, perhaps, Lubbock's story at times may appear too rich in details, with too much attention to the technic of the sailor's craft. However, there is conveyed an excellent idea of Jack's life ashore, as well as aboard the average English ship, such as is so frequent a visitor to this port. San Francisco comes in for some pretty hard knocks, evidencing Mr. Lubbock's powers of romancing. For he says: "There is no more dangerous port in the world than that of San Francisco; many a mate or apprentice has disappeared, never to be seen alive, and his body, stripped and mutilated, found floating in the Sacramento."

The general style of the volume is colloquial, but now and then a splendid bit of description stands out prominently. Writing of a trick at the wheel one night in the

tropics, when alone on the deck, he says: "In solitude I leant against the wheel and meditated, gazing over the foam-flecked sea and drinking in the unspeakable grandeur of the great deep. Before me rose the belling sails, and from forward the sounds of toil and sweat came floating aft, sharp commands, the chorus of chanty, cries from aloft, the stamp of many feet, the flapping, cracking sound of a sail being sheeted home; whilst around me, but for the swirl of the water alongside, all was silent."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company promises that William Stearns Davis's new novel will be forthcoming in July. It will be called "The Saint of Dragon's Dale."

Richard le Gallienne will publish in this country "Odes from the Divan of Hafiz" at his own cost. The book, made up of free translations from the Persian poet, will be superbly printed and limited in edition.

The Century Company will soon publish a "Life of John Wesley," by Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University; a large work on the recent explorations in northern central Syria, by Howard Crosby Butler, who was a member of the exploring expedition; Herman Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London"; and "Theodore Leschetizky," a book of memoirs and stories from the life of the great pianist, by the Countess Potocka.

Elizabeth C. Yeats, a sister of the Irish poet, has started in Dublin the Dun Emer Press. Paper made of pure linen has been procured from Irish mills, and Miss Yeats is doing the printing herself, with the help of an assistant. Her first volume is to be a collection of poems by W. B. Yeats, "In the Seven Woods." These are described as being poems "chiefly of the Irish heroic age." The Macmillan Company will publish the volume in this country within a few weeks.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, who has almost completed a new novel, was married recently to Professor Alfred Laurence Felkin, assistant master of the Royal Naval College at Altham, Kent.

Within a few weeks the Macmillan Company will publish in the large volume, "The Island of Formosa, Past and Present," the result of the investigations of James W. Davidson, United States consul there. He has been at work upon the book for several years. Mr. Davidson was connected with the Peary expedition toward the Pole, and was correspondent of a syndicate of newspapers during the recent war between China and Japan.

Julia Ward Howe, who has just written an introduction for a volume of "Margaret Fuller's Love Letters," celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday, on May 27th, at her home in Boston. All her children, several of her grandchildren, and her first great-grandchild, only two months old, were present.

"The Works of Matthew Arnold" are to be issued by the Macmillan Company, uniform with the *éditions de luxe* of Tennyson, Kingsley, FitzGerald, and Pater, which the same publishers have brought out within the last two years. Arnold's complete writings are to be comprised in fifteen volumes, the first of which will appear this month, while the others will follow at intervals of a month. The concluding volume will contain a complete bibliography of Matthew Arnold's writings.

Stewart Edward White, the author of the "Blazed Trail" and "Conjuror's House," has just started for an extended three months' trip on horseback into the wilds of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Soon after his return, Mr. White's first departure from the field of fiction, "The Forest," will be published by the Outlook Company.

The Century Company has in preparation for fall publication a book of "Little Stories," by S. Weir Mitchell; Richard Whiteing's novel, "The Yellow Van," now appearing as a serial in the *Century Magazine*; and books of fiction by John Luther Long, Chester Bailey Fernald, Mrs. C. V. Jamison, and Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.

The plan of the memoirs of the late M. de Blowitz, as arranged by the son of this conspicuous personage, is as follows: "Early Youth," "How I Became a Journalist" (1871), "A Campaign Conspiracy," "Anecdote of M. Thiers" (1872), "Alfonso the Twelfth Proclaimed King of Spain," "The French Scare of 1875," "The Berlin Con-

gress" (1877), "What Bismarck Told Me," "Gambetta and Bismarck" (1884), "Alva" (1881), "The Revenge of Venus," "The Life Struggle" (1883), "Why France Did Not Go to Egypt," "My Interview With the Sultan," "Exile of the French Princess" (1886), "San Remo," "How Bismarck Retired," and "Journalism and Diplomacy."

"Boston: The Place and the People," a work similar to Mr. Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis" and Gilbert Parker's "Quebec," will be published early in the autumn. It is by Mark Antony De Wolf Howe, whose long residence in Boston, his advisory connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Youth's Companion*, his editorial work in regard to many books, and his familiarity with every phase of the political and literary life of Boston during the last two centuries, make him an eminently fit man for writing such a book.

RECENT VERSE.

The Mystery of Death.
O the mystery of death!
I sit beside thee, dear,
And wonder where thou art—
If far, or yet, so near.

I, who have loved thee so,
With love no words can tell,
Why should I say thou wert—
Not art, my own love still?

Erstwhile thy hand clasped mine,
Thy lips gave full response;
Now hands and lips are dumb.
Where is their answering touch?

Gone! Where? No mortal knows.
Gone, past love's great recall,
I hold this dear, still hand
And tears upon it fall.

Gone! Where? We may not know—
Thou, silent one, couldst tell,
But, oh, what depths of woe
This heart of mine doth fill.

This silent, cold repose,
The still and silent face,
Oh, God! my aching heart
Cries out for help and grace.

My soul makes saddest moan
And cries, "One word from thee!"
No look, no sign, no word.
They're gone. My soul is dead in me.

To hold thee close once more,
To hear thy voice, so dear,
I long in vain, 'tis o'er—
Thou'rt gone—thou art not here.

Dear face, so calm, so still;
Dear eyes, with lids closed down,
Dear hands, that have no will,
Dear heart, what is thy crown?

If death is life, why weep?
Thou art my own, love, still;
Thou art with God—'tis well.
We'll meet again; 'tis not farewell.

—Nellie Merrell Wetherbee in *Oakland Herald*.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix of said estate, at the law offices of J. L. Kennedy, Room 417, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIA T. LARSEN,
Administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, June 15, 1903.
J. L. KENNEDY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room 417, Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Literary Burglar.

When, last fall, a legislative committee was making an investigation of our State's prisons, there came to the ears of the public strange stories of cruelty, of the sale of opium and morphine within high walls and tight-locked gates, and of gross immorality among convicts. "How can such things be?" people asked. "How does opium get to men in prison cells?" Curious folk, whose interest in the subject still persists, may find plain answers to these questions and many more in a remarkable book just published in New York, called "The Autobiography of a Thief," of whose genuineness there seems not a doubt. The work is edited by Hutchins Hapgood, a well-known writer, who explains in a note that he met the burglar-author after the latter's third term in "stir"; that the man had a good deal of native wit and a prison-gained education of no mean order; that the two became friends, and that he proposed that the burglar dictate his life-story, to which the man agreed. The book is the result.

It is a striking tale, remarkably interesting either to the merely casual reader or to seriously minded ones. The amount of police protection afforded thieves under Tammany rule will appall even those familiar with the books of Josiah Flynt and the revelations of the Lexow committee. The "protection system" is as much an entity to this "ex-gun" as the Brooklyn Bridge or Central Park. Born on the East Side, of an Irish family, with a natural predilection for pilfering, "Jim" passed rapidly from stealing from his parents to robbing houses of lead pipe and to "Moll-buzzing," or picking women's pockets. He was several times arrested, but as he each time had "fall money" he was able to "fix it" through Lawyer R—, and escape the stripes. Many are the tales he tells of fellow "guns" and their girls, of the Sixth Ward—of Senator Wet Coin, of Big Lena, Blonde Mamie, and Sheenie Annie—all bearing convincing evidence of being faithful portraits. Finally "Jim" "fell," was unable to "square it," and was sent up. Of the life of prisons he gives a graphic picture. There he read Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Renan, Dumas, Gaboriau, and De Boisgahy, Balzac, Spakepeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Sterne, and Byron, and his comments are highly interesting. Discharged from prison, "Jim" soon drifted back to "graft," and was sent up again and yet again. In his third term he was wrongfully declared insane, and sent to the criminal asylum, where he suffered the tortures of the damned. Now, at thirty-five, he has turned over a new leaf for good.

The mental keenness that led the man to reject the false and worthless in literature, and that led him straight to the classics, gives to the book its chief interest. It is not because the work is from the hand of a burglar, but because it is the product of a really vigorous intellect, accustomed to weigh men and women, and often to risk life on the correctness of the judgment, that it is valuable.

Published by Fox Duffield & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Under Dogs of Kentucky and Elsewhere.

F. Hopkinson Smith is eminently a dependable writer. He never turns out ragged or careless work. One may always confidently expect from him fiction which, if not illumined by positive genius, is at least very workmanlike. His technique is always good.

In his latest book, "The Under Dog," he does not disappoint us, and he should especially appeal to our sympathies, for the world, according to the ancient maxim, is prone to side with the under dog—while it bets on the top one.

The stories are extremely various in treatment and scene. Some take us to green-hedged road-houses in the environs of Paris, where many another man's wife, so Smith politely hints, dines in the tight-latticed Chinese pagodas with many another wife's husband. Other tales concern odd characters of old New York, and a third batch recite the wrongs and woes of the Kentucky moonshiners, their wives, and sweethearts. It is here, it seems to us, that our artist-author has erred in painting his pictures too black. His recitals remind us more than once of the awful stories of cruel, cruel doctors which we find in ante-vivisectionist magazines. They are so bad we can not believe them. Prosecuting attorneys are not "buzzards." They seldom resemble that bird. Judges have not hearts of stone. They often err in the other direction. Juries are notoriously soft-hearted. They do not drowse while venerable white-haired men tell pathetic tales. We very

much fear that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has let his heart run away with his head. But it's a good fault—in a story-teller.

There are a dozen commendable illustrations by various artists, while the stories number fourteen.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two Books for Hot Days.

Not all the combined wit of the professional book advertisers could have done so well for an author as Mere Chance for J. J. Bell, whose name appears on the title-pages of "Wee MacGregor" and "Ethel." The former book, so they say, was contributed as a serial to the Glasgow Evening Times. Mr. Bell then tried to get the sketches published, and offered them to a publisher for fifty dollars, which was refused. Thereupon, he tried to press them on another house for nothing. Again he was rebuffed. Not daunted, he determined to publish the book himself, did so, and already has sold one hundred thousand copies in England.

"Wee MacGregor" reminds one of "Helen's Babies," though it has no plot. Again, it has something of the homeliness and humor of "Mrs. Wiggs." It does not proclaim its author a "coming literary light," but merely a person with a sympathy for children and a knack of reproducing conversation successfully. MacGregor is a small Scotch boy, with a pretty wit, and not very good manners. He speaks in a highly original dialect to which Mr. Bell is constrained to furnish a vocabulary. One should surely include "Wee MacGregor" in a list of light summer reading.

Mr. Bell's "Ethel" in spirit is a good deal like his first venture, only "less so." It records the conversation, often amusing, but sometimes silly, of a couple of young lovers who are planning for their wedding day. It is eminently a book for a hot afternoon and a hammock.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, each, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Sacrilege Farm," a novel by Mabel Hart, is published in the Town and Country Library of D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, paper, 50 cents.

"Florida Fancies," a volume describing the fishing and hunting experiences of the author, F. R. Swift, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"On the Trail of Moses: A Series of Revival Sermons," by Louis Albert Banks, D. D., pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

The scheme for killing two birds with one stone, which our bright novelists achieve by writing a novel with one eye on a play, has been reversed by Victoria Morton, who has made a novel out of the play, "Her Lord and Master," by Martha Morton. The play was, and is, a success, and the novel is thoroughly readable. Those who liked the drama will enjoy the book. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Mr. Rye Owen's curiously entitled novel, "Red-Headed Gill," is fairly good. The scene is Cornwall. The heroine, who attracts to herself all the attention of the reader, is a beautiful girl endowed with the power of mentally re-living the life of a famous forebear. Such a conception offers vast opportunity for complications, which the author does not fail to seize. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"My Kalendar of Country Delights," by Helen Milman, contains for each day of the year either a brief paragraph by the author apropos of some flower or plant or nothing at all; or a quotation in prose or verse, usually the latter. Perhaps this short quotation will help a few to sound the intellectual depths of Miss Milman: "To-day I feel in a mood for Wordsworth. It is not always I feel so. I long generally for the strong teaching of Browning. But after musing on flowers and birds, the Lake poet comes very near in spirit, and I feel he will understand. How few understand, really!" Published by John Lane, New York.

The Land of Joy is where? According to Ralph Henry Barbour it is the college campus, and considering the brimming, bubbling happiness with which the characters in his book tumultuously ricochet through it, he is right. The story lacks the callowness characteristic of most college tales, and is full of exuberant fun and youthful sentiment. To

use a familiar phrase, "there is not a dull line in it." "The Land of Joy" is a book that ought to prove entertaining to all folks who are not too old to look with a tolerant eye on the first loves of rosy-checked misses and long-haired footballists. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Thyra Varrick," the latest, but, let us hope, not the last, of Amelia E. Barr's novels, is a graceful romance of the Orkney Isles, in the troublous times when Prince Charlie aspired to the throne of Scotland. The heroine, Thyra, is a beautiful and noble creature, daughter of Captain Paul Varrick, a sturdy seaman. She is hotly loved by Hector MacDonald, who is already betrothed, and this fact leads to multitudinous complications and exciting scenes. The many readers of Mrs. Barr's novels will, we know, like this one, which is illustrated with a dozen drawings of some merit. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Judging from the amount of gossip about contemporaneous authors to be found in the public prints, a book of fresh, chatty interviews with feminine writers of books ought to be popular. Of such sort is "Women Authors of Our Day in their Homes," written by half a dozen different interviewers. Almost everybody really of note is represented. Miss Daskam and Mrs. Humphry Ward being the most conspicuous absences. Twenty of the articles originally appeared in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books, under the supervision of Francis Whiting Halsey. There are a number of good illustrations. Published by James Pott & Co., New York.

Another of the innumerable moderately entertaining stories that bombard the reading public is "The Redfields Succession," by Henry A. Boone and Kenneth Brown. The principal faults of the book seem to be a lack of directness in working out the plot, and hazy character-drawing of the principals. The plot is this: A young New York reporter falls heir to a big fortune, gets it securely in his possession—and then discovers a later will disinheriting him. Query, will he step down and out or say nothing and hang on. This is the "problem," in the solution of which a beautiful Southern girl prominently figures. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

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"La Tosca" is to the fore again with a new exponent in the famous title-role. It is always a downright relief to see Nance O'Neil in a new character, even though it be that of the lovely Roman singer, writhing in a hideous whirl of blood and lust and horror.

Miss O'Neil looks handsome in the part, in spite of the downward lines of fatigue in her face. She is, I fancy, kept too steadily at work by her manager, who fails to realize the business side of the question. An actress of her type is unquestionably a financial find, but the strain of continual acting in highly emotional rôles has somewhat quenched the exuberant energy and fiery ardor which formerly was so markedly characteristic of her acting. She has apparently passed the developing stage in her art, and now draws too heavily and continuously on the reserves of an intensely dramatic temperament.

In all things but one she is well equipped for the rôle of Floria Tosca, which requires beauty, presence, magnetism, dramatic fire, and emotional abandon. Her lack is the ability to depict passionate tenderness. She goes through the form admirably, but the spirit is not there. The emotion of jealousy was more naturally portrayed, and when it came to La Tosca's terror, her anguish, and the fearful retaliation of a woman entrapped and tortured to the point of desperation, Nance O'Neil trod on her native heath.

Yet the play and the sensations it awakes are alike ignoble. It is an emotional nightmare, and all of Sardou's skillful craftsmanship, all that stress and strain of situation which keep the onlooker in a state of nervous, almost painful, excitement, can not atone for the lack of nobility which amounts to actual soullessness in "La Tosca," the most widely known of Sardou's dramas, and the one which is least to his credit.

Charles Millward is retained in the company, and plays the part of Mario with that dignity and air of distinction which is so apt to make one overlook the faultiness and slurrings in his general acting. He will probably go to his grave swallowing half of his lines, and a thousand flaws could be picked in his delivery of the other half, but he is a tremendous improvement on the stodgy nincompoops who used formerly to receive upon their stolid shoulders the batterings of Miss O'Neil's tears, her caresses, or her withering scorn.

E. J. Ratcliff acts the terrible Scarpia with intelligence and a much better understanding of the part than was displayed by Melbourne McDowell, who is frequently obliged to rely upon physical impressiveness rather than mental perspicuity in his portrayal of character. There are no subtleties, however, in the character of Scarpia, who is a sort of human tiger, his velvet-handed courtesy but thinly masking the ferocity which is occasionally alternated by moods of luxurious, sensuous enjoyment. Mr. Ratcliff made a particularly excellent showing as the councilor in "Hedda Gahler," thereby proving himself to be better suited to modern rôles. The depiction of abnormal emotions and passions is beyond him, a uniform narrowing of the eyes doing duty for widely diverse feelings. But the intelligence and conscientiousness of his work have enabled him many times to be a valuable coadjutor to Miss O'Neil, even in rôles to which he was neither physically nor temperamentally adapted.

In the first act of "Twirly-Whirly," Winfield Blake and Barney Bernard do some turns in burlesque which are rich in genuine humor. Barney Bernard, who assumes the rôle in which Louise Allen made a hit at Weber & Fields's, that of a take-off on Mary MacLane, the freak author from the hackwoods of Montana, contrives to be extremely funny in his female gear, without at all feeling it incumbent upon him to be vulgar in order to eke out the fun. The comedian wears a bulbous, pompadour tumbling over one eye, in the style of which fashion approves, and bears a ridiculously life-like resemblance to certain type of Hebrew maiden, say a

shop-girl in an old clo' shop. Mr. Bernard's petticoats coyly reveal a pair of feet of a size suitable for the Mary McPainski type, and in the delirium of the dance, the gentleman discloses some robustly filled striped stockings, which have an undeniably rural air.

The hurlesques are aimed at the sentimentalities of modern drama, and one is almost tempted to believe they may do some good by the breezy directness with which they expose the tricky vacuities of dialogue and situation that nightly hefool so large a proportion of the theatre-going public.

Miss Maude Amher, as a wealthy American widow, has a showy rôle, which gives her the usual opportunity to exhibit her fine shape in skin-fitting costumes, and the chorus dances sings, and kicks with its accustomed ardor and abandon.

The genuine humor, as well as the greater snap in the lines of "Twirly-Whirly," tends to a proportionate increase of that great vaudeville essential in the performance; so much so that I found myself renouncing "The Stickiness of Gelatine" with some reluctance, and departed with a resolution to return another day in order to take in this skit, which, I hear, cleverly lays bare the paper scaffolding upon which Clyde Fitch constructs the slight fabric of his plays.

I chanced in at the Orpheum just in time to see the living art panorama, a series of living pictures, the poseurs of which purport to be Parisian artists' models. These ladies (there is only one man, I believe, in the group) are all very much of a type—rather over-blown, with quantities of hair, a superabundance of flesh, and rather hattered as to features, with the exception of one, a blonde, who is generally put well to the front. The models pose with the ease of practice, making lavish revelations of redundant busts and solid torsos; but the pictures, although pleasing and bright, are too high-colored, and lack the severe, classic beauty of finish which characterized the marble reliefs done by living subjects at the Orpheum some time within the year.

Anna Wilson, the little mezzo-soprano, whom we have all listened to during the Tivoli opera seasons, did up her turn in vaudeville with three songs. She is a demurely pretty little prima donna, in a demurely pretty little gown, and sings with her customary sweetness and with an apparent gain in vocal volume. She sang the page's charming allegretto from the second act of "The Huguenots," but both temperamentally and vocally lacks the dash and spirit essential to an appropriately brilliant rendering of this ever favorite number. Ambitious as her third selection was, she gave "The Last Rose of Summer" with a more pleasing effect, for, though her voice is a mezzo, her upper notes, like a bird's, seem to gain in purity and sweetness the higher she soars. For a mezzo-soprano, however, her middle and lower register is lacking in richness, a lack which perhaps the young singer seeks to make good by greater physical exertion. For the most noticeable flaw in her vocalization is the defective intonation in her lower and middle notes. Nevertheless, her delivery of Flotow's famous aria was so unforced, and her voice so sweet, that the result was exceedingly pleasing, and altogether she made a very attractive little cantatrice.

The humor of "The Actor and the Count," a playlet presented by Frank Keenan, is of rather a strenuous order, but genuine humor it is, and not badly done. Whether consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Keenan, in his burlesque of agonized emotion, falls into an imitation of Stoddard, the professional thrower-out of erring daughters.

Georgia Welles is a dainty little creature, and throws herself into her rôle of intimidated flirt and sympathizing wife with a whole-hearted abandon that brings her pretty hair tumbling about her ears.

There is the usual musical act, half serious, half travesty, performed by three correctly attired young men, who ambitiously call themselves "emperors of music," and who, in their stage demeanor, alternate between broadly beaming grins, and extreme, high-collared solemnity, while a fourth, in black-face, cuts up innumerable monkey-shines to the vast delight of children and minors. The last individual, however, is the musical star of the quartet, and with the phenomenally powerful air blasts from his lungs, emits such blaring hursts of sound as would silence a steam siren into the gloom of defeat.

The acrobatic act of the Schenk brothers is something of a novelty, consisting, as it does, of wonderfully perfect balancing on startlingly insecure perches. The performers

are two good-looking, finely formed young men; one, as is usually the case, built for strength; the other for lightness and activity. The heavier one—who has a neck as broad as his head, and the muscles of whose thighs stand out like mountain ranges while supporting the lighter one upon his back—extends his arm, Mr. Lightfoot gives a cat-like leap and stands lightly upon the extended palm with the sure poise of a bird perching upon a hough. Then, like a flash, he is upside down, his head resting upon the extended foot of Strongarm, while the latter, grasping Lightfoot by the palms of his hands, serenely ascends and descends a flight of stairs placed there for the purpose, still holding his active associate firmly aloft in his reversed position. They are, even in the world of acrobats, quite a remarkable pair of performers in their specialty, which, as will be seen from the description, consists principally of head and hand balancing.

The biograph has the usual interesting series of pictures, and gives a particularly fine view of the parade at the Durhar, which contained a great many characteristically East Indian features. There are elephants, those moving mountains of muscle, masked in magnificent trappings, inky-faced horsemen in chain armor, warriors on stilts, and camels hearing their human burdens with a sort of Oriental patience, all strangely contrasted with marching hodies of natives, clad in the uniform of their European conquerors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Here is the latest story sent out by the divine Sarah's press agent: "Edmond Rostand, the dramatist, after his reception among the Immortals of the French Academy, gave a dinner to a few of his worshipers. Sarah Bernhardt sat in the place of honor, attired in a wonderful creation of faintly tinted tulle lace, which had been worn during the ceremony in the afternoon. At dessert, when the champagne began to flow, Sarah rose and a hush fell on the company. Taking a goblet of wine in her hand, she raised it to her brow. 'Thus do I pour libations after the ancient custom to a divine poet,' she cried, and emptied the cup on the crown of her head. She smiled as the wine trickled down her hair and shoulders and over her gossamer robe. 'Your dress will be spoiled,' the guests exclaimed. 'It was intended to be worn hut on this day,' was Sarah's reply."

The cable dispatches announce the wedding of Eleanor Calhoun, the American actress, to Lazar Lazarovitch, a Serbian, in London on Monday. Miss Calhoun is a native of San José, and made her debut some years ago at the California Theatre in "The Hunchback." That was her only appearance in this city. Subsequently she went to New York and then to London. Her greatest successes have been scored in the English metropolis, although she has acted in Paris, playing Katherine to Coquelin's Petruchio, in the French version of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew."

The trip to Mt. Tamalpais offers a greater variety of scenery than any other nearby outing. Nor are there any accessories lacking, on the journey by rail up the mountain, or at the Tavern of Tamalpais, to make one's visit enjoyable.

Mahel McKinley Baer, the favorite niece of the late President McKinley, and a soprano of some note, will shortly be heard at the Orpheum.

The next bill at Fischer's Theatre will include travesties on "Under the Red Rohe" and "The Three Musketeers."

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 12 (entrance 806 Market Street), informs the public that the late partnership has been dissolved, and that he still continues his practice at the same place with increased facilities and competent and courteous associates.

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Edwin Stevens as the Baron Grimm.
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Commencing Monday evening, June 29th, America's
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Strongest rôle Miss O'Neil has yet presented in this city.

Next—An elaborate production of "Romeo and
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Orpheum
Week commencing Sunday matinee, June 29th.
Vaudeville exotics! Barney Fagan and Henrietta
Byron; Julia Rose; the Wang Doodle Comedy Four;
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Trio; Vernon, the Ventriquoist; Drawee; and last
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers."

Monday evening promises to be a gala affair at the Columbia Theatre, when Amelia Bingham, the well-known actress-manager, makes her first appearance in San Francisco as a star at the head of her own company. Her opening play will be "The Climbers," one of the greatest hits scored by the prolific Clyde Fitch, which ran to crowded houses for six months at the Bijou Theatre in New York. It is said to be very strong from a dramatic standpoint, exceedingly clever as to dialogue, and handsomely staged and costumed. The play begins at the home of the Hunters, immediately following the funeral of the husband and father of the family. They have just begun to realize that they must give up their social aspirations because they have been left penniless. To make matters worse, Richard Sterling, the husband of Blanche, is connected with dishonest money dealings. Edward Warden, for the sake of Sterling's wife, for whom he entertains an honest and, even to himself, an unacknowledged affection, does all that can be done to save Sterling from bringing disgrace to his family. In the second act, which represents a dinner-party on the eve of Christmas, Mr. Fitch again uses the means which he employed in "The Moth and the Flame" to present in strong contrast unrestrained gaiety and profound gloom. In "The Moth and the Flame," it will be remembered, the merry drape of the masqueraders is suddenly stilled by the suicide in the room above. In "The Climbers," the dance, almost frantic in its jollity, is again introduced, also its antithetical shock, when Richard says he will confess, but not now, here in the light; he will tell his wife at night, in the dark. He repeats "Not here in the light, in the dark." Warden thereupon touches an electric button, saying, "Tell it, then, in the dark!" The stage and the entire house is in darkness, and under its cover Sterling tells the story of his weakness and his crime. The third act, which ends in a tragedy, presents the Hermitage on the Bronx. The action takes place outside the house, and the closing part of it is in a heavy snowstorm. Miss Bingham will have the rôle of Mrs. Sterling, and in her excellent supporting company will be Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Ahingdon, Bijou Fernandez, James Carew, Ernest Lawford, George Spink, Frances Ring, Maud Turner Gordon, Helen Lackaye, Carl St. Aubyn, Wesley Smith, and Lillian Wright.

"In Central Park."

The second of the Rogers Brothers' travesties, "In Central Park," is to be given at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night. It is in three acts, and tells of a couple of Germans who came to this country in search of wealthy heiresses for wives, and who fall into the hands of an unscrupulous matrimonial agent, who fleeces them of a large sum of money, informing them that he has purchased for them Central Park. Many amusing complications ensue when they attempt to take possession of the park. The play calls for three effective stage settings, representing the matrimonial agency, the roof-garden of the Waldorf-Astoria, and Central Park. The latter scene will be made particularly effective by the introduction of carriages, horses, automobiles, and bicycles. The company will be strengthened by the addition of Camille Walling, an accomplished actress, with a fine soprano voice, and Kitty Kirwin, an exceptionally clever character actress. There will be many new songs and specialties introduced, and a grand military Venus march, invented for the occasion by Charles H. Jones, which will be executed by forty beautiful girls, in the course of which Cheridah Simpson will sing "The Music of the Military Band."

Nance O'Neil in "Fedora."

Nance O'Neil will devote the second week of her engagement at the California Theatre to an elaborate production of Sardou's modern drama, "Fedora," in which she will have another chance for some strong emotional work as the Russian princess, who falls in love with the murderer of her lover. Edward J. Ratcliff will appear as Boris Ipanoff. "Fedora" is to be followed by Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," in which Miss O'Neil will be seen here for the first time as Juliet.

Burlesque at Fischer's.

"Twirly-Whirly" is, after "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," the best Weher & Fields burlesque which has been put on at Fischer's Theatre, and it promises to crowd the cozy little playhouse for many weeks to come. On Monday evening Flossie Hope and Bertie Emerson, assisted by the entire chorus, will introduce what the management announces as a "great novelty," but which they refuse to divulge, as they desire it "to come in the nature of a surprise to our patrons." There will also be two new additions to the company—C. C. Whelan, the well-known specialty actor, who, for several years has been a favorite in vaudeville; and Tom Guise, the excellent basso.

At the Orpheum.

Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron will make their first appearance in this country in over six years at the Orpheum next week. As a popular song writer, dancer, and comedian, Mr. Fagan has won quite a reputation, and Miss Byron is one of the daintiest comedienne before the public. For the past seventeen months, they have been in Australia, where Mr. Fagan staged all of the big pantomimes for Williamson & Musgrove. Among the other new-comers are the Wang Doodle

Comedy Four—Julius Glenn, Harvey Goodall, James White, and Henry Powers—who will present their new whimsical comedy act, "The Darkey Dancing Master," for the first time in this city; Julian Rose, "our Hebrew friend," who will make his first appearance here; and William J. Evans and Gladys St. John, who are styled "the effervescent pair." Those retained from this week's bill are Vernon, the ventriloquist, who will next week introduce his original creation, a walking figure of Nat M. Wills, "the happy tramp"; Lydia Yeaman Titus, who has scored a hit with her new songs; the World's Trio; Hayes and Healy, "the ringmaster and the circus rider"; and Drawce, the clever comedy juggler.

"Moobars" at the Alcazar.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" is to be followed at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night by Robert Mantell's romantic French play, "Monhars." The play tells the story of a man of the people, who, in early middle life, has retired with a fortune from privateering. One day he has a chance to prove his bravery by saving Diane, the daughter of an impoverished marquis, from the attack of a mad dog. He springs between the beast and its intended victim, and is bitten on the arm. He strangles the brute, however, and while the bystanders hear the fainting girl away, he coolly stanches the blood that flows from his arm with a handkerchief, then cauterizes the wound with a hot iron, pulls down his sleeve, and goes on without more concern for his injury. Later he seeks the hand of Diane from her father, who is greatly indebted to him. But after they are wedded he discovers that she has already given her heart to another man. The situation is complicated by the efforts of his false friend, Laurent, to drive out the new wife, which he essays to do by arousing the husband's jealousy. Failing in this, he poisons Monhars, and almost succeeds in putting the crime on the wife. The character of the ex-privateer is a strong one, and will afford White Whittlesey another excellent opportunity to display his versatility.

"Madeleine" at the Tivoli.

The tuneful comic opera, "Madeleine," will be the offering at the Tivoli Opera House next week, with Edwin Stevens in the rôle of the centenarian, Baron Grimm, who, by three magic kisses from the demure village maid, Madeleine, becomes a handsome youth of twenty-five. This is one of the clever comedian's best impersonations, and permits him to present some rapid changes in make-up and costume which are little short of marvelous. Ferris Hartman will be seen as the doctor, who watches over the health of the baron, and who is pursued by Mary Doodle, a woman with pronounced matrimonial intentions. This rôle will be played by Annie Myers. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Auguste Deutch, the villain; Bertha Davis as the young Madeleine; Edward Webb as the baron's scribe; and Arthur Lee as the steward. Margot and Vivette are in the hands of Marie Welsh and Frances Gibson. The chorus will have no end of pretty numbers to sing, and several pretty stage settings are promised.

Comedy-Drama at the Central.

James Corrigan, the popular comedian, who has just returned from the Orient, will continue at the Central Theatre all next week in "Joshua Whitcomb," the rural comedy-drama which won fame and fortune for Denman Thompson. N. B. Curtis, who appeared early in the week in "The Greenhorn," was taken sick, and as a consequence that production was withdrawn, and Mr. Corrigan opened a three weeks' engagement several days earlier than he had arranged for. The rôle of Uncle Josh fits the comedian admirably, and his work is so clear-cut and convincing that he does not find it difficult to move his audience to tears or put them in a merry mood with his unctuous humor. A number of pleasing specialties are introduced, including vocal numbers by Myrtle Vane, Millar Bacon, and the Columbia Quartet, and a whistling solo by Eugenia Thais Lawton.

Adelina Patti has arranged to leave England about the middle of October for New York, where she will give her first concert on November 2d. Her tour in America and Canada will occupy six months.

Clay M. Greene Not an Object of Charity.

Clay M. Greene, the well-known playwright, resents the insinuation of certain dailies that a benefit performance of his sacred play of "Nazareth" was tendered him by the good fathers and students of Santa Clara College, for the purpose of assisting him out of "dire financial straits." In a letter from Bay Side, N. Y., he writes: "I hope that you will do me the justice to announce to my many San Francisco friends that, while my expenditures are at present not as lavish as I have been accustomed to, I am far from wishing to be considered an object of charity. I am able to provide myself with enough to eat, too much to drink, and have no debts which are not amply protected by my property both here and in San Francisco. Such moneys as came to me from the recent performances at Santa Clara College I can only regard as author's fees. Since my play has been made a venture of public profit, displacing in some measure the sentiments that inspired its writing two years ago, it is only fair that I should expect some share of the proceeds. While the remittance received was regarded by Father Kenna as a voluntary recognition of my services, it should not in any way convey the impression that I am a suitable subject for a public benefit, or the sympathetic contributions of my friends."

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Wholesale and Retail.

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Between Sacramento and California.

Open evenings June 29th to July 4th, inclusive
See Electric Sign from Market Street.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,372,886.66
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, January, 1903.....33,011,485.15

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1903.....\$32,139,937
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000
Reserve Fund.....241,132
Contingent Fund.....553,769

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,
Cashier. Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. E. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Paid-up Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$ 500,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1903.....4,017,812.52
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARBOCK.....President
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Barbock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

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Arthur Legatier.....Vice-President
Leon Boqueron.....Secretary

Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....4,292,163.58
April 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
JAMES M. ALLEN.....Attorney-at-Law
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
WILLIAM BARBOCK.....President, Parrott & Co.
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Capitalist
ANTOINETTE BOREL.....Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK.....Williams, Diamond & Co.
GEO. E. GOODMAN.....Banker
ADAM GRANT.....Murphy, Grant & Co.
EDWARD W. HOPKINS.....Capitalist
JOHN F. MERRILL.....Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson
JACOB STERN.....Levi Strauss & Co.

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WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. H. WADSWORTH, Cashier. F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier.
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,635

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
411 California Street, Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889.

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid In.....2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

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IN NEWSPAPERS

ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME

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124 Sansome Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Are you going to make a Will?

If so, send for Pamphlet to

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43

Total Assets.....6,415,683.87

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

The *Argonaut's* correspondent, "Cockaigne," says that the recent warm spell in the British metropolis brought out two really marvelous street costumes, which were worn by well-known clubmen. "One popular army officer on the headquarters staff at the Horse Guards," he writes, "coming down the shady side of Regent Street, was arrayed in a pair of thin, white cambric trousers, very wide and caught in at the knees, but there made very little smaller by a white and narrow and elaborately embroidered band. This garment was worn over a white cambric shirt, made full and baggy, with a deep turn-over collar of the same material, and edged with white lace. The front of the shirt had also wide lace trimmings of the 'frog' pattern. On his head he wore a white straw 'Toredo' hat, with a puggaree attached; on his feet, which were bare, were white canvas sand-shoes. It was said that his wife (a young woman) had materially assisted in providing the outfit, and that it was done for a wager. I do not think so. The other get-up was quite as grotesque, and there was no wager about it. It was worn by one of the cleverest young king's counsels at the chancery bar, and consisted of an entire suit—bar waistcoat—of thin, flesh-colored silk, over which was worn a sort of dinner jacket and trousers, made very loose, of ordinary white muslin, with pink satin bows at wrist and throat. It was fragile, and would need constant replenishment for a whole summer's use. But it lasted quite long enough for this spell. You will doubtless be inclined either to doubt the existence of these costumes or the sanity of their wearers, but I can assure you that they appeared on the street exactly as I have described them, and were seen by hundreds of people."

In his volume, "Business and Love" (Dodd, Mead & Co., price, \$1.20 net), based on his observations during his recent visit to the United States, Hughes Le Roux scathingly criticises American social life, and institutions. He wholly disapproves of college study for the American girl, and still more emphatically of female teachers for boys. He says: "Men should no more learn to think as women do, than women should mold their thoughts and their natures after the pattern of the masculine temperament." The sort of woman which the colleges turn out here he dubs the "third sex," and he includes in this category the "American business woman," for whom he has a special dread. He descants on the frequency of American unhappy marriages, and says: "Almost always it is the woman who is responsible for the bankruptcy," and he declares that "for the majority of young girls in the United States, learning has greater power of attraction than love." He thinks that co-education is largely responsible for ill-fitted matches and for the disillusionment that follows. About the American girl, he says: "The absolute joy she brings into the family simply because she has taken the trouble to be born is keener in America than anywhere else in the world." Then he describes how she is spoiled by everybody, how no duties, only privileges, are imposed upon her, how she becomes utterly selfish and never loves, but only graciously permits others to love her. "This worship of self, raised to the standard of a moral principle, is the outcome of the absolute independence wherein the American girl is brought up by her family." Le Roux considers the circumstances surrounding the society debut of our girls shameful and in wretched taste. He says: "The American girl, face to face with her conscience, does not recognize any very pressing duty except toward herself." He thinks, however, she is better educated and the intellectual superior of the American man, owing to a longer intellectual training and to favoring outward circumstances, and thinks this deplorable for the whole country. He discusses at length her disinclination to marry, and draws very far-reaching conclusions. He says: "Is motherhood a bondage or a joy for woman? Does the individual owe more to society or to himself? History answers: To society. The third sex answers: To one's self."

American cooking, Le Roux considers "very bad, unpalatable, and unwholesome," and one-half responsible for the "general nervous exhaustion" of the American race. He deems all American husbands henpecked and worried out of their boots. He amusingly satirizes the first of his hostesses "on Fifth Avenue, near Central Park." He makes her say of her husband, while the guests are arriving and he is serving cocktails for them: "He is so

good! but he is so overworked. He says he is killing himself, and I believe he is right." Somebody remarks: "Can't you urge him to take a rest?" The hostess looks scandalized at such an insinuation, but she merely says: "How can I stop him! He is so successful." Women's clubs, of course, find no favor in Le Roux's eyes, and he remarks: "At the risk of being tabooed, I affirm that in the United States and elsewhere I have found all feminine undertakings to bear the stamp of fragility." He goes somewhat extensively into the question of the increasing sterility of the American woman, and says: "Such is the moral ruin to which is condemned any society wherein woman has usurped the place that belongs to man." And he says Americans of the older stock are "deluded as to the destiny of their race," and that "all the great qualities handed down to us from the past are being wiped out mercilessly under the torrent of gold, the burden of feminine pride, and feminine selfishness." The female reporter he holds in special dread, and thinks she is a "blackmailer" if she has the chance. To the "Restless Woman" he devotes a whole chapter. He says: "Wherever fate gives the weak a chance to rule, they take unfair advantage." After fashioning Man in the United States to suit herself precisely, Woman is still unsatisfied, and does not like her handiwork. That is why she prefers foreigners for husbands, they being "more romantic." The men, too, Le Roux claims he found all discontented with their wives and with the position of women here. But he is sure there will be soon a dreadful awakening for both, and another "great revolution," to set matters right, with Man reestablished the undoubted master of Woman.

Cupid has been playing merry pranks with the class of 1903 at Vassar. The commencement season is the chosen time for announcing engagements, and this year the number of blushing examples of the higher education of women who have accepted the congratulations of their classmates was larger than usual. The prize offered by the graduating class for the first member to get married goes this year to Miss Marion Davidson, of Boston, who made the Vassar course in three years, entering the senior class after the last mid-winter examinations. Miss Davidson was married at her home on June 16th. Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Edith E. Randall, marshal of the class day exercises, to Robert Bailey Eddy, a lumber merchant of Bay City, Mich. The wedding took place at the bride's home in Bay City on Wednesday. The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie L. Prentiss, daughter of George H. Prentiss, the well-known hanker, of Brooklyn, to Edward Tinker, an Amherst man, of Brooklyn.

The majority of the wonderful tales of valuable pictures going begging are as untrustworthy as the anecdotes of Stradivarius violins found in garrets, but two authentic cases (says the *Springfield Republican*) have lately been reported from England. The Bristol Young Men's Christian Association has long had on its walls a picture entitled "The Holy Family," and the owner, who had long lent the picture, offered to sell it at half price, or \$25. But the committee had no money for the purpose, and nothing came of it. Not long since the owner died, and in the clearing up of the estate it was discovered that the picture was by the seventeenth-century Italian painter, Pietro da Cortona, and its value is now estimated at \$50,000, an offer of \$35,000 having already been received. The other case was that of a portrait by Gainsborough of a lady in a white muslin dress, which is described by the *London Daily News* as "an awful-looking old wreck, covered with dirty varnish and having two large holes in the canvas, and as unrepresenting an object as ever came out of a rag-and-bone shop." It was the property of an old lady at Worthing, and had been hawked about among the London art dealers at the price of \$25, with no takers. Yet when it was put up for sale at Christie's the bidding started at \$1,050, and in less than a minute it was knocked down to Charles Wertheimer for \$45,225.

There are now 51,538 divorced people in the United States, of whom 32,205 are women and 18,384 are men. The reason for such an excess of women is explained on the theory that divorced men are more apt to remarry than divorced women. There are very few cities in which the number of divorced men is greater than, or even equal to, the number of women. St. Joseph is the most

conspicuous, for among its inhabitants are 352 men and 327 women who have been separated from their conjugal mates by the courts. Omaha is second, with 249 divorced men and 236 women. Chicago is the champion divorce city. It has had that reputation for a long time, and, although the 4,341 divorced people who reside there may not have been separated by the local courts, they have nevertheless chosen it as a place of residence, and they number more than twice as many as are found in New York. Certain other cities have a similar distinction, although they are not so conspicuous as Chicago. The *Chicago Record-Herald* has prepared this list of the twenty cities with the largest number of divorced people among their inhabitants: Chicago, 4,341; New York, 2,146; Philadelphia, 1,772; San Francisco, 1,760; St. Louis, 1,596; Indianapolis, 1,391; Boston, 1,206; Kansas City, 1,104; Cleveland, 1,058; Louisville, 1,034; Baltimore, 988; Brooklyn, 951; Milwaukee, 857; Cincinnati, 843; Washington, 821; New Orleans, 809; Minneapolis, 770; Detroit, 727; Denver, 655; and St. Joseph, 679.

Smith—"The papers speak enthusiastically of your daughter's singing at the musicale last week." Rogers—"Yes, I am surprised they should all speak so flatteringly. What does the *Planet* say?" Smith—"There's nothing in the *Planet* about her." Rogers—"That's queer. I certainly sent the same notice to the *Planet* that I sent to the others papers."—*Boston Transcript*.

Nelson's Amucose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Ray, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 24, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%.	4,000	@ 105	105 1/2	
Los An. Ry 5% ..	5,000	@ 114	113	114
Market St. Ry. Con.				
5%	2,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% ..	4,000	@ 110	110	
North Shore Ry. 5%	10,000	@ 100	95	100
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5% ..	6,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
Powell St. Ry. 6% ..	2,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	
Pac. Gas Impt. 4% ..	9,000	@ 97	96 1/2	98
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%	7,000	@ 120 1/2-120 3/4	120 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%	3,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Valley	305	@ 82 3/4-83 1/2	83 1/2	84
Banks.				
Anglo Cal.	90	@ 96-97		
Powders.				
Giant Con.	320	@ 72-74	73 1/2	74 1/2
Vigorit	900	@ 3 1/2-4 1/2	4 1/2	5
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.	770	@ 1 1/2-2	1 3/4	
Hawaiian C. & S. ..	22	@ 42		43
Hutchinson	15	@ 13	13	
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Gas	200	@ 48-49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	450	@ 61-63	60 1/2	62
Trustees Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	995	@ 61-61 1/2		
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ...	25	@ 150	150	153
Cal. Wine Assn.	80	@ 99 1/2		100

The sugars have been weak, and on sales of 800 shares sold down from one-half to one and three-quarters points, the latter in Hana, and closed in quiet demand.

Spring Valley Water was in better demand, selling up to 83 1/2, closing at 83 1/2 hid, 84 asked.

Giant Powder was strong, and on sales of 320 shares sold up two points to 74.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and sales of 480 shares were made at 61 to 63.

The Stock and Bond Exchange adjourns from Monday, June 29th, until Monday, July 6th, at 10.30 A. M.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Assets \$2,671,795.37

No. 308 PINE STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Main 5710.

OUR POLICY:

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- 3d—Quick and satisfactory adjustment of losses.
- 4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

TYPEWRITERS. GREAT BARGAINS

We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue. Supplies of standard quality always on hand. THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—30,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES.

From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain weekly wakes up its delinquent subscribers in this lively fashion: "It is said that a man who squeezes a dollar never squeezes his wife. A glance at our subscription hook leads us to believe that many women in this section are not having their ribs cracked. Come in and settle and show that all's right at home."

An amusing story is told of a man who was recently riding on a Western train and pretended to become ill after eating a sandwich. Opening his grip, he took out a hot-water bag. He got a sympathetic porter to fill the water bag with boiling water, and then he opened his luncheon basket, took out a piece of fried steak and warmed it up on the water bag. Then, after he had warmed the steak, he cut it all up with a pair of scissors and fed it to himself with a pair of sugar tongs, because he would not take a chance with a fork going around a curve. After he had eaten the steak he unscrewed the stopper of the water bag and poured himself out a cup of hot coffee. He had the grounds in the bag all the time.

Not long ago, a manager of a Paris theatre, who was giving a gala performance, sent a note to a newspaper, saying that evening clothes were "de rigueur." An American tourist, who had left his dress-suit home, had rented a box, and asked the manager to let him appear in a sack coat. "Impossible!" said the manager. "Then give back the money," said the American. "Again impossible; the money has been already deposited." The American, getting angry, refused to hire a suit. An inspiration came to the perplexed manager. "Cher monsieur, permit me," he cried; "we are of the same size. I have three suits; accept one, I beg you." The situation was saved, and the American was present that night. Now he and the manager are the best of friends.

The Pullman Company has made a demand on F. P. Woolston, a prominent Christian Endeavorer, of Denver, for two hundred dollars damages to the sleeper in which he recently made his bridal trip. It seems that the car was captured by Woolston's friends and decorated in a unique manner. Men's and women's shoes and old horse-shoes and banners and things were nailed to the windows of the Pullman sleeper, inside and out. Nails were driven into the car with as much abandon as if it had been a picket fence. When the sleeper got back to Denver from Ogden it is said that it looked as if it had been the target for a Gatling gun. It was taken out of service and put in the shops, and now the Pullman Company is trying to make Woolston pay for the repairs.

While in Canada, Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former governors-general and their wives. It is related that at a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said: "Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me." Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded: "If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

During the recent floods at North Topeka, a lot of colored folks gathered in one of the churches, which was high and dry and free from danger of being washed away. They were terribly frightened, and divided their time between shouting for help and praying for the Lord's assistance. When the waters began to subside, they were taken off one by one until at last there came a buxom old "aunt." As she struck dry ground she opened the batteries of her vocabulary. "Dar is de prayin' est lot ob niggahs in dat chu'ch you evah saw," she said, as she shook out her ample skirts and adjusted the bandanna on her forehead; "dar's niggahs ovah dar a-prayin' dat never prayed in der lives befo'. Dey is shoutin' to de Lord to come an' save dem from de watahs. But de Lord say to

Hissell, 'I se gwine to shake dem niggahs up a spell to show dem de sinfulness ob der ways, an' He's a-shakin' dem mighty ba'd.' "No, sab," responded the old aunty in response to a question, "I haint los' none ob my faith in de Lord. I don't stand by Him foh mercy as much as I did, but I se got moah 'preciation of His powerfulness."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Doc's Tonic.

A man to whom illness was chronic,
When told that he needed a tonic
Said, "Ob, doctor, dear,
Won't you please make it beer?"
"No, no," said the doc, "that's Teutonic."
—Princeton Tiger.

By the Sea.

Last year we paced the yellow sands
Beside the restless sea;
I beld in mine your tiny hands
And drew you close to me;
I marked your blushes come and go,
The sigh, the smile, the tear;
The words you whispered soft and low
Were music in mine ear.
We too were dreaming Love's young dream
Beside the murmuring sea;
Your presence made the whole earth seem
A paradise to me;
We said our love would never change,
Would no abatement know
While life should last—it seems so strange
'Twas just one year ago.
Once more we pace the yellow sands
Beside the summer sea;
I do not bold your tiny hands,
You do not cling to me;
I do not press you to my heart
And kiss your snowy brow—
We're strolling twenty yards apart,
For we are married now.
—Boston Courier.

The Bridegroom's Song.

I'm sick of the song of the bride and her bloom—
Just hearken to me for awhile—I'm the groom,
I know I've no rights in the case, but alas—
That's right—all I get in the case is a lass!
I know I'm supposed to be silent and meek,
But, bang it! I'm bound to get reckless and speak.
They're buzzing about what the bride is to wear;
They're buzzing about how she'll fix up her hair;
They're quarreling over the bridal bouquet—
I listen in silence to all that they say.
They treat me as though I was chained to my doom—
Alack! what am I? I am only the groom.
The best I can do is some black and some white,
A horse-collar vest and a bad case of fright;
My hair will be combed as it's combed every day,
I'd surely get mobbed if I lugged a bouquet;
I've got to be meek and try bravely to smile—
The meekness will stand me in band after while.
Sing on of the beautiful bride and her bloom;
But don't mention me—I'm only the groom;
Just say "be dressed in conventional black,"
Then kindly forget me and basteen right back
To rave o'er the bride till you're black in the face—
I'm only the groom, and I'm learning my place.
—Baltimore American.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Joggers, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I ever committed in my life." "H'm!" growled Jiggers, "you must have fallen an awful distance."—St. Louis Star.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

A Unique Attraction at the St. Louis Fair.

As there seems no prospect of shutting out the Chicago microbe from the water supply of St. Louis, the *Globe-Democrat* thinks that the exposition city ought to try to make the best of him. It adds:

His utilitarian value is not yet established, but as a sporting proposition he already affords some opportunities. The official speed schedule for Chicago microbes to this point has been established. It is ten days, six hours, and three minutes. This record, we believe, was made by bacillus prodigious some months ago, and has not as yet been broken. However, no thoroughbred racing bug has yet entered the lists, and we may expect better time than that when the bacteriologists shall have had time to breed some speedy germs. A new field is here opened for savants. They can maintain a stud of bacteria and inbreed the swifter ones until some real racers are developed. These products can be sold to Chicago and St. Louis "sports" and raced all the year round from Chicago to the Chain of Rocks. Of course, the microbe race will lack some of the exciting features of the horse race, but then there will be no jockeying, and the best bug will win. Training quarters can be established in convenient show windows, where the sporting public may go and study up on the "form" of favorites. In the sporting columns of the papers we shall see along with news from Kinloch Park or Newport form charts of our pet bugs. Such notes as "Bacillus Anthracis badly sprained his tail in a trial spin yesterday morning, and may be scratched," or "Spirillum Obermeieri is entered for the Coccus Derby" will excite no extraordinary attention. The microbe race is bound to be a great feature of the World's Fair.

The following epitaph was ordered inscribed on her husband's tombstone by a Chicago widow: "Rest until I come."—Ex.

The Old Camper

has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

Get Ready for Your Vacation

Pfister's BATHING-SUITS

Have stood the test of 25 years, and the variety and values we produce this season are absolutely unequal anywhere.

PFISTER'S FORM-FITTING

Linuret or Xyloret

Pure Linen or Pure Lisle

UNDERWEAR For Men and Women

Are the healthiest and most comfortable garments to wear.

Our Sweaters, Jerseys, Leggings, etc., are the best made, and we carry a complete line of Tennis and Baseball supplies and Caps and Shoes for all sports, also Yachting Outfits and Outing Hats.

J. S. Pfister

KNITTING CO.

60 Geary St., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 4, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 10, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 16, 1903, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London,
St. Paul, July 1, 10 am | Philadelphia July 15, 10 am
New York, July 8, 10 am | St. Paul, July 22, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool,
Belgenland, July 4, 2:30 pm | Noordland, July 18
Hartford, July 11 | Friesland, July 25

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis, July 4, 2:30 pm | Mesaba, July 18, 9 am
Minneapolis, July 11, 6:30 am | Minnetonka, July 25, 6 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Commonwealth, July 2 | Commonwealth, July 30
New England, July 9 | New England, August 6
Mayflower (new), July 16 | Mayflower, August 13
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Dominion, July 1 | Kensington, July 25
Southwark, July 4 | Kensington, July 25

BOSTON Mediterranean SERVICE

Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Vancouver, Saturday, July 18, Aug. 29, Oct. 10
Cambrian, Saturday, August 8, Sept. 19

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

New York—Rotterdam—London.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Statendam, July 1 | Noordam, July 15
Ryndam, July 8 | Amsterdam, July 22

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Kronland, July 4 | Finland, July 18
Zeeland, July 11 | Vaderland, July 25

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
*Armenian, June 30, 10 am | Teutonic, July 8, noon
Oceanic, July 1, 11 am | Arabic, July 10, 6 am
Cymric, July 3, noon | Germanic, July 15, noon
*Liverpool direct, \$40 and up, 2d class only.
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Gaelic, Saturday, June 27
Doric, Thursday, July 23
Compte (Calling at Manila), Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic, Friday, September 11

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO

KISEN

KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru, Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru, Friday, July 31
America Maru, Wednesday, August 26

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



Steamers leave San Francisco as follows:

For Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, etc., Alaska, 11 A. M., May 31, June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Whatcom—11 A. M., May 31, June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G. N. Ry.; at Seattle for Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C. P. Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), Pomona, 1:30 P. M., June 3, 9, 15, 21, 27, July 3.
Corona, 1:30 P. M., May 31, June 6, 12, 18, 24, 30, July 6.
For Los Angeles (via Port Los Angeles and Redondo), San Diego, and Santa Barbara.
Santa Rosa, Sundays, 9 A. M.
State of California, Thursdays, 9 A. M.
For Los Angeles (via San Pedro and East San Pedro), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simon, Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Ventura, and Hueneme.
Coos Bay, 9 A. M., June 6, 14, 22, 30, July 8.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San José del Cabo, Altata, Topolobampo, La Paz, Santa Rosalia, Guaymas (Mex.)—10 A. M., 7th of each month.
For further information obtain folder.
Right reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel). Freight Office, 10 Market Street.
C. D. DUNNAN, General Passenger Agent,
10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

CASH SHARES BEARING 5% INTEREST - \$125.00
ON JULY 15th WILL BE ADVANCED TO - \$150.00

FULL INFORMATION AT OFFICES, 713 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

SOCIETY.

The Murphy-Hopkins Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Frances Hopkins, daughter of Mrs. William S. Hopkins, and Mr. Eugene B. Murphy took place last Saturday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, at Menlo Park. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Father Lyons. Mrs. Augustus Taylor acted as matron of honor, and Mr. Daniel T. Murphy was the best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast served in a marquee on the lawn. At the bride's table were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stevens Kiersted, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Morgan, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. de Motte, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Felton, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Tilney, of Philadelphia, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Robert Eyre. At the table presided over by Mrs. Edward Hopkins were Mr. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Rev. and Mrs. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Florence Pope Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Zeile, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Pope, and Father Lyons. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will pass the remainder of the summer at Menlo, where Mr. Murphy has taken a house.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Brayden, of West Point, and Mr. William Ford Nichols, Jr., youngest son of the Rev. Bishop Nichols.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Swigert, eldest daughter of Colonel Samuel M. Swigert, U. S. A., to Lieutenant O. P. M. Haggard, of the Second Cavalry, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in July.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Upson to Mr. William Ormsby will take place to-day (Saturday) at four o'clock, at the country place of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles A. Belcher, in Ross Valley.

The date for the wedding of Miss Ada Russell and Mr. George Webster has been set for September 9th, at St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Ethel A. Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Richard C. Tobin, and Mr. Aloysius Joseph Welch, son of Mrs. Andrew Welch, took place at St. Ignatius' Church on Wednesday morning. The ceremony was performed at half after ten o'clock by the Rev. Father Kenna and Rev. Father Lally. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Alfred Tobin. Miss Alice Denning was the maid of honor, and Mr. Andrew Welch, the groom's brother, acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. E. Turner Messersmith, Mr. Ambrose Buckley, and Mr. William Humphrey. A reception at the home of the bride's mother, 764 O'Farrell Street, followed the church ceremony, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Welch departed on their wedding journey. Upon their return, they will occupy an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve C. McNeill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. McNeill, and Mr. Hugh J. McIsaac took place on Tuesday evening at St. Joseph's Church. The ceremony was performed at seven o'clock by Rev. Father O'Neill. Miss Clara Sullivan acted as maid of honor, and Mr. William A. Kelly was the best man. A reception at the California Hotel followed the wedding ceremony, and later Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac left for Southern California on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Elizabeth Hosmer, daughter of Mr. J. A. Hosmer, and niece of Mr. T. H. Goodman, and Mr. Samuel Beedy took place in All Saints' Church at Palo Alto on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. G. L. Parker, pastor of the church, and Dr. D. Charles Gardner, chaplain of the Stanford Memorial Church. Miss Josephine Beedy, a sister of the groom, was the maid of honor, and Miss Biddell, of Los Angeles, Miss Mary Hamilton, Miss Linda Hamilton, and Miss Minerva Hamilton acted as bridesmaids. Mr. W. L. Beedy was the best man, and Mr. J. C. Beedy, Dr. Alfred Spaulding, Mr. C. P. Cutten, and Mr. J. H. Polbeum were the ushers. After the church ceremony, a wedding supper was served at the Hosmer home on University Avenue. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Beedy will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Julia L. Clark and Mr. Bryant Sloat Fassett, son of Mr. and Mrs.

Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, N. Y., took place at All Angels' Church in New York on Wednesday of last week. The groom's mother, Mrs. Sloat Fassett, it will be remembered, was Miss Jennie Crocker, of Sacramento, daughter of Judge E. B. Crocker.

The wedding of Miss Yettie Du Bois and Mr. William D. Ballantine took place at the home of the bride's aunt, Miss Voorman, 800 Bush Street, on Monday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Burr M. Weeden. Mrs. W. M. Willett was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Grace Knowlton, Miss Ethel Parker, Miss Eleanor Warner, and Miss Anita Meyer. After a short wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine sailed on Friday for Hong Kong, where the groom has business interests.

The wedding of Miss Louise Bruce, daughter of Captain J. H. Bruce, and Dr. William Barclay Stephens took place in Alameda on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, 1262 Jackson Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. K. Guthrie.

The wedding of Mrs. Mabel W. Barber, widow of the late Paymaster James Saxton Barber, U. S. N., and daughter of Mrs. William Whitley, to Lieutenant David Wooster Todd, U. S. N., took place at Rome on May 31st. The ceremony was performed first at the capitol and then at St. Paul's Episcopal Church by Rev. R. J. Nevins. For the past year Mrs. Todd has been traveling in Europe with her aunt and cousins, Mrs. E. M. Drum and the Misses Drum. Lieutenant Todd is at present attached to the flagship *Chicago*, now cruising in European waters.

The wedding of Miss Lida O'Brien, daughter of Mr. J. Edward O'Brien, to Lieutenant William Ferdinand Rittler, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening in the parlor of St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Archbishop Riordan. The bride was unattended, and Captain Bridges, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was the best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Rittler have departed for the East, and will sail from New York on July 11th for Dresden, where they will visit Mr. Rittler's relatives. They will be at home after November 1st, at Monterey.

Major J. L. Rathbone recently gave an informal luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of General and Mrs. Whittier, of New York, who arrived in San Francisco last week.

The dance at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday last was a most successful affair, the music under the direction of Mr. Franz Mayer being especially fine. The large ball-room was well filled, and every one spent a merry evening.

Timothy Hopkins, the capitalist, has begun legal proceedings in the superior court against James Farmin, M. G. Slade, and Peter Mullen. He asks the court to issue a writ of injunction restraining the defendants from selling liquor in Palo Alto. When he laid out the site of the town of Palo Alto, Mr. Hopkins determined that no intoxicating liquors should be sold in its precincts. In March, 1899, he sold a lot on the main avenue, near the railway station, to W. H. H. Hart. The deed contained a stipulation that the grantee, his heirs, and successors should not sell intoxicating liquors on the lot. The land has since then passed by numerous mesne conveyances to Peter Mullen, one of the defendants. The complaint sets forth that Mullen permits his tenants, Farmin and Slade, to sell liquor on the premises in violation of the clauses in the deeds. He therefore asks that they be restrained from continuing the sale.

Robert I. Aitken's latest piece of sculpture, "In the Clutch of Destiny," now on exhibition in the Green Room of the Bohemian Club, has been attracting unusual interest. It represents a man in the grasp of powerful hands, the only fully revealed portions of the major figure. A suggestion of the shoulders forms the pedestal, and one muscular arm wraps itself almost about the body, the hand clutching the throat. The figure of the victim is, in every line and posture, indicative of despair. The head of the man is thrown back in the agony of surrender after the long struggle. His hands and arms hang limp and helpless. In contrast, the arms of the Destiny are massive, muscular, and cruel in their strength.

According to the dispatches, Judge Ditte, president of the Tribunal of First Instance, has handed down a decision to the effect that the French courts have jurisdiction in the question of the lunacy of John C. Breckinridge, son of Mrs. Frederick Sharon. It is understood that if Mr. Breckinridge is held to be of unsound mind, Consul-General Gowdy will be appointed his guardian.

John D. Spreckels's yacht *Lurline*, during her cruise in Southern California waters, called at Avalon, Catalina Island, but was denied the right to land any of her passengers, because Spreckels had not first procured a permit to visit that resort. Hence the *Lurline* proceeded to San Diego. This inhospitable treatment of a yacht would amaze Eastern yachtsmen.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

— WOULD EXCHANGE HOUSE AND LOT (NORTH-east corner), 50x150, in Alameda for house and lot, or lot and cash, in San Francisco. Box 62, Argonaut office.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Thomas Knight has been filed in the probate department of the superior court. His estate consists mostly of personal property, such as stocks and bonds, worth something over \$500,000. The entire estate is left, without provision or instruction, to his widow, Serena H. Knight, in whom the deceased declares his great trust and faith that she will fully provide for his three sons. She is also named as executrix, without bonds.

Judge Greene, of Oakland, has ordered a distribution of the estate of the late Herman A. Tubbs. The estate was appraised at \$159,399.85. It consisted of a large block of stock in the Tubbs Cordage Works in San Francisco, city and county property in various parts of the State, and stocks of different mining, oil, sugar, and other corporations. Under the terms of the will the residence in Sausalito that Mr. Tubbs had built for his bride was distributed to her. Thirty-three shares of stock of the Union Savings Bank and twenty-one shares of the Union National Bank were distributed to Henry D. Nichols, a friend of the deceased, who was named one of the executors of the will. The remainder of the estate was divided equally between the widow, Mrs. Alice L. Tubbs, and the aged mother, Mrs. Susan A. Tubbs.

The appraisers of the estate of the late Irving M. Scott have filed their report and the inventory of his property. According to this document, Mr. Scott left real and personal property of the value of \$607,500. It is understood that the deceased disposed by gift deed of the greater share of his property to his children before his death. The principal items in the appraisement are: Forty shares of stock in the First National Bank, \$16,000; 100 shares of stock in the Donohue-Kelly Banking Company, \$10,000; 200 shares of stock in the Cypress Lawn Improvement Company, \$1,200; 2,500 shares of stock in the West Vancouver Commercial Company, \$2,500; paintings worth \$18,000; jewelry, a library, and bric-a-brac valued at \$1,200. Of the real estate the most important holdings are a lot on Ellis Street, near Powell, valued at \$500,000; improved property on Sansome Street, near Pine, worth \$155,000; improved property on Pacific Avenue worth \$80,000; a house on Eureka Street, near Nineteenth, appraised at \$12,000; and a ranch at Vacaville considered by the experts to be worth only \$4,500. The rest of the estate consists of 236 first-mortgage bonds of the United Shipbuilding Company of uncertain value, and 1,440 shares of common stock in the same company, also of uncertain value.

"A Modern Magdalen," by Haddon Chambers, will be the second play to be presented during Amelia Bingham's season at the Columbia Theatre. Then comes "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," another Clyde Fitch comedy.

You Will Find

none but high-class jewelry and silverware in the store of H. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual Savings Bank Building.

Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

Sold all over the world.

G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

Now coming to this market is of the remarkable vintage of 1893, which is more delicate, breezy, and better than the 1892; it is especially dry, without being heavy, and recognized as one of the finest vintages ever imported.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Claret, and Burgundies.

OTARD, DUPUY & CO., Cognac, Brandies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York, Sole Agents in the United States and Canada.

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative.

RIDING HORSE FOR SALE.

Ray Gelding, fifteen hands high, cob build, young and sound. Good for riding or driving—is a fine tandem leader. Apply

Vendome Stables, San Jose.

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC AGAINST DECEPTION

It having come to our notice that certain people are circulating libelous and untruthful reports to the effect that our firm has been dissolved, we publish this notice, branding all such and similar statements as falsehoods. There has been no change in the personnel of our establishment and none is under contemplation. Anyone making statements to the contrary does so with the intent to deceive and to profit by palming off cheaper Cigars to smokers desirous of buying genuine *Sanchez y Haya Clear Havana Cigars*, which have been awarded Prize Medals at exhibitions held at Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Nashville, Buffalo and Charleston.

Fair minded people will not knowingly permit anyone to trade upon someone's else prestige and reputation, therefore when our Cigars are wanted and others are offered in similar appearing packages to ours and have not our full firm name "*Sanchez y Haya*" on box, label and bands, the deception should be resented.

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BAKING POWDER
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The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, who returned from the Yosemite last Sunday, have opened their country place at Lake Tahoe, where they are entertaining Major and Mrs. Morgan, of London.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, after a visit to Europe and the East, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall (née Taylor) arrived in New York early in the week, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Boughton Gee (née Redding), who have returned from their wedding journey to Santa Barbara, have been spending the week at the Redding home at San Mateo, prior to taking up their permanent residence at Reno, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have been making a short stay in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Ardella Mills, and Miss Elizabeth Mills are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Bernadotte Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. George Tallant were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Jr., and Miss Eugenie Hawes are traveling through Norway and Sweden. They expect to pay a second visit to Germany, and will pass the autumn in Paris and Southern Italy, returning to Cairo for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill have returned to Paso Robles, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstock have gone to Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, who are at Coronado, will spend the month of August at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood have taken apartments at the Hotel Belvedere for the summer months.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, at her country place in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee were guests at the Vendome Hotel, San Jose, last week.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs were at Los Gatos last week.

Mrs. H. H. Fassett, after a trip through Italy, Austria, and Germany, is now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and family will spend the month of July at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Anson Hotaling, Jr., was in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. Charles Butters, who has just opened her new country place, "Rose Lawn," at Claremont, is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Prentiss, of Boston.

Mrs. Samuel Buckhee was the guest of Mrs. Grant Selfridge at the Hotel Rafael on Thursday.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln are among the visitors at St. Helena.

Mrs. George Gibbs, accompanied by Miss Minnie Rodgers, has returned to town after an extended visit to Southern California.

Miss Dorothy Eells has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Conrad Babcock, at Fort Assiniboine, where Lieutenant Babcock, U. S. A., is stationed.

Miss Gwin entertained Mrs. Thomas P. Woodworth and Mrs. Sidney Worth at lunch at the Hotel Rafael on Thursday.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard has returned from her extended trip to Europe. Mr. Oxnard, who remained in New York, is expected to arrive here in a few days.

Mrs. J. W. McClung, Miss Alma McClung, and Miss Gladys McClung will pass the month of July at the country place of Mrs. Beverly Cole in Napa Valley.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has just returned from the East, where she spent the winter months, has taken apartments at the Hotel Plymouth for the summer.

Mrs. William Bourn, Miss Maude Bourn, and Miss Anna Head will leave for a six months' trip abroad about the end of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Susie Blanding have departed for Lake Tahoe, where they intend remaining until late in the autumn.

Mrs. McLane Martin, who arrived here from Washington, D. C., last week, intends to spend the summer months at her country place near Santa Cruz.

Miss Lotta Bean is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Jilison at Gladstone Mine, Shasta County.

Mrs. E. B. Young has taken a cottage at "Cherry," near San Lorenzo, where she will spend the summer.

Senator and Mrs. Thomas R. Bard and the Misses Bard sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Charles Alma Byers, the artist and journalist, of Fort Scott, Kan., is spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. Henry Heyman has been visiting Mrs. W. B. Collier at her country place, "Rancho Kabana," in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Helen de Young have returned from Yosemite, and will soon open their country place in San Rafael.

Mr. Charles Butters left last week for Mexico to attend to his mining interests.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht is sojourning at Lake Tahoe, where she will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Norman are making a brief visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Baring, of London, have returned from the Yosemite, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. K. Kirkpatrick, son of Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, of the Palace Hotel, has arrived from Harvard, where he has just finished his freshman year.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling was a guest at Byron Hot Springs during the week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Ra-

fael were Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, Miss Frances M. Steward, Mr. B. Wood, Mr. W. H. Hickman, Mr. Fred L. Wright, Mr. Charles W. Sutro, Mr. A. H. Curtiss, Mr. Charles H. Merrill, Mr. R. Ellis, and Mr. S. S. Hathaway.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Bennett, of Alameda, Mr. William D. English, of Oakland, Mr. J. P. Farley, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Mrs. L. Pickering, Miss Alma Mitchell, Dr. J. P. Fraser, Mr. J. E. Krumb, Mr. H. Kohler, Mr. R. A. Crothers, and Mr. Robert F. Gallagher.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Secretary Root has announced the appointment of Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., as chief of staff of the army, with Major-General Henry C. Corbin and Brigadier-General William H. Carter as the other general staff officers. Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss is to become president of the war college. The order will take effect August 15th. It is understood that upon the retirement of General Young next January, Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., will become chief of staff. Both Generals Young and Chaffee will be made lieutenant-generals.

Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., Mrs. Miller, and the Misses Miller will leave Mare Island for San Francisco on July 1st, having engaged apartments at the Colonial Hotel. Admiral Miller will have charge of the Pacific naval district.

Captain Harold E. Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke (née Findley) are at Shasta Springs, where they will remain a couple of weeks before returning to Fort Baker, where Captain Cloke is stationed.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff have taken apartments at the Colonial Hotel. Major Krauthoff is to relieve Colonel Woodruff as chief commissary of the Department of the Pacific.

Mrs. Frederick Funston, wife of Brigadier-General Funston, U. S. A., will come to California this summer to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Blankhart, of East Oakland.

Colonel Crosby P. Miller, U. S. A., and Mrs. Miller left on Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where Colonel Miller is ordered to report for duty on the general staff of the army, the law creating which goes into effect August 13th next.

Mrs. Frederick H. Lefavor, wife of Lieutenant Lefavor, U. S. N., entertained Mrs. Henry Glass and Mrs. F. Johnson at lunch at the Hotel Rafael on Thursday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry L. Haskell, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., is in town spending a month's leave of absence from his station, Fort Bliss, Tex.

Captain Francis J. Kernan, Second Infantry, U. S. A., recently attached to the staff of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., has joined his regiment at Fort Logan, Colo.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree has departed for the East. She will return here in October, when she intends joining Captain Sebree, U. S. N., in the Orient.

Colonel Edmund Rice, U. S. A., and the first battalion of the Nineteenth Infantry, left for Vancouver Barracks last Sunday.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence, which he will spend with relatives in Kentucky.

Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Hyde, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of this department, and Mrs. Hyde, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, of Oakland, will reside in San Francisco next month.

Captain Benjamin Clark Morse, U. S. A., who is well known in San Francisco, and who will sail with his regiment, the Seventeenth Infantry, for the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* on next Wednesday, arrived here during the week.

— THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market Street.

— A WELL-BROKEN RIDING HORSE FOR SALE at the Vendome Stables, San Jose. Price reasonable. Bay gelding fifteen hands high; has been driven in the lead in tandem and four in hand; is young and sound.

Tourist Policies

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes, wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

SOHMER
PIANO
AGENCY.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

PIANOS
308-312 Post St.
San Francisco

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

A Beautiful Dancing Surface

is obtained on the floor of any hall or ball-room by the use of Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It will not ball up on the shoes nor lump on the floor; makes neither dirt nor dust, but forms a perfect dancing surface. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

No. 560 Private Exchange—
is now our telephone address. IMPROVED SERVICE.
Phone orders solicited.
Every Department reached instantly.

SMITHS' CASH STORE, Inc.,
25 Market Street, S. F.

500 Thousand

New Bicycles sold last year shows
that cycling is still popular

Now is the time to enjoy the delights of cycling.
Improve your health, and give yourself pleasure by buying a new

1903 SNELL BICYCLE
\$30, \$40, and \$50
Cash or Installments.

LEAVITT & BILL
307 and 309 Larkin Street

Old wheels taken in trade.

Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532
California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526
California Street.—For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1-8) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND
Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN
Francisco, 710 Market Street, opposite Third.—For the half year ending June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101
Montgomery Street.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.
CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-
gomery Street, Mills Building.—For the half year ending June 30, 1903, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-fifth (3 1-5) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1903.
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco.

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1903, a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum on monthly payment stock, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 5 per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes.
HON. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I care not who makes the autos of the nation," said the man who had just received a check, "provided I make the repairs."—Puck.

First note—"The cook has been swept overboard, sir." Captain—"The mean thing! I knew she'd leave without warning."—Judge.

Thoughtful preparation: "Does the razor hurt?" asked the barber, solicitously. "Not a bit," answered the man in the chair; "I took a dose of morphine before coming in."—Indianapolis Sun.

Husband (in an aside to his wife)—"If you can't think of some more anecdotes of our children's smartness let's go home right away, for they're getting ready to tell us things about their own."—Baltimore American.

"Yes," said the nervous man, "I have a habit of talking in my sleep." And the eminent citizen, who is expected to respond to an ovation in every town that the train goes through, murmured: "What a valuable accomplishment."—Washington Star.

"Go in and tell the editor I am out here with a horsewhip!" cried the irate citizen. "He'll be very glad to hear it," replied the office boy; "he'll just take it away from you and sell it. We had an auction up here last week and sold a dozen."—Chicago News.

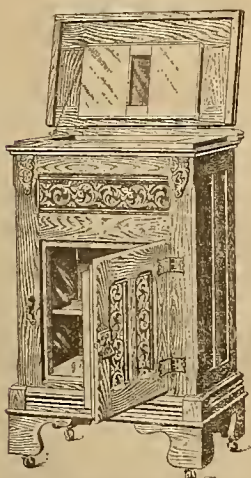
Mr. Newrocks—"What sort of folks are the Bluebloods next door, Mariah?" Mrs. Newrocks (patronizingly)—"Pleasant; but they must be frightfully hard up. They haven't got any mechanical attachment for their piano and have to play it by hand."—Judge.

To prevent fits and convulsions during teething, mothers should always have on hand Steadman's Soothing Powders.

Mrs. Bingo—"Oh, dear! do you think that death ends all?" Bingo—"All but the estate. The lawyers end that!"—Judge.

—DR E O COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



ALASKA REFRIGERATORS

Will keep provisions longer and use less ice than any other refrigerator.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
309-317 Market Street
SAN FRANCISCO.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, foot of Market St.)

LEAVE	FROM	DATE	ARRIVE
7.00A	Benicia, Suisun, Elsinora and Sacramento	June 21, 1903.	7.25P
7.00A	Vacaville, Winters, Rummey		7.25P
7.30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa		6.25P
7.30A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton		7.25P
8.00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico		7.55P
8.00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East		10.25A
8.00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville		4.25P
8.00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield		6.25P
8.30A	Shasta Express—Davis, Colusa, (for Bartlett Springs), Willow, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland		7.55P
8.30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff		4.25P
8.30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tulumene and Angels		4.25P
8.00A	Martinez and Way Stations		6.55P
10.00A	Vallejo		12.25P
10.00A	Crescent City Express, Eastbound—Port Costa, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and New Orleans. (Westbound arrives as Pacific Coast Express, via Coast Line)		1.30P
10.00A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago		6.25P
12.00M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations		3.25P
11.00P	Sacramento River Steamers		11.00P
3.30P	Benicia, Winters, Rummey, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Marysville, Oroville and way stations		10.55A
3.30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations		7.55P
4.10P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa		9.25A
4.00P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton		10.25A
4.00P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi		4.25P
4.30P	Hayward, Niles, Gridley, Chico, San Jose, Livermore		11.55A
5.00P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connects at Sanguis for Santa Barbara		8.55A
6.00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos		12.25P
6.30P	Niles, San Jose Local		7.25A
6.00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose		10.25A
6.00P	Oakland, Elgin, Modesto, Hanford, Visalia, Chico, Red Bluff, Portland		4.25P
7.00P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations		11.25A
7.00P	Vallejo		7.55P
7.00P	Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Reno, Stops at all stations east of Sacramento		7.55A
8.06P	Oregon & California Express—Salem, Portland, Eugene, Medford, Astoria, Tillamook, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Tillamook, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Tillamook, Seaside, Cannon Beach		8.55A
11.25P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Raymond, (to Yosemite), Fresno		11.55A
12.25P	Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield		6.25P

A for morning. P for afternoon. S for Saturday and Sunday only. 2 Stops at all stations on Sunday. 3 Sunday excepted. 4 Sunday only. 5 Saturday only. 6 Connects at Goshen Junction with trains for Hanford, Visalia; at Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger. 7 Via Coast Line. 8 Tuesday and Friday. 9 Arrive via Niles. 10 Daily except Saturday. 11 Via San Joaquin Valley. 12 Stops Santa Clara south bound only; connects, except Sunday, for all points Northbound. 13 Does not stop at Valencia Street.

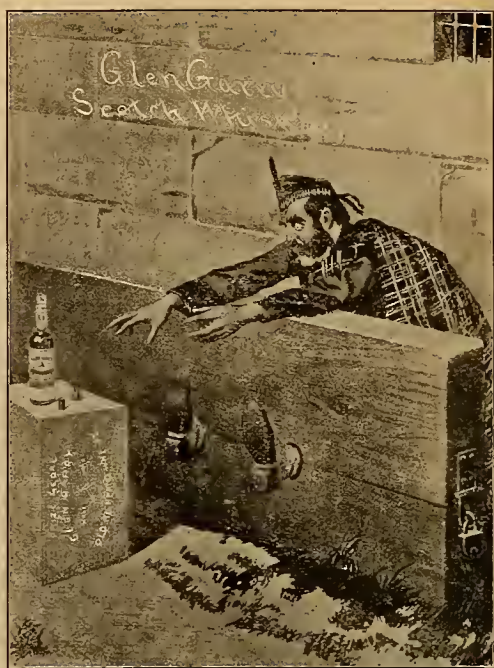
The UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 83. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

GLEN GARRY

Old Highland Scotch

Bon Vivants

Tillmann & Bendel
Purveyors to the
Pacific Slope Trade



California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, and 11.30 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p.m.

SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a.m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a.m.; 12.50, 1.20, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p.m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a.m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p.m.

Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 3, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7.30 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	7.45 a.m.
8.00 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	8.40 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
11.00 a.m.	1.30 p.m.	11.20 a.m.
1.30 p.m.	3.40 p.m.	1.45 p.m.
3.40 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	2.45 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	6.30 p.m.	3.45 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	7.50 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
7.50 p.m.	9.10 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 p.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	11.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
11.50 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
1.10 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
3.50 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	8.45 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	6.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	7.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
7.50 p.m.	9.10 p.m.	11.45 p.m.
9.10 p.m.	10.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
10.30 a.m.	11.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.50 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	11.45 p.m.
1.10 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
2.30 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
3.50 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	2.45 a.m.
5.10 p.m.	6.30 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
6.30 p.m.	7.50 p.m.	4.45 a.m.
7.50 p.m.	9.10 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 p.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	11.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
11.50 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
1.10 p.m.	2.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
3.50 p.m.	5.10 p.m.	8.45 p.m.
5.10 p.m.	6.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	7.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
7.50 p.m.	9.10 p.m.	11.45 p.m.
9.10 p.m.	10.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
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6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	4.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	4.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	12.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	1.45 a.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	7.45 p.m.
11.50 p.m.	1.10 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
1.10 a.m.	2.30 a.m.	9.45 p.m.
2.30 a.m.	3.50 a.m.	10.45 p.m.
3.50 a.m.	5.10 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
5.10 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
6.30 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	1.45 a.m.
7.50 a.m.	9.10 a.m.	2.45 a.m.
9.10 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.50 p.m.	4.45 a.m.</



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